

# 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*



**TIMES THAT TRY MEN'S SOULS** — Mrs. Horatio Alger leans on her husband's shoulder as they are evicted from their 88 Beach St. home Tuesday morning. The 30-second sequence will be shown on Channel 7 later this year as part of a series depicting little known historical facts about New England.

The above picture, from the July 23, 1975 Revere, Massachusetts Revere Journal, is a twentieth century reenactment of the 1844 eviction of the Horatio Alger, Sr. family from its home in North Chelsea, Massachusetts. Horatio Alger

Society Past President Dr. Max Goldberg was instrumental in aiding a television crew depict this scene. For more pictures and the complete story behind the event, see page eight of this month's Newsboy.



## 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.

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## NOTES FROM RALPH

by Ralph D. Gardner

Just received a welcome note from Rohima and John Walter with the good news that they've acquired an old-fashioned shoe shine box. They are graciously contributing this to our next Alger Auction, which of course will be one of the banquet nite features at our May convention. We need your contributions and gifts to be auctioned off, as

the proceeds go to plug up deficits caused by rising Newsboy printing costs, soaring postage rates, and all the many extras that all HAS members enjoy. So look for something we can use: Alger books, association material, etc., etc. It doesn't necessarily have to be connected with Horatio Alger. Two years ago, Roy Wendell donated a porcelain figure of a newsboy, and last year J. Boyd Mullan gave some rare beer cans that were grabbed up by collectors. Whatever you can spare, we need. So be generous. Either bring it along or mail it to the convention chairman. Let Jack Bales know what you are contributing, so he can list these items in the Newsboy.

Also from Rohima and John comes an interesting newspaper clipping - not dated, but over 100 years old - written by Horatio's cousin, the Reverend William Rounseville Alger, of Boston. It's about the Taj Mahal; an excerpt from his book Friendships of Women. It was W. R. Alger who helped Horatio get the appointment as minister at Brewster.

And talking about Brewster, I received from Professor Gene Gressley of the University of Wyoming, a photostat of a vital Alger association item. [See next page] It's a copy of the letter, dated December 1, 1864, from the Brewster Church Committee, inviting the minister and congregation members of the Hollis Street Church, in Boston, to attend Horatio's ordination on the evening of Thursday, December 8, 1864. Professor Gressley sends us this in appreciation of the contribution of Alger books to the University of Wyoming Library. They are still in need of many books for their permanent Alger display, so please continue sending what you can. (Send to Professor Gene Gressley, Box 3334, University of Wyoming, Laramie, Wyoming 82070).

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MARGUERITE AND HER PARROT

by Horatio Alger, Jr.

(Editor's note: The following Alger short story is from the collection of  
-(continued on page four)-

Brewster, Mass., Dec. 1 '1864.

To  
Rev. George L. Chancy,  
and the Methodist Church and Congregation in Boston.  
Brethren;

Having invited Mr. Horatio Alger, Jr.  
of Cambridge, to settle with us in the gospel ministry,  
and he, having accepted our invitation, - you are hereby invited  
to be present with us, on the evening of Thursday, Dec 8th -  
to assist in the services of his ordination,

Yours, in the faith &  
Freeman P. B.

In behalf of William Clark,

Nathl. Winlow,

& Freeman P. B.

Standing Com.  
of the First Uni-  
tarian Church  
& Society of  
Brewster,

N.B.

The council will convene at the church, on the  
afternoon of Thursday, 8th inst, at 3 o'clock.



-(continued from page two)-  
 Horatio Alger Society President Bob Bennett. It originally appeared in the May 27, 1854 issue of The Flag of Our Union).

It was a small room furnished with neatness, but with extreme simplicity. There was no carpet on the floor,—but what need of a carpet when the floor was so clean that it shone like wax? Then in the centre of the room a small table was set, and a young girl with the flush of health upon her cheeks, was gaily singing with all the lightness of heart which belongs to careless and sprightly thirteen. Meanwhile she was busying herself in preparing the table for the afternoon meal, for the oblique rays cast upon the floor by the sun, which never needs winding up, and yet always keeps good time, warned her that the afternoon was drawing to a close.

Just in front of the window hung a cage containing a large gray parrot. He was looking with a fixed and meditative glance upon the young girl, as if he fully comprehended the purport of the preparations she was making.

"Henrique wants supper," at length he exclaimed. "Poor Henrique!"

"Well," replied the young girl, looking towards the cage, "Henrique shall have some, but he must wait till papa gets home, and then we will all eat together." "No, not all," she continued, after a short pause, her voice changing from the air of cheerfulness with which she had first spoken, to a tone of sadness. "No, not all. My poor brother Henrique, whom I have not seen for four long years! You will not be with us. I wish I knew where he was at this moment. But here's papa!"

Marguerite took from the stove the dishes that she had placed there, that they might be kept warm till her father's entrance.

He entered, a man of middle size, with sunburnt face, and brown hands, which bespoke labor in the open air.

"Welcome home!" screamed the parrot. "Welcome home, papa Bertrand;" for so he had been accustomed to greet the entrance of the master of the house.

But this salutation, which usually elicited a smile and greeting in return, failed to do so now. Bertrand sank into a chair with an air which betrayed not only weariness, but mental disturbance of some kind.

"Why don't you speak?" screamed the parrot, in his shrill voice. "Poor Henrique!"

Marguerite looked around, and instantly perceived that something had happened to disturb her father.

"What's the matter?" she inquired. "Has anything befallen you, papa? You look as sad as if you had not a friend in the world."

"No more have I, except you," was his reply.

