

Newsboy

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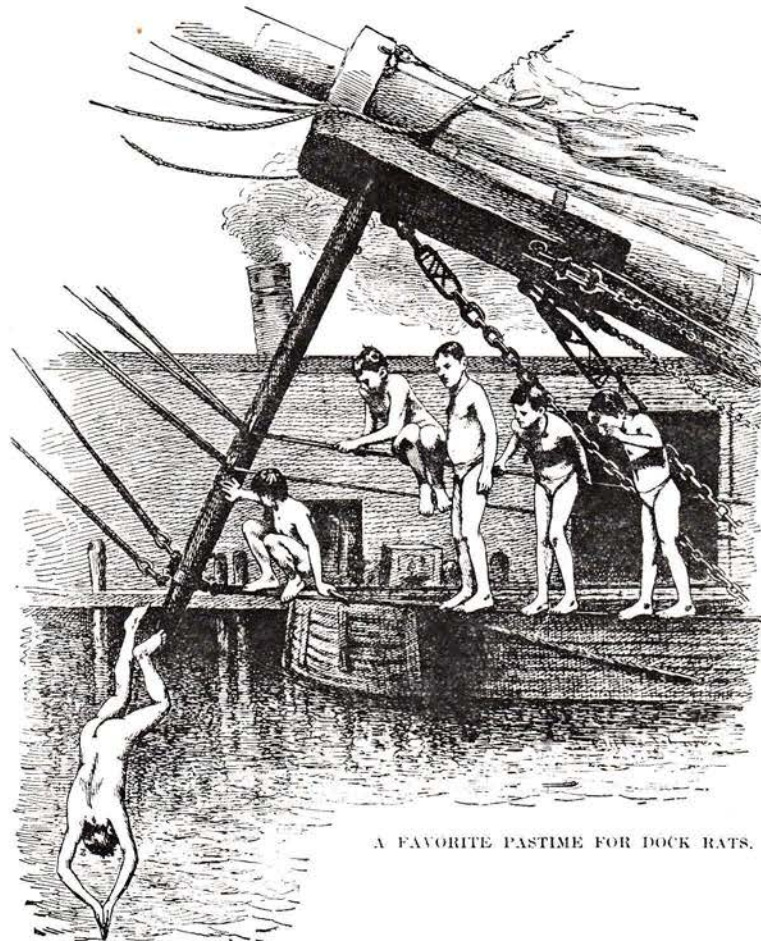


Volume 14
Number 5
December, 1975

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 FAVORITE PASTIME FOR DOCK RATS.

Alger Heroes often frequented the waterfronts of New York. "Ben, The Luggage Boy" spent his first night in the city on a cotton bale "down on the pier, where the New Orleans steamers come in." (Chapter 3 of Ben, The Luggage Boy). Other youths "smashed baggage" for those leaving ferries, and some blacked boots

in the vicinity of the city's piers.

But besides being places where one could sleep or earn money, docks offered means of recreation, as this picture illustrates. (Engraving from Darkness and Daylight by Helen Campbell, Hartford, Conn.: A. D. Worthington & Co., 1900, c1897).

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.

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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 subscriptions (including requests for missing issues) should be directed to the Society's Secretary, Carl T. Hartmann, 4907 Allison Dr., 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, but the editor reserves the right to reject submitted material.

* * *

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

PF-397 Victor H. Burrows
968 St. Margarets Drive
Annapolis, Maryland 21401

BOOK MART

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

and price.

Offered by Chet Kennedy, 81 Pinnacle Road, Plainville, Connecticut 06062.

Bertha's Christmas Vision	Hurst	Ex	\$20.00
Fame & Fortune	Coates	Ex	20.00
From Farm Boy to Senator	McKay	Ex	15.00
Strive & Succeed (deluxe edition)	Burt	Ex	5.00

Following are two lists of Alger books. The ones listed first are those that Ira Marshall, 718 Gray Ave., Greenville, Ohio 45331, wishes to trade for any of the Henry T. Coates titles noted in the second list.

-for trade-

Dean Dunham	Federal	very good
Ned Newton (spine faded)	S&S	good
Out for Business	CP	good
Young Captain Jack	G&D	very good
A Debt of Honor (deluxe edition)	Burt	very good
Mark, The Match Boy	Loring	fair
Ben Bruce (deluxe edition)	Burt	very good
Nelson, The Newsboy	G&D	very good

-H. T. Coates Algers wanted-
Andy Grant's Pluck, A Boy's Fortune, Chester Rand, Frank and Fearless, Lester's Luck, Rupert's Ambition, Walter Sherwood's Probation, The Young Bank Messenger, The Young Salesman.

Offered by Jerry Friedland, 6 Elyise Road, Monsey, N. Y. 10952.

Young Boatman	Penn	G	\$20.00
Store Boy	P&C	G	8.00
Lost at Sea	G&D	G	8.00
Joe's Luck (first hardbound edition)	Burt	Ex	7.50
Only an Irish Boy (has H. T. Coates binding)	Winston	Ex	7.50
Tom, The Bootblack	Burt	Ex	7.50
Errand Boy (first hardbound edition)	Burt	G	6.50
Tom Thatcher's Fortune (first cloth ed.)	Burt	G	6

CORRECTIONS OF PAST NEWSBOY ARTICLES
by Jack Bales

There is one statement that is true of research — that it is always changing, and that a "fact" thought to be valid one day can be proven erroneous the next.

Two such instances have arisen, and I wish to bring them to the attention of Newsboy readers. The first refers to an article by Forrest Campbell in the October, 1975 Newsboy (p. 9-11). I quote from a letter to me from him, dated October 3, 1975: "I was pleased to see some of my former writings reprinted in the Newsboy, but I hasten to mention, before someone beats me to it, that at that time, I was under an erroneous impression regarding the location of the Newsboys' Lodging House in stating that ". . . the "Sun" Building on this [Printing House] Square was one of the locations of the popular Newsboys' Lodging House." [this quotation is on page 10, first paragraph, of October, 1975 Newsboy]

I apologize to Forrest for not catching this mistake, as he had previously informed me of the error sometime last year. The statement that the Newsboys' Lodging House was not in the Printing House Square "Sun" Building can be found in the November, 1975 Newsboy, page 10, bottom of second column.

