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Vol. 9 No. 3 October 1970 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

a charge of a



"SMASH YER BAGGAGE, MUM?"

The above picture is taken from <u>Ben</u> the <u>Luggage Boy</u> by Horatio Alger Jr. which was deposited for copyright on May 11, 1870.by Loring.

HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY

To further the philosophy of Horatio

Alger Jr. and to encourage the spirit and a real find.

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.

The book is in

Frank Eisenber
of his jokes acc

Laugh In people
worth \$450.00.

for Europe soon

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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 member. Membership fee for any twelve month period is \$5.00.

NEWSBOY recognizes Ralph D. Gardner's HORATIO ALGER, or the American Hero Era, published by Wayside Press, 1964, as the leading authority on the subject.

Otto Wilt, PF-132 found an autographed copy of Horatio Alger Jr. THE \$500 CHECK. It was autographed as follows:

To my young friend Karl W.
Perkins of Chicopee, Mass. With
the best wished of Horatio Alger Jr.
223 West 34th. 81 New York April 15,
1892.

Just below in different hand writing is: And with best wishes of his Cousin Walter.

The book is in good condition nd a real find.

Frank Eisenberg, PF-229 had 8 of his jokes accepted by the Laugh In people and won prizes worth \$450.00. Frank is leaving for Europe soon and will be away for three weeks. On his last trip Frank bought a copy - 1st. Ed. - of Nuggett Finders, printed in England, from Ned Hall, PF-245. Frank now has 106 titles.

PF-303 Edward W. Edwards
9 Jefferson Rd.
Scarsdale, N.Y. 10583
(Jean) T-37

PF-304 Charles Schneider
359 Beldon Ave.
Chicago, Illinois 60614
T-2

Charles was a visitor at Ken
Butler's "Time Was Museum" when
he learned about the HAS. His
interest in Alger is reading and
collecting. Charles also collects
CON'T ON PAGE 8

NEWSBOY OCTOBER 70

MORE ALGER PHILOSOPHY AND FAMILIAE NAMES

Let us not forget that Horatio's destiny was guided and directed into the field of the ministry by his father, and so it should not be surprising that he emerged as a teacher instead of a preacher. He preferred to teach the younger generation as opposed to his elders, and he preferred to reach them in large numbers by way of the written word instead of by the way of a captive audience and the spoken word.

It is not surprising that he injected "gems of wisdom" into his stories right at the proper place when the young reader wanted to do everything in his power to be like the "hero" he was reading about.

Perhaps one of the most potent gems of wisdom designed for his young readers is his philosophy on compassion. The following quote can be found in the story of Fame & Fortune, chapter 23:

"There are many boys, and men too, who, like Micky Maguire, have never had a fair chance in life. Let us remember that, when we judge them, and not be too hasty to condemn. Let us consider also whether it is not in our power to give someone the chance that may redeem him."

Just imagine the power of the Alger influence on the young readers who have been set-up with a situation where it would be only human to condemn, but manfully to forgive. There are several situations of this kind to be found in the Alger stories, and the Alger hero always forgives.

It must be remembered that Micky
Maquire was a street vagabond without
any principles whatsoever, and it was a
natural thing for him to try to outsmart
everyone he could. Now Ragged Dick had
this to say of his particlar friend
Micky in an earlier chapter (#20) of the
same story.

"I haven't any ill will against Micky. If I ever can do him a good turn I will. I've been luckier than he and most of my old companions. I'm going to do all I can to help them along. There's good in them if you can only bring it out."

And when our hero made it clear to Micky that he harbored no ill will against him, Micky experienced a desire to improve his character, and this lead to his eventual reformation.

Alger was telling his readers that if a little compassion could create miracles, the reader also could do likewise.

It doesn't take an alliteration of names to have the qualifications of an Alger hero according to his formula. In fact I am of the opinion that Alger realized the fallacy of identifying his heroes with alliterative names for fear that he might give the impression that unless you had such a name you could never hope to be an Alger hero.

Take for example the name of Micky Maguire. It suggests that it takes more than an alliterative name to be hero material. In order to become one of the "good guys" all that Micky had going for him was an alliterative name, otherwise he had to start building character from scratch. The name didn't help much. It didn't keep him from being detained on Flackwell's Island on several occasions.