"Poor Henrique," said the parrot.

"Yes, and Henrique," said Bertrand, looking for the first time towards the cage containing the parrot; "and I don't see how either of you can get me out of the trouble that has come on me."

"But what is it?" asked Marguerite, anxiously. "You have not told us that."

"It is only that I am out of employment. In short, I have been discharged."

"Been discharged, and for what?"

"Because business is dull, and my employer has been compelled to dismiss half of his workmen."

"And you were among the number? But why didn't he keep you, and discharge somebody else in your place?"

"Because fate would have it otherwise. He told us fairly this morning that he could only employ a portion of us, and that as we were all good workmen, he was unwilling to choose between us, and we might settle it among ourselves."

"Well?"

"So we drew lots, and it fell to me to be discharged. So here I am, and what is going to become of us I don't know. The wages I received were only enough to support us, and I have laid up nothing against time of need."

"But can't you get anything else to do, father?" inquired Marguerite.

"I shall try, but business is dull everywhere, and I fear for the worst."

"Never say die!" screamed the



parrot, with emphasis.

"You see, father," said Marguerite, smiling through her sadness, "that Henrique rebukes our despondency. Who knows but he may be right, after all. At least, we can trust and hope."

They sat down to the table, Bertrand, Marguerite, and the parrot. The latter was perched on the back of a chair, and evidently considered himself quite as much a member of the party as either of his companions.

"How much meal is there in the house?" asked the father, abruptly.

"Enough to last a week."

"And potatoes?"

"They will last, perhaps, as long."

"And that is all?"

"Yes, papa," said Marguerite, hesitatingly, for she noticed the uneasy look which came over her father's face, and she found no trouble in divining his thoughts.

"Henrique wants his supper!" vociferated the parrot, who apparently thought himself neglected by his young mistress.

"O, yes. Poor Henrique! I had almost forgotten you. You shall not go without your supper. Come, love."

And in obedience to her summons, Henrique perched upon her shoulder, and fed from her hand.

"Heaven grant," said Bertrand, as he pushed back his chair from the table, after partaking but sparingly of the viands that were spread before him, "that we may not make the same complaint with Henrique, and be unable to satisfy it."

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Bertrand's fears were not without foundation. He found employment as difficult to be obtained as he had foreseen. He made applications daily in different quarters, but was everywhere met with the same answer.

"Business is dull," they would tell him, "and, what is worse, there seems no prospect of its improving at present."

Marguerite watched with anxiety the shadow on her father's face, which every day's ill success deepened. She cared far less for herself than for him. Oftentimes the question would arise in

her mind, "Why can I not be of service? I have strength, and can work as well as he."

Her mother had taught her to sew quite neatly, and she determined to seek employment of this kind. Accordingly one morning after she had cleared away the breakfast dishes, and swept the room carefully, so that not a crumb could be detected upon its surface, she set out with a firm resolution, though a faltering step, to the residence of the Countess of Lauriston, who had a magnificent chateau in the neighborhood. She proceeded to the back entrance, and inquired for the countess.

"O, you would see the countess, would you?" said the servant, mocking her. "No doubt you are one of her most intimate friends. But where did you leave your carriage, my fine lady? Visitors to the countess always come in their carriages, and send a footman to ring the bell, instead of coming to the back entrance themselves. I don't believe the countess is in, so you had better leave your card, Madame la Duchesse, and call again."

Marguerite was almost ready to cry.

"I'm not a lady at all," said she. "I'm only a poor little girl, who is trying to get a little sewing to do to support herself and her father in an honest way."

"O, you want to support your father, do you? Why doesn't he work himself?"

"So he would, if he could get any, but he has lost his situation."

"Well, no doubt, it was his own fault. But I can't wait here all day."

"Then I can't see the countess?"

"See the countess, indeed! As if she would deign to look at you?"

The door was closed, and Marguerite had nothing to do but to return home, more disheartened than before.

On the way home her attention was drawn to the conversation of two gentlemen who were walking in front of her. They were speaking of parrots.

"Of all animals," said one, "the parrot is the most wonderful for his faculty of imitating the human voice. He is susceptible of warm attachment, and equally strong aversion, and the



peculiarly appropriate manner in which he sometimes employs the phrases which are taught him, would almost lead one to imagine that he is acquainted with their meaning."

"Yes," said his friend, "instances have been known where they have even been able to whistle tunes. One, belonging to an Englishman, appeared to have an accurate ear for music, and would beat time while it whistled; and if by chance it mistook a note, it would revert to the bar where the mistake occurred, and finish the tune with great accuracy."

"Such a bird must command a large price," said the first speaker.

"Yes," was the reply, "it cost the owner no less than two thousand francs.

Two thousand francs for a parrot! To Marguerite it seemed a fortune. Doubtless, Henrique, though far inferior, would bring as much as a hundred, but she never thought of selling him.

When Marguerite reached home, she found her father there before her.

"What! at home so soon!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, Marguerite! I have about given up the hope of employment. I have met with so many discouragements."

