

Monthly publication of the HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY,
a magazine devoted to the study of Horatio Alger, Jr.,
his life, works, and influence on the culture of America.

Newsboy



Horatio Alger, Jr.

1832 - 1899



Jack Bales, Editor
1214 W. College Ave.
Jacksonville, IL 62650

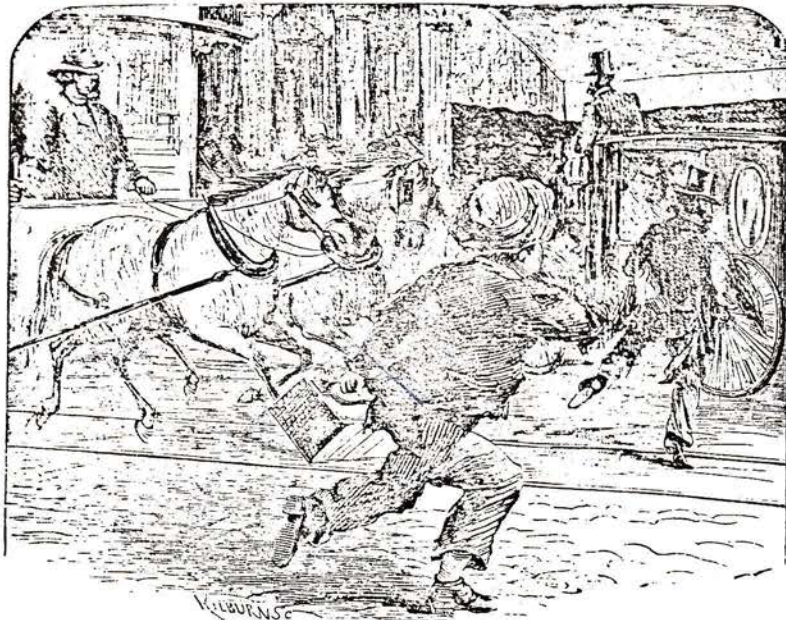
Founded 1961 by Forrest Campbell & Kenneth B. Butler

Volume XVI

May, 1978

Number 10

OUR
LITTLE NEWSBOY
AND
OTHER STORIES.



-see page 3

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, at 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: The HAS Convention — the "Jacksonville Jamboree" — will soon be here!! Don't forget the dates, Thursday, May 4 through Sunday, May 7, in Jacksonville, Illinois.

* * *

NEW MEMBERS REPORTED

PF-536 Susan E. Roberts
2934 West Bay Drive
P.O. Box 1168
Belleair Bluffs, Fla. 33540

PF-537 John R. Juvinall
820 N. County Line Rd.
Hinsdale, Ill. 60521

John enjoys collecting and reading Algers and also obtaining general information on the author. He owns 107 different Algers. John's other hobbies include amateur (ham) radio, photography, trains, and traveling. He learned of the Society through an article in the Chicago Tribune that appeared several years ago and also in the Encyclopedia of Associations.

PF-538 Zena Naiditch
5847 So. Blackstone
#1C
Chicago, Illinois 60637

Zena is a graduate student in political science at the University of Chicago. Her special interest in Alger centers on his "powerful impact on American society." Owner of 38 Algers, Zena also collects campaign and political movement buttons. She heard of HAS from a used bookstore owner and she spoke with Gil Westgard about joining.

PF-539 Christopher J. Novak
12517A Western Cape Dr.
Creve Coeur, Mo. 63141

Christopher is an IBM Systems engineer and is interested in Alger's descriptions of American lifestyles. His other hobbies include camping, stamp collecting, and computer programming. He has 20 Alger titles.

PF-540 Fred C. Fisher, Jr.
420 Paramount
Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52401

Fred is a lawyer and enjoys collecting biographical material on Horatio Alger.

PF-541 David A. Moulton
Apt. 621 - 2400 S. Glebe Road
Arlington, Virginia 22206

David is a librarian at Strayer College in Washington, D. C. He heard of HAS through booksellers and collectors and also in an adult education class at Brown University in Providence, Rhode Island. He collects boys' books and periodicals and participates in sports.

* * *

OUR LITTLE NEWSBOY

by Louisa M. Alcott

(Editor's note: The following is from the book, Our Little Newsboy and Other Stories, published in New York by T. Y. Crowell [no date]. It is from the collection of HAS member Paul Miller, and I thank him for lending it to me).

