

ISSN 0018-4918  
ISSN 0028-9396

# newsboy



EDITOR  
CARL T. HARTMANN  
4907 ALLISON DR.  
LANSING, MI. 48910

Vol. 13, No. 1  
August, 1974



Founded 1961 by Forrest Campbell & Kenneth Butler

## SECRET SMALL BOX

### A NEW ALGER TITLE



A short time ago we were honored to have visit us Mr. Kishi, a Japanese professor of English.

Mr. Kishi was in the U.S. to compare the writing style of Horatio Alger with that of a Japanese author. He is now in the process and will send us a copy of his paper so that it may be printed in the NEWSBOY.

Mr. Kishi spent three weeks at Bowling Green University, Bowling Green, Ohio. He read about the Alger Society in the Bowling Green paper, wrote to me and stopped in Lansing on his way back to Japan.

It was an extremely fascinating and thrilling visit for my wife and I.

After Mr. Kishi returned to Japan he sent me a copy of "SECRET SMALL BOX" the Japanese edition of "STRUGGLING UPWARD".

On the illustrations I have typed the English translations. On page 297 is Alger's picture with his name in Japanese below.

The book has a good binding with a slip case. It was published in 1960.

I will have the book on display at Geneseo next May - so don't miss the convention.

講談社版・世界名作全集

ISSUED BY KODANSHA

SERIES OF WORLD FAMOUS  
STORIES

PF-102 Carl Hartmann

## HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY

To further the philosophy of HORATIO ALGER JR. and to encourage the spirit 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.

### OFFICERS

LEO (BOB) BENNETT	PRESIDENT
EVELYN GREBEL	VICE-PRESIDENT
CARL T. HARTMANN	SECRETARY
DALE THOMAS	TREASURER
RALPH D. GARDNER	DIRECTOR
LESLIE POSTE	DIRECTOR
RICHARD SEDDON	DIRECTOR
JUDSON BERRY	DIRECTOR

The NEWSBOY is the official organ of THE HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY and is published monthly except January & July and is distributed free to Society members. Membership fee for any twelve month period is \$10.00

NEWSBOY recognizes Ralph D. Gardner's HORATIO ALGER, or THE AMERICAN HERO ERA, published by the Wayside Press, 1964, as the leading authority on Alger.

Please use membership roster for mailing addresses of our officers and members.



HAS Title & Price list (1971) .50¢

Dan the Newsboy  
Phil, The Fiddler  
4 Alger boys, Ragged Dick, Rufus,  
Ben and Mark.

3 of the above pictures suitable  
for framing 5.00

HAS Patches 1.00

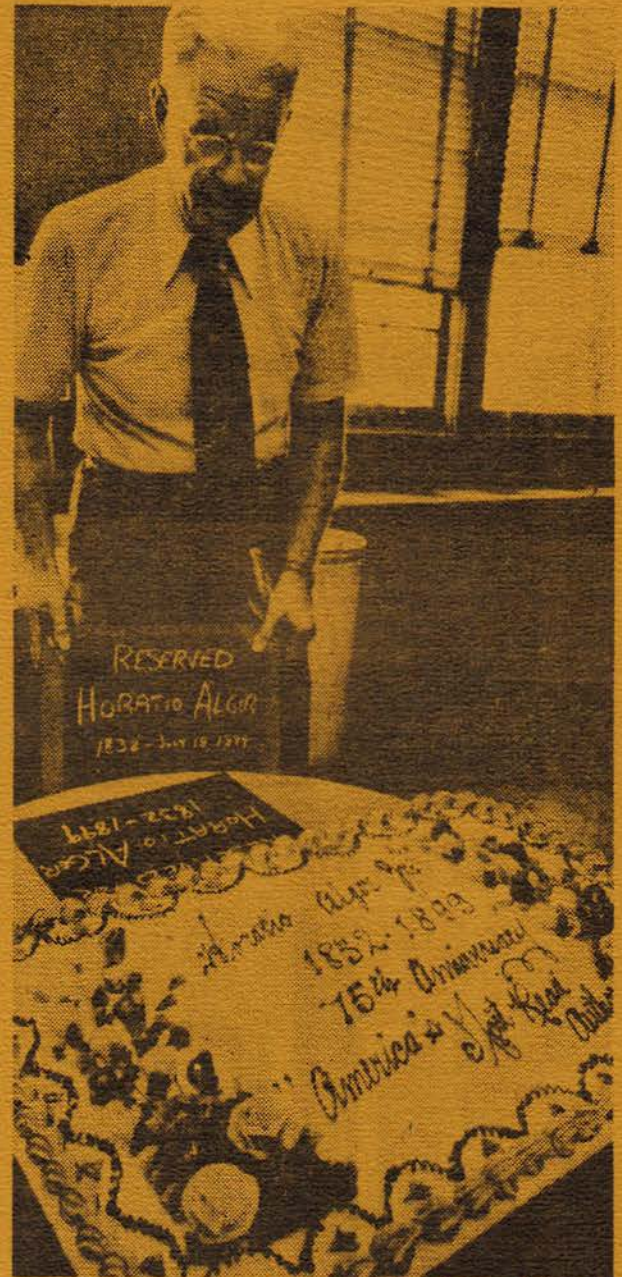
Silas Snobden's Office Boy  
(Autographed by Ralph Gardner,  
2nd printing) 6.95

Cast Upon the Breakers 7.20  
(1st. edition)

ORDER FROM YOUR SECRETARY

The Times-Union  
Fri., July 19, 1974

3B



—Times-Union Photo—Roger Smith

### In Memory of Horatio

Dr. Leslie Poste and other Horatio Alger buffs gathered yesterday at Geneseo State College to share a memorial cake on the 75th anniversary of the death of the legendary author, who is enjoying a renewal of popularity. A musical playing in Washington, D.C., "Horatio," is based on real and fictional accounts of his life and "rags-to-riches" stories.

## WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

PF-443 Mandas William Myers  
P.O. Box 425  
Fort-Shelby Station  
Detroit, Mi. 48231  
T-3

Mandas is retired from Hospital work. His main interest in Alger is reading his books.

\*\*\*\*\*

PF-444 Frank Crawford  
302 West 11th.  
Spencer, Iowa 51301  
T-56 (Margaret)

Frank and his wife have collected antiques for over 15 years. Frank likes books while his wife likes dishes and furniture. He started collecting Algers about 2 years ago.

