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



A special part of the 1977 Horatio Alger Society Convention (hosted by Richard Seddon last May in Waltham, Massachusetts), was the Alger Memorial Service presented by HAS Past President Dr. Max Goldberg on May 15, 1977. At the Alger gravestone in Glenwood Cemetery in South Natick, Massachusetts are, from left to right: Alger Society Past President Bob Bennett, unidentified man, Max, Alger publisher Gilbert K. Westgard II, and HAS co-founder and Past President Kenneth B. Butler. (Thanks go to Tom Maxwell of the South Middlesex News for the taking of this picture).

## 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. Cost for single issues of Newsboy is \$1.00 apiece.

Please make all remittances payable to the Horatio Alger Society. Membership applications, renewals, changes of address, claims for missing issues, and orders for single copies of current or back numbers of Newsboy should be sent to the society's Secretary, Carl T. Hartmann, 4907 Allison Drive, Lansing, Michigan 48910.

A subject index to the first ten years of Newsboy (July, 1962 - June, 1972) is available for \$1.50 from Carl Hartmann at the above address.

Manuscripts relating to Horatio Alger's life and works are solicited, but the editor reserves the right to reject submitted material.

REMEMBER: Convention time will soon be here!! Don't forget the "Jacksonville Jamboree," Thursday, May 4 through Sunday, May 7, 1978, in Jacksonville, Illinois. 1977 CONVENTION AUCTION REPORT

(Editor's note: The following report of the "Booked in Boston" auction was prepared by HAS Treasurer Dale Thomas. The auction on Saturday night raised over \$1400.00 for the society, and we thank you all very much for your generosity. Below is the item, the donator, and the buyer).

Newsboy statue, an Arnort original-Roy Wendell-Leslie Poste; a Porter and Coates edition of Phil, The Fiddler-Eugene Hafner-Ann Sharrard; From Canal Boy to President-Eugene Hafner-Marilynn Saurer; a Loring Slow and Sure and a Loring Paul, The Peddler-Eugene Hafner-Marilynn Saurer; Three post cards-Florence Schnell-Pauline Westgard; amethyst pin-Florence Schnell-Mary Ellen Thomas; cocktail picks-Florence Schnell-Carl Hartmann; Hawaiian pot holders-Florence Schnell-Nick Houseman; beer can-Leslie Poste-Jerry Friedland.

Also, three issues of Student and Schoolmate-Paul Miller-Eugene Hafner; two Alger short stories-Paul Miller-Marilynn Saurer; four Stratemeyer books-Owen Cobb-Gil Westgard; a Loring Julius, The Street Boy-Ben McAdoo-Milton Salls; original painting-Evelyn Grebel-Mary Ellen Thomas; shoe shine box-Max Goldberg-Steve Friedland; glass ash tray-Ida Goldberg-Evelyn Grebel; The Young Scout by Edward S. Ellis-Dick Seddon-Carl Hartmann; Our Crowd and Wild West-Dick Seddon-Gilbert K. Westgard I; Alger's Fruit and Nut Kisses-Les Langlis-Florence Schnell.

Also, Vitamin C capsules-Les Langlois-Jean Hartmann; Vitamin E capsules-Leslie Langlois-Gil Westgard I; Naturade Lotion-Les Langlois-Mrs. Del Brandt; Vitamin E Soap-Les Langlois-Marilynn Saurer; Loring Ragged Dick-Carl Hartmann-Don Erikson; Loring Slow and Sure-Dave Kanarr-George Sharrard; two stereoscope cards-Jack Bales-Jerry Friedland; article on Alger-Jack Bales-Paul Miller; Alger picture in a bottle-Gil Westgard-Robert Camp; five bound volumes of Our Boys and Girls-Morris Olsen-Alex Shaner; Bank book from 1930 and brush-Gil

Westgard-Carl Hartmann; 1866 Our Young Folks-Dick Seddon-Marilynn Saurer; 1770 Annual Register-Gil Westgard-Bill McCord; walnut pipe rack-Gil Westgard-Mrs. Del Brandt; three bird houses-Del Brandt-Paul Miller; Beatrice Potter's Goody Tip Toes-Lorraine Corcoran-Mrs. Robert Camp; nineteen post cards-Bill McCord-Jean Hartmann; old telephone-Bill McCord-Carl Hartmann; card holders and miscellaneous items-Rohima Walter-Gil Westgard; Calvin Coolidge signature-Bill McCord-Leslie Poste.