"In November, A. K. Loring moved from his old shop at 319 Washington Street and, by the New Year, settled in larger quarters at Washington and Bromfield, one of Boston's busiest corners. His climb as a publisher was meteoric. Horatio Alger emerged as his best-selling author, closely followed by Louisa May Alcott and several others."

—Ralph D. Gardner

Horatio Alger, Or the
American Hero Era

Mendota, Ill.: Wayside Press
1964, pp. 205-206.

Hurrying to catch a certain car, at a certain corner, late one stormy night, I was suddenly arrested by the sight of a queer-looking bundle lying in a doorway.

"Bless my heart, it's a child! O John! I'm afraid he's frozen!" I exclaimed to my brother, as we both bent over the bundle.

Such a little fellow as he was, in the big ragged coat; such a tired, baby face, under the fuzzy cap; such a purple, little hand, still holding fast a few papers; such a pathetic sight altogether, was the boy, lying on the

stone step, with the snow drifting over him,—that it was impossible to go by.

"He is asleep; but he'll freeze, if left so long. Here, wake up, my boy; and go home, as fast as you can," cried John, with a gentle shake, and a very gentle voice.

The moment he was touched, the boy tumbled up, and, before he was half awake, began his usual cry, with an eye to business.

"Paper, sir? 'Herald!—Transkip!—Last!—" a great gape swallowed up the "last edition;" and he stood blinking at us like a very chilly, young owl.

"I'll buy 'em all, if you'll go home, my little chap."

"All of 'em?—why, there's six!" croaked the boy, for he was as hoarse as a raven.

"Never mind, I can kindle the fire with 'em."

"Where do you live?" I asked, picking up the fifty cents that fell from the little fingers, too benumbed to hold it.

"Mills Court; out of Hanover."

"He can't go all that way in this storm, John."

"Of course, he can't; we'll put him in a car," began John; when the boy wheezed out,—

"No; I've got ter wait for Sam. He'll be along, as soon's the theatre's done. He said he would; and so I'm waitin'."

"Who is Sam?" I asked.

"He's the feller I lives with. I ain't got any folks, and he takes care o' me."

"Nice care, indeed," I said crossly.

"Hullo! the lights is out!" cried the boy. "Why the play's done, and the

folks gone; and Sam's forgot me."

It was very evident, that Sam had forgotten him, and a strong desire to shake Sam possessed me.

"No use waitin' any longer; and now my papers is sold, I ain't afraid to go home," said the boy.

"Stop a bit, my little Casabianca; a car will be along in fifteen minutes."

"My name's Jack Hill, not Cassy Banks, please, sir," said the little party, with dignity.

"Have you had your supper, Mr. Hill?" asked John, laughing.

"I had some peanuts, and two sucks of Joe's orange; but it warn't very fillin'," he said, gravely.

"I should think not. Here!—one stew; and be quick, please," cried John, as we sat down, in a warm corner of the confectioner's, opposite.

"There goes our car; and it's the last," said John, looking at me.

"Let it go, but don't leave the boy."

"Here is his car. Now, my lad, bolt your last oyster, and come on."

"Good-night, ma'am!—Thankee, sir!" croaked the grateful, little voice, as the child was caught up in John's strong hands, and set down on the car-step.

We didn't mind the storm much, as we plodded home; and when I told the story to Rosy-face, next day, his interest quite reconciled me to the sniffs and sneezes of a bad cold.

"If I saw that poor little boy, Aunt Weedy, I'd love him lots!" said Freddy, with a world of pity in his beautiful child's eyes.

* * *

The convention is almost here. See you in Jacksonville!!

NEWSBOY FORUM

119 N. Harper Ave.
Los Angeles, Ca. 90048
March 22, 1978

Dear Jack,

Here is another clipping that proves how copy editors of newspapers and magazines are aware of America's social and literary history, and realize the impact of the — stand up and salute! — name of our Horatio Alger, Jr. [Editor's note: See movie review of "Starhops" on page 5 of this issue of Newsboy].

And the other day one of the great stores of this city ran an ad advertising something new in women and men's wearing apparel: caps. And they called 'em the Newsboy Caps. And if I can find the paper—I hope it hasn't been tossed to the old-paper collectors—I'll send it to you. This is the kind of cap newsboys used to wear, is the implication, but since these sold for about \$12.50, I doubt that the guests at the Newsboys' Lodging House would have been able to afford one.