\*\*\*\*\*

PF-445 Robert M. Bickel  
14 Tuscarora  
Geneseo, N.Y. 14454  
T-10 (Louise)

Robert is a reporter for the Rochester Democrat & Chronicle. His main interest in Alger is Biographical.

\*\*\*\*\*

PF-446 Barbara McCord  
91 Park Street  
Springfield, Mass. 01105

Barbara is a secondhand book dealer and learned of HAS thru her father Bill McCord.

\*\*\*\*\*

PF-448 C. Addison Hickman  
702 W. Sycamore  
Carbondale, Ill. 62901  
T-80 (Dorothy)

Addison is a Professor of Economics, Southern Illinois University. His interest in Alger as a social historiean and as the creator of a rationale for work and enterprise.

\*\*\*\*\*

PF-449 Ted Royal  
5862 62nd. St.  
Sacramento, Ca. 95824  
T-0 (Mary)

Ted is a resource planner. His interest in Alger is his basic philosophy of working hard to improve your lot.

\*\*\*\*\*

PF-450 Irvin A. Seiffert  
3412 Windsor Ave.  
Waco, Texas 76708  
T-6

Irvin is retired and is interested in all fields of Alger collecting.

\*\*\*\*\*

PF-451 Karen Sloan  
Box 3460  
Middlebury College  
Middlebury, Vt. 05753  
T-25

Karen is a Student at Middlebury College (the above address is good after Sept. 9th, her address now is 3 Washington Square, Larchmont, N.Y. 10538) and became interested in Alger while doing a research paper about Alger's social impact.(she has collected alger since she was 11 years old).

\*\*\*\*\*

#### NOTES FROM MEMBERS

Robert E. Walters, 961 McClain Rd., Columbus Ohio, 43212 - PF-378 -is trying hard to find "THE DEPUTY SHERIFF OF COMANCHE COUNTY" by Edger Rice Burroughs and will trade a good Alger for it. If you are interested drop him a line.

\*\*\*\*\*

Max Friedman - PF-001 - retired on Jan. 7, of this year. As Max says not realy retired more like retreaded. We wish you the best of luck Max - see you at Geneseo next May?

\*\*\*\*\*

#### ADDRESS CHANGE

Robert H. Hunt - PF-295  
213 N.W. 21  
Corvallis, Or. 97330

\*\*\*\*\*

#### SILAS SNOBDEN'S OFFICE BOY

If you don't already have it you should buy it... POPULAR LIBRARY has published a very attractive paperback of Silas with Ralph's foreward. It is available at most book stores and makes a nice addition to your library.

\*\*\*\*\*

We still have available a few copies of "SEEKING HIS FORTUNE" booklets which Phil Atkins had made up. Price is \$2.25 postpaid. Send your orders to Carl Hartmann, PF-102.

H.A.S. THE BOOK MART



Offered by:

C.L. Messecar  
1680 N.W. Murray Rd.  
Portland, Oregon 97229

Facing the World	HTC	P-F	\$ 1.50
Only An Irish Boy	NYB	VG	1.75
Strive And Succeed	NYB	G	1.00
Try and Trust	NYB	VG	1.75
Facing The World	NYB	VG	1.75
Sink Or Swim	NYB	G	1.50
Bound To Rise	NYB	VG	1.75
The Cash Boy	NYB	VG	1.75
Joe's Luck	NYB	G	1.50
Chester Rand	NYB	VG	1.75
Phil The Fiddler	NYB	G	1.50
Strong And Steady	NYB	VG	1.75
Paul The Peddler	NYB	VG	1.75
Try and Trust	NYB	VG	1.75
Julius the Street Boy	NYB	VG	1.75
Making His Way	NYB	G	1.50
Do and Dare	NYB	VG	1.75
Wait and Hope	NYB	VG	1.75
The Cash Boy	NYB	VG	1.75
Shifting For Himself	NYB	G	1.50
Risen From The Ranks	NYB	VG	1.75
Brave and Bold	NYB	G	1.50
The Store Boy	Don	F	1.00
Paul The Peddler	Don	G	1.25
Shifting For Himself	Don	VG	1.50

ALL POSTAGE PAID

\*\*\*\*\*

Offered by:

Rohima Walter  
1307 Greenbush  
LaFayette, Ind. 47904

Adrift in New York	Hur	P	\$ 1.25
Andy Gordon	NYB	G	2.00
Erie Train Boy	Whit	E	2.00
Bob Burton	Don	F	2.00
Driven From Home	Hur	G	3.00
Charlie Codman's Cruise	Hur	E	3.00
Frank's Campaign	Don	G	2.00
Five Hundred Dollars	Don	E	2.00
Hectors Inheritance	Don	G	2.00
Helping Himself	Wor	G	2.00
In a New World	Don	F	2.00
Jack's Ward	Don	G	2.00
Jed the Poor House Boy	Sup	E	2.00
Joe's Luck	NYB	E	2.00
Mark Masons Victory	Don	E	2.00
Sam's Chance	Don	F	2.00
Slow & Sure	JCW	E	15.00
Struggling Upward	ALB	F	15.00
Paul Prescott's Charge	JCW	F	15.00

Offered by:

Ralph R. Keeney  
214 E. 13th. St.  
The Dalles, Oregon 97058

The Young Acrobat	Don	G	2.50
Julius The Street Boy	w/dj	Don GB	\$ 2.50
Erie Train Boy	Don	G	2.50
Erie Train Boy	Hur	G	2.50
The Tin Box (Small Burn front)	Hur	F	2.00
(spine taped)			
Cash Boy (Cover - Our Boys Pub. Co. Title page says Hurst & Co.)			3.50
Bound to Rise (same as above, both books good or better)			3.50
From Canal Boy to President	SS	G	7.50
Frank Fowler The Cash Boy(1887)	Burt	G	8.00
Young Adventurer (Hinge broken)	Hur	G	1.50
The Errand Boy (1888)	Burt	G	2.50
Franks Campaign (cover worn)	Hur	G	2.00

\*\*\*\*\*

Offered by:

Ira Marshall  
718 Gray Ave.  
Greenville, Ohio 45331

Ira has 85 different Horatio Alger Books to sell. If you are interested send large SASE for list.

\*\*\*\*\*



Vertical text on the right side of the page, possibly a list or contact information, mostly illegible due to orientation.