Also, 1904 map of Massachusetts-Bill McCord-Carl Hartmann; Loring Ragged

Dick-Jerry Friedland-Dale Thomas; first edition of Paul, The Peddler-Jerry
Friedland-Ann Sharrard; first edition of Sink or Swim-Jerry Friedland-Mrs. Robert Camp; two cruise folders-Bill McCord-Roy Wendell; Alger stationery-Jack Bales-Helen Gray; picture album of New York City-Jack Bales-Nick Houseman; fairy tales book-Irene Gurman-Dr. Gilbert K. Westgard; twenty-seven issuess of Grit, dated 1939-Rohima Walter-Florence Schnell; nine issues of Grit, dated 1941-Rohima Walter-Mark Preston.

Also, newsboy statue-Ann Sharrard-Jack Bales; ad package for Gardner book-Ralph Gardner-Dale Thomas; 1863 Harper's -Dick Seddon-Marilyn Saurer; Civil War in Song and Story-Dick Seddon-Eugene Hafner; volume 9 of Golden Days-Jerry Friedland-Morris Olsen; Loring Slow and Sure-Bob Bennett-Bill McCord; volume 1 of Our Young Folks-Morris Olsen-Morris Olsen; second edition of Paul Prescott's Charge-Morris Olsen-Gil Westgard; Loring Rough and Ready-Bob Bennett-George Sharrard.

Also, first edition of <u>Ragged Dick-Dale Thomas-Les Poste</u>; <u>Mark Manning's Mission-Morris Olsen-Eugene Hafner</u>; Simplex typewriter-Rohima Walter-Ken Butler; hand crocheted tablecloth-Pauline Westgard-Evelyn Grebel; dulcimer-Bob Sawyer-Dr. Gilbert Westgard.

Again, thanks to all who made the auction a success, for your contributions help keep HAS in the black.

WHO SHALL WIN? A Story of School Life

by Horatio Alger, Jr.

(Editor's note: The following Alger short story is from the collection of former HAS Vice-President Evelyn Grebel. It originally appeared in The Home Companion for June 1, 1881 and in the March 6, 1888 issue of Golden Days).

"Young gentlemen," said Doctor Folio,
Principal of the Oakland Classical
Academy, "I am desirous of encouraging
the study of English composition among
you, and this object in view, I offer a
prize of ten dollars for the best essay
handed in by any of your number, during
the present term, upon the subject which
I am about to announce."

There was a hush of expectation as the doctor paused.

"The subject will be, "'The lessons to be learned from the life and character of George Washington.' I have made this selection because you are all familiar with the career and characteristics of this great man, and will therefore work on an equal footing."

Doctor Folio proceeded to announce the required length of the essays, and the date at which they must be handed in. He concluded thus:

"Your manuscript must be neatly written and free from blots. A slovenly manuscript will fail to receive the prize, whatever its literary merits."

This announcement was received with profound interest by the fifty pupils of the academy. All considered the prize well worth trying for. To a school-boy ten dollars represents a large sum. Then again, the honor of carrying it off would be great, and confer an honorable distinction upon the winner. Of course all the boys spoke of the prize offer at home.

One of the boys most interested was

Julian Holmes, the son of a prominent lawyer in Oakland.

"It is an excellent thought of Doctor Folio," said Mr. Holmes, in a tone of approval. "I take it for granted, Julian, that you will compete."

"Yes, father, I certainly shall," replied Julian.

"Your chances are good. You are a good writer."

"Yes, I think my chances are good. I only wish I felt sure of it. The successful writer is to read his essay aloud at the exhibition on the last day of the term."

Julian's face flushed as he said this, for he was very ambitious, and had a large share of approbativeness. That is, he enjoyed the esteem and respect of his fellow pupils and his numerous friends.

"It would be very gratifying to me, Julian, if you should succeed in winning the prize," said his father.

"I will do my best."

"A father is naturally proud of the success of his children," continued Mr. Holmes. "I am so desirous that you should win this prize that I will make an additional offer."

Julian listened eagerly.

"You have often asked me to buy you a row-boat."

"Yes, sir."

"Should you carry off this prize, I will buy you one that you may feel proud of."

"Oh, thank you, father," said Julian, his eyes sparkling with pleasure. "How kind you are. There is nothing I should like so well."