Keep the faith. More later,

Dave Soibelman

119 N. Harper Ave.
Los Angeles, Ca. 90048
March 23, 1978

Dear Jack,

The pile of newspapers awaiting the arrival of the collector was still intact when I went on the newsboy cap safari, and by examining a few dozen I found it, and here it is. I was wrong; the price wasn't \$12.50 as I guessed. It was \$13, as the ad proves. Now, who in Alger's day could pay that kind of money? Certainly not a newsboy, not even if his 6¢-a-bed-per-night were well budgeted. Ah, well.

Anyhow, here it is, and it might make a line or two or whatever in your next

issue of the Newsboy. And I do hope all is well with you, at work and in your personal life.

With very warm wishes
for your success,

Dave Soibelman

(Editor's note: Thanks, Dave, for your continued support. Your newsboy cap ad is on page 8 of this issue).

110 Atkinson Lane
Fairhope, Ala. 36532
April 3, 1978

Dear Mr. Editor:

I wish to compliment you for your choice of design of the Newsboy format these days, especially the last issue which includes our hero's signature, his correct birthdate, and span of life. Those who have been misinformed will surely accept our statement as correct. Also, I enjoy the illustrated, page one covers, which so plainly identify the era of which is the base of the stories our hero wrote. As our publication rounds out its sixteenth year, I feel confident that the Newsboy is in capable and loving hands. My best wishes for the future of Newsboy which I cherish and nurtured from its infancy.

Sincerely,

Forrest Campbell
Co-founder
Horatio Alger Society

(Editor's note: Your comments are always appreciated, Forrest, and I thank you for writing. I hope that the rest of the Alger Society members like the new cover design. It took quite a few months of experimentation, but I feel that the result is worth it. Kudos go to Carl Hartmann, Dick Bales, Gil Westgard, and Louis Bodnar for their valuable suggestions. I hope that the Newsboy will always stimulate its readers and that it will continue to contain valuable research information).

* * *

MOVIE REVIEW

'Starhops': Female Horatio Alger Tale

Los Angeles Times, March 10, 1978

"Starhops" (citywide) is a good-natured, fast and funny female Horatio Alger fantasy about three young women (two carhops and a French chef) who take over an ailing drive-in restaurant and make it an instant success.

Dorothy Buhrman, Sterling Frazier and Jillian Kesner maintain a clean and efficient but unorthodox operation. They wear abbreviated Wonder Woman-type outfits and serve hamburgers on roller skates.

The underlying theme of this youth-oriented exploitation film is unabashed ambition. The women will do anything to keep their restaurant going. Anything includes making love, picking pockets or delivering karate chops to anyone who stands in their way. They even surmount a villainous oil magnate (Al Hobson) who tries to destroy their business. Decidedly a sympathetic working-class orientation.

Director Barbara Peeters makes you care about these no-nonsense working women. Peeter's direction exudes energy and displays style and skill in the handling of actors and action.

Scenes involving food are done with less relish than those that show how sanitary the place is kept. The screenplay, credited to Dallas Meredith, decries industrial shenanigans, infantile power-hungry businessmen and discrimination. Auxilliary males are depicted as ornaments, boobs or disreputables. The sexual humor is sometimes heavy-handed and the cursory love scenes only advance action.

Spunky Sterling Frazier and pretty Jillian Kesner show good comic timing. Romantic interest is provided by Anthony Mannino as a rugged motorcyclist, Paul Ryan as the son of the women's nemesis and Peter Paul Liapis, who plays an architect.

"Starhops," MPAA-rated R, has salty language and some raucous humor.

—LINDA GROSS

* * *
14th Annual HAS Convention
"Jacksonville Jamboree"
Jacksonville, Ill.
May 4-7, 1978

Host - Jack Bales

This is the last issue of Newsboy before the convention, and I am pleased to report that last minute convention plans are going well (though I have to admit I'm getting a slight touch of cold feet as May approaches) and that I'm looking forward to meeting all conventioners.

Following is the convention agenda for the week:

Wednesday evening, May 3, 6:00 p.m.+
Dinner for early arrivals at my apartment, 1214 W. College Avenue.

Thursday evening, May 4, 6:00 p.m. - 9:00 p.m. Get together at Jack Bales' apartment. Hospitality Room will be open afterwards.