By the same token Alger had to be extremely careful in assigning names to the "bad guys" such as outlaws, tramps and other persons of low character for fear of offending living persons, and the best he could do for these characters was to assign them an alliterative name on occasions.

I believe that Alger himself liked to be identified with his stories and had assigned certain characters with names which had his own initials, such as Horace Ames, a storekeeper who lives 20 miles from Boston. See The Young Bank Messenger, chapter 27.

The Query regarding Margaret J. Preston has no connection with Alger pseudonyms, since she was a living person. (PF-000) Copyright, Forrest Campbell, 1970

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"THE SHOWER IS O'ER." BY ARTHUR L. MESERVE.

The shower is o'er;" along the hills The mists and vapors lie; And music comes from the leaping rills, As they go dancing by.

The river moves with a polesless trend The river moves with a By the bending willows low; Gliding o'er its pebbly bed, With a still and solemn flow.

The raindrops glitter on the trees, Like gems from a diamond mine; And seftly lulls the evening breese, While the trembling leaves keep time

The rainbow spans the valley o'er.

Written for the Line-of-Battle Ship.

A WOMAN'S STRATAGEM.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

JOHN BOLTON was the only lawyer in the town of Huntville, and as the people of that municipality, though not numerous, were given to being litigious, he contrived to make a good income, and, by the time he was forty, was in easy circumstances. He built a good house and furnished it tastefully, but as yet there was no Mrs. Bolton. Not that Mr. Bolton had any fancy as to the superiority of the single over the married state. On the contrary he avowed his intention of marrying some time in case he could find some eligible lady who could bring

In a word John Bolton was a fortune-hunter and took no pains to conceal the fact.

"People may talk of love in a cottage." he said contemptuously, "but thank Heaven I am not so foolish. It will do for your sentimental people who can diet on love, but for my part I want something more substantial."

"Why, Bolton," remonstrated one of his arried friends, "you have got money enough already to support a wife in comfort. You have a handsome house and are in receipt of an ex-cellent income."

"That may be all very true, but I don't intend to change my condition unless I can bet "I would not advise you to; but perhaps you

understand something different by bettering your condition from what I do." "Of course I mean adding to my property."

A wife would be a helpmeet."

"I mean she shall," said Bolton, laughing; that is, I mean she shall help meet my expenses. Now, according to your idea, a wife in-stead of being a helpmeet is only a help-eat."
"I see," said his friend, smiling, "that you

are incorrigible. The ladies will say nothing to you when they find you have such mercenary

"As to that, in case you were to receive s partner into your business, wouldn't you deem it essential that he should bring some capital."

consider it a joint stock concern, and have no intention of furnishing all the capital myself." matrimony then only in a busimess light !" 'nd he

Or, in other words, as a matter o' money.

"Well, I wish you all succelis in your specu-"Well, I was you all success
lation, for I suppose that is the propo name for it. Only take care that you don't get an in."
"No fear of that," returned Bolton, "dently. "You know lawyers are proverbially

"Don't fear for me." From the preceding conversation the reader will gather a pretty correct idea of what Mr. Bolton's were in reference to matrimony. Adding only that he never attempted to disguise or conceal them, we proceed to relate the manner in which he succeeded.

Towards the close of an August day the stage-coach drew up in front of the Red Lion, the only hotel in Huntville.

The reader will please femember that my story dates back some twenty years, to a period when there were as yet but few railroads and the old fashioned stage was the principal means of

The passengers in the stage on this particular evening were all residents of the village with one exception. This exception was a lady, with an air of conscions superiority swept into the hotel, taking no notice of the curious glances which were directed towards her from the group of idlers who always assembled to watch the

ming in of the stage.

The landlord came forward to meet her v an obsequious bow.

Are you the landlord ?" she asked.

"Yes, madam."

"I shall wish to stop at your house for a day or two. Can you accommodate me?' "With pleasure." "Then you may get ready the best room in

the house for me.' Yes, madam."