"Don't thank me yet, Julian," returned his father, with a smile. "Bear in mind

that you have not won the prize yet."

"But I mean to, father," said Julian, confidently.

"I hope you may, my boy. You may be sure that I shall have great pleasure in carrying out my part of the contract."

There was no fear now but that Julian would exert himself to the utmost. That his chances were excellent, all his schoolmates were agreed. Indeed, it was generally thought that the prize lay between him and Harry Carter, a boy about his own age.

There was a great deal of difference between the two rivals in social position, though as regards scholarship and talent they were on an equality.

Julian, as I have said, was the son of a prominent lawyer, whose large professional income enabled him to live in handsome style; while Harry was the son of a poor widow, and paid his tuition by sweeping out the academy, and acting as janitor.

I am glad to say that Harry was none the less respected by his school-fellows, because he performed these menial offices. He was a manly, frank boy, and as popular as Julian. In fact, the two boys were excellent friends, although they were rivals — a fact which was creditable to both.

Some poor boys are disagreeably envious of their more fortunate companions, and some rich boys are mean enough to look down upon those who occupy a lower social and financial position.

Harry Carter was quite as much interested as Julian in the announcement which the principal had made. He was honorably ambitious of the distinction which would accrue to the winner of the prize; and moreover, the ten dollars would be a material help to his mother.

It was certain to go to her, if won; for Harry had no idea of appropriating the money selfishly. He knew what a hard struggle with the world his mother had, and he was anxious to assist her.

"I shall be a happy boy if I win that prize, mother," he said when he returned home from school. "Think how much good ten dollars will do us."

"That is true, Harry, but there is something more. I shall be very proud of you if you succeed."

"So shall I, mother," said Harry, laughing as he spoke.

"Your chance ought to be good," said his mother.

"It is good. The boys seem to think the contest will be between Julian Holmes and myself."

"Then Julian is a good writer?" she inquired, anxiously.

"Excellent! I really think, mother, honestly, that he stands rather a better chance than I."

"That is because you are entirely too modest, my son," said Mrs. Carter, who, like most parents, was a little inclined to over-estimate her boy.

"No, mother, I am not particularly modest, but in calculating the chances I can't help feeling that Julian stands as good a chance as I, and perhaps better."

Harry needed no other incentive to exertion, but one was added. A day or two later, he carried the quarter's rent to Mr. Delano, a dealer in books and stationery, who owned the small cottage tenanted by Mrs. Carter. He, too, had a son enrolled among the students of the academy.

"Well, Harry," said Mr. Delano, "Are you going to win the prize Doctor Folio has offered?"

"I am going to try, sir."

"My son tells me that you are one of the leading competitors." "I think I have a fair chance, sir," said Harry, modestly.

"Whom do you fear most?"

"Julian Holmes."

"So he is your rival. I hope it don't disturb your friendship?"

"Not in the least, sir. Julian is a splendid fellow, and if I can't win, I certainly hope he will."

"That is the right spirit, my boy. I am glad that you are so free from envy and jealousy. I know Julian, and that he is an excellent boy. Yet I hope you may win, because you need it more."

"Julian will do his best. His father has promised to buy him a handsome row-boat if he succeeds."

"And what extra inducements have you, Harry?"

"Nothing, sir, beyond the ten dollars. That sum will be very useful to mother. She will be very much pleased with my success, but she cannot offer me anything else."

"Of course not; but I can."

Harry looked at him with surprise. What did he mean?

"I feel very friendly to you and your mother. Your father was a schoolmate and friend of mine. Now for my proposal. If you win this prize, I will take you into my store at a salary of five dollars a week — that is, if you care to come."

Harry's eyes sparkled with pleasure. He felt as if a fortune had been promised him by his friend.

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Delano!" he said. "There is nothing I would like better. It would make us so comfortable."

"Then do your best to earn the place,

## "The Hobo's Hobby"



HOBO: "There's nothing like relaxing after supper by reading my favorite Alger book, Tony, The Tramp!"

(Editor's note: The above cartoon was created and drawn especially for Newsboy by Louis Bodnar, Jr., 1502 Laurel Ave., Chesapeake, Virginia 23325. I thank Louis very much for taking the time to draw and send this to me).

my boy."

"I shall do my best, sir; but I will ask one favor."

"What is it?"

"Do not let my mother hear of your kind offer."