## HORATIO ALGER DAY IN

## URBANA-CHAMPAIGN

The University of Illinois and Urbana-Champaign were the sites of much Horatio Alger activity during the month of July. It all started after I wrote a "letter to the editor" to TIME magazine, in which I commented on their short article on Mayes' biography. After that appeared I received about fifteen letters and phone calls from all over the country (and Mexico) requesting information on the Society, some of them addressed simply to: "Horatio Alger Society, Aurora, Illinois". Also as a result of this letter, numerous people at the University of Illinois asked about Horatio Alger, and interest in him grew among the people in the University community.

Since July 18th was the 75th anniversary of Alger's death, I had planned for some time an annotated display of some fifty Alger books in the University of Illinois's Rare Book Room. Ten display cases were used, with each volume lying flat with a descriptive card giving bibliographic and other information about it. Alger first editions were featured, as well as Stratemeyer Algiers, Hurst Miniatures, and Alger paperbacks.

As a result of this exhibit, I was contacted by a reporter from the University's newspaper, The Daily Illini, who wrote an article about Horatio Alger, Jr. Later, she told me that a professor in a class used this article as a basis for discussion of Horatio Alger and his Great American Dream.

Furthermore, since Alger books were read by countless young people during the previous century and into the 1900's, one professor of library science requested that I lecture to her class in "Young Adult Literature". I talked for about an hour, discussing Alger's influence, the sociological, cultural and economic reasons that his books were popular, and other aspects of his life and works.

And finally, a week before July 18th, I wrote Illinois Governor Dan Walker, asking that he proclaim July 18, 1974 as Horatio Alger Day. A few days later a huge proclamation was sent to me, with these words on it:

"STATE OF ILLINOIS"  
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT  
Proclamation

For fifty years Horatio Alger's philosophy inspired the youth of our land. During nearly a third of the nineteenth century he was the most popular author in the United States, inflaming millions of young Americans with heroic ideals.

In more than a hundred different volumes he epitomized the Great American Dream, detailing how poor lads struggled to overcome their hardships and obtain the good things of life. The principles he advocated - hard work and righteousness and courage - are as highly prized today as they were a century ago and as advantageous to their practitioners, as testimony of the successful frequently proves.

To perpetuate his influence and philosophy the Horatio Alger Society was incorporated as a non-profit organization in 1965 in Mendota.

Therefore, I, Dan Walker, Governor of the State of Illinois, proclaim July 18, 1974, the seventy-fifth anniversary of Alger's death, as HORATIO ALGER DAY and recommend that all Illinoisans live up to the ideals he advocated."

Though July 18th came and went too quickly, it was an exhilarating time in which many people who knew little or nothing about Our Hero came to appreciate and understand why we in the Society respect him so greatly. And in my purpose of honoring Horatio Alger, Jr. - to educate those whose ideas of the author end with the notion that he was an illiterate hack writer who wrote about prissy mamma's boys - I was successful.

Jack Bales

この物語のおもな人々



ルーク Luke

ルーク

この物語の主人公。父をなくし、母とふたりきりの貧しい暮らしが明るいしっかりし

た十六才の少年。母を助けて、賃仕事をした。学校の雑役をしたりしているが、勉強もスポーツもよくでき、村の人気ものである。リード氏からすずの小箱をあずかったが、そのころ銀行やぶりの事件が起こり、犯人にまちがえられてしまふ。けれど、うたがいははれりと、アームストロング氏の手助けをして、犯人をつきとめる。



リントン Linton

リントン

グローブトンの工場主のむすこだが、公平な、すなおな少年。ルーク

の親友で、ルークのこまっているときには、いつもはげましながらさめる思いやりのある少年。

アームストロング氏

アームストロング氏

大金持ちの実業家

で、銀行でぬすまれた、すずの箱の持ち主。アームストロング氏の頭取にうたがいをもち、犯人道成にのりだす。



Mr. Armstrong



リード氏 Mr. Reed

リード氏

いろいろなめんどろをみる、しんせつな人。

ラーキン夫人

ルークの母。夫なきあと、貧しいながらも、仕立物などしながら、むすこのルークを、りっぱな少年に育てあげる。



ダンカン氏 Mr. Duncan

ダンカン氏

グローブトン銀行の頭取で、治安の悪化をかねて、村の勢力者。銀行

やぶりの事件が起こると、ルークをむりやり犯人にしたてようとするが、失敗してしまふ。

ランドルフ

ランドルフ

ダンカン氏のひとりむすこ。父親の威光をかさにきていぼりちらす、いじの悪少年。ルークをめたかたきにする。



Randolph



Mrs. Larkin

ラーキン夫人

# Features THE DAILY ILLINI Wednesday, July 17, 1974

## From rags to riches

### Horatio Alger philosophy still a source of inspiration

By MARY PAT LANGEFELD Staff Writer

For those of you who may ask, Horatio Alger, Jr. was the writer of many boys' books that portrayed the "rags to riches" theme during the 19th century.

He is also the author of some 30 books currently on display in the Rare Book Room of the Graduate Library. The display is commemorating the 75th anniversary of Alger's death, July 18.

Alger was an American author whose career in writing was in direct contradiction to his father's plans for him. Alger's father was a strict Unitarian minister who advocated prayer and academic study as a way of life and wanted his son (Horatio) to enter divinity school.

After several unsuccessful attempts to enlist in the Union army, Alger entered the ministry only to leave three years later on the advice of William Adams, a New York publisher. Alger went to New York where he visited a home for orphan boys and was inspired to write his own stories about boys who rose from humble backgrounds to success. These books were popular with boys from all backgrounds and even today Alger stories are still being read, according to Jack Bales, graduate student in library science and the owner of 130-volume Alger collection.

Bales has been an Alger fan since the age of fifteen, when he read an Alger novel he found on his father's bookshelves.

That first novel whetted Bales' curiosity and he continued reading and collecting other Alger books until he learned about the Horatio Alger Society.

The Horatio Alger Society is a group that exchanges insights and opinions about the novels at annual conventions. When Bales first learned about it, he went to the society's convention in Kalamazoo, Mich. where one enthusiastic reader gave Bales thirty-five Alger books for his growing collection. Much to his mother's exasperation, Bales said, he returned home with all of his clothes crumpled up in a pillowcase while the thirty-five books were neatly arranged in his suitcase.

Bales himself believes in the outlook on life Alger promulgated

in his books. Alger's philosophy is based on the traditional American work ethic—by hard work, sincerity, and perseverance, the honest man will attain great heights, Bales said.