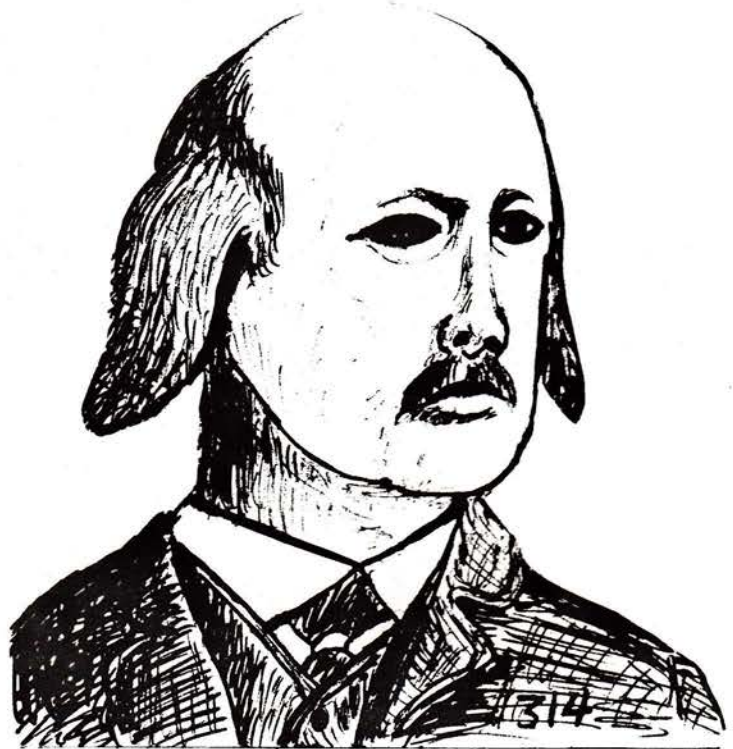
Marguerite did not narrate the ill-success of her own application. It would but add to her father's troubles, and these were great enough already.

She went to the cupboard with the intent of preparing dinner. To her dismay she found that there were hardly enough provisions left even for that purpose. She concealed the anxiety which this fact awakened, and proceeded as usual.

After dinner her father went out, not with any definite expectation of gaining any advantage therefrom, but because in his present state of mind he chose to be anywhere else.

In the meantime Marguerite had

GOT SOME  
DOG-EARED ALGERS  
YOU WANT TO TRADE?



THEN ROSEMONT  
IS THE PLACE TO BE  
MAY 6, 7, 8, 9, 1976!

gradually determined upon a course which for a day or two would remove want from them. The next day was Sunday, and in the event of employment being obtained, nothing could be done until Monday. Meantime there was nothing in the house.

Marguerite had a pretty straw bonnet, which, before hard times came upon them, her father had purchased for her. It was the most valuable article of property which she could call her



own — one which she had taken much satisfaction in wearing. But the time had come for her to part with it. Not far away there was a shop where second-hand articles of clothing were sold.

Wrapping up the bonnet in a paper, and taking it under her arm, Marguerite bent her steps thither. She was a little flustered, not at the loss of her bonnet, for she had resigned herself to that, but at the unusual nature of the errand on which she had come.

An old dirty woman with a dirty handkerchief tied over her head was the presiding genius of this establishment. She was old and wrinkled, and this with the loss of her front teeth, did not lend any additional charm to a face which never had much to boast of.

She bent a scrutinizing glance upon Marguerite, and inquired in a harsh voice:

"Well, what brings you here?"

"I would like to sell you this bonnet," said the young girl, taking it out of the paper in which it was enveloped.

"That!" said the old woman, affecting an air of contempt. "You can't expect to get much for such a homely thing as that."

Marguerite's heart swelled, for she had thought it pretty.

"Well, why don't you speak? What do you expect for it?"

"Five francs," said Marguerite hesitatingly.

"Five fiddlesticks! I couldn't get half that for it. However, I'll take pity on you, and give you a franc and a half."

"It's worth more."

"Well, if it's worth more, keep it."

And the old woman turned away.

Marguerite thought for a moment of her pressing necessity, and resolved to accept the offer.

"I thought you'd come to it at last, and I'm afraid I shall lose by it. But that comes of being charitable," and the woman counted out the money into Marguerite's hands.

The young girl sped to the baker's and laid in a sufficient supply of food to last them over the Sabbath, and went

home with a quick step, lest her father should detect her absence and suspect her errand.

The next morning when the bells were ringing for church, Bertrand called to Marguerite to accompany him. She came out with the little cape bonnet, which she wore every day.

"Where is your straw bonnet, my child? Why do you not put it on?"

"I prefer to wear this," said Marguerite, evasively.

"What does the child mean? Is not the other prettier?"

"Let me have my own way, for to-day," said Marguerite, persuasively.

"Very well, if you desire it. But I don't understand it at all, for my part."

It could not be expected that the small sum which Marguerite realized by the sale of her bonnet would last long. In fact, she found it necessary to devise some other plan in the course of a day or two.

Then her mind reverted to the conversation which she had heard as to the price of parrots, and though it cost her no trifling effort, she resolved to sacrifice Henrique, the only memorial of her absent brother, whom perhaps she might never again behold, to her stern necessity.

It was during a morning walk that she finally decided upon this step. As she entered the cottage, she cast a sorrowful glance towards the cage of Henrique, but what was her consternation to find the door open and the bird gone.

In vain, she searched the house, calling Henrique. He was nowhere to be found. He had, as she conjectured, taken the opportunity offered by her absence and flown away.

She went out of the house and searched the neighborhood, thinking he might have taken refuge near at hand. She called him by name as loud as she could, hoping that he would heed the call. In her abstraction, she did not heed an approaching carriage, and narrowly escaped being run over.

"Hold," said a female voice from within the carriage, "hold, little girl, you came near being killed by the



horses. You must have been thinking of something very intently. What was it?"

"Marguerite looked up and with something of awe, recognized in the speaker the Countess de Lauriston.

"I was thinking of poor Henrique, whom I have lost."

"Henrique! Who is he? Your brother, I suppose."

