

Newsboy

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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



THE TOMBS. THE PLACE OF DETENTION FOR CRIMINALS AWAITING TRIAL.
FRANKLIN, CENTRE, LEONARD AND ELM STREETS.

When gullible country dwellers asked directions from fun loving Alger Heroes, occasionally they were directed to "the Tombs." Built in 1840, the Tombs is the city prison, standing at Franklin and Centre Streets, with its main entrance on Centre Street underneath a lofty

porch supported by massive stone columns. The name "the Tombs" came about not only because of the nature of the building, but due to its funereal and gloomy appearance. (Illustration from King's Handbook of New York City, written by Moses King, Boston, 1892).

HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY

BOOK MART

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.

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Newsboy, the official organ of the Horatio Alger Society, is published monthly (bimonthly January-February and June-July) and is distributed to HAS members. Membership fee for any twelve month period is \$10.00. All members' inquiries about their subscription and/or membership status should be directed to the Society's Secretary, Carl T. Hartmann, 4907 Allison Drive, Lansing, Michigan 48910.

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.

Manuscripts relating to Horatio Alger's life and works are solicited by the editor.

* * *

NEW MEMBERS REPORTED

PF-468 Julian S. Hicks
1008 So. 19th St.
Terre Haute, Indiana 47803

Julian, who is now retired from government service, owns 67 Alger titles. Like all Alger Society members, he enjoys reading them and adding to his collection.

* * *

The listing of Alger books in this department is free to HAS members. Please list title, publisher, condition and price.

Offered by Jerry Friedland, 6 Elyise Road, Monsey, New York 10952.

Sam's Chance; Porter & Coates, excellent condition, \$10.00.

* * *

ALGER ANALYSES

by Jack Bales

No. 1 in a series of articles on books that are useful in studying the life and works of Horatio Alger, Jr.

(Author's note: After my article, "Standard Library Reference Books for the Book Collector" appeared in the September, 1974 Newsboy and in the September 15, 1974 issue of HAS member Eddie LeBlanc's Dime Novel Round-Up, a number of readers expressed interest in the myriad of books - both biographic and bibliographic - that are invaluable for Alger scholars. Thus, each month Newsboy will carry a brief study of a book that I have found useful in my research).

Wright, Lyle H. American Fiction 1851-1875; A Contribution Toward a Bibliography. San Marino, Calif.: The Huntington Library, 1957.

As many Alger researchers know, Timothy Crump's Ward was issued in both hardbound and paperback, the former bearing the subtitle, "The New Years Loan and What Came of It," and the second the subtitle, "A Story of American Life." But which was published first, the hardbound or the paperback? When Bob Bennett showed me his cloth-bound copy of Timothy, we discussed this issue, but arrived at no satisfactory answer. However, Lyle Wright's American Fiction 1851-1875 has helped to add evidence towards making a definite conclusion.

According to the book's preface, "the purpose of this bibliography is to list the fiction written for adults by Americans and published in the United States between 1851 and 1875. . . . Only the first or earliest located editions of each title is recorded, except when a subsequent edition contains new material; then it too is listed as a main entry."

Four Alger works are listed in this book: Bertha's Christmas Vision, "Miss Henderson's Thanksgiving Day," Timothy Crump's Ward, and "The Two Acre Lot." (See the December, 1974 Newsboy for mention of the two short stories). Following is the verbatim entry for Timothy:

"ALGER, HORATIO. Timothy Crump's Ward; or, The New Year's Loan, and What Came of It. [underlining mine] Boston: Loring [1866]. 188p.

[the following is in smaller type]

A copy is in the possession of Frank Gruber, Hollywood, California.

Also published as: Timothy Crump's Ward: A Story of American Life. Boston: Loring, 1866. Issued in "Loring's Railway Companions" series.

NYP

This was later rewritten and published under the title Jack's Ward; or, The Boy Guardian, Boston: Loring [cop. 1875], as a boys' book."

The brackets around "1866" signify that Alger's name is not on the title page. "NYP" shows that a copy is in the New York Public Library.

Observe that the hardbound copy of Timothy is listed first, with the paper edition mentioned second, noted in small type. These facts, together with the statement that only the first published edition is listed as a main entry, leads one to believe that the hardbound copy of Timothy Crump's Ward; or, The New Years Loan, and What Came of It is the first edition of this rare Alger novel.

A word of caution, however. I consider the material in Wright's book to be just supportive evidence to the above

theory. Researchers do make mistakes, and though the science of bibliography involves numerous suppositions, I hesitate to make conclusions without cold, hard facts behind them).

* * *
THE KING OF THE PLAY-GROUND
by Horatio Alger, Jr.