Dale Thomas has been studying the Alger Burt editions for years and wrote an article on the Burt Algers that appeared on page 15 of the November, 1975 Newsboy. Right after this issue went to press, Dale sent me a couple corrections of the different addresses of A. L. Burt Company, and I discovered that I misinterpreted his comments regarding the style of type used in the Burt hard cover first editions.

The circled A. L. Burt addresses shown in the next column illustrate the earliest style of type used by this company
(continued on page 14)

THE BOYS' HOME SERIES.

Uniform with this Volume.

This series affords wholesome reading for boys and girls, and all the volumes are extremely interesting.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

- JOE'S LUCK; or, A Boy's Adventures in California. By HORATIO ALGER, JR.
JULIAN MORTIMER; or, A Brave Boy's Struggles for Home and Fortune. By HARRY CASTLEMON.
ADRIFT IN THE WILDS; or, The Adventures of Two Shipwrecked Boys. By EDWARD S. ELLIS.
FRANK FOWLER, THE CASH BOY. By HORATIO ALGER, JR.
GUY HARRIS, THE RUNAWAY. By HARRY CASTLEMON.
BEN BURTON, THE SLATE-PICKER. By HARRY PRENTICE.
TOM TEMPLE'S CAREER. By HORATIO ALGER, JR.
TOM, THE READY; or, Up from the Lowest. By RANDOLPH HILL.
THE CASTAWAYS; or, On the Florida Reefs. By JAMES OTIS.
CAPTAIN KIDD'S GOLD. The True Story of an Adventurous Sailor Boy. By JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.
TOM THATCHER'S FORTUNE. By HORATIO ALGER, JR.
LOST IN THE CAÑON. The Story of Sam Willett's Adventures on the Great Colorado of the West. By ALFRED R. CALHOUN.
A YOUNG HERO; or, Fighting to Win. By EDWARD S. ELLIS.
THE ERRAND BOY; or, How Phil Brent Won Success. By HORATIO ALGER, JR.
THE ISLAND TREASURE; or, Harry Darrel's Fortunes. By FRANK H. CONVERSE.
A RUNAWAY BRIG; or, An Accidental Cruise. By JAMES OTIS.
A JAUNT THROUGH JAVA. The Story of a Journey to the Sacred Mountain by Two American Boys. By EDWARD S. ELLIS.
THE KING OF APELAND. The Wonderful Adventures of a Young Animal-Trainer. By HARRY PRENTICE.
TOM, THE BOOT-BLACK; or, The Road to Success. By HORATIO ALGER, JR.
ROY GILBERT'S SEARCH. A Tale of the Great Lakes. By WILLIAM PENDLETON CHIPMAN.

The above stories are printed on extra paper, and bound in Handsome Cloth Binding, in all respects uniform with this volume, at \$1.00 per copy.

For sale by all Booksellers, or will be sent post-paid on receipt of the price by the publisher.

A. L. BURT, 55 Beekman St., New York.

circled addresses show style of type that is used on "ads pages" of Burt hard cover first editions

For sale by all Booksellers, or will be sent post-paid on receipt of the price by the publisher, A. L. BURT, 162 William St., New York.

(continued from page 13)
in printing its address on the "ads pages." ALL BURT HARD COVER FIRSTS MUST HAVE THE ADDRESS IN THIS STYLE OF TYPE. This typeface was abandoned just after Tom, The Bootblack was published in 1889.

In a letter to me, Dale tells some more about the first edition of Tom Temple's Career. [See his article in November, 1975 Newsboy]. Quoting from his letter: "What I was trying to say was that I think Tom was first published at 162 William Street, and if it were, then it would be the first hard cover edition. I do not have the book, but I hope someone will tell me if it has been found.

"If it were not published at 162 William Street, then the first edition has the address 56 Beekman Street. But it must have the earlier style of type."

Dale also wishes to make clear that when he said "pages of ads" in his article, he was referring not to the number of leaves. One leaf is composed of two pages. In the book business these pages are called the "recto" and the "verso."

Following is Dale's new list of the different street addresses of A. L. Burt Company:

162 William Street - until mid 1888.
56 Beekman Street - 1888 to early 1889 -
Tom, The Bootblack was published here.
66 Reade Street - 1889 to 1896 - Tony,
The Hero; The Train Boy; and Dan, The
Newsboy were published here.
97 Reade Street - 1896 to late 1900.
52-58 Duane Street - 1900 to about 1915.

* * *

NOTES FROM RALPH

by Ralph D. Gardner

PF-326 Amos Smith, Editor of The Hoosier Voice of Fellowship, has sent me a clipping from the August 11, 1975 Indianapolis Star. It is "Ripley's Believe It or Not" column, and shows a portrait of Horatio, with beneath it the caption: "Horatio Alger, who made a

fortune writing 119 books inspiring poor boys to labor diligently and save their pennies, died in poverty because he became a spendthrift." This is just another case of the nonsense we see in print; errors created by people who probably never even read an Alger story. This cartoon panel is distributed by King Features. They should at least read our Newsboy to get the straight facts!

In the same vein, the New Columbia Encyclopedia, a very fine volume just issued by Columbia University Press, shows HA's birth year as 1834. Perhaps if a number of HAS members would write, asking them to correct it, they'll do so in the next edition. Columbia University Press' address is 562 West 113th Street, New York, New York 10025.

My article, "Could Horatio Alger's Heroes Make It in Today's Business World?", published in the January, 1975 issue of TWA Ambassador Magazine, has been reprinted in the July issue of Leader's Magazine. It has also been reprinted as an attractive pamphlet to be distributed in October at the American Schools and Colleges Annual Horatio Alger Awards ceremonies here in New York (at which I shall be the featured speaker).

Here's a note of thanks to those who sent their unneeded Alger duplicates to Gene Gressley (The Library, Box 3334, Laramie, Wyoming 82070). They are needed, welcomed, used, and displayed. And you get a tax deduction for your gift. If you haven't sent any yet, please do so. We're trying to make the University of Wyoming Library an important repository for Alger's works. They will be available to all students, scholars, and researchers. Please give.