"Why not?" asked the book-seller, looking puzzled.

"Because, sir, she will be so much more disappointed if I fail. And if I succeed, I should like to have the pleasure of informing her myself."

"You are very considerate. It shall

be as you say."

So it chanced that both Julian and Harry had every inducement to labor hard for the coveted prize.

Both began early, and, three days before the time when the essays were to be handed in, each had completed his task.

They were walking home from school, when Julian said:

"I have a proposal, Harry."

"What is it?"

"It is thought that the prize will

come to one of us."

"Yes."

"I would like to see yours. Suppose you step up to our house this evening. I have a room where we shall not be disturbed. We will read our essays aloud, and compare sides. Of course we will leave them unchanged, and send them as they are."

Harry accepted the invitation with alacrity. He was anxious to learn how good an essay Julian had written.

Ar eight o'clock that evening, Harry rung the bell, and was admitted by Julian himself, who ushered his visitor into his own pleasant little study. The two boys sat down, and Harry produced his essay.

"I propose that you read yours first," said Julian.

Harry did so. The essay was well conceived and well expressed, and did the young writer credit.

Yet Julian thought secretly that his own was a little superior.

"Your essay is excellent," he said, and said it honestly.

"Now for yours, Julian."

Julian read his essay. As he proceeded, Harry's face lengthened. He was not blinded by partiality for his own composition, and he could not help recognizing the superiority of his friend's.

As Julian concluded his reading, Harry said, sadly:

"You will get the prize."

"Don't be sure," said Julian, his face flushed nevertheless with pleasure at this confirmation of his own judgment. "Yours is a very good one."

"But not so good as yours."

Julian could not help noticing the sadness of Harry's voice, and his generous nature was touched.

"Harry," he said, "Will you promise not to be offended at what I propose?"

"You would propose nothing offensive to me, Julian."

"Then if I win, will you let me put the money into your hands, and content myself with the honor?"

"Your offer is a generous one, but .
I ought not to accept it."

"There is no good reason why you should not, Harry. The fact is, I do not care specially for the money. I should like the honor and the row-boat which my father will buy me, if I succeed."

"Nor do I care so much for the ten dollars, Julian. A good deal more depends on my success."

"How is that?"

"Mr. Delano will give me a place at five dollars a week if I succeed."

Julian whistled.

"Then I don't wonder you want to win," he said.

"It would be a great thing if I could get that place."

"Cheer up, Harry. You may win it, after all. I do not feel at all sure that I shall succeed."

"I do. But we will not think of it any more this evening. I brought over my books, and, if you like, we will get our morning's lesson together."

"I should like it."

At ten Harry went home.

"Mother," he said. "I have read Julian's essay, and I think it is even better than mine. I have given up all thoughts of winning the prize."

"My dear Harry, you are entirely too modest. Your essay is a beautiful one. I am sure you'll succeed."

Harry smiled. He knew his mother's partiality for him.

When Julian was a left alone, he looked very sober.

"It would be a great shame that Harry should lose his prize when so much depends upon it. Can I give it up? It will be very hard, but that is the only way in which I can help poor Harry."

There was a long struggle in Julian's mind. He had set his heart upon the row-boat, and he craved the distinction of reading his prize essay at the exhibition. But he had a generous heart, and selfishness was subdued. He deliberately dipped his pen deep in the ink and dropped a large blot on his neatly written essay.

"There," he said with a sigh, "That spoils my chances."

He replaced the manuscript in his desk, and went to bed.

Exhibition day came. It was the day when a public announcement would be made of the winner of the prize, and there was great excitement in the school.

What puzzled the other scholars was the sober countenances of the two leading competitors, and their very evident unwillingness to talk of the matter.

"They are afraid of each other," was the general verdict of the school. "Both are feeling anxious."

It was not till the close of the exercises that Doctor Folio proceeded to award the prize.

"Young gentlemen," he said, "Of the essays presented in competition for the prize which I offered some weeks since,

all are creditable. There are two which are manifestly superior to the rest. These are the two essays offered by Julian Holmes and Harry Carter. The former, is, on the whole, the better of the two, and would be entitled to the prize but for one fatal objection. It is disfigured by a blot, and this bars it out. I therefore adjudge the prize to Harry Carter, who will come forward and receive it."

During this speech Julian sat with downcast face, but at the close he returned Harry's benevolent look with such a friendly and cordial smile that no one would have suspected his disappointment.