The following short story is from the collection of HAS Vice-President Evelyn M. Grebel. It originally appeared in the November and December, 1866 issues of Student and Schoolmate. Part I of "The King of the Play-ground" will be printed in this issue of Newsboy, with the conclusion, that from the December, 1866 Student and Schoolmate, appearing in next month's Newsboy.

PART I

A group of boys were playing ball in a field or common attached to a large boarding-school, of which all were members. The boys were of various sizes, ranging in age from twelve to sixteen. It was Wednesday afternoon, and in accordance with the custom of the school, the session had been of only half the usual length, thus giving them extra time for play. All at once the ball, after a hard hit, disappeared, as balls sometimes will, and in spite of diligent search, could not be found. Skirting the field was a pasture plentifully supplied with underbrush, and probably it was somewhere hidden among the bushes.

Among those most disappointed was Sam Stockwell, a stout, broad-shouldered boy, not the oldest, but quite the stoutest belonging to the school.

"Tom Emerson," said he to a younger boy, "go up to the house, and ask Morgan to lend you his ball."

So saying he sat down leisurely on the grass, and began to whittle.

"I don't know why I should go," said Tom, who had also thrown himself down on the grass, and was probably quite as fond of his ease as Sam.

"You don't, hey?" said Sam, arching his brows.

"No, I don't."

"Then I'll tell you because I want

you to go," said Sam, imperatively.

"Why don't you go yourself?" grumbled Tom. "It's your next bat, and you are more interested than I am."

"That's nothing to do with it."

"I should like to know why it hasn't" said Tom.

"Because I say it hasn't," said Sam, whose logic was not very strong.

"Now are you going or not?"

"Somebody else'll go I guess," said Tom. "Here, Ferguson, you go."

Ferguson was one of the youngest boys, and very good-natured and obliging. He instantly jumped up and said, "Yes, I'll go."

"That's a good fellow," said Tom, glad to be rid of the errand himself. But he was crowing before he was out of the woods.

"Ferguson, come back!" exclaimed Sam Stockwell, with energy.

"Don't you want me to go?" asked Ferguson in surprise.

"No, I don't."

"I thought you wanted a ball."

"So I do, but I don't want you to go and get it."

"Why not?"

"Because I told Emerson to go, and he tries to shirk out of it."

"What difference does it make who gets it?" said one of the boys who had not yet spoken.

"Hold your tongue," exclaimed Stockwell. "Tom Emerson, if you don't get up and go after that ball right off, I'll give you the worst licking you ever had."

"What business have you to order me round, I should like to know?" said Tom.

"Do you want to know?" demanded Sam, doubling up his fist and advancing menacingly. "Now I'm going to count three, and if you haven't started before, you'll wish you had, that's all."

Sam began to count, one--two--three, but he was not called upon to carry out his threat. In terror of the "licking" which he knew was sure to come in case of disobedience, Tom gathered himself up, and started very reluctantly for the ball. He soon brought it back, and the game recommenced.

The incident just related will give

you some idea of Sam Stockwell's character. He was a bully by nature, and his unusual strength enabled him to do about as he pleased among his school-fellows. None liked him, but all feared him more or less. It was not often that his commands were so long disputed as in the case just recorded. But Tom Emerson was somewhere near his own size, and quite his own age, and this had emboldened him. But even he had been compelled to submit at length.

Of course, by combining, the boys might have resisted their tyrant successfully, but somehow such an idea had never suggested itself to them. If it had, a leader is always wanted in any such movement, and none of the boys had been found bold enough to act as such a leader. Therefore, it was that Sam had been allowed to have his own way, till he looked upon it as his right to order the boys about as he pleased. This, besides being disagreeable to the other boys, was not a good thing for Sam. It was doubtless comfortable and pleasant enough for the time being, but a time would come when he must leave school, and go out into the world, where the broad shoulders and strong arms upon which he depended for his supremacy here would be valueless to him in a similar way. He would have to abdicate his ascendancy and sink to an equality with his competitors for the world's prizes. All this would be very disagreeable. Sam didn't think much about it, but of one thing he made sure, that as long as he remained at Dr. Marston's school, he would have his own way.

But "pride goes before a fall," and his championship was not destined to continue as long as he anticipated.

One day — it was about the middle of the term — it was rumored that a new boy was expected.

Ferguson was the first one to mention this in the play-ground.

"How do you know it, Ferguson?" asked Tom Emerson.

"Because I heard Mrs. Marston speak to one of the maids, and tell her to get ready the little room in the corner, for a new boy was coming."

"What's his name, Ferguson? Did you hear?" asked Stockwell.