"No, madam, it was a parrot that used to belong to my brother; it was the only thing I have left to remind me of him."

"Then you value him very highly?"

"Yes, madam, and yet I had resolved to part with him."

"Part with him? How is that?"

"You must know, my lady, that we are poor; my father and I, and lately he has been unable to find employment, and as I thought I might get a good price for Henrique, I thought to sell him. But on reaching home just now, I found him gone."

"Describe this parrot to me. Was he gray, with small eyes?"

"Yes, madam," said Marguerite, eagerly; "have you seen him?"

"Not only that, but I have bought him within the hour."

"Bought him!" repeated the young girl, bewildered.

"It was a little while since a boy brought him to the chateau to sell. I liked his appearance and bought him."

"He stole him without doubt," said Marguerite, indignantly. "How wicked he must be!"

"But as he is yours," continued the countess, "I will restore him to you. Now tell me of this father of yours. Who is he?"

"His name is Bertrand."

"Bertrand! I have heard of him. Does he know anything of gardening?"

"He was a gardener for some years."

"That is well. The post of assistant gardener is vacant on my estate. Would he like it?"

"Like it, madam," said Marguerite, gratefully. "He will bless you for it."

The countess replied, "Let him report himself as soon as possible, and, taking a louis d'or from her pocket and handing it to Marguerite, "this shall ratify the appointment. You may come

with me to the chateau and get your bird."

Joy filled the heart of Bertrand at this news, and plenty again crowned his board. Marguerite redeemed her bonnet, though Bertrand never knew that it went to the pawnbroker. Henrique the parrot sits on his accustomed perch, and is as sociable as ever. Henrique himself, the missing brother, has returned to those who had so long mourned his absence, and throughout France you will hardly find a happier family than that of Bertrand, Henrique, Marguerite, and her bird.

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HORATIO ALGER, SR. ON TELEVISION!  
by Dr. Max Goldberg  
and Jack Bales

(Editor's note: On September 22, 1975, I received a letter from Dr. Max Goldberg, past president of the Horatio Alger Society. Following are several paragraphs from his letter, dated September 18, 1975):

"Under separate cover, I am sending you a newspaper account of the television one minute appearance of an incident in the life of Horatio Alger. It was on channel seven in Massachusetts, and appeared in September.

"Some time in July I received a phone call from a Miss Susan Bell asking me if I could help them in an interlude in Alger's life, of a minute duration for television. I replied that I would try. She told me that it must be ready in two days, which didn't give me much time.

"They came promptly and asked for the item, but I really didn't have anything ready. They xeroxed some notes that they found in my scrapbooks, but that was nothing which could be used.

"But I kept trying to think of something. EUREKA! I found it! I told them that the foreclosure of the Alger home in Revere would be dramatic. Perfect, they said. It would be just the time limit that they wanted.

-(continued on page ten)-



REVERE JOURNAL, REVERE, MASS., WEDNESDAY, JULY 23, 1975



**REVIEWING THE SCRIPT** — Director Ross Cibella and producer Susan Bell go over Tuesday's shooting schedule with the Gallant family, who now reside in the famous Horatio Alger house at 88 Beach St. Members of the Gallant family are, left to right, Paul, Mark, Joseph, Connie, Maryann and Steven.

## Film Crew At Beach St. House

# TV Shot For Horatio Alger

BY RICHARD R. POWERS

Call him corny if you like, but Horatio Alger is alive and well in the hearts of thousands and is now headed into the world of television.

A film crew spent most of Tuesday shooting at 88 Beach St., the birthplace of the famed author, in an attempt to reveal the hitherto unrevealed secret of Alger's inspiration.

For those who have never read an Alger work, a brief explanation is necessary. In most instances, his subjects were poor young newsboys who never got any tips, were chased by dogs and whose bicycle chains broke while climbing the steepest hills. To make matters worse, mother was always busy taking care of the 32 children and dad was usually looking for a job. Naturally, our young hero was

dependent on for his weekly earnings to keep the family going.

**But in the end, truth, justice and the American way would prevail and the young newsboy would eventually own the newspaper, which — in those days, anyway — was a moneymaking operation.**

It was in New York that Alger became acquainted with Charles O'Connor, the manager of a haven for homeless boys called the Newsboys' Lodging House. It was here that he found the prototype of Ragged Dick and all his literary brothers from "rags to riches" fame.

Historians regard this as the turning point in Alger's career. But after Sept. 1, that all may be changed.

It is on that date that WNAC-TV (Channel 7) will begin airing a series of 26 half-minute spots entitled, "New England Experience." While many have been heading back to nature in recent years, the Bicentennial

has instilled a spirit of heading back to history, which is the basis for the Channel 7 series.

—continued on

page ten



The 26 spots will be programmed continually for one year, which should be more than enough time to familiarize anyone with Horatio Alger, in case they have never heard of Revere's claim to fame.

But the big question is what will the effect of the show be on Revere's already tarnished image? Other than the Battle of Chelsea Creek, who else is there we can brag of, other than Horatio Alger? Of course, we have had our share of favorite sons, but none to compare with the Battle and Horatio.

**You see, the 30-second spot doesn't speak to highly of the city. It isn't about how Horatio and his parents frolicked at Revere Beach every day. It isn't about how Horatio was the star of his Little League team. It is about how**



**the Algers were evicted from their home.**

That's right — evicted. That well-preserved, red, clapboard house on Beach St. was the scene of young Horatio's first and last days in Revere. He was born there Jan. 13, 1832, and was evicted from the same humble abode sometime in 1844.