"Mind it is the best. I am very particular s to my accommodations, and if I am not suited shall at once leave the house." "I think we shall be able to satisfy you," said the landlord with additional deference, con-

jecturing at once that his new guest was a person of consequence, or at least wealth. Orders were given that the best room should be got ready, and in a short time the lady took ssion of it. The name which she record-

ed upon the register of the Red Lion was "Mis Edith Warner. Her arrival, together with the imposing airs which she took upon herself, at once got bruited

broad, and the landlord had many inquiries addressed to him which he did not answer for the best of reasons, because he could not. He was far from admitting the real cause, however, but insinuated with a significant wink that the lady had requested him not to divulge the information she had seen fit to give him

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Early the next morning the bell in room No. one-the apartment appropriated to the new guest—rang violently. The summons was at once attended to, and a servant sent up to ascertain the lady's wishes. She had not yet arisen, and declared that she was sick, requesting that a physician should be sent for.

Dr. Hunter, the village physician, not often having a patient of such consequence, was de-termined to make the most of the case which had been thrown in his way.

Accordingly, though he could not for the life

of him discover that anything was the matter with the lady, notwithstanding her numerous complaints, he assumed a grave air and assured her that it was well he had been sent for in time that she was in a critical state, and that it was needful that she should have repose, and above all not undertake to get up before he sanction

In all this the lady-or perhaps we may as well call her by her name, Miss Warner - acquiesced. She told the doctor that she could see that he and had no hesitation in leaving the case in his hands, at which Dr. Hunter was vastly pleas-

On the second morning she suddenly discovered that she was much worse, though it would have been difficult for any one else to do so, and expressed a wish to see a lawyer. John Bolton was

sent for.

"Are you a law-yer?" she inquired. " Yes, madam."

you to draw up my

"Ha!" thought the lawyer, "Lahall money she has."

Mr. Poffington flatters himself he is creating a Sensation .- (Perhaps he is.) "I may live," she continued. "I think I shall, at still it will re-lieve my mind to be free from all worldly

"Certainly," said Bolton, deferentially.

"But," with a sharp look at him, "it is essential for reasons which I need not name, that the details of the will should remain a profound secret. Will you promise secresy?"

"The most implicit," said the lawyer, bowing. "I feel that I can rely upon you. If you will draw up that little table to my bedside we will commence.

Preparations being made, Miss Warner com-

rnced as follows: "To my faithful servant, Betty, who has been with me for ten years, and who has served me faithfully during that time, I bequeath the sum of five hundred dollars."

She must be wealthy to give so large a sum mayervant," thought Bolton, as he wrote it

"Are you ready for another item ?" asked Miss Warner.
"Yes, madam."

"To Richard, my coachman, I bequeath my coach and two horses, and he is at liberty to sell them for whatever in his judgment they may be

"Keeps a coach !" thought the lawyer. "I have it written."

Miss Warner paused a moment, and then proceeded

"To my cousin, Cordelia, who married Ephraim Stanley, I bequeath the sum of two thousand five hundred dollars, and should devise more if she had not in my opinion made a

"She marriage, contrary to my advice."

"She married for love," said Miss Warner in an explanatory manner, "and I really believe the man wasn't worth, a hundred dollars at the time of the marriage. Now love in a cottage is my abomination. Thank Heaven, I'm not sentimental."

"I agree with you entirely," said Bolton, struck with the agreement of their opinions. "Then you are a man of sense," said Mir arner. "However, we must be getting on."

To my brother Edward I bequeath twentyfive thousand dollars, in trust, and he is to allow it to remain on interest until his oldest child shall have attained the age of twenty-one, when it is to be equally divided between the three children.'

"A liberal legacy!" thought Bolton as he penned this item. "Miss Warner must be very wealthy—I only wish I had met with her before. What a capital wife she would have made. Then she is a woman of excellent sense. Hasn't a particle of foolish sentiment about her.'

Are you ready for another item ?" asked Miss Wn

"Yes, madam, in a mom

"To my brother Charles I likewise bequeath the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars, also in trust for his two children, and on the same conditions with the legacy to my brother Edward." This was written down, and Miss Warner

proceeded:
"To my sister Anna, who has but one child, I devise but ten thousand dollars, being desirous that my nephews and nieces may share as near-

ly as possible alike, and not being willing that one should have a much larger amount than another, as thereby ill feelings might be engen-

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STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE PARTY

"Any further items?" inquired Mr. Bolton looking up from his writing. "No, sir. You may conclude the will in the

regular way, and then summon two witnesses to witness my signature.'