"No."

"Well, if you should find out, come and tell me."

"All right."

The advent of a new scholar at a boarding-school is always looked forward to with interest. There is always considerable curiosity as to his appearance and character. Every boy weighs him in the balance, and in an incredibly short time, decides upon him in his own mind, and this first judgment is seldom reversed.

Among those who looked forward with interest to each new arrival, was Sam Stockwell. As the king of the school, for so he regarded himself, he looked upon the newcomer as a new subject, from whom it was incumbent for him, as soon as possible, to exact the homage of a vassal.

In this he had always been successful. New boys sometimes disputed his commands at first, being ignorant of his position, and the deference accorded him by the other boys, but none had held out long against his imperious commands, backed by his powerful fist.

In the course of a day or two the new scholar arrived, and was introduced to the boys as George Fairbanks.

He was about the height of Sam Stockwell, but by no means as stout. Probably he would weigh at least fifteen pounds less. He had a clear olive complexion, dark eyes, great activity and suppleness, and there was a resolute look about his mouth, in which those who were good readers of character might have read courage and persistency. But none of the boys had got so far in reading character as that. They saw that he was considerably lighter than Sam, and it was supposed, as a matter of course, that he would follow the example of the rest, and yield to the claims of the school tyrant. Sam himself, as he looked carefully at him, concluded at once that he had nothing to fear from him. He would maintain his supremacy in spite of all that George Fairbanks could do.

"I could lick two of him," said Sam to himself, "and do it easy."

But neither Sam or his companions knew that George's slight form was endowed with uncommon strength. Neither did they know that he had taken a course of lessons from a skilful instructor in what is called the "manly art of self-defence." Even if they had, they probably would not have had a proper conception of the great advantages which such a training gives, even where the strength is not equal — and probably if the boys had been accustomed to bet, which I am glad to say that had not — the odds would have been taken by all in Sam's favor.

It was not long before George Fairbanks saw indications of the despotism which Sam exercised over the rest of the boys.

"You fellows," said he to Emerson, "must be very fond of being ruled. Is Sam Stockwell your king?"

"Well, pretty much the same thing," said Tom.

"But how does it come about? You surely don't like him well enough to do whatever he bids you?"

"I don't suppose anybody likes him," said Tom, "at least in school."

"Then why do you run whenever he bids you? I don't understand it."

"You see Sam is tremendously strong," said Tom, "stronger than any of us, and he's rather careless with those fists of his, and if any boy doesn't obey him, he just knocks him down, and the second time he's ready to obey."

"Does Dr. Marston know of this?"

"Well, I don't know. He doesn't interfere with us in our play-hours. He thinks it best for us to take care of ourselves then, so Sam has no one to interfere with him."

"But two of you might club together, and break down his power."

"I suppose we might, but I don't believe we ever shall."

"Then I'm afraid you are not very courageous. Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow."

"Oh, it's all very well to talk, but wait till he orders you to do something. Then you'll see how it is with the rest of us."

"Do you think I would run at his beck, like the rest of you?" asked

George, looking steadily in the speaker's eyes.

"Well, perhaps not at first, but you'd come to it after a while."

George Fairbanks smiled quietly.

"I think," said he, "it will be best for Sam Stockwell to let me alone."

"But he won't. He always picks a quarrel with a new boy, just to get him under his thumb. He'll tackle you before long."

"What makes you think so?"

"Because he always does."

"Very well," said George, coolly, "I shall be ready for him when the time comes."

END OF PART I

* * *

ALGER BY SERIES

by Paul J. Fisher

(Editor's Note: This is the first of two articles that noted Alger bibliographer Paul Fisher has written for Newsboy, and I hope that HAS members like them as much as I do).

After collecting Alger for a couple of years with considerable enthusiasm and some success it became apparent that new titles were agonizingly difficult to come by. This occurred at about the ninety mark. It took nearly another year to make one hundred, but this was to be expected as it is the award level for the HAS "100 Club."

To keep active in the game and have a feeling of progress it was necessary to broaden our interests. While we had a few first editions, some deluxe Porter and Coates, Burts, Winstons and others, it was clear their scarcity could not fuel the urge for active interest. We decided that collecting Algers of a single publisher would be a challenge within our means. There are four publishers whose series lend themselves to such a project: A. L. Burt, Hurst and Co., John C. Winston and the better volumes of M. A. Donohue. Burt was selected as we had a fair showing to start with. It was a good choice and has given a lot of fun at modest cost.

All four publishers had traits in

common that lent themselves to series collecting. There were enough titles by each to keep one digging and they were issued in quantities as to be available at reasonable cost. While not deluxe editions, they were of a quality that most collectors would be proud to own in fine condition. Those of the New York Book Company and Goldsmith Company were ruled out as they did not appeal at the time.