This attitude was prevalent in society during the 1890's and was a main factor in the novel's popularity. According to the Encyclopedia Britannica, the Alger hero is second only to the western hero in having the greatest impact on American culture. Alger's logic is simple—the good guys win, the bad guys lose, and any American can rise to fame and fortune.

This philosophy became so popular that the American School and College Association gave out Horatio Alger Awards for any man whose life depicted the rags to riches saga. Dwight D. Eisenhower, former President of the United States, was a Horatio Alger Award winner.

Bales has an article about "his Hero" coming out soon in the Bowling Green State University Journal of Popular Culture.

## THE HEIRESS OF BEACH COTTAGE

by Horatio Alger, Jr.

Frank Leslie's Ten Cent Monthly  
May, 1865

## Chapter I

My earliest associations are with a small fishing hamlet, on what is known as the south shore of Cape Cod. Left an orphan at three years of age, I was adopted by my father's sister, an elderly spinster of thirty-five, who lived by herself in a small cottage built upon a slight eminence overlooking a sandy beach. What determined Aunt Mehitable to isolate herself from her relatives and set up her solitary household in such an out-of-the-way place I never clearly understood. I have heard vaguely that in early life her affections were fixed upon one who proved unworthy, and returned to her only to close up the fountains of her heart and implant in her embittered life a deep distrust of all her kind.

After purchasing this miniature cottage by the seashore a few hundred dollars remained to her, the interest of which, eking out her personal exertions, for her industry was untiring, enabled her not only to live without privation, but as comfortably as she could have desired. When my father's death threw me upon the world a penniless orphan, at the tender age of three, my aunt opened her doors to me. I can remember the childish awe, not unmingled with fear, with which I regarded my newly-discovered relative. She was tall and gaunt, and her face wore that uncompromising expression which warned me at the first glance that she would exact of me strict and unquestioning obedience. Yet she was kind in her way. Unfortunately, she lacked that sympathy with children which is needed to attract them.

I soon became accustomed to my life at Beach Cottage, for so in after years I designated my aunt's residence. The sea was to me a perpetual resource. I would sit for hours together upon the bank of pebbles, which it had required perhaps thousands of years for the sea to throw up and form into a natural rampart, picking out curious shells or stones which attracted my fancy from these massive debris. These at first I used to carry to the house in my apron till my aunt exclaimed impatiently:

"Pshaw, child, what's the use of all this trumpery? It only litters up the room. You'd better fling it away."

There was a small plot of land attached to Beach Cottage. My aunt allotted to my use a small bed, which I bordered with the whitest and smoothest pebbles I could find. These produced a very pretty effect. My aunt, whose aesthetic nature had been little cultivated, contented herself with producing a few garden vegetables, and did not think it worth while to devote any time or space to flowers. I, who had all a child's love of the beautiful, obtained from a neighbor a few flower seeds of different varieties, and planted them as well as I knew how. Some of them struggled up through the arid and sandy soil, and in due time a few marigolds and other common flowers lifted their heads modestly from amidst their plebeian neighbors. Aunt Mehitable had not exchanged a word with me in regard to this innovation, and I hardly knew whether it met her approval or not. But one day she handed me a little parcel of seeds wrapped in a paper, with the remark:

"There, child, I've brought some new kind of flower seeds for you."

"Oh, aunt, where did you get them?" I answered.

"I bought 'em up to the store," she answered.

This I regarded with justice as a remarkable degree of encouragement on the part of my aunt. That she should actually spend money for what was not actually useful was a noteworthy deviation from her usual habits, and impressed me accordingly.

My life passed uneventfully enough till I was fifteen. Doubly isolated from the world through my aunt's unsociable temper, and solitary mode of life, and the quiet little village in which we made out home, I grew up to know little of the great outside world of busy and bustling activity and manifold interests which lay so near, and yet so far off from me. My educational advantages had been limited to twenty weeks' attendance each year at the humble district school, where the most advanced scholars seldom went beyond the rule of three. My aunt could teach me a little, having learned nothing that was not strictly utilitarian. I have no doubt that she regarded me, who had exhausted the narrow advantages of the district school, as possessing all the knowledge which I was likely to require.

Until fifteen I was very much of my aunt's opinion. Greatness is relative, and

I was in advance of the fishermen's daughters who were my school acquaintances. But about this time the Prudential Committee succeeded in obtaining as teacher of the winter school a student from Cambridge. I soon recognised the difference between him and the teachers to which I had been accustomed. Without intending it, he gave me a powerful sense of my own deficiencies, and opened to me glimpses of a great world of knowledge, of which I had hitherto had no conception. Then first I became inspired with an earnest desire to rise above the low level which had hitherto limited my aspirations. Yet there seemed little prospect of my gratifying my newly-acquired taste. For ten weeks our young instructor stopped with us, and then he was compelled to return again to his college duties. A brief time, but it was to alter the course of my future life.

Yet for the next three years there was no material change in my prospects. From the school I could hope to obtain nothing more. From the minister I obtained a few books, but he was an exception to his class, and though a good man was not much better educated than the people around him. I would have bought books, but had no money. My aunt, on whom I was dependent, owned but four books, viz: the Bible, Baxter's Saint's Rest, Pollok's Course of Time and the Almanac. These, which were sufficient for her intellectual needs, she judged sufficient for me also. I once timidly preferred a request that instead of a new dress, which she designed buying for me, she would get me a copy of Shakespeare's plays.

"Shakespeare!" exclaimed my aunt in amazement. "So you'd rather have a book written by a strolling actor than a new dress. I'm not going to throw away my money on such trash."

When I was eighteen my aunt was suddenly stricken down by a fever. Nature struggled obstinately against the disease, but the latter prevailed. A morning came when in inexpressible sorrow, and with a strange sense of loneliness, I stood beside the rigid form of my protectress, and knew that I was once more alone. It comforted me to think that I had never done anything knowingly to give her pain or uneasiness--that I had been dutiful to one who had been father, mother and all to me.

A will duly executed was found in my aunt's trunk, which left me sole heiress to whatever she might die possessed of. This

comprised Beach Cottage with its furniture, and seven hundred dollars drawing interest in a savings bank.

After the funeral was over I sat down to consider what I should do--I could not with propriety continue to live alone in my aunt's cottage. My plans were soon determined upon. Providence had thrown in my way the means of gratifying the longing after knowledge which I had so long and vainly felt. I estimated that seven hundred dollars, with the accruing interest, would pay my expenses at a boarding-school for three years. At the end of that time I should be qualified to take a position as teacher or governess, and at the worst I should have Beach Cottage to fall back upon, where, if a higher vocation were denied me, I could settle down and gain my living as my aunt had done before me.