The landlord and his wife were called upon a serve in this capacity.

Miss Warner slipped into the lawyer's hand

very liberal fee, and he left the room, expressing the hope that her illness might prove less serious than she had supposed."

"I have strong hopes of recovery," she re-lied, "but still, Mr. Bolton, it is as well to be prepared for the worst."

Certainly, madam." "You will remember my request of absolute

secresy in reference to my will."
"I will, madsm. You will find that I shall bey your wishes to the letter."

Thank you," said she, gracefully

"May I-will you give me permission to call in at times and inquire how you get on ?"

'It will give me great pleasure," said Miss

NEVER CARRY TR GLOVES IN YOUR HAT.

Therefore, I should indeed be obliged if you

would favor me nowand then with your society.

It would help to refleve the tedium of sickness."

impressed in favor of Miss Warner.

eret," said he, shaking his head.

ty conjecture.

Mr. Bolton was delighted with the permission thus accorded, and became every moment more

The landlord and his wife began to question the lawyer eagerly in respect to the items of the will, but Mr. Bolton did not seem disposed to

gratify their curiosity.

"She requested me to keep it a profound se-

'I suppose she is quite rich," said the land-

lord, interrogatively.

"I don't know that I am violating any confidence," said the lawyer, "in admitting that you are correct in this surmiss. So much I will

say, but as a man of honor I must keep the rest

to myself."

With this, therefore, the landlord and the rest

it, were fain to be satisfied.

New thoughts, and those of an ambitious

character came into the mind of Mr. Bolton.

What they were the reader will without difficul-

"If she only goes well, inought he, who knows but I may seloceed in ingratisting myself into her good graces. She already seems pro-posessed in my fawer. She must be worth, judging from the amount of the bequests she

made, in the neighborhood of seventy thousand dollars. That would be a capital windfall for

me. To be sure she is not very good looking,

her complexion is quite sallow, she has a long nose, and I should think she might be older than

I am-at any rate she looks full five years older.

However, what is all this to a sensible man?

What are good looks compared with seventy thousand dollars? I dare say she would make

a very good wife, so far as that goes, and her

money would be the making of me. I believe,

egad, I would give up my profession and go

into politics, and egad it would go hard if I did

not secure a nomination to Congress. Money

makes the mare go, and has from time imme

Mr. Bolton did not fall to make frequent salls upon Miss Whrner. To his great gratification she began to mend very

"I think," said she, "I shall be able to travel

You do not look pleased," said she, inquir-

ingly.
"I—the fact is, my dear Miss Warner, I am

Why not ?" she added, looking down.

been here I have learned to love you, and would make you my wife."

FROM THE COLLECTION OF ED REYNOLDS PF-051

"Because in fact, because since you have

d bereelf quite well.

Mr. Bolton looked scher.

"This is unexpected."

and in the course of a few days pro-

"If she only gets well," thought he, "who

of the villagers to whom he soon communication

But not unwelcome. Say that it is not,"

WIT AND WISDOM.

LIND-OF-BAYYLD SHIP

he exclaimed, eagerly.
"Then I will frankly admit that it is not un-

"And you will grant my suit?"

If Bolton had really loved her he could scarce ly have been more gratified. He was certainly about to make a very advantageous match. He exerted all his powers of persuasion to induce Miss Warner to consent to an early marriage She interposed no serious objections, and a fort night from that day Miss Edith Warner became Mrs. Edith Bolton

We will suppose that the honeymoon has passed.

"May I inquire, my love," asked Mr. Bolton "in what way your money is invested?

"I have three hundred dollars in the Bank. "That is a mere trifle. And the rest?"

"That is all I have."