In the Channel 7 clip, Gary Greenstein of Belmont portrays young Horatio snaring at the moustachioed villain as he comes to tell mom and pop that he is putting legal advertisement in the newspaper for the foreclosure of the house. Horatio's father, a Unitarian minister, was obviously better at making sermons than he was at passing around the collection box.

"The theme of the whole series is to bring into focus the lesser known historical facts of this area," said independent producer Susan Bell, who is doing the shows with director Ross Cibella and cameraman Richard Copley, both from Channel 7. "We're not doing the Bunker Hills or anything like that because everybody already knows about those events."

Before coming to Revere, Ms.

Bell had looked at Alger's house in Natick, having been steered in that direction by a friend. But Max Goldberg, a longtime Alger buff who resides in that community, courteously directed her back here with a reminder that it all began in Revere.

Tuesday morning, exactly 76 years and four days after Alger's unfortunate demise, his memory was being stirred up again. Cameras and lights were being put in place. Actors and actresses were made to look like the Alger family. And a mean villain prepared to prove that history does repeat itself by evicting the family from their home, despite jeers and catcalls from neighbors.

And during all of this, 10-year-old Steven Gallant nervously awaited his chance to step in front of the camera. His father, Joseph, who now owns and lives in the Alger home with his wife and five children, had already signed a waiver allowing Steve to step under the bright lights.

He finally got the chance and who knows, maybe someday he'll be a big star. Horatio couldn't have written the script any better, himself. The story of a young Revere boy who would become famous as an international film star.

Now if someone can only get the kid a paper route...

one point for me. I was always under the impression that Horatio Sr. left North Chelsea because of his low salary [The town of Revere was known as North Chelsea during the first part of the nineteenth century. Page 331 of Benjamin Shurtleff's The History of the Town of Revere, Boston, Beckler Press, 1938, states the following: "On March 24, 1871, the name of the town North Chelsea, was changed to Revere and the act accepted April 3, 1871."] Max replied to my query, pointing out these statements to me:

1. [Gardner, Ralph D. Horatio Alger or, The American Hero Era. Mendota, Ill.: Wayside Press, 1964] page 77: "During weeks that followed, the bankrupt parson's land was assigned to various

"About a week later they came and took Ida [Max's wife] and me to the Revere home to get an idea how to present it. I spoke to the owners and explained that we needed their cooperation. They consented. I arranged the position in which the characters were to be placed and had people in front of the house, as there were no sidewalks at that time. They drove us home.

"A few weeks later they phoned me asking if I could go to the Revere home again and aid in the filming. I was not well enough to do so, but I explained to them how it should have the best effect. They thanked me, and Miss Bell stated that it could not have been done without me.

"They called me two weeks later that it had been filmed. About August a cousin of mine phoned me stating that he saw my name in the Revere paper and that an article with photos were there. I phoned the newspaper and obtained a copy, which I am sending to you for insertion in the Newsboy for HAS members to read."

After I [Jack Bales] read Max's letter, I wrote him back, asking him to clarify



creditors. The minister and his wife watched as the little brown cottage, . . . was sold at auction."

2. [Gruber, Frank. Horatio Alger, Jr. West Los Angeles: Grover Jones Press, 1961] page 14: "We can assume that there was a mortgage on the lands (several lots in different localities) and that the squire [Carpenter Staniels] foreclosed on Reverend Alger."

3. [Shurtleff, Benjamin. The History of the Town of Revere. Boston: Beckler Press, 1938] page 277: "Horatio Alger became involved in debt and his land assigned, April 13, 1844, to Carpenter Staniels . . ."

Max further explained his position in two subsequent letters, dated November 25, 1975 and December 12, 1975. Statements from the two are as follows:

"He [Horatio Alger, Sr.] was not forced to leave, but having little money and with the loss of his home, Marlboro was attractive.

"Regarding bankrupt vs. not evicted. It really is a technicality. When one has foreclosure of a home, due to not being able to keep the payments, the house reverts to the mortgager. The mortgagee must either move from the house or may pay rent if permission is given. But the bank usually puts the property on auction and whoever buys it has the right to move in, with the present tenant having to move. Alger had friends and they could have arranged that he stay there until he found a new home. But he had to pay rent. It is a thin line to state that he was EVICTED. Evicted means to put out by legal process, usually for not paying rent. What happened is that he lost the house by default and therefore forfeited the house. He still had the option of either paying rent to the new owner or moving. THEREFORE, he was not evicted. I hope I answered your inquiry to your satisfaction."

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On behalf of the Horatio Alger Society, I would like to thank Max for his

contributions towards the completion of this project. This is just one example of the unwavering enthusiasm that Max generates in his promotion of the life and works of Horatio Alger (both Junior and Senior)!

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ALGER BOOKS ARE CHERISHED POSSESSIONS  
by Ralph A. Brandt

(Editor's note: In the letter that accompanied this article, Ralph wrote: "I am a retired editor of a daily newspaper. While I retired after fifty years, thirty-two as editor, I still contribute editorials and a daily column which I started in 1924. It is now the oldest active column in New Jersey.

"I have attended three conventions and as PF-266 have met some very nice people in the Alger Society.

"If you know of anyone who has a copy of Robert Coverdale's Struggle, please contact me. I've lost mine."

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The collecting of Alger books is a fascinating hobby. A true Alger fancier is generally a selfish individual who hates to give up the volumes he has assembled over the years.

How many Alger collectors read the books they bought in their own childhood?

I remember the first one I ever read. It was The Young Salesman, and I still have it on my shelves. After that I faithfully bought one a week out of the money I received for operating a small elevator in a department store. Some were ten cents, the nice ones were twenty-five and fifty cents.