My determination excited some surprise among my village friends. They thought it a sinful waste to spend so much money on the mere acquisition of knowledge, when I might marry within a year, and array myself like a princess. But I was not to be moved from my purpose. A month later Beach Cottage was closed, and I had connected myself with a boarding-school which had been recommended to me as combining superior advantages with very reasonable terms.

Over the next three years I pass rapidly. To me there were a season of unalloyed happiness. A new world was opened to me wherein I wandered at will with all the enthusiasm of a first discoverer. Day by day I felt my intellect expanding and my faculties strengthening. At the outset, far behind those who were much my juniors, the distance between us continually diminished, until I found myself regarded as one of the intellectual leaders of the school. Pre-eminence in this department was the more readily accorded to me that I cared little for it. I sought knowledge for itself, not for any chance distinction it could bring me. Fortunately for me, my early life upon the seashore had confirmed a naturally strong constitution. Otherwise it could hardly have sustained the extraordinary drafts I now made upon it.

When within three months of graduating I imparted to Madame Lacour my desire to obtain a position as teacher or governess--could her influence help me?--she entered cordially into my plans. She told me that she had frequent applications for suitable teachers, and kindly assured me that she could recommend me with the utmost confidence.



Two months later I was summoned to her private room, and the following letter was placed in my hands. It bore a Virginia postmark:

"My Dear Madame--I am desirous of obtaining a governess for a child of ten. It is desirable that she should be qualified to instruct in French, German and music, as well as the ordinary English branches. If you have any pupil in your institution whom you can recommend, you may offer her an engagement at a salary of six hundred dollars per year.

"Will you confer an additional favor by apprising me when I may expect her?"

"Yours respectfully,

"Philip Gresham."

"Well?" asked Madame Lacour, when I had finished reading this epistle.

"I consider the offer a good one," I answered, promptly, "better than I had any right to expect. If you think me qualified I will accept it."

"I advise you to do so," said madame, kindly. "Had not this proposal come I intended to offer you a position here, but I could not offer you so favorable terms."

"Do not let that stand in the way, my dear teacher. If you really want me I will decline this proposal."

"No, my dear child, you must not sacrifice your interests. I should not feel it right to require it of you. I will write an acceptance for you. When shall you be ready to start?"

"I will be guided by your advice."

"Let it be four weeks from to-day then. You will require to make some additions to your wardrobe, as you will probably have little opportunity to do so on a Virginia plantation."

The next four weeks were devoted to supplying myself with a plain but abundant wardrobe. This employment kept my hands and thoughts so busy that I had little time to speculate upon the new circumstances in which I was to be placed. Only when I had fairly started on my journey did a feeling of curiosity enter my mind as to my unknown employer. Speculation seemed idle, however, with so little to build upon. The character and disposition of my new pupil were of much more importance to me. Would she prove docile and tractable? But here again I had nothing to guide me to a judgment. Soon I desisted from these fruitless speculations and began to look with interest from the car windows upon the landscape of which my rapid transit had given me fleeting glimpses.

This was my first journey, and therefore had for me a charm which can never be afforded in an equal degree when the freshness and novelty of inexperience have passed. Under the circumstances it was perhaps rash in me to journey alone, but there seemed to be no other way. Besides, I had a reasonable share of self-reliance, and was not in the least daunted by the difficulties that might be in store for me.

## Chapter II

The journey at length came to an end.

The cars stopped before a rude unpainted depot consisting of one room only.

I descended and my trunk was taken from the baggage car and deposited on the ground. Again the cars started, and I found myself alone. Alone, for there was no one in or near the depot, and no house visible from it. It was drawing near nightfall, and I felt somewhat disturbed at my solitary position.

But I was not left long alone.

There was a clattering of wheels, and a wagon rapidly approached driven by a stout negro. He looked at me inquiringly.

"Be you Miss Laura Greyson?" he asked, doubtfully.

"Yes; I suppose you come from Mr. Gresham," I returned, much relieved.

"Yes, missus, I'm Massa Gresham's Pomp. I'm to tote you up to de house."

"Very well. Here's my trunk. You may put it into your wagon."

"All right, missus."

The trunk, though a heavy one, seemed but a trifle to him. While he was putting it in the wagon I climbed in and took my seat.

"Is the house far from here," I inquired.

"Bout three miles, missus. Massa Gresham gone to Richmond yes'day."

"Will he be back soon?"

"Bout a week, missus."

"Then for a week I shall not see my employer," I thought. "Perhaps it is as well. When he returns I shall be wanted to my place, and feel more at my ease."

A mile farther on we came to a gate. Pomp descended and opened it. At his request I drove through. He shut the gate and resumed his place.

"We're on Massa Gresham's plantation now," he said.

"Is it a large plantation, Pomp?"

"Yes, missus."

"And does he employ many..." I hesitated.

"Many niggers, missus? Nigh on to two hundred."

After awhile we came in sight of the house. It was of two storeys, large upon the ground, with an ample verandah in front, after the fashion of Virginia country-houses.

As the wagon drove up in front of the house the door opened, and an elderly mulatto woman, stout and comely, made her appearance.

"Glad to see you, Miss Greyson," she said, in a phraseology free from the peculiarities of her class. "We expected you yesterday some. My master was sorry he could not be here to welcome you."

"He has gone to Richmond, Pomp tells me."

"Yes; he was obliged to go up there for a few days on business. But you must be tired and hundry, Miss Greyson, supper is all ready if you will eat it."

I was very hundry, having had no regular dinner, and gladly accepted the invitation. The eggs and bacon and hoe cake, which constituted the principal part of my meal, seemed to me delicious. Chloe--for this was the housekeeper's name--seemed very much pleased with my evident appetite, appearing to consider it a special compliment to herself.

"Eat a little more, miss, it'll do you good," she urged.

I refused her pressing solicitations, and soon after asked to be shown to my room. It was a large square room in the front of the house, very neatly furnished. I sank into the soft luxurious bed with a sigh of satisfaction. Though the unaccustomed surroundings might well have kept me awake, fatigue overpowered every other consideration, and I was soon in a dreamless sleep.

When I awoke the bright sunshine irradiated my chamber. I looked upon it as a pleasant augury of success, and dressed myself cheerfully. After breakfast I expressed a desire to see my pupil.

Chloe retired, and soon I heard a scuffle in the entry, as if she were dragging some one in against her will.