"All!" exclaimed the lawyer in consterna "but your will-the twenty-five thousand

dollars you bequeathed to your brother Edward, in trust for his children?" "O," said she, carelessly, "that was all done in jest. I wanted something to amuse

my hours of sick "In jest!" said

Bolton, in dismay. Certainly. "Why, this is in-

famous. You had no right so to trifle "Didn't I pay

you well for your trouble in drawing up the will ?" asked is wife coldly. I need not detail the scene that followed. Mrs. Bolton met her hus-

proaches with imperturbable compo sure, and he was finally obliged to with the humiliating consciousness that his matrimonial speculation had proved a decided failure, and that man's wit may at times be found unable to withstand a

This brief parra

"You see, Mr. Bohon, I had modesty of meighborhood, and I don't meighborhood might be speculating upon the benefit they will derive from my death, this, I say, would do me more harm than good. "You see, Mr. Bohon, I we of circumstances so humiliating to that cheighborhood, and I hou't theory which is bessed spon the assumed mental superfectly of the course contamination mental. esponderity of the second confusion works lesson to "those whom" (as the insurance pol-

WATE OF THE APOSTLES.

Matthew is supposed to have suffered martyr-dom, or was put to death by the sword at the city of Ethiopia.

Mark was dragged through the streets of Al-

Mark was dragged through the streets of Alexandria, in Egypt, till he expired.

Luke was hanged upon an olive tree in Greeco.

John was put in a casaldron of boiling oil, at

Rome, and escaped death. He afterwards died

a natural death at Ephesus, in Asia.

James the Great was beheaded at Jerusalem.

James the Less was thrown from a pinnacle

or wing of the temple, and then beaten to death
with a fuller's club.

Philip was happed up against a pillar at

wing of the temple, and then beaten to death
with a fuller's club.
Philip was hanged up against a pillar at
Hierapolis, a city of Phrygia.
Bartholomew was flayed alive by the command of a barbarous king.
Andrew was bound to a cross, whence he
preached to the people till he expired.
Thomas was run through the body by a lance
near Malipar, in the East Indies.
Jude was shot to death with arrows.
Simeon Zelotes was crucified in Pernia.
Matthias was first stoned and then beheaded.
Peter was crucified with his head downwards.
Paul, the last and chief of the apostles, also
died by violence.

ROBESPIERRE.

The following description of the personal appearance of the great French demagogue is from a work by Count de Vigay. It must be confessed he was no beauty:

"He was then in his 36th year; his face was crashed between the forehead and the chin, as though two hands had tried forcibly to unite them over the nose. The skin was of a papery paleness—dead, and as if plastered—moreover, deeply indented with the hail of the small rox. Neither blood nor bile circulated. His little eyes, dull and heavy, never looked one in the face, and a perpetual disagreeable winking lessened them yet more whenever they chanced not to be quite hidden by his green spectacles. His pinched and wrinkled mouth was convulsively contracted by a sort of the hing grimace, whence Mirabeau likened him to a cat who had just drank vinegar. His air was spruce, pompous and full of pretensions. His flagers, shoulders and neck were incessantly and involuntarily witched, twisted and shaken by little spasms or nerrous irritation. He was dressed from early morning, and never did I catch him in dishabilis."

A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK.

A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK.

In the action off Callso, Lord Dundonnald sells us in his narrative, "My little boy had a narrow seeaps. When the firing commenced, I had piaced my boy in the after-cabin, locking the door upon him; but not liking the restriction, he contrived to get through the quarter gallery window, and joined me on deck, refusing to go down again. As I could not attend to him, he was permitted to remain, and, in a miniature midshipman's uniform, which the seamen had made for him, was busying himself with carrying powder to the gunners. While thas employed, a round shot took off the head of a marine close to him, scattering the unlucky, man's breins in his face. Instantly recovering his self-possession, to my great relief-for, believing him killed, I was spell-bound with agony—he ran up to me, exclaiming, 'I am not hur, papa; the shot did not touch me; Jack says the bell is not made that can kill mamma's boy.' I ordered him to be carried below; but resisting with all his might, he was permitted to remain on deak during the action."

Mirth's Melange.

A gentleman some sixty miles below New Orleans was accosted by a stranger—"Sir, have you any money about you?" "Yes," was the reply, "I always make it a point to carry some with me, more or less." "Well," rejoined the stranger, "I wish to go across the river; the fare is ten cents. Would you please to accommodate me with that sum?" The gentleman putting on a look of well affected surprise, exclaimed, "Sir, do you mean to say that you haven't en cents?" "Yes sir, I haven't a cent, "ejoined the stranger. "Well," responded the gentleman, "if you haven't a cent it'll make a confounded little difference which side of the river you are," and coolly left the stranger to his own reflection.