Those of you who ordered the new Aeonian Press editions of the company's first group of Alger stories will be receiving them shortly, if you haven't got them already. I'm very pleased with the fine binding job. The covers are

33. Civil disorders
34. Collection
35. Horatio Alger title: 4 words
39. English River
40. Goes in a certain direction
41. Schoolman: abbreviation
42. Blunder
43. Thirst quenchers
44. "Sam's -----"
46. "---- Winter's Triumph"
47. Murmurs softly
48. "Slow and ----"
50. Military abode
51. Southern state: abbreviation
54. Horatio Alger title: 2 words
58. Woeful word
59. Desert gardens
60. Like an Alger reader
61. Rush of wind
62. Roman emperor
63. Refute

DOWN

1. "Falling in ---- Fortune"
2. Court star
3. Small valley
4. Tennis bout
5. Harmonize
6. Breakfast fare
7. Always: poetic
8. Brother
9. Detest
10. Steals
11. Century plant
12. Horatio Alger title (with 50 down)
14. Vigilant
17. Hebraic ancestor
18. Laud
22. Numerical prefix
23. Stains
24. Wicked word
25. English novelist
26. More peculiar
27. Less ornate
28. Ungrammatical words
29. Rock pile
30. Silly trick
31. Actor John
33. "----- from the Ranks"
36. Timid soul
37. Any Alger story
38. Bookkeepers
44. Searches through
45. SW Indian

46. Wring
47. Precious stone
48. Asian sea
49. Tree of Java
50. See 12 down
51. "---- Hundred Dollars"
52. Body part
53. "---- Gordon"
54. "---ged Dick"
55. In addition
56. Held session
57. Small boy

* * *
JOB WARNER'S CHRISTMAS

by Horatio Alger, Jr.

(Editor's note: The following Alger short story is from the collection of Jack Bales. It originally appeared in the December, 1863 issue of Harper's New Monthly Magazine, and with this short story myself and all officers of the Horatio Alger Society wish you the happiest of holiday seasons)!

The day before Christmas was drawing to a close. Cold gray clouds drifted off to the eastward, and a snow-storm seemed imminent. But in spite of threatening clouds gay throngs crowded the thoroughfares. The shop windows were brilliant with articles of every conceivable variety adapted for Christmas-gifts. So the human tide ebbed and flowed, surging into shops, taxing to the utmost the attention of overworked clerks, and receded with pleasant surprises destined on the following morning to make many households happy.

In front of a large window, brilliantly illuminated, stood an elderly man, somewhat under the middle stature. Job Warner was scarcely fifty; but sedentary habits and long stooping over a desk had bowed his form, and given him the appearance of being several years older than he actually was. For twenty-five years he had been assistant book-keeper in the counting-room of Bentley and Co., importers of dry-goods and wholesale jobbers. His excellent business capacity would have secured him promotion to the post of chief book-keeper, but his own humility and absence

of pretension had unconsciously influenced his employers to accept him at his own valuation. So, while the firm had prospered, and made money by hundreds of thousands, Job Warner still continued to be assistant book-keeper on a modest salary of seven hundred dollars. With a family becoming daily more expensive, the little book-keeper had found it hard work to make both ends meet. He was compelled to live in very poor and incommodious lodgings, and practice humble acts of self-denial, all which he bore with a meek and uncomplaining spirit, with which he was doubtless credited in that better world, where, we trust, all the inequalities of this life will be made up.

The last year had been rather a trying one to Job Warner. The enhanced price of nearly every article which is included under the head of Necessaries had made a rigid economy needful. Months ago the family had given up using sugar, and butter was only used on Sundays. Frugality had become a rule, and was meekly submitted to as a necessary condition of life. But, in spite of his habitual self-denial, the worthy book-keeper was stirred with an impulse to extravagance on this day. In the window before him bloomed a large doll—quite a queen she must have been in the realm of dolls—royally attired in a purple silk dress and a bonnet of the latest style. The eyes of the good book-keeper were fixed in admiration upon this beautiful doll-vision. There was a household pet at home—little Effie—whom the possession of that doll would exalt to the seventh heaven of happiness. True, such a royal lady might spurn the idea of entering so humble a home, and her silks might seem out of place in contrast with the calicoes and ginghams with which Effie and her mother were contented. But when these considerations suggested themselves to Job Warner he triumphantly answered, "Is there any thing too good for Effie?"

Yes, we have found out the little book-keeper's weakness. He no sooner thought of little Effie's bright eyes dancing with delight than his habitual prudence forsook him. With an air of

desperate resolution he entered the brilliant shop, and, timidly pushing his way among the well-dressed crowds surrounding the counter, asked with an apologetic cough the price of her Royal Highness in the window.

The clerk looked a little surprised at such a question from a man of so humble appearance, and answered, in a short, quick tone, "Five dollars, Sir. Will you take it?"

Five dollars! Job was startled at the price, and answered in an abashed tone that he would not decide just yet.

Outside, he again looked longingly at the doll. Effie would be so delighted with it—but then five dollars! He reckoned up what a number of articles might be purchased for five dollars, and shook his head reluctantly. Mrs. Warner would think he had quite taken leave of his senses. Of course, he must give up all thoughts of it. But no! A daring suggestion occurred to him. Might he not apply to Mr. Bentley for an increase of salary? There had been a general raising of salaries elsewhere. That he knew. His old friend Timothy Fogg had his raised six months ago; but somehow Job had never succeeded in summoning up courage to make such a request of his employer. He was not sure, in his humility, whether he was worth any more than seven hundred dollars a year. But his love for little Effie gave him unwonted boldness. With an increase of salary he could buy this magnificent doll for her, and afford his oldest boy a course of lessons in drawing, for which he had a strong taste. Yes, he would ask to have his salary raised that very night. A little matter of business had detained Mr. John Bentley, the head of the firm, in his office, so that he would be sure to find him on returning thither.

Mr. Bentley was seated in his office glancing over some papers. He was a large, portly man, a little pompous in manner; and a glance from his gray eyes always confused the worthy book-keeper, who, long as he had known him, had never got to feel quite at ease in his company. Job had an indistinct idea that his employer was immensely superior

to him in every way, and looked up to him with distant reverence.

John Bentley lifted his eyebrows in surprise as Job shuffled in at the door, his hat under his arm, with an air of nervous trepidation which the consciousness of his errand inspired.

"Have you forgotten any thing, Warner?" demanded Mr. Bentley, in a clear, commanding tone.

"No, Sir, Mr. Bentley; or rather, I should say, yes," stammered the book-keeper. "There was a little matter which I wished to speak to you about. But I should not wish to take up your time, if you are busy, Sir, and I will wait till some other occasion."

"If you can say what you have to say in five minutes, Warner, go on," returned his employer.