Harry read his essay and was greeted with loud cheers.

When the exercises were over, his friends pressed forward with congratulations. One of the first was Julian.

"Harry, I congratulate you heartily on your success."

"Julian," said Harry, in a low voice.
"I think I understand it. You spoiled your essay to help me."

"Hush!" said Julian, "I have nothing to regret."

"I will tell Doctor Folio. You ought to have the credit."

"So I have. Did not he say mine was a little better? No, Harry, let matters stand just as they are."

"Were it not so important, I would not accept your sacrifice."

"You must not find an apology for my carelessness," at this moment better satisfied than if the prize was his.

"I will never forget your generous kindness, Julian."

And Harry pressed his hand warmly.

"What does this mean, Julian," asked

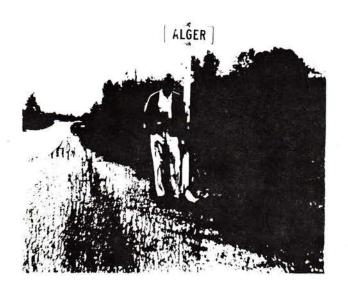
his father, angrily, when they reached home. "How could you be so inexcusably careless? You know how much I wished you to succeed."

"Let me explain, father. I don't think you will blame me after you have heard all."

Julian told his story briefly, acknowledging the hard struggle he had with himself before he could make up his mind to sacrifice his ambition on the altar of friendship.

"My dear boy," said the lawyer, his face radiant with pleasure, "I am far prouder of you than if you had won the prize. You have shown a noble heart, and you shall lose nothing by it. The row-boat shall be yours, and you shall have a better one even than I intended to give you."

So Julian obtained his boat and Harry his place, and they became warmer friends than ever. The rivalry which might have alienated less generous natures only riveted them more strongly together.



HAS member Jack Schorr sent me this picture of him holding an Alger book (barely seen) near the very small village of Alger, Oregon. Thanks, Jack!

HOW MUCH IS TOO MUCH?
by Jack Schorr

It always amazes me what a wide range of prices that Algers bring. Some prices are so unrealistic that a guy would have to be an idiot to pay them; others are so low that he would be an idiot not to.

I was in a secondhand store in the Northern section of Orange County a few months ago and noticed a bookcase full of old books. There was nothing among them I wanted, so in leaving I asked, "Do you have any Algers?" "Oh, yes!" the proprietor replied, and brought down a box off of the top shelf. Half of them were New York Book Company volumes with covers missing, and some were the cheap Winston red editions that were water damaged. He was asking \$12.00 apiece for the Winstons and \$5.00 for the coverless New York Book editions, and \$10.00 for the ones with covers. He said he had sold some too.

I asked him if he wouldn't mind telling me why these were high and the books in the bookcase which contained some nice old fiction were only \$2.00. He said, "Because they are Algers and everyone wants Algers." Well, you can't be angry with a guy like that. He just never saw any good ones.

In Sacramento a few months ago, I was in a good bookstore with a good variety of books. They didn't have much in juveniles - that wasn't their primary interest. However, on one of the six juvenile shelves they had five Algers, with two Lorings among them. I can't remember the titles, but condition was only fair to good, spines faded as are many fuchsia colored bindings, and these were priced at \$60.00 Right beside them were two Penn Publishing Company original editions and a Cupples and Leon Company Alger, and these were six dollars each. I looked twice to make sure and bought them, of course.

After I purchased them I asked how come the two other Algers were \$60.00.

She went back and looked and said that it was because they were Loring editions. I am surprised at how many people think only Loring published first editions of Algers. Oh, well!! That's what makes collecting interesting. If every dealer was a specialist in juveniles, we would pay top prices for any book, but if it's an interest down the line, that's a break for us.

In a farm journal publication that I frequently check out at the library was an ad under "Personal" reading, "Iola Methodist Church Library selling accumulated old adult and juvenile fiction which are unsuitable for shelf stock. Write for lists."

I purchased many books from them, some good ones too. I picked up some scarce Joseph C. Lincolns, a couple of Volland Sunny Stories, several fine Castlemans, two Burt deluxe Algers, and a couple of James Willard Schultz. I paid \$1.50 each, plus postage. How many ads do you find in a farm journal? Well, that's my second. The first was in reference to an attic sale in the "Personal" column, which included children's books. I put in a phone call and a very nice lady sold me by phone some Rover Boys. Robert Coverdale's Struggle by Alger, and some Fred Fentons. Paid a very nominal sum for them, too.