"Come in, missy. Your father'd be right down angry if he knew you wouldn't come to see your governess."

"I don't want any governess," was the angry reply, "and I won't have one. How dare you take hold of me!"

"Hush, Miss Helen, you governess will hear you."

"I don't care if she does."

Again there was a scuffle, but Chloe proved the strongest, and a minute afterwards appeared, drawing a reluctant child of ten, who scowled at me by way of welcome.

"This is Miss Greyson, your governess," said Chloe. "Can't you tell her you are glad to see her?"

"But I'm not glad to see her," said the child determinedly.

"I hope you'll excuse her, Miss Greyson," said Chloe. "She's always had her own way."

"And I'm going to have my own way now," said Helen, resolutely.

"Then I hope it will be the right way," I said, with a smile.

Helen looked at me scrutinizingly.

"I don't like you," she said.

"Why not?"

"Because you have come here to plague me."

"Who told you so, Helen?"

"You'll make me study when I want to play."

"I must get acquainted with her before I can do her any good," I thought. So I said aloud:

"At any rate, I won't make you study to-day."

"Won't you?" she asked, half suspiciously.

"No; I will help you play. Come and tell me how you amuse yourself."

After a little pause, Helen concluded that I was in earnest, and approached me cautiously. I carelessly exposed my watch.

"Will you let me see you watch?" she asked.

"Yes, if you will be very careful of it. Come here, and I will show you the works."

In a very few minutes Helen was chatting merrily with me. She seemed to have forgotten that I was a governess. She told me confidentially about a beautiful bird's nest with three eggs in it, which she promised to show me.

"I like you a heap better than I expected," she said at length.

"I am glad of that. I think we shall be very good friends."

"Yes, if it wasn't for study. I hate books."

"You like better to play."

"A great deal."

"I don't wonder at it."

"You don't!" she said, in evident surprise.

"No. When I was of your age, I liked to play better than to study."

"Did you? Then what made you study?"

"Because I didn't want to grow up in ignorance."

"I reckon I'm very ignorant," said Helen, frankly.

"Did you never study?"

"Yes, a little."

"Can you read?"

"Yes--if the words are easy."

"Don't you wan't to know more?"

"It's too hard work."

"Then we will make it easy. I wont expect much of you at first."

"Will you let me play some of the time?"

"Yes; and I'll show you some new plays."

"You will!" said Helen, in surprise and delight. "I reckoned you would be a hateful old thing, and plague me."

"I hope not," I answered, smiling. "Do you like music?"

"Can you sing?"

"Yes, and play. Have you a piano?"

"Yes," said Helen, "only there isn't anybody to make music on it. It's in the next room."

I followed Helen, and seating myself at the instrument, played and sang a few lively airs. The child leaned her chin on her hands, evidently deeply interested.

"That's jolly!" said she. "I wish I could make music."

"So you can if you like."

"But it will take a long time."

"To play finely, yes. But it will not be long before you can play a little. Wouldn't you like to have me teach you?"

"I--I don't know. I'd rather hear you play. Will you play to me often?"

"Every day, after you have got your lessons."

"Well, I guess I'll study. Do you meant to do?"

"What was it?"

"I meant to plague you all I could, and not to study a bit."

"That was before you knew me."

"Yes; I'm glad you've come now. We'll have a good time together, I reckon."

Chloe, who came in, in time to hear a part of this conversation, surveyed me with greatly increased respect, not unmixed with wonder. She could not understand how I had been able to acquire such a sudden influence over he wayward young mistress. I clearly understood, however, that I had only made a beginning. I felt that the child would require peculiar management and a firm hand. Still, I never doubted my own success. Let me own that the difficulties in my way invested my task with new interest. I thought I understood now why Mr. Gresham had offered me so liberal a salary. I determined that my services should be an equivalent.

The next day I set my pupil to work. Several times she showed signs of rebellion, but these I either quietly ignored or overcame by a firmness greater than her own will. Within a week she was under very fair subjection.

One afternoon, her tasks having been satisfactorily performed, I was playing a few airs to Helen, when, happening to look up, I saw a gentleman standing in the doorway, listening to my performance. Helen noticed him at the same time.

"Papa!" she exclaimed, bounding towards him with delight.

He quietly kissed her, and then advanced to me.

"Miss Greyson, I presume."

I bowed.

"I regret not to have been here to welcome you to your new home. Let me make up for the involuntary omission now. I hope Chloe has made you comfortable."

"Entirely so, I thank you--I feel quite at hime."

"I am very glad of that. How do you find your young pupil? Very ignorant, I'm afraid."

"Yes, she is backward for her age. But I see no lack of capacity. Ignorance is fortunately not an incurable disorder."

"I hope," he continued, with a little anxiety, "you do not find her very intractable. I trust she does not give you very much trouble."

"On the contrary, we are already on excellent terms. She likes play than study, which is not surprising, but I think she already begins to see that study is necessary."

He looked surprised and gratified.

"Helen," he said, caressing his daughter, "I am glad to hear so good an account of you. I hope Miss Greyson will never have cause of complaint against you."

"I would not study with anybody else," said Helen; "but I like her. She tells me new plays and sings to me."

Mr. Gresham gave me a glance which gratified me, because it expressed appreciation of my services. I looked more closely at him. He was rather above the middle height, easy and elegant in his manners, of dark complexion, and of course dark hair. I am not sure whether he would have been called a handsome man, but to me there was something very attractive in his face. He looked like a man of scrupulous honor and unswerving fidelity. I should have accounted

myself fortunate in having such a man for a friend. To me he invariably exhibited a courtesy which I could not help thinking sprang not alone from politeness towards a dependent member of his household, but from a friendly interest in me.

There were so few of us that we were naturally brought into intimate relations. I soon ceased to feel the distance between my employer and myself, and unconsciously acted with an entire sense of freedom, as if this were indeed my home. I sometimes questioned whether in so doing I were acting properly. But when I attempted to put on a more ceremonious air, it elicited from Mr. Gresham a look of surprise, which effectually dissipated my resolve.

Meanwhile, Helen made rapid progress. I succeeded in interesting her in her studies, and, being naturally quick, this was sufficient to insure her rapid improvement. She had, besides, acquired an affection for me, which gave me great power over her.

So a year passed, a year of quiet happiness on my part, of frequently expressed satisfaction on the part of my employer.

One day, as I sat at the piano, playing a favorite air from "Favorita," Mr. Gresham entered the room.