Each of the four issued books in several cover and spine designs uniform for a certain number of titles. So collected and arranged, they present a pleasing display.

For A. L. Burt, they are frequently referred to as the Chimney Corner Series, and so mentioned by Gardner. Unfortunately, recognizing them as such is a bit confusing as they are not identified in the books as being in the Chimney Corner Series. However, they are so identified on the dust jackets, but how often does one find an Alger with a dust jacket!

The Chimney Corner Series come in several cover and spine designs. We have noted twelve major series and several others with no appreciable number of titles. If one is to collect a specific series he would do well to disregard the background color which varies and is of no significance to continuity.



S1

Title in Silver



C1

This is an interesting Chimney Corner Series to collect. The background colors are shades of yellow, tan, and green. Titles on the spines are silver.

While the dust jacket lists sixty-seven titles, this is not necessarily proof that all came in this design. HAS members have reported thirty-four titles. Those found to date are checked.

Note that the jacket lists Wait and

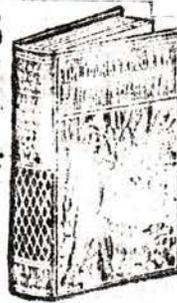
Win which has been reported. Also found but not on Burt's Chimney Corner Series list is Robert Coverdale's Struggle. These are two scarce reprints. The latter indicates that each series should be verified by actual finds in order to confirm them.

The Chimney Corner Series

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HOW I STARTED COLLECTING BOOKS
by Mark Preston

I began collecting books in December, 1972. A friend of mine, James Pedrone of St. James, New York, gave me the idea. I thought that I would try collecting books, but I didn't think that I would keep with it, though I did. I started with three Algers, one Joseph C. Lincoln, and one Tom Swift. I now have eighty-one Algers, thirty-three Joseph C. Lincolns, eight Tom Swifts, and twenty-six E. Phillips Oppenheim's (which I have been collecting since April, 1975).

I found out about the Horatio Alger Society when I met member Wayne Olden at a flea market about one-half mile from my house. If it hadn't been for Wayne, I probably never would have heard of the Society. I was in HAS by October of 1974.

Along towards February, I began thinking about the annual HAS convention. When the Newsboy had an article about the upcoming Geneseo meeting, I showed it to my Mother and asked her if I could go. She said "no." I kept working at her until she said I could go if I paid all expenses. I didn't even stop to think how much that would cost. I worked for two weeks after school and on the weekends. I made \$105.00 and I was only \$16.00 short of all expenses.

While at the Convention I got quite a few books, including twenty-seven which Mr. Gene Hafner gave me. I am very grateful to him, and to the others who gave me books. I really did enjoy myself at the Convention, and my mother did also, even though she has never read an Alger book in her life. We both especially enjoyed Ralph Gardner's talk on Horatio Alger.

(Editor's Note: Mark Preston is one of our younger members, as he is a fifteen year old student in Northeast Harbor, Maine. His membership in HAS was announced in the January-February, 1975 Newsboy, and we are pleased to have met both him and his mother in Geneseo).

RANDOM REPORTS FROM ALGERLAND
by Jack Bales

I wish this issue of Newsboy were more than eight pages, but to be completely honest, I am running dangerously low of material and I could not make it any larger. I would gladly have edited a sixteen page issue, but in order to do that, I must have the material with which to work.

I earnestly ask for members' contributions. No one knows everything about Horatio Alger, Jr., but we can all increase our knowledge if people share what they do know. We can only benefit from the result.

Following is part of an article which HAS Co-founder and past President Kenneth B. Butler wrote for the December, 1966 issue of Newsboy. What he wrote then, almost nine years ago, is applicable today:

"We would earnestly like to encourage more members to write short papers on Alger, Alger stories, and Algeriana for use in Newsboy. In reading Alger have you discovered some interesting or unusual facet that is worthy of comment? Have you done any Alger research? If so, why not break into print with your facts and conclusions? Do you have any thoughts on Alger's writing style ... Alger plots ... Alger characters ... Alger descriptions ... Alger incidents?

"Have you run across something on Alger's life or career which heretofore, as far as you know, has not been published? Got any thoughts about Alger's publishers, or first editions, or serializations, or paperbacks or periodicals?

"Any writing 'boners' or lapses of memory? Any odd contradictions? Any gems of rhetoric or expression?

"Please, let's have more member contributed talk on Alger. We know you are reading his stories. We know you are digging out information wherever possible. Please, please share it with the rest of us . . ."