I know a well-to-do business man in New Mexico who does not have the inclination or time to look for his books and he is not in the proper location. He uses the services of a very fine and competent book service. He lays down very rigid criteria as to condition of his Algers and other books and if they meet that standard, price is no object. Needless to say, his collection is a thing of beauty and which cost him quite a bit. When I last corresponded with him, he was in the process of having slip covers made for his Lorings.

The wide difference in prices, where we find them, how we find them makes collecting an ongoing and interesting quest for those elusive first editions. And each passing year makes it more of a challenge as the source dwindles.

THE HORATIO ALGER, JR. REPRINTS IN THE NICKEL WEEKLY PUBLICATIONS by Stanley A. Pachon

(Editor's note: Stanley A. Pachon is one of the top Alger authorities in the country. Those of us in HAS who correspond with him know that he is a careful and meticulous researcher, and we respect him for his thorough knowledge of "Algeriana." The following article originally appeared in the March, 1966 issue of Newsboy, and is reprinted now as many Alger Society members have undoubtedly not read it).

Of the many reprints of Horatio Alger, Jr. stories, none are as colorful as those reissued in the "Nickel Novel" format, a type of reading material so popular with the youth of America between 1896 and 1915.

Brave and Bold Weekly, where first these Horatio Alger, Jr. reprints appeared in such a format, was a Street and Smith publication. The first issue appeared on December 27, 1902, and ran for 429 consecutive issues, ending on March 11, 1911. This weekly with colorful covers contained thirty-two pages of fine print and was eight by eleven inches in size. The 429 issues contained every type of imaginative story. From westerns to stories of the sea. Historical and success stories vied with tales of adventure in every corner of the world. Fourteen stories by Horatio Alger, Jr. appeared here and are as follows:

#39 The Cash Boy; Or, From Prison to Sept. 19, 1903

#45 Adrift in New York; Or, Dodger and Florence Braving the World Oct. 31, 1903

#54 Dean Dunham; Or, The Waterford
Mystery Jan. 2, 1904

#57 New York Bootblack Or, The Fortunes of a Jan. 23, 1904

#58 <u>The Erie Train Boy</u> Jan. 30, 1904

#59 Paul, The Peddler; Or, The Fortunes

of a Young Street Merchant Feb. 6, 1904

#60 The Five Hundred Dollar Check; Or,
Jacob Marlowe's Secret Feb. 13, 1904

#63 Phil, The Fiddler; Or, The Story of Musician March 5, 1904

#65 Slow and Sure; Or, From the Sidewalk to the Shop March 19, 1904

#68 The Young Acrobat; Or, The Great
North American Circus April 9, 1904

#88 Only an Irish Boy; Or, Andy Burke's Fortunes Aug. 27, 1904

#94 The Young Outlaw; Or, Adrift in the Streets Oct. 8, 1904

#100 Julius, The Street Boy; Or, A Waif's Rise from Poverty Nov. 19, 1904

#105 Ben Barclay's Courage; Or, The Fortunes of a Store Boy Dec. 24, 1904

Ralph D. Gardner in his bibliography

[Horatio Alger; Or, The American Hero
Era, Mendota, Ill.: Wayside Press,
1964] credits the two part supplement
in Comfort Magazine as the first edition of Adrift in New York. I do not
agree with him on this as all the evidence to date points to the Brave and
Bold printing as being the first edition
of this title.

The second and only other "Nickel Novel" publisher who reprinted Algers in this format was the Arthur Westbrook Company of Cleveland, Ohio. This was primarily a reprint firm although for a short while they did publish a number of original works. Seeing how steadily the books of Horatio Alger were selling, they decided to devote an entire library (or weekly) to his works. So on May 17, 1911 they launched their Boy's Home Weekly. This ran to forty numbers and ended on February 21, 1912. It was the standard size for this type of publication, containing thirty-two pages and being eight by eleven inches.

The Boy's Home Weekly did not have the colorful covers of the Street and Smith

publications or those published by Tousey, being black and white against a tan background. The publisher's blurb on the back cover of #17 of this weekly was as follows:

"The Boy's Home Weekly with its first issue, leaped into the foremost place among publications for boys and girls, because of its radical departure from all others which are now on the market. Each week a complete story by the most famous of all writers for boys and girls, Horatio Alger, Jr. is issued. More than fifty million copies of Mr. Alger's books have been sold and are still selling at the rate of two million copies per year, but they are bound in cloth and are expensive, thus preventing countless thousands of boys and girls from reading these most delightful, fascinating stories.