At Meyerbeer's, at the Opera Comique, the feuilletonists are poking all sorts of fun. They say the goats which are to be introduced on the stage—a fair damsel who falls into a stream while crossing a bridge driving them—proved refractory during the rehearsal; they were pretty and white, but stupid, and baulked the bridge! At last, however, the stage manager thought of a way, and carrots have accomplished what a regiment of sappers and miners would have failed to achieve. A bunch of the largest, freshest, finest carrots is held conspicuously in the wing opposite to the bridge, and the four-footed creatures run towards it as soon as their conductress lets them loose by tumbling into the water!

The late king of Prussia once sent to an aid-de-camp, Colonei Malachowki, who was brave but poor, a small portfolio, bound like a book, in which were deposited five hundred crowns. Some time afterwards he met the officer, and said to him, "Ah, well, how did you like the new work which I sent to you?" "Excessively, sire," replied the colonel, "I read it with such interest, that I expect the second volume with impatience." The king smiled, and when the officer's birthday arrived, he presented him with another portfolio, similar in every respect to the first, but with these words engraved upon it: "This book is complete in two volumes!" The late king of Prussia once sent to an aid-

King Charles II. on a certain time paying a visit to Dr. Busby, the doctor is said to have strutted through his school with his hat spon his head, while his majesty walked complaisantly behind him, with his hat under his arm; but when he was taking his leave at the door, the doctor with great lumility thus addressed him: "Sir, I hope your majesty will excuse my want of respect hitherto; but if my boys were to imagine there was a greater man in the kingdom than myself I should never be able to rule them."

A store-keeper in Australia, wishing to advertise his articles in the Chinese language, engaged a celestial to paint him a sign—expecting of course, it would be an enticing one. It did not answer his expectations, however, for the only perceptible effect it had on the relations of the sun and moon was, to excite a grin of the broad-est dimensions. By a considerable bribe, he obtained a translation in English, and found it to be as follows: "Don't buy anything herestorekeeper a rogue."

At a festival, a pretty miss waited upon an editor with a pie-plate of antique manufacture, in the centre of which he espied the following interesting couplet :

This excited his feelings, and as soon as an excitation of the same and the same an

Tom Clarke of St. John's dwired a Fellow of Tom Clarke of St. John's dwired a Fellow of the same college to lend him Bishop Burner's History of the Reformation; the other told him he could not spare it out of his chamber, but if he pleased he might come there and read it all day long; some time after the same gentleman sends to Tom to borrow his bellows; Tom cent him weigh that he could not possibly spare them out of his chamber, but he might come there and use them all day long if he wished.

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Stammering, says Coleridge, is sometimes the cause of a pun. Some one was mentioning in Lamb's presence the cold-heartedness of the Duke of Cumberland, in restraining the Duchese from rushing up to the embrace of her son, whom she had not seen for a considerable time, and insisting on her receiving him in state. "How horribly cold it was," said the narrator. "Yes," said Lamb, in his stuttering way, "but you know he is the Duke of Cu-cum-ber-land."

A Minikin three feet and a half colonel, being A Minikin three feet and a half colonel, being one day at the drill, was examining a strapper of six feet four. "Come, fellow, hold up your head; higher, fellow!" "Yes, sir." "Higher, fellow, higher." "What—so, sir?" "Yes, fellow, to be sure." "Why, then, good-by, colonel, for I never shall see you again."

The New York Tribina says an actor in Georgia, in the course of a play, kissed the wife of a brother actor once oftener than the authorised version of the play required, and was thereupon severely whipped by the outraged husband. Having been a "star" before, and now being provided with the "stripes," he thinks he is entitled to represent the flag of his country.

A country paper once said: "E. B. Doolittle is in the habit of stealing pigs and robbing henrosts. If he does not desist, 'we shall publish his name.'" This is equal to the minister at a camp-meeting who said, "If the lady with the blue hat, red hair, and cross-eyes, doesn't stop talking, she will be pointed out to the congregation." The Buffalo Republic tells this story: "It is id that one of the editors of the Lewisburg said that one of the editors of the Lewisburg Chronicle, soon after he went to the printing business, went to see a preacher's daughter. The next time he attended meeting he was considerably astonished at hearing the minister announce his text, 'My daughter is grievously tormented with a devil.'"