These are the volumes that I cannot sell or trade. They were bought over sixty years ago and they are very precious to me.

There is always a temptation at a national convention, when members display a part of their collection for sale or trade, to pick up an old Alger under a different title or maybe



discover one you have misplaced and need another copy.

It is far more fun to add to your collection than sell from it.

I must have 260 or more Horatio Alger books, and I love to look them over, read and reread them again. Rarely do I part with one, but I always manage to buy them as often as I can find them.

There must be something special about an Alger collector who has a genuine attachment for his prized possessions and who can relax so easily when he reads the hackneyed plots time and time again.

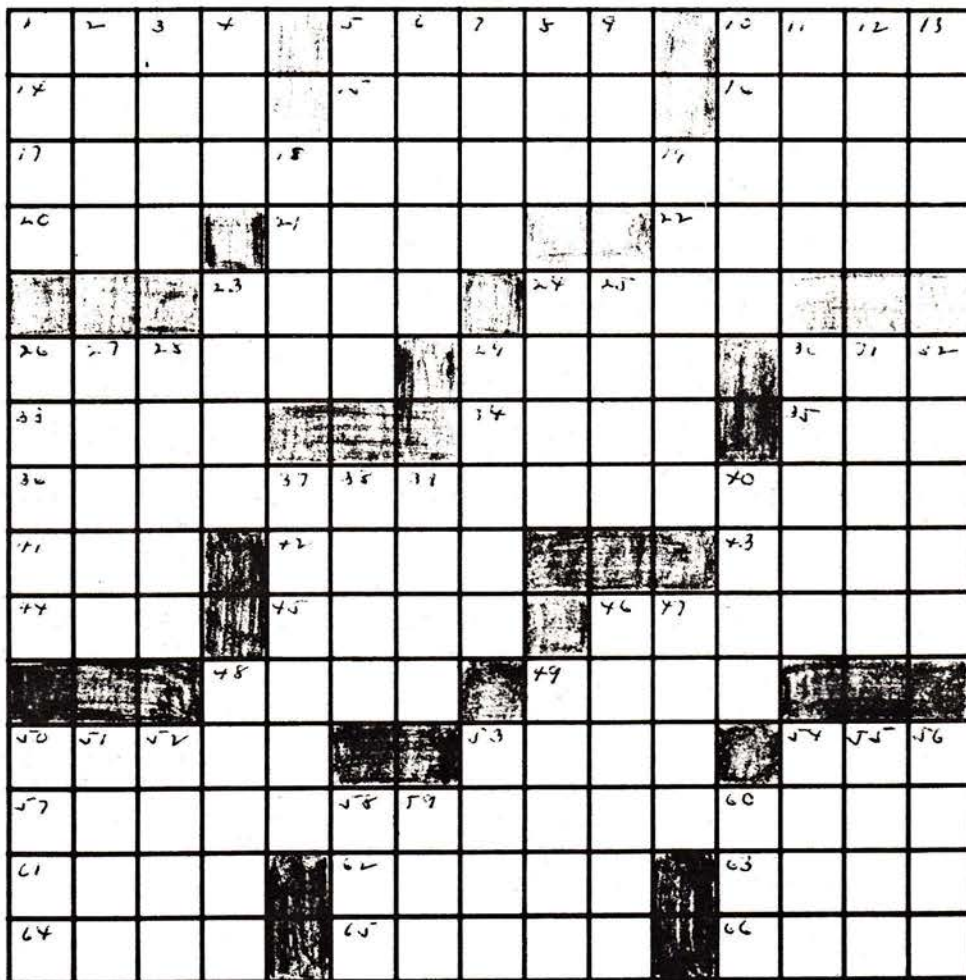
It is difficult to explain this kind of affection for the works of a boys' author whose style was once held up to ridicule.

Way down underneath it is man's desire to see the town bully thrashed, to see the bookkeeper's nephew unmasked as the real thief, and to see the notorious bandit foiled by the timid young stage passenger from the East. And then at the final curtain to know that the young hero is secure financially and that his faithful mother will never be harassed by the scheming squire who holds the mortgage.

Live on, Horatio! You made the sweet dreams of youth come true.

\* \* \*

Remember the ROSEMONT TWELFTH TIME, May 6-7-8-9, 1976, in Rosemont, Ill.!



HORATIO ALGER CROSSWORD  
by Herb Risteen

ACROSS

1. "From ---- to Fortune"
5. "Joe, The ----- Boy"
10. "Do and ----"
14. Melody
15. Poetry muse
16. Seed casing
17. Horatio Alger title: 3 words
20. Farm animal
21. Yale students
22. Irritates
23. Legislative body
24. Troubles
26. Keep back
29. Yucatan Indian
30. Faint
33. Oklahoma city
34. Angers
35. Once -- - blue moon
36. Horatio Alger title: 3 words



41. Small mound
42. Where Sligo is
43. Mixture
44. Students: abbreviation
45. Jewish month
46. Midwest state
48. Check
49. Untidiness
50. Country
53. Frigate hand
54. Was corrosive
57. Horatio Alger title: 4 words
61. Entice
62. "----- and Fearless"
63. Excellent
64. Reputation
65. Wise guys
66. Purchases