"Helen is out with Chloe," I said, supposing him to be in search of his daughter.

"I know it," he said, quietly; "but it is not Helen I wish to see now."

There was something in his tone which made me look up suddenly. There was a smile upon his face and a certain indefinable look which, I hardly knew why, made my heart beat quicker.

"No," he repeated, "it was not to see Helen that I entered just now; it was to see you."

"Yes sir."

"I hope you are happy here?" he said, abruptly.

"Very much so, sir," I replied.

"I am glad of that. We have tried to make you happy."

"You are very kind."

"Do you think you could be happy here for-- for a long time to come?"

"I am willing to remain here till Helen's education is completed."

"And then?"

"Then, I suppose, I shall return to the North."

"Are you quite resolved upon that?"

"I don't understand you, Mr. Gresham," I answered, feeling more and more embarrassed.

"No, I suppose not. I will make my meaning clear at once. Will you stay here always?"

"Always? Helen will not need me."

"Not Helen, perhaps; but Helen's father will and does need you. Miss Greyson, it is as my wife that I wish you to stay."

I was beginning to suspect this. Still it came upon me with a shock.

"I--I don't know what to say," I stammered.

"Take time, then," he said, kindly, "time to examine your own heart. But understand clearly that I ask you to become my wife because I love you as well as I should wish to love one who is to stand in so near a relation."

He lifted my hand to his lips respectfully, and in a tumult of feelings I left the room and sought my own apartment.

When the tumult of my feelings had somewhat subsided, I began to question my own heart. Never for a moment had I looked upon Mr. Gresham in the light of a lover. Our different stations would have prevented him, if nothing else. Yet when he suddenly appealed to me, the discovery of his feelings revealed to me the state of my own heart. I began to feel that I did love him. I felt instinctively that he was a man to whom I might safely confide my earthly happiness. I began to realize that if suddenly called to leave my new home, my sorrow at leaving my pupil would not be the most poignant that I should feel.

When I descended the next morning, Mr. Gresham came forward and bent a look of earnest inquiry upon my face.

I frankly placed my hand in his, and uttered the single word

"Yes."

I shall never forget the radiant look which illumined his face as he impetuously folded me in his arms and pressed a kiss on my brow.

"Papa!" was the surprised exclamation of Helen, who that moment entering the room surveyed the scene with open-eyed astonishment.

"Helen," said her father, "would you like to have Miss Greyson with you always?"

"Yes, indeed I should."

"So should I; and so I have asked her to become your mother."

"And will you, Miss Greyson?" asked Helen, eagerly.

"If you would like to have me," said I, smiling a little confusedly.

"Then it's all right!" said Helen, joyously. "When are you going to be married? Will you give me a whole loaf of wedding-cake?"

"You shall have all you want," said her father, evidently gratified by Helen's approval.

"Oh, won't we have a jolly time! I am going to tell Chloe."

I was about to interpose, but Mr. Gresham said, in a low voice:

"As it must be announced, perhaps Helen may as well do it."

In five minutes Chloe and all the house-servants were electrified by the information that Massa Gresham was going to marry Miss Greyson. I was glad to see that all appeared pleased. Chloe, in particular, could not contain her joy.

"It's the best news I've heard for a long time," she said. "You'll be a good missus to us, and a good mother to young missus."

There were no lessons that day. Instead, I took a drive with Mr. Gresham. We met two or three of the neighboring planters, who bowed with an air of surprise at seeing me in the carriage.

"They will soon understand," said Mr. Gresham, turning to me with a smile.

### Chapter III

For many reasons it was decided that the marriage should take place almost immediately. I proposed three months' delay, during which I should visit the North, but Mr. Gresham urged so strongly his and Helen's immediate need of me, that I suffered my objections to be overruled.

It was arranged that the wedding should take place in a fortnight. During that time I made what simple preparations were in my power. Mr. Gresham wished to furnish the bridal outfit, but on that point I was firm. I had more than enough saved from my salary, and I wished to come to him independent.

I was very happy; I felt that I had never before known what happiness was. There was a quiet feeling of rest and repose in the thought that henceforth I should have one to lean upon in all times of trial, and in every vicissitude a strong arm to support me through life. There were no forebodings of evil, no fears that I should awake from my present bliss to find it but a dream. Yet

clouds were gathering in my sky, and ere long they broke.

One afternoon I sat alone in the music-room, at work upon some portion of my bridal outfit. Mr. Gresham was absent for a day or two, and Helen was making a week's visit at the house of a cousin, chiefly to relieve me temporarily from her care.

Raising my eyes by chance, I started at seeing in the doorway the figure of a woman, gazing fixedly at me, with a pair of flashing black eyes.

The work dropped from my hands, and I started to my feet.

"Who are you?" I exclaimed, in surprise.

She slowly advanced, and seated herself.

"You have never heard of me?" she said, inquiringly.

"Never."

"No!" she returned, with a mocking laugh. "He has taken good care not to mention me."

"He! I don't understand you."

"The man you are about to marry."

"Mr. Gresham?"

"Yes. I repeat he has taken good care not to mention me."

"Why should he have done so? What are you to him?"

"Only his wife!" she said, looking at me with scornful triumph.

"His wife!" I ejaculated, in dismay.

"Yes; I am the wife of the man you are about to marry."

This declaration stunned me for a moment. Then my trust and confidence in Mr. Gresham returned. I would not believe it.

"You are seeking to impose a falsehood upon me," said I, sternly. "What is your object?"

"It is no falsehood. My object is to save you in time. If you neglect my warning, it is your own affair."

She spoke in such a semblance of sincerity that I knew not what to think. Finally, I said:

"What proof can you give me of your truth? You cannot expect me to credit your bare word against the knowledge that I have of Mr. Gresham's honor."

"You want proof. You shall have it. What do you say to this?"

She drew from the bosom of her dress a paper, which she placed in my hands. With a sinking heart I read the marriage certificate of Philip Gresham and Clara Holden. The document was dated eleven years back, and duly attested.

"Are you Clara Holden?" I asked faintly.

"I am Clara Gresham," she answered, significantly.

"How does it happen that you have lived apart from--from Mr. Gresham?" I could not call him her husband.

"I suppose we were incompatible," she said, laughing scornfully. "At least he said so. He conceived a hatred for me, and as the readiest way to rid himself of me, imprisoned me in a lunatic asylum. You shudder; well you may. Perhaps the same fate may be in store for you when he tires of you. I eluded the vigilance of my keepers, and here I am in time to give you warning. You had best heed it."