There is a blind man on Pont Neuf, in Paris, who has a placard on his neck which reads as follows: "Give to-day, for God will return it tomorrow." A joker recently suspended another over it which read, "I am an old humbug, and proprietor of five houses. Give all your money to the poor cripple opposite."

Fascinating Gent (to precogious little Girl)— You are a very nice little girl; you shall be my wifey when you grow up? Little Girl—No, thank you; I don't want to have a husband; but aunt Bessy does; I heard her say no Sensation on the part of aunt Bessy.

"Miss, can I have the pleasure of dancing with you the next cotilion?" "Well, I don't know—" "Engaged, perhaps?" "Well, of you must know, I aint quite done chawin my rose-mess."



not pleased."

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LAST WORDS.

LAST WORDS.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

DEAR Charlie," breathed a soldier,—
"O, comrade, true and tried,
Who in the heat of battle
Pressed closely to my side;
I feel that I am stricken,
My life is ebbing fast;
I fain would have you with me,
Dear Charlie, till the last.

"It seems so sudden, Charlie;
To think to-morrow's sun
Will look upon me lifeless,
And I not twenty-one!
I little dreamed this morning
'T would bring my last campaign;
God's ways are not as our ways,
And I will not complain.

"There's one at home, dear Charlie,
Will mourn for me, when dead,
Whose heart — it is a mother's —
Can scarce be comforted.

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LAST WORDS.

And if, in that far country
Which I am going to,
Our earthly ties may enter,
I'll there my love renew.

"Come nearer, closer, Charlie;
My head I fain would rest,
It must be for the last time,
Upon your faithful breast.
Dear friend, I cannot tell you
How in my heart I feel
The depth of your devotion,—
Your friendship strong as steel.

"We've watched and camped together
In sunshine and in rain;
We've shared the toils and perils
Of more than one campaign;
And when my tired feet faltered
Beneath the noontide heat,
Your words sustained my courage,
Gave new strength to my feet.

"And once, —'t was at Antietam, —
Pressed hard by thronging foes,
I almost sank exhausted
Beneath their cruel blows, —

LAST WORDS.

315

You'll write and tell her, Charlie,
With my dear love, that I
Fought bravely as a soldier should,
And died as he should die.

"And you will tell her, Charlie,
She must not grieve too much;
Our country claims our young lives,
For she has need of such.
And where is he would falter,
Or turn ignobly back,
When Duty's voice cries 'Forward!'
And Honor lights the track?

"And there's another, Charlie,
(His voice became more low,)
When thoughts of her come o'er me,
It makes it hard to go.
This locket in my bosom,
She gave me just before
I left my native village,
For the fearful scenes of war.

"Give her this message, Charlie, Sent with my dying breath: To her and to my banner, I'm 'faithful unto death.'

LAST WORDS.

317

When you, dear friend, undaunted,
With headlong courage threw
Your heart into the contest,
And safely brought me through.

"My words are weak, dear Charlie,
My breath is growing scant;
Your hand upon my heart — there,
Can you not hear me pant?
Your thoughts I know will wander
Sometimes to where I lie:
How dark it grows! True comrade
And faithful friend, good-by!"

A moment, and he lay there
A statue pale and calm,
His youthful head reclining
Upon his comrade's arm.
His limbs upon the greensward
Were stretched in careless grace,
And by the fitful moon was seen
A smile upon his face.

By Jack Bales

NEW YORK CITY DURING THE TIME OF HORATIO ALGER, JR.

THE GREAT BLIZZARD OF 1888

It was Sunday, March 11, 1888. The weather had been mild the last few days, and everyone in New York City was looking forward to spring. Therefore, when the weather report said that the day would be rainy, everyone expected it to be just a normal, light, spring rain. How wrong they were.

The rain was not just a "spring shower" by any means. As the day wore on, the rain worsened, and streets and sidewalks were flooded. Then it began to freeze, and by 5:00 p.m., a layer of ice covered everything.

Late that night the rain turned to sleet, and finally, the sleet changed to snow. The Great Blizzard had begun.