## DOWN

1. Kismet
2. In a series
3. Hoarfrost
4. Place ---
5. Well ----- (affluent)
6. Sphere of activity
7. New Mexico town
8. Eisenhower command
9. Batch
10. Valuable paintings
11. Soviet sea
12. Cereal grain
13. Fraternal order
18. "Ralph Raymond's ----"
19. ----- stroke
23. Pedestal part
24. "Jack's ----"
25. Court cry: var.
26. Takes a breather
27. Record
28. Gets fatigued
29. "The Young -----"
30. Makes a call
31. Asian land
32. Minnesota medics
37. Tidier
38. French novelist
39. "My Name is ----"
40. Long periods
46. Russian peasants
47. Italian city
48. Ranch animal
49. French river
50. Normandy town: 2 words
51. Dull sound

52. Of aircraft
53. Antlered animal
54. "---- Ben Adhem"
55. "----, The Tramp"
56. Looks at
58. Conditions
59. Epoch
60. Seize

\* \* \*

The clipping below was sent to me by PF-283, Edwin M. Gross of Charleston, West Virginia. Note the last two paragraphs which concern President Gerald Ford's favorite books when a boy.

## *Favorite Book Query Gets Few Replies From Famous Americans*

EUGENE, Ore. (AP) — Terry Ann Forster, a reference librarian at Lane Community College in Eugene, sent letters to 150 well-known Americans last fall, asking them to list their favorite books. By the end of the year, she had received 27 replies.

"All of the politicians answered. I think," she said.

Sen. Edward M. Kennedy, D-Mass., listed the Bible among his favorites and added that he liked books about "men important in American history," such as "John Quincy Adams and the Foundations of American Policy" by Samuel Flagg Bemis and "The Emergence of Lincoln, Volumes I and II," by Allen Nevins.

Vice President Nelson A. Rockefeller said his favorite authors were Mark Twain and Washington Irving.

An aide to President Ford wrote, "The President's favorite book when a child was Horatio Alger, and now he enjoys books on American history and articles on political science."

Horatio Alger was the author of a series of popular books, not the name of a book.

In his letter to me, Edwin touches upon a different subject: "Regarding 'Alger by Series' by Paul Fisher in the September, 1975 Newsboy, I have two titles — Luke Walton and The Young Miner — to add to his list of the 'Chimney Corner' Series. Also a Robert Coverdale's Struggle, a Superior Printing Company reprint but from the Burt printing plates, with the title page showing the familiar boy with the round cap. So Burt definitely had



printed this title for this series."

\* \*

The clipping at the right was sent me by Mrs. Edith J. Johnson, 2300 Sutton Drive, Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio 44221. In her cover letter she explains:

"Enclosed is an article printed in the Akron Beacon Journal on January 13, 1976. I do not know whether this series is being run nationally or whether it is a local thing, but at the beginning of this series on January 1, 1976, the following was printed in explanation:

'Today the Beacon Journal begins a year-long Bicentennial feature profiling the lives of great Americans through the nation's first 200 years. Each has made a significant contribution to the arts, professions, public life and, in short, to history. Each, in the opinion of our biographer, Will Allison, has been a noted achiever. Allison's thumbnail sketches of each life will run on that person's birthday.

'Allison is a Pittsburgh native retired and living in Fort Myers, Florida. He is a former newspaperman, magazine editor and writer, advertising and public relations man. Before his retirement in 1972, he spent four years as a vice president of Texas Commerce Bank in Houston.

'About twenty-five years ago, Allison began collecting biographical material on men and women whose lives enriched

# Today's Great American



**Horatio Alger Jr.**

Born Jan. 13, 1834 — Died 1899

## *How a poor boy made good*

By WILL ALLISON

JUST A century ago, there were thousands of American boys reading — and believing in — the books from the pen of Horatio Alger Jr. This is a prudent estimate, because there were in circulation then in America a million copies of the Horatio Alger books.

Nobody dares say Horatio Alger was "a great writer," but nobody can deny he was one of the most influential writers in American history.

Horatio Alger Jr. was born on this date — Jan. 13, 1834 — in Revere, Mass., where his father was a clergyman. The young Alger was a graduate of Harvard and, after a youthful fling in Paris, he became a clergyman himself.

He hoped to become a serious writer, but at 33 he found his career with his first successful novel, "Ragged Dick." It told the story of a New York City bootblack who worked hard and honestly, saved the little daughter of a rich man from drowning, and in manhood

advanced to success in the business world.

THE BOYS OF America, especially poor, disadvantaged boys, loved this story. So Horatio Alger wrote another and another. From 1870 to 1899 he wrote 130 short novels on the same theme — "Luck and Pluck" and "Tattered Tom" and "Phil the Fiddler." The books passed from boy to boy. They were priced as little as 10 cents each. In the last 100 years, 200 million copies were printed.

Today it is fashionable to sneer at Horatio Alger. Historian Stewart Holbrook calls the Alger books "the most influential tripe ever published in our country." But, in fact, their influence has been good beyond measure.

Their simple language taught generations of American boys to read books. Isn't this an achievement? Moreover, their simple messages — that honesty and hard work win great rewards — inspired many thousands of young Americans to combat their way out of poverty and out of poverty-of-spirit.

the quality of life in America. From his file of more than 10,000, Allison has chosen 366 — 1976 is Leap Year — for his Bicentennial series, Today's Great American."

Edith continues in her letter: "I'm sure all Alger worshippers will catch the error in the 'review' of Ragged Dick — we all know that Dick saved the son of a rich man from drowning, not the daughter. However, I'm sure we can forgive him for the small error when he



has picked our hero as "Today's Great American" along with Paul Revere, Ben Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, etc."

I thank both Edwin and Edith for giving me these clippings and permitting me to share them with all HAS members. I urge all Newsboy readers to send similar Alger stories. If they are too large for the Newsboy, I can always place them on permanent display in the Horatio Alger Society Scrapbook, Volume II.