"It was about an increase of salary, Mr. Bentley," said he, plunging into his subject and talking fast to keep his courage up. "Prices have been rising of late so much that I find it very difficult to maintain a wife and four children on seven hundred dollars a year. I do, indeed, Sir. If you would be kind enough to add a hundred, or even fifty, I would thank you gratefully, Sir."

"An increase of salary, eh, Warner? Seven hundred dollars used to be considered a very fair salary. Of course some get much more. But you know, Warner, that you are not a first-class man of business. You do your work very satisfactorily, but—"

"I know what you would say, Mr. Bentley," interrupted Job, humbly. "I know my abilities are small, but I try to be faithful. I hope I have always been faithful to the best of my poor abilities."

"Yes, Warner, you have. Don't think I have any complaint to make; but as to an increase of salary, that requires consideration. Probably the high prices will not always last, and in the mean time you can be more economical."

More economical! And this to Job who had been a close economist all his life. However, he did not venture to reply, but, bowing humbly, withdrew. A minute later his employer, who had got

through with the business which detained him, put on his overcoat and followed. On his way back Job paused again before the window which had so great an attraction for him. Again he thought how much little Effie would like it. But he felt satisfied, from Mr. Bentley's manner, that there was little hope of an increase of income, and without that such an outlay would be unpardonable extravagance.

"No," he half sighed, "I must give up the idea of buying it, and little Effie must be content with something less expensive."

Mr. John Bentley was close behind and heard this speech. "So he wanted to buy that piece of finery," thought he. "No wonder he demanded an increase of salary."

The two men continued to walk in the same direction, Job, of course, unconscious of Mr. Bentley's proximity. Suddenly from the darkness of a side-street emerged a little girl, a very picture of wretchedness, with ragged dress, pinched and famished-looking features, and feet bare, notwithstanding the inclement season. She looked up piteously in the face of Job Warner.

"I am very cold and hungry," she murmured.

"Poor child! poor child!" ejaculated Job, compassionately. "Have you no home?"

"No; mother died last week, and since then I have lived in the streets."

"Have you had any thing to eat to-day?"

"Yes, Sir, a cracker."

"Only a cracker," repeated Job, pitifully. "And your poor feet are bare. How cold you must be!"

"Yes, Sir, I am very cold," said the little girl, shivering.

"And where do you expect to pass the night?"

"I don't know, Sir."

"Where did you sleep last night?"

"In a doorway; but they drove me off this morning. I wish mother were alive again." The poor child burst into tears, sobbing convulsively.

"Don't cry, my dear!" said Job, soothingly. "Don't cry. You shall come

home with me, and I will let you sleep in a warm bed and give you something to eat. I am poor, my child, but not so poor as you, thank God! I had intended to buy some little presents for my children, but they will be better pleased if I spend the money in making you comfortable. Take my hand, and we shall soon be at home."

During this colloquy John Bentley withdrew into a doorway. He had felt some curiosity to learn how his book-keeper would deal with this claim upon his bounty. There was something in the straightforward simplicity and kind heart of Job that touched him, and made him feel not a little compunction for his own bearing in the interview which had just taken place between them.

"He is about to deprive his children of their Christmas presents for the sake of succoring that poor little out-cast," said John Bentley to himself.

"He has a noble heart, poor fellow! and he shall be no loser by it. After all, seven hundred dollars must be quite insufficient in these times. I will see what I can do for him."

It was the merchant's better nature that spoke. He was not naturally a selfish man, only inconsiderate. Now that his benevolent impulses were excited, he would not rest till they were embodied in action. Honest Job! never hast thou done a better night's work than this. Thy kindness to the little outcast shall be richly recompensed.

With the little girl's hand firmly clasped in his Job paused before the door of a small wooden tenement, and turning the knob softly entered.

"Why, Job, how late you are!" said a kind motherly woman, advancing to meet him, "and—merciful goodness! who have you there?"

"A poor child, Mary, without father or mother, who was wandering barefoot and hungry through the streets. I couldn't help bringing her home, could I? Think if it had been little Effie!"

"You did quite right, Job. Poor little thing! How thin she is! Are you hungry, little girl?"

"Oh, so hungry and cold. May I warm myself by your fire, ma'am?"

"Bless me, child, I ought to have thought of it before. Yes, go and sit down on the cricket, and I will bring you some bread and milk."

While the little girl's wants were being satisfied, Mrs. Warner said, "Well, Job, what have you got for the children?"

"I didn't get any thing, Mary. I was just going to get some little things when this poor child came up. I thought maybe we might be willing to keep her a week or so and fit her out with some better clothes, and I am afraid we can't afford to do that and buy presents for the children too. Do you think they would be willing to do without them for this year?"

"I am sure they will; but as all have hung up their stockings, I must tell them to-night so that they need not be disappointed in the morning."

The considerate mother went up stairs and acquainted the children that their father had brought home a poor little girl who had no father nor mother, and asked if for her sake they would be willing to give up their Christmas presents. This appeal went to the children's hearts. They were also delighted with the idea of a new play-fellow, and in bright anticipations of the morrow lost sight entirely of the stockings that were destined to remain unfilled.

"What did the children say?" asked Job, a little uneasily.

"Dear children!" said Mrs. Warner, wiping her eyes with motherly affection and pride. "They took it like little angels. They are very anxious to see the little girl. I do believe they will regard her as the best Christmas present they could have."

"I wish we could do something more than keep her for a few days," said Job thoughtfully.

"So do I. If you only had a little larger salary, Job, it might be done. Why don't you ask for more?"

"I did to-night, Mary."

"And what did Mr. Bentley say?" inquired Mrs. Warner, eagerly.

"He advised me to economize."

"As if you hadn't been doing it all your life," exclaimed his wife,

indignantly. "Little he knows what economy is!"

"Hush, Mary," said Job, half frightened. "Of course he can't understand how hard a time we have to get along."

"No, but he ought to inquire. What harm would it do him to give you an extra hundred dollars?"

"I suppose he could afford it," said Job; "but perhaps he doesn't think I am worth any more. As he said, seven hundred dollars used to be considered a fair salary."

"So he refused your application."

"Well, no, not exactly. He said he would take it into consideration. But I am sure from his tone that I have nothing to expect. We must get along as well as we can through the hard times, and perhaps things will improve by-and-by."

"What a thoroughly good man you are, Job!" said Mrs. Warner, looking affectionately at her husband, who was dear to her in spite of his shabby coat.