"The Arthur Westbrook Co. in line with its fixed policy of giving the public the best possible stories at the very lowest prices has arranged to print these stories with a paper cover in <a href="#">The Boy's Home Weekly</a>. The price of <a href="#">The Boy's Home Weekly</a> is only five cents."

As will be noted, the publisher gives some concrete figures concerning the output of Horatio Alger books in 1911. If the publisher's figures are any where near accurate, where all all those millions of Algers today? Although it was originally planned to devote the publication to Alger stories exclusively, this was not scrupulously adhered to as a few Oliver Optic and one George A. Henty stories were included towards the end of the publication.

#1 <u>Driven from Home; Or, Carl Craw-ford's Experience</u> May 17, 1911

#2 Jack's Ward; Or, The Boy Guardian May 24, 1911

#3 The Store Boy; Or, The Fortunes of May 31, 1911

#4 Sam's Chance and How He Improved It.

June 7, 1911

#5 Grit, the Young Boatman	of <u>Pine</u> June 14, 1911
#6 Shifting for Himself	June 21, 1911
#7 Facing the World	June 28, 1911
#8 Brave and Bold	July 5, 1911
	July 12, 1911
#10 Do and Dare	July 19, 1911
#11 The Cash Boy	July 26, 1911
#12 Hector's Inheritance	Aug. 2, 1911
#13 The Young Adventurer; Trip Across the Plains	Or, Tom's Aug. 9, 1911
#14 The Young Salesman	Aug. 16, 1911
#15 Tony the Tramp; Or, R. Might	<u>ight</u> <u>is</u> Aug. 23, 1911
#16 Adrift in New York	Aug. 30, 1911
#17 Paul, The Peddler; Or of a Young Street Merchant	Sept. 6, 1911
#18 Phil, The Fiddler; Or Ausician	The Story of 13, 1911
#19 Slow and Sure; Or, From to the Shop	om the Street Sept. 20, 1911
#20 Julius, The Street Boy	y; <u>Or, Out</u> Sept. 27, 1911
#21 <u>In a New World; Or, Ar</u> Fields of Australia	nong the Gold 1911
#22 Bound to Rise; Or, Up	the Oct. 11, 1911
#23 Risen from the Ranks; Walton's Success	Or, Harry 1911
#24 Herbert Carter's Legac Inventor's Son	oct. 25, 1911
#26 Struggling Upward	Nov. 8, 1911
#28 <u>Luke Walton; Or, The Onewsboy</u>	Chicago Nov. 22, 1911

#30	The Tin Box	Dec.	13,	1911
#32	Wait and Hope	Dec.	27,	1911
#34	Andy Gordon	Jan.	10,	1912
#36	Joe's Luck; Or, Alway	s <u>Wid</u>		
	The Young Outlaw; Or, Streets	Adri: Jan.	ft <u>ir</u> 31,	1912
#38 Strive and Succeed; Or, The Progress of Walter Conrad Feb. 7, 1912				
	Making His Way; Or, F			
	RANDOM REPORTS FROM by	ALGERI Jack l		š

The Newsboy should now be coming out again on schedule. I apologize for the delay in the publication of the convention issue. I am always on the move in the summer, and it's always hard to get the June-July issue completed.

As many of you know, I am a faculty member at Illinois College in Jackson-ville, and am a librarian in the college library. The academic dean dropped by a while ago and said that while he was talking to the person next to him on a plane several months ago, the man happened to mention that he was a member of the Horatio Alger Society. The dean, quite surprised, told him of me, and some time later PF-448, C. Addison Hickman from Carbondale, Illinois, dropped by the library for a visit.

For you Stratemeyer fans, I've found an article that may interest you. It's called, "Bless My Collar Button, If It Isn't Tom Swift, the World's Greatest Inventor," and Arthur Prager wrote it. Look for the article in the December, 1976 issue of American Heritage.

Herb Risteen sure has the luck. One month after he buys thirty-six Lee and Shepard Oliver Optic books from an elderly lady who had them in her trunk, he gets sixty-four more (an even hundred) from someone else.