She rose and left me.

I remained stupified. I did not wish to believe, yet how could I help it. There was the marriage certificate, there was, besides, a resemblance between this woman and Helen. There seemed no chance for doubt.

What should I do? There was but one way. I must go away, and that at once, before Mr. Gresham returned.

In feverish haste I packed my trunk, and then wrote a few lines to Mr. Gresham, in which I calmly mentioned the discovery I had made. I added no comment. I felt that none was needed. This I sealed and proposed to hand to Chloe for her master. I sent for her and Pomp, and saying briefly that I was compelled to go away suddenly, asked Pomp to drive me to the railway station.

Chloe's astonishment was unbounded.

"What will master say?" she ejaculated.

"Here is a note which I wish you to give him when he returns."

"Will you be long gone, Miss Greyson?" she asked.

"I--I don't know. The letter will tell," I answered, evasively.

"You will be back in time for the wedding?" persisted Chloe, still far from satisfied.

"I think the wedding will have to be postponed," said I, as calmly as I could, for I did not wish Chloe to suspect the truth. It would have been well if I had confided in her.

She looked at me as if she did not quite understand, but aided me in my preparations, while Pomp harnessed the horse to the carriage.

Within half an hour I was on my way from the house where I had spent many happy hours to the railway station. An hour later, and I was hurring North as fast as steam could carry me.

#### Chapter IV

I wished to go somewhere where I could be quiet. The sudden revelation of Mr. Gresham's baseness had startled and shocked me to such an extent, that I felt the absolute need of time to recover from it. It was natural that I should think of the humble home which I had shared with my aunt.

It was at the close of a dull November day that I descended from the stage at my own door. The house was dumb and silent, and wore the solitary look which an unoccupied house soon gets. But inside all was as I had left it, even to a basket of wood which stood beside the kitchen stove.

I soon built a fire, and the cottage rapidly assumed a more cheerful look.

"And this," thought I, "is to be my home. Here I am to lead a solitary, unloved existence. Well, since Providence has so ordained, I will try to bear it."

The next day I received visits from my neighbors. In spite of their kindness, they could not help betraying some curiosity about my past life and my motives for returning. My replies were vague, and I have no doubt unsatisfactory. However, their questions ceased, and I was left to myself.

I soon found that I had mistaken my needs. I required not rest but a change. This I could not find in the aimless life I was leading. Occupation was necessary to me.

I learned that the village school, about to open for the winter, was without a teacher. I presented myself to the Prudential Committee, or school agent, and offered my services. My offer was thankfully accepted. I fancy the agent drove a hard bargain with me as regards compensation, but as I wanted work not money, I paid little heed to that. Within a week I found myself in charge of fifty scholars of all ages and sizes. I could no longer complain that I had nothing to occupy me. I soon became interested in the advancement of my little flock, and during six hours daily at least I had no chance to think of Mr. Gresham. My mind became less morbid and more healthy. There is no panacea for grief like a definite aim and a fixed employment.

So two months passed. The quarterly examination was approaching, and this gave me even more than usual to think of. One day, as I was hearing a class in geography,

there was a knock at the door. I sent one of the older girls to ascertain the business of the visitor.

"A gentleman wishes to see you, Miss Greyson," she announced.

Book in hand, I advanced to the door. The visitor had withdrawn a little to one side, so that I had to go out into the entry to see him.

A faint feeling came over me as I recognised Mr. Gresham.

He advanced to meet me eagerly, with hands outstretched, but I motioned him back. I had not forgotten, even in the joy of meeting him, the obstacle that parted us.

"Shut the door," he said, in a low voice.

"I wish to speak to you."

Mechanically I complied.

"Laura," he said, "I have been long in finding you. How could you leave me?"

"How could I do otherwise? Surely you read my letter?"

"Yes. And you believed that woman's story?"

"I did not wish to. I doubted till I saw the marriage certificate."

"Yet Laura, that woman was never my wife."

"But the resemblance to Helen," I said, in bewilderment.

"Is easily explained. She is Helen's aunt--her mother's sister. The marriage certificate was genuine, but she had taken it from her sister's desk after her death."

"What could have been her object?"

"To prevent our marriage."

"Why should she wish to prevent that?"

"I will soon explain. You will not charge me with vanity when I say that, even at the time I married my first wife, Helen--for that is her name--manifested a partiality for me, and I have reason to believe would gladly have married me in her sister's place. When Clara died, Helen's hopes revived. She went so far as to make advances to me which I could not misunderstand. This obliged me to treat her with a cold formality which should discourage her in any hopes she might have cherished. You will easily understand how a jealous woman should have been impelled to step in between me and another as soon as she became convinced that that other had succeeded where she had failed."

"Can this be true?" I asked in surprise and relief.

"You need not fear that I am deceiving you, Laura. You might have known before, had you questioned Chloe, that this woman could have no claim upon me."

"I never thought to ask her; I was so overwhelmed by the sudden revelation, that I only wanted to hide myself somewhere."

"So you came here. When will you be ready to go back? Shall it be to-morrow?"

"But my school."

"Confound the school!"

"I must stay till the term closes. That is next week."

He tried to dissuade me, but on that point I was firm.

When the examination was over I closed Beach Cottage once more and returned to Virginia, this time as Mrs. Gresham. The marriage ceremony was performed in Boston.

"I must make sure of you this time," said Mr. Gresham. "Till you become my wife I shall be uneasy lest you suddenly vanish, leaving behind merely a brief note to account for your departure."

"I will stay with you till you get tired of me," I answered, smiling.

-----

Three years later the rebellion broke out. My husband, espousing the Northern side, was compelled to abandon his property and flee to the North. Fortunately he had a few thousands deposited with a banker in New York. Again we are established at Beach Cottage, considerably enlarged from what it was in my aunt's day. How long we shall live there I do not know. Whether my husband will ever regain his former large possessions I cannot tell. Despite the sacrifice, I am glad that he has espoused the side of truth and loyalty, and that while these civil commotions last my aunt's bequest provides us a comfortable home in Beach Cottage.

-END-

From the collection of President Bob Bennett.

\*\*\*\*\*

Please send all future articles - books for sale lists - or anything else you think might be of interest to our members to our new editor: JAKE BALES.

# 秘密小箱

Secret Small Box



講談社版 世界名作全集

HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY  
 4907 Allison Dr.  
 LANSING, MICHIGAN 48910

FIRST CLASS MAIL