"Of course I hav'n't got a good wife," he answered, cheerfully; "I won't call myself poor as long as I have you, Mary."

There were few happier or more thankful hearts than those of the shabby book-keeper and his good wife, despite their enforced self-denial and numerous privations. Their souls were filled with a calm and serene trust that the same kind Providence which had guarded and guided them hitherto would continue its beneficent care and protection. Mrs. Warner took up her knitting, and Job, opening the well-used Bible, proceeded to adjust his spectacles, preparatory to reading a chapter, when he was interrupted by a quick, sharp, decisive knock on the outer door.

Taking a tallow-candle from the table Job went to the door and opened it. The wind caused his candle to flicker, so that he did not at first recognize the visitor. When he did his heart gave a sudden bound, and in his surprise he nearly let fall the light.

It was his employer—Mr. John Bentley—who stood before him.

"Well, Warner, may I come in?" inquired the merchant, with an unwonted kindness in his tone.

"To be sure, Mr. Bentley, Sir; I shall be most happy if you will condescend to enter my poor dwelling. It isn't suitable for such a visitor. But you are heartily welcome, Sir. This way, if you please."

Mrs. Warner looked up as her husband reentered the room. Her surprise was little less than his when Mr. Bentley was introduced.

"Mary, this is Mr. Bentley, my respected employer, who has condescended to honor us with a visit. I am sorry we have no better place to receive him in."

"No apologies, Warner," said Mr. Bentley, pleasantly, throwing aside his usual pompous manner. "I didn't expect you could live like a prince on seven hundred dollars. Mrs. Warner, I am glad to make your acquaintance. Your husband has served our house long and faithfully, and I trust will continue long in our employ. I am glad he has so much to make his home pleasant."

No one knew better how to pay a compliment gracefully than John Bentley, and Mrs. Warner bowed in gratification, reiterating the assurance of their pleasure in receiving him. The allusion to her husband's continued services dissipated an apprehension to which Mr. Bentley's unexpected visit had given rise, that he might be about to lose his situation.

"I have called, Warner, on a little business," proceeded Mr. Bentley. "You spoke to me to-night about having your salary raised."

"Yes, Sir," said Job, humbly; "I thought afterward that I might be a little presumptuous in supposing my services to be worth more than seven hundred dollars; but indeed, Sir, it requires a great deal of economy to make both ends meet. I was thinking more of that than of my own qualifications, I suppose. As you said, Sir—"

"Never mind what I said, Warner," interrupted the merchant, smiling. "Your application was made unexpectedly, and I spoke without consideration. I

have thought over what you said, and decided that your application was just and proper. Prices have advanced considerably, as a little investigation has satisfied me. Therefore I have concluded to grant your request. What increase of salary do you ask?"

"I thought of asking for a hundred dollars more," said Job, timidly; "but if you think that is too much, I should be satisfied and grateful if you could let me have fifty."

"Do you think you could get along on fifty?" asked Mr. Bentley.

"Yes, Sir—with economy, of course. I always expect to practice economy; and I have a good wife, who knows how to make the most of a little."

"That I can readily believe," said the merchant, politely. "You may consider your salary raised, then, Warner," he proceeded; "and as you have been able to get along on seven hundred dollars, I hope you will be able to afford yourself some additional comforts on a thousand."

"A thousand!" repeated Job and his wife, simultaneously.

"Yes, my good friends," said Mr. Bentley; "I have decided that my assistant book-keeper is fully worth that sum to the firm, and it is my wish to pay those whom I employ what they are justly entitled to."

"How can I ever thank you, Sir?" exclaimed Job, rising and seizing his employer's hand. "I shall consider myself rich with such an income. Mary, did you understand? I am to have a thousand dollars."

"Sir, you are very kind," said Mary, simply. "I need not thank you. Your own heart will tell you how much happiness you have conferred upon us."

"I understand and appreciate what you say," said Mr. Bentley, kindly. "But, Warner," he continued, "there is another matter about which I wish to speak to you. There is a young girl in whom I feel an interest, who is unfortunate enough to stand alone in the world, without father or mother. I have thought that if you and Mrs. Warner would be willing to receive her as one of your family, and bring her up in the same careful manner as your own

children, it would be an excellent arrangement for her, while I would take care that you lost nothing by your kindness."

"We shall be most happy to oblige you, Sir," said Mrs. Warner; "but would our plain style of living suit the young lady? We shall, to be sure, be able to afford a better home."

"I don't think the young lady will find any fault with your housekeeping, Mrs. Warner," said the merchant, "especially as she has probably never been accustomed to living as well as she would with you."

Mrs. Warner looked mystified.

Mr. Bentley smiled.

"The young lady is already in your house," he explained. "In fact, it is the friendless little orphan whom your husband encountered to-night and brought home."

Mrs. Warner's face lighted up with pleasure.

"We will undertake the charge gladly," she answered, "and should have done so if you had not spoken of it. Is it not so, Job?"

"Yes, Mary, it occurred to me as soon as Mr. Bentley spoke of raising my salary."

"And you would really have undertaken such a charge at your own expense?" said Mr. Bentley, wonderingly. "Would it have been just to your own children to diminish their comforts for the sake of doing a charitable action?"

"We shall not be able to leave our children money," said Mrs. Warner, simply, "but we hope to train them up to deeds of kindness. There's a great deal of suffering in the world, Sir. We ought to do our part toward relieving it."

"I honor you, Mrs. Warner, for your unselfish benevolence," returned Mr. Bentley, warmly; "but in this case I shall claim to do my part. I shall allow you two hundred dollars a year for taking charge of this child. You will of course require a larger and more commodious home, and will, I hope, be enabled to afford your children such advantages as they may require to prepare them to act their parts in

the world."

"Two hundred dollars!" exclaimed Job, scarcely crediting the testimony of his ears. "Why, that will make twelve hundred! Mr. Bentley, Sir, I hope you will believe me to be grateful. You have so loaded me with benefits that I don't know how to thank you."

"And I am under obligations to you, Warner, also," said Mr. Bentley. "Prosperity had begun to harden my heart. At any rate, it had made me thoughtless of the multitudes who are struggling with ills which my wealth could alleviate. To-night I was an unseen witness of your kindness to the poor girl who crossed your path. I felt rebuked by the contrast between your conduct and mine, and I resolved, God helping me, to become hereafter a better steward of His bounty."