The snowfall was heaviest in western Massachusetts (twenty feet of it covered the town of Pittsfield). But the storm was most devastating in New York City, even though record falls did not occur. On March 12 and 13, the total was only about twenty inches. However, the snow drifts reached to the second story of houses, and in some places the snow was higher.

When New Yorkers arose Monday morning, most of them were just annoyed at the snow falling outside their window. Few were alarmed. After all, they figured, blizzards occurred in the western states, not in New York City. Therefore, the day began as it usually did. Besides, there was a depression in 1888, and all who had jobs did not want to miss work.

But the people's apathy soon vanished when the realized the

greatness of the storm. Trains ceased to run, and some people froze to death in the blizzard. Other people were killed or injured by toppling chimneys and cornices.

When children reached school, they were almost immediately sent back home. Since the teachers sent them forth in groups that were organized in order of the children's proximity to each other, no deaths occurred, as the children helped one another trudge the way home. It was not so with some adults however. Some city employees that were dismissed early fell under the weather's fierceness.

Scalpers were out in full force during the blizzard. Over shoes that usually cost \$3.00 sold for \$10.00. Sandwiches went for \$5.00 and coffee for \$1.00. Hotel keepers also took advantage of the situation. By 5:00 p.m. a room which normally rented for \$2.50 a night (including breakfast) rose to \$6.00 a night (no breakfast).

Monday night found pickpockets plying their trade. Police had assigned men to watch in hotels for known "dips," and when they were caught, were kicked out into the storm, which was a worse punishment than arresting the thief and letting him sleep in a warm cell.

As might be imagined, the city's firemen had a terrible ordeal when it came to putting out fires in the snow. Many fire alarm boxes were out of order, and when the men were notified of a fire, the equipment occasionally had to be dragged partway to the blaze. Fire hydrants had to have the ice chopped away, and usually, the building could seldom be saved.

COLLECTOR'S CROSSWORD BY HERB L. RISTEEN

1	2	3	4			5	6	7	8	9
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39							40			

ACROSS

- l "Frank Merriwell's ---"
- 5 Juvenile fiction hero (with 31 down)
- 10 American Indians
- 12 Bird's abode
- 13 Creator of 5 across
- 15 Hebrew measure
- 16 Imperial domain
- 20 "---te and Waste" (Optic)
- 23 Horatio Alger title: 2 wds.
- 26 Blackbird
- 27 Not uniform
- 28 Celebes ox
- 30 G.A. Henry title: 2 wds.
- 37 French painter
- 38 Singer Ford
- 39 Accumulate
- 40 Jerry --- Series

DOWN

- 1 "--- Miserables"
- 2 "Herbert C---er's Legacy" (Alger)
- 3 "Tom Swift and his Big ---igible"
- 4 "Lost of ---" (Alger)
- 5 Identical
- 6 Smaller
- 7 Wrathful

- 8 "Frank Merriwell's Sports A---ld"
- 9 Dave Por--- Series
- ll "The --- Boy" (Alger)
- 14 Novelist Hough ("The Covered Wagon")
- 16 "---m Storm, the Wolfer" (Castlemon)
- 17 "Little ---" (Alcott)
- 18 Greek letter
- 19 "Wa--- and Hope" (Alger)
- 20 Humble abode
- 21 Behave
- 22 "Tom Swift and his Racer"
- 24 Room
- 25 "S---w and sure"
- 28 Periods
- 29 Insect eggs
- 30 Candle-nut tree
- 31 See 5 across
- 32 "From C---l Boy to President" (Alger)
- 33 "A Struggle for a F---une" (Castlemon)
- 34 --- animo (with one mind)
- 35 The Pony ---er Boys
- 36 Man's nickname

CON'T FROM PAGE 7

The poor especially suffered during the blizzard. Free coal was given to them by P. M. Wilson, a New York City millionaire realtor.

(To be concluded next issue)

SOURCE: Werstein, Irving. The Blizzard of '88.

NEXT: The storm wanes on Tuesday, March 13, and a phenomenal event occurs.

CON'T FROM PAGE 2

Change of address:

PF-296 Dr. William Kenworthy Jr.
High Street
Atglen, Pa. 19310

"What one knows is, in youth, of little moment; they know enough who know how to learn."

Henry Brooks Adams (1838-1918)