Edith also writes that "I would appreciate your noting in the next issue of the Newsboy that I have a rather lengthy list of Algers for sale which I would be happy to send to any of the HAS members in return for a stamped, self-addressed envelope. These books would be of interest primarily to the beginning collector. Most are Hurst, Winston, and Donahue editions." [Edith's address is on page fourteen of this issue]

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#### ALGER ANALYSES

by Jack Bales

Number four in a series of studies of books that are useful in researching the life, works, and times of Horatio Alger, Jr.

Tanselle, G. Thomas. Guide to the Study of United States Imprints. 2 vols. 1050 pp. Cambridge: The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 1971.

The antiquarian bookman is cognizant that the tasks of a bibliographer encompass a much broader and more elaborate spectrum than the mere perusal of an author's works. They can involve painstaking hours of analyzing the colophons of a mottled octavo volume, or can entail deliberate comparisons of the fore-edge paintings on two morocco folios. In short, the bibliographer is a craftsman — a scrutinizing artist who perpetually contradicts the age old adage that one cannot judge a book by its cover.

But it is imperative that a bibliographer also be well versed in the

publishing and printing histories of the literary epochs that have enveloped those volumes through which he pores. Any Alger collector knows that the rarity of a book depends greatly upon its publisher, and to facilitate the acquisition of a familiarity with the publishing patterns in the United States, even a cursory examination of George Thomas Tanselle's Guide to the Study of United States Imprints is profitable.

But what is an "imprint?" Essentially, according to Tanselle, it is the statement in a printed matter that identifies its printer; however, by extension, an imprint is also the work itself. Thus, a book by Horatio Alger can be referred to as an "Alger imprint," whether or not its title page is even extant.

Proceeding logically, Tanselle's two volume set is a compilation of citations to bibliographies and journal articles which are relevant to the printing history of the United States. Tanselle explains the organization of his work in its introduction:

"Published research into the history of United States printing and publishing falls broadly into nine classes: (1) regional imprint lists, which attempt to record everything printed within given areas during particular periods of time; (2) genre lists, which attempt to list all works of a particular type (such as fiction or poetry or newspapers) printed within specified areas and periods; (3) author lists, which attempt to report all editions and printings of works by individual writers issued or printed within designated areas and periods; (4) published copyright records, which list titles and books entered for copyright within certain areas and periods; (5) catalogues of auction houses, book dealers, exhibitions, institutional libraries, and private collections; (6) retrospective book-trade directories, which attempt to list the names of all persons and firms engaged in printing, publishing, bookselling, and allied activities



within given areas and periods; (7) books and essays dealing with the work of individual printers and publishers; (8) books and essays treating broader aspects of American printing and publishing; and (9) checklists which constitute selective (and sometimes annotated) guides to any or all of the preceding classes."

With a modicum of effort, the bibliophile can determine rapidly how this work can be incorporated best into his research, for Tanselle has arranged the material in such a way that one can turn directly to the relevant pages without first consulting the index. Quoting again from the introduction:

"If a cataloguer or a dealer or a collector has in front of him a particular book about which he wishes to have some information, he can check immediately at several points to see whether or not a reference work exists which could be expected to record the book in question: he can look in the first section (A), both under "United States" and under the state and city of publication; he can check in the second section (B) to find out whether a list exists recording works of the same genre as the one under examination; he can turn to the third section (C), under the name of the author, to locate any bibliographies or checklists of editions of that author's works, he can refer to the fourth section (D), both under "United States" and under the state of publication, to find any published copyright records for the proper period; and he can look in the seventh section (G), under the name of the printer or publisher, to learn whether any lists of that printer's or publisher's imprints have been published (or, if not, at least studies of his production). Thus, by making a quick check at five points, he can have a good idea of what reference works (if any) he should consult."

As can be inferred from the preceding illustrative procedures, Tanselle's Guide can be of beneficence to the bibliographer who regularly scans professional journals. However, a detailed

reading of the 140 page index discloses material that also will enthrall HAS members and dime novel collectors. There are not only references to the Great American Dreamer, but also to many of the nineteenth century authors and publishers who inundated literary America with books and story papers for young people. Among these individuals are included William T. Adams, A. K. Loring, Beadle and Adams, Frank A. Munsey, and David McKay.

With his Guide to the Study of United States Imprints, George Thomas Tanselle has provided a respite for bookmen everywhere who assiduously pursue the chores of plodding through newspapers, serials, books, and other imprints searching for elusive bits of data. Speaking as a professional librarian and an amateur researcher, I am both grateful and appreciative — grateful in knowing that in the future there are an untold number of tedious hours of research from which I will be spared, and appreciative of the diligent efforts of Dr. Tanselle. His reference set is a tribute to his prowess as a historian and to his dedication as a bibliophile.

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#### RANDOM REPORTS FROM ALGERLAND

by Jack Bales

The second annual birthday anniversary celebration for Horatio Alger, Jr. was held in the Eureka College Library this January thirteenth. This is hosted by me each year to perpetuate the memory of Alger. Refreshments were served to those in attendance.

Dave Kanarr writes in a letter dated January 31, 1976: "Yesterday I ran into an item about Alger in a local bookstore. In a book titled Famous American Books, by Robert B. Downs, there is an essay about Alger, his books, and their influence on the United States. Of course, the famous American book is Ragged Dick, but the article, seven pages long, is about Alger books in general. The book (which I bought, naturally) is a McGraw-Hill paperback, published in 1973. The hard cover edition came out in 1971."