"Indeed, Mr. Bentley, you think too much of the little I did," said Job, modestly.

"Let me keep my own opinion as to that, Warner. By-the-way, it may be well for me to pay the first quarter of our little charge in advance. Here are fifty dollars. At the expiration of six months you may draw upon me for a similar amount. Before I leave you let me take the liberty to suggest that the shops are not yet closed, and you will still have an opportunity of providing Christmas gifts for your children."

"So I shall. Thank you, Mr. Bentley, for kindly reminding me. Effie shall have her doll, after all. Such a doll!" he explained, eagerly, turning toward his wife. "She is as fine as a royal princess!—but not too good for Effie."

"By all means let Effie have her doll," said Mr. Bentley, smiling. "I must bid you good-night, Mrs. Warner, but when you have moved I will look in upon you again, and shall hope to make the acquaintance of Effie and her doll."

Job Warner was absent an hour. When he returned he was fairly loaded down with gifts. I can not undertake to enumerate them. Enough that prominent among them was Effie's stately present. Can the friendly reader imagine the delight of the children the next morning?

Seldom has Christmas dawned on a happier household. Effie was in a perfect ecstasy of delight! Nor was the little outcast forgotten. When her rags were stripped off and she was attired in thick, warm clothing, she seemed suddenly to have been lifted into Paradise. When the transports of the children had partially subsided, Job drew toward him the old Bible, and opening it at the second chapter of St. Luke's gospel, read reverently the account there given of the first Christmas-day. Just as he concluded the bells rang out a merry peal, and to the little house-hold seemed with vibrant voices to proclaim, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men!"

* * *

SECRETARY'S REPORT

by Carl T. Hartmann

Following is a list of available back issues of Newsboy for sale. Single (one month) issues are \$0.50 each, and double issues (two months) are \$1.00 apiece.

- Vol. 1 - Nos. 1, 7
- Vol. 2 - Nos. 5, 7, 8, 10, 11, 12
- Vol. 3 - Nos. 1 through 12
- Vol. 4 - Nos. 8, 10, 11, 12
- Vol. 5 - Nos. 1, 2
- Vol. 6 - No. 10
- Vol. 7 - All
- Vol. 8 - All
- Vol. 9 - All
- Vol. 10 - All
- Vol. 11 - Nos. 2, 3-4, 5, 6-7, 9, 10
- Vol. 12 - Nos. 1, 2-3, 4, 6-7, 8-9

Beginning with Volume 13, all single issues are \$1.00 apiece, and each double Newsboy is \$2.00.

- Vol. 13 - Nos. 1, 2, 3-4, 5, 6-7, 8-9, 10

Also for sale are second editions of Silas Snobden's Office Boy and first editions of Cast Upon the Breakers. Both are autographed by HAS member Ralph D. Gardner, who wrote introductions to each. Silas is \$5.95 and Cast is \$6.95; make checks out to "Horatio Alger Society."

A few other points - don't forget to give me any additions or changes you wish included in the 1976 Horatio Alger Society Membership Roster, such as an increase in your Alger title count or a change in your home address. Also, I am pleased to announce that PF-290, Edna Banks, is our newest life member. Life membership is \$200.

* * *

HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY COMMITTEES
NEED NOMINATIONS

HAS members are invited to aid Society committee members in their selection of award winners, officers, and board members. Committee assignments for the 1975-76 year are as follows:

Newsboy Award Committee - Brad Chase, Chairperson; Jerry Friedland; Ann Shar-rard. (Brad's address: 6 Sandpiper Road, Enfield, Connecticut 06082).

The responsibility of this committee is to accept and screen recommendations for the Newsboy Award. The committee will deliver no more than three names to the President who will then make a recommendation to the Board of Directors. The Newsboy Award is given to the person, not necessarily a member, who has done the most to add to Alger's image.

Luck and Pluck Award Committee - Paul Fisher, Chairperson; Paul Miller; Amos Smith. (Paul Fisher's address: 281 Calle Del Santo, Green Valley, Arizona 85614).

The Luck and Pluck Award Committee will accept and screen recommendations for the Luck and Pluck Award. The committee will deliver no more than three names to the President who will then make a recommendation to the Board of Directors. The Luck and Pluck Award is given to the person who has served the Society in an outstanding manner during the past year.

Members wishing to nominate persons for the above two awards should send supporting evidence to the chairperson

of the respective committee no later than March 1, 1976.

Nominating Committee - Irene Gurman, Chairperson; Max Goldberg; Carl Thieme. (Send nominations to I. Gurman, 540 Sherman Drive, Apt. 49, Royal Oak, Michigan 48067).

Members wishing to place names in nomination should submit them prior to March 1, 1976. The nominating committee will select no more than three names for each of the elected positions and balloting will take place at the 1976 Convention. Vacancies for two year terms ending in 1978 will occur in the Presidency, Vice-Presidency, and Treasurership. The Directorship held by Judson Berry is filled by the immediate past president and is not an elected position. The Executive Secretary is appointed for a three year term by the President.

Just a final note - the committees need and want your comments - please write the chairpersons today!

* * *

-JUST PUBLISHED-

TOM SWIFT INVENTORY & PRICE GUIDE

HAS member Mel Morrison has compiled an inventory and price guide to the Tom Swift books. This booklet includes the scarce Big Little Books, and the old and new Tom Swift series. Historical information is also given.

In case collectors wonder where Mel got his information, here is a quotation from page 11: "I have been buying and selling Tom Swift's for eleven years, put together & sold several collections, and recorded each price I ever saw them advertised at. This is a good average."

Copies are \$1.00 each postpaid. Dealer lots: \$50.00 per 100. Order direct from Mel Morrison, P.O. Box 174, Scarborough, Maine 04074.

Much research has gone into Mel's project, and it is hoped that Tom Swift collectors will benefit by this guide.

CORRECTIONS OF PAST NEWSBOY ARTICLES
by Jack Bales

There is one statement that is true of research — that it is always changing, and that a "fact" thought to be valid one day can be proven erroneous the next.

Two such instances have arisen, and I wish to bring them to the attention of Newsboy readers. The first refers to an article by Forrest Campbell in the October, 1975 Newsboy (p. 9-11). I quote from a letter to me from him, dated October 3, 1975: "I was pleased to see some of my former writings reprinted in the Newsboy, but I hasten to mention, before someone beats me to it, that at that time, I was under an erroneous impression regarding the location of the Newsboys' Lodging House in stating that ". . . the "Sun" Building on this [Printing House] Square was one of the locations of the popular Newsboys' Lodging House." [this quotation is on page 10, first paragraph, of October, 1975 Newsboy]

I apologize to Forrest for not catching this mistake, as he had previously informed me of the error sometime last year. The statement that the Newsboys' Lodging House was not in the Printing House Square "Sun" Building can be found in the November, 1975 Newsboy, page 10, bottom of second column.

Dale Thomas has been studying the Alger Burt editions for years and wrote an article on the Burt Algers that appeared on page 15 of the November, 1975 Newsboy. Right after this issue went to press, Dale sent me a couple corrections of the different addresses of A. L. Burt Company, and I discovered that I misinterpreted his comments regarding the style of type used in the Burt hard cover first editions.

The circled A. L. Burt addresses shown in the next column illustrate the earliest style of type used by this company
(continued on page 14)

THE BOYS' HOME SERIES.

Uniform with this Volume.

This series affords wholesome reading for boys and girls, and all the volumes are extremely interesting.—*Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.*

- JOE'S LUCK; or, A Boy's Adventures in California. By HORATIO ALGER, JR.
 JULIAN MORTIMER; or, A Brave Boy's Struggles for Home and Fortune. By HARRY CASTLEMON.
 ADRIFT IN THE WILDS; or, The Adventures of Two Shipwrecked Boys. By EDWARD S. ELLIS.
 FRANK FOWLER, THE CASH BOY. By HORATIO ALGER, JR.
 GUY HARRIS, THE RUNAWAY. By HARRY CASTLEMON.
 BEN BURTON, THE SLATE-PICKER. By HARRY PRENTICE.
 TOM TEMPLE'S CAREER. By HORATIO ALGER, JR.
 TOM, THE READY; or, Up from the Lowest. By RANDOLPH HILL.
 THE CASTAWAYS; or, On the Florida Reefs. By JAMES OTIS.
 CAPTAIN KIDD'S GOLD. The True Story of an Adventurous Sailor Boy. By JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.
 TOM THATCHER'S FORTUNE. By HORATIO ALGER, JR.
 LOST IN THE CAÑON. The Story of Sam Willett's Adventures on the Great Colorado of the West. By ALFRED R. CALHOUN.
 A YOUNG HERO; or, Fighting to Win. By EDWARD S. ELLIS.
 THE ERRAND BOY; or, How Phil Brent Won Success. By HORATIO ALGER, JR.
 THE ISLAND TREASURE; or, Harry Darrel's Fortunes. By FRANK H. CONVERSE.
 A RUNAWAY BRIG; or, An Accidental Cruise. By JAMES OTIS.
 A JAUNT THROUGH JAVA. The Story of a Journey to the Sacred Mountain by Two American Boys. By EDWARD S. ELLIS.
 THE KING OF APELAND. The Wonderful Adventures of a Young Animal-Trainer. By HARRY PRENTICE.
 TOM, THE BOOT-BLACK; or, The Road to Success. By HORATIO ALGER, JR.
 ROY GILBERT'S SEARCH. A Tale of the Great Lakes. By WILLIAM PENDLETON CHIPMAN.

The above stories are printed on extra paper, and bound in Handsome Cloth Binding, in all respects uniform with this volume, at \$1.00 per copy.

For sale by all Booksellers, or will be sent post-paid on receipt of the price by the publisher.

A. L. BURT, 55 Beekman St., New York.

circled addresses show style of type that is used on "ads pages" of Burt hard cover first editions

For sale by all Booksellers, or will be sent post-paid on receipt of the price by the publisher, A. L. BURT, 162 William St., New York.

(continued from page 13)
in printing its address on the "ads pages." ALL BURT HARD COVER FIRSTS MUST HAVE THE ADDRESS IN THIS STYLE OF TYPE. This typeface was abandoned just after Tom, The Bootblack was published in 1889.

In a letter to me, Dale tells some more about the first edition of Tom Temple's Career. [See his article in November, 1975 Newsboy]. Quoting from his letter: "What I was trying to say was that I think Tom was first published at 162 William Street, and if it were, then it would be the first hard cover edition. I do not have the book, but I hope someone will tell me if it has been found.

"If it were not published at 162 William Street, then the first edition has the address 56 Beekman Street. But it must have the earlier style of type."

Dale also wishes to make clear that when he said "pages of ads" in his article, he was referring not to the number of leaves. One leaf is composed of two pages. In the book business these pages are called the "recto" and the "verso."

Following is Dale's new list of the different street addresses of A. L. Burt Company:

162 William Street - until mid 1888.
56 Beekman Street - 1888 to early 1889 -
Tom, The Bootblack was published here.
66 Reade Street - 1889 to 1896 - Tony,
The Hero; The Train Boy; and Dan, The
Newsboy were published here.
97 Reade Street - 1896 to late 1900.
52-58 Duane Street - 1900 to about 1915.

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NOTES FROM RALPH

by Ralph D. Gardner

PF-326 Amos Smith, Editor of The Hoosier Voice of Fellowship, has sent me a clipping from the August 11, 1975 Indianapolis Star. It is "Ripley's Believe It or Not" column, and shows a portrait of Horatio, with beneath it the caption: "Horatio Alger, who made a

fortune writing 119 books inspiring poor boys to labor diligently and save their pennies, died in poverty because he became a spendthrift." This is just another case of the nonsense we see in print; errors created by people who probably never even read an Alger story. This cartoon panel is distributed by King Features. They should at least read our Newsboy to get the straight facts!

In the same vein, the New Columbia Encyclopedia, a very fine volume just issued by Columbia University Press, shows HA's birth year as 1834. Perhaps if a number of HAS members would write, asking them to correct it, they'll do so in the next edition. Columbia University Press' address is 562 West 113th Street, New York, New York 10025.

My article, "Could Horatio Alger's Heroes Make It in Today's Business World?", published in the January, 1975 issue of TWA Ambassador Magazine, has been reprinted in the July issue of Leader's Magazine. It has also been reprinted as an attractive pamphlet to be distributed in October at the American Schools and Colleges Annual Horatio Alger Awards ceremonies here in New York (at which I shall be the featured speaker).

Here's a note of thanks to those who sent their unneeded Alger duplicates to Gene Gressley (The Library, Box 3334, Laramie, Wyoming 82070). They are needed, welcomed, used, and displayed. And you get a tax deduction for your gift. If you haven't sent any yet, please do so. We're trying to make the University of Wyoming Library an important repository for Alger's works. They will be available to all students, scholars, and researchers. Please give.

Those of you who ordered the new Aeonian Press editions of the company's first group of Alger stories will be receiving them shortly, if you haven't got them already. I'm very pleased with the fine binding job. The covers are

full cloth, which is far superior to the cardboard or fiber covers most publishers are now producing. The cloth is gold stamped and plum colored, to look as much as possible like the original Loring editions. The type size is purposely larger than usual, to make for easier reading, and as all are reproduced from first or early editions — they are complete stories. The eight titles already published (for which I wrote an individual introduction for each) are: The Train Boy, The Erie Train Boy, Young Captain Jack, Ralph Raymond's Heir, A Rolling Stone, Frank and Fearless, Dean Dunham, and Mark Manning's Mission. You can order (or send for free catalog) from Aeonian Press, Leyden, Massachusetts 01337.

Incidentally, John Clauss (an HAS member), who heads Aeonian Press, is scheduling six more titles for the coming year. Eventually he hopes to issue every Alger novel in this sturdy, uniform binding.

(Editor's note: I would like to emphasize what Ralph said about the quality of the Aeonian Algiers. The first thing I noticed about them was the excellent binding. I strongly recommend this series).

* * *
MORE ALGERS PUBLISHED

HAS past President Jack Row sent your editor a clipping from the Nov. issue of NARFE, the official publication of the National Association of Retired Federal Employees. Titled, "For Nostalgia Buffs," the article deals with the reissuing of Alger's books by Major Books Company. Following is the article:

"If you liked to read as a child, chances are you remember the Horatio Alger books—the poor-boy-to-president stories with the alliterative titles such as Frank and Fearless, Strong and Steady, and Struggling Upward. They sold in the hundreds of millions long after Alger's death in 1899.

Now an enterprising publisher in

Chatsworth, California, obviously aiming at the big market in nostalgia and the national yearning for moral triumphs over the forces of evil, is bringing them back again—in paperback.

"So far, Major Books Company has republished Strong and Steady, or Paddle Our [sic] Own Canoe and The Young Outlaw, or Adrift in the Streets, using facsimiles of the old typefaces in an effort to recapture some of the visual charm and quaint essence of the originals.

"The first two are now in national distribution (which means most book stores) retailing for \$1.25 each. They sound a bit corny today but their message is universal and endures."

(Editor's note: HAS member Norman Peterson also wrote me about this company and the new Algiers. He tells me that the address of Major Books is 21322 Lassen Street, Chatsworth, California 91311.

I checked through the 1975 Books in Print catalog and noticed that many Alger books are currently available. This "Alger revival" is probably due to today's nostalgia craze, but in any case, I hope that an interest in Alger becomes even more widespread).

* * *
THE RAREST OF THE RARE ALGERS
by Carl T. Hartmann
Secretary,
Horatio Alger Society

(Editor's note: The following article originally appeared in the October, 1975 issue of American Collector, and I wish to thank the periodical's editor, John F. Maloney, for granting his permission to reprint it here).

It has been said that "more books by Horatio Alger Jr. were printed than those of any other author." A prolific writer, to say the least, Alger published millions of books for boys, and as a result, most Alger's are not rare. In fact, you can go to any flea market,

antique shop or show and find many copies. Most of them, unfortunately, are reprint copies. Very few are first editions.

Alger also wrote stories for adults. Usually these were published anonymously or under one of his pseudonyms. Two of the rarest Algers are Timothy Crump's Ward, published anonymously in 1866, and The Disagreeable Woman, published under the name Julian Starr in 1895.

These two books have long been sought as real bibliographic treasures. The only known copies of Timothy were two held by private collectors and one in the New York Public Library. Only one copy of The Disagreeable Woman was known to exist. It is in the Library of Congress.

Yet new copies of both these books were found a few months ago. Leo Bennett, president of the Horatio Alger Society, is presently the most envied man in the Society—he recently acquired both books within a twelve day period.

The Horatio Alger Society is a group of collectors devoted to Alger and his writings. There are many members who own over 100 different Alger titles, but only two members own over 100 first editions, considered quite rare.

The "find" culminates many years of searching by Leo. He now has the largest and best collection of Algers known to exist. With 116 different first editions, he needs only three more to complete his impressive and beautiful collection.

The "rarest of the rare," naturally, are the highest priced Alger books. A copy of Timothy is valued at \$1,500. Most Algers cost far less, as little as twenty-five cents for later reprint editions. The Alger Society's Title and Price List published in 1971 lists seven Algers with prices over the \$100 mark.

In the past few years, due to inflation and the marked increase of serious

collectors, prices have risen by as much as 100% on some titles. A complete Alger collection (which would now be almost impossible to acquire) including his short stories and poems would be worth about \$25,000. Many small collections have been sold to libraries in the past. Prices have ranged from \$1,000 to \$7,000. And these didn't include either of the two super rarities, Timothy Crump's Ward or The Disagreeable Woman.

* * *
RANDOM REPORTS FROM ALGERLAND

by Jack Bales

Besides the above article, the October, 1975 American Collector contained an article on dime novels titled "Cheap Thrills: But They Have Their Value."

Mark your calendar - the ROSEMONT TWELFTH TIME will be held in Rosemont, Illinois, May 6-9, 1976. Plan now to attend this twelfth annual convention of the Horatio Alger Society.

A taste of the old West through the eyes of one who knew it well. . . "The Piegan Storyteller", a society devoted to preserving the books and promoting the memory of James Willard Schultz, the beloved Apikuni of the Blackfeet Indians. Starts January, 1976. Subscriptions \$4.00 per year. Remit to David C. Andrews, Box 53, Andes, New York 13731. Send checks only please. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope.

HAS member Paul House recently picked up a first edition of Seeking His Fortune, a real hard-to-find Alger. Our congratulations, Paul!

Herb Risteen wrote and mentioned that he went to a farm auction near his home in Baraboo, Wisconsin, and was amazed "to find seven Alger books, which I picked up fairly reasonably. The astonishing part was the fine condition and hard to get titles included. There were three Stratmeyers, two in mint condition, the other very good. Also, four fine Winston deluxe editions with color pictures, with one being a scarce title."