Friday morning, May 5, 9:00 a.m. - 12:00 noon. HAS business meeting at Holiday Inn. Afternoon and evening free for relaxing in Hospitality Room or browsing through antique and book stores or sightseeing in Springfield, Illinois.

Saturday morning, May 6, 9:00 a.m.+
Book sale at Holiday Inn. Open to the public. Afternoon - on your own. Evening - 5:00 - 6:00 p.m., cocktail hour in banquet room. 6:15 p.m.+
Annual Horatio Alger Society banquet.

Sunday morning, May 7, breakfast and farewells.

I will have convention packets for everyone when they come to Jacksonville. I hope to have the Hospitality Room open as long as possible, and both Gil Westgard and Bob Sawyer have promised to help me out in this. The convention souvenirs have arrived, and I'm really pleased with them. I'm not going to tell you what they are - just be prepared to receive a super memento of the "Jacksonville Jamboree."

The Hospitality Room is really two adjoining rooms - rooms 102 and 104. When you feel the need for company, just drop by - we'll be open - like I said before - for most of the convention.

I'm sending out convention publicity to over two dozen magazines, newspapers, and television stations. I hope it all pays off.

Remember to bring your Newsboy maps with you to the convention. With them you'll be able to travel all over the area and not get lost. I'll have others in your convention folders, but the Newsboy ones ARE important to you.

Holiday Inn Assistant Manager Joe Cotter tells me that the motel registration cards are coming in frequently. Remember to register before you arrive.

As I stated in the last issue of Newsboy, Brower Airways flies to Jacksonville from both St. Louis and Chicago. It operates from Butler Aviation located at Chicago O'Hare Airport just north of the International Terminal. A Courtesy Bus is available with free passenger transportation to connecting flights. The brochure that I have says that if you need assistance call (312) 686-7000. To make reservations call 800-252-6751.

Brower Airways operates in St. Louis at the Lambert Terminal from the Commuter Counter. Use the lower level in the main terminal and passengers board from Gate #24 in the red concourse. If you need assistance call (314) 423-3414. To make reservations call 1-800-637-6494.

To make inquiries, call in Jacksonville Thrift Travel Service - (217) 243-3302.

On page six of the last Newsboy there is a list of the people who will be attending the convention. Add to that Zena Naiditch, Harriet Stratemeyer Adams, Nancy Axelrad, Glenn and Lorraine Corcoran, and Dick Bowerman.

Some great new auction items have come in, and I'm pleased to report that members are responding to our request for donations. Harriet S. Adams and Nancy Axelrad are bringing: a copy of Best Stories for Boys and Girls - a publication that includes chapters from various Stratemeyer books; a letter from the Chicago Ledger to Edward Stratemeyer dated December 24, 1895; a letter from M. A. Donohue and Co. to Edward Stratemeyer dated June 9, 1902; a letter from O. A. Cheney to Edward Stratemeyer dated November 11, 1901.

Glenn and Lorraine Corcoran are bringing a Rookwood vase, Morris Olsen sent me a beautiful bound volume of Student

and Schoolmate. It's the 1867 volume and contains the complete serializa-
tion of Ragged Dick!! This should be quite a popular item.

Louis Bodnar sent one of his original cartoons for the auction. He auto-graphed it on the reverse as follows: "This cartoon was drawn especially for the Horatio Alger Society Convention Auction, held during the 'Jacksonville Jamboree,' May 4-7, 1978. Louis Bodnar, Jr."

Jack Barker writes: "It may not be possible to attend the HAS Convention this year so I am enclosing an oddity which may be suitable for the auction. As you will note, Alger gets credit in Vol. 1, #25 of The Boy's Home Weekly for William Adams' 'The Boat Club.'"

Florence Ogilvie Schnell won't be able to attend the convention this year as she will be traveling through the Orient, visiting Japan, Singapore, Thailand, and other places. She did, however, send me some items for the auction. They include a gold plate obtained from Russia, a towel from Milan, Italy, and a pair of antique silver ice tongs.

I thank all donors for thinking of HAS, and I really hope that the auction will be a success!!

A couple more things - as I stated before, I live at 1214 W. College Ave. The apartment is in a huge white house with 1212 on the front. My place is on the left side of the building, and I have my own front and back doors. Please park in the street.

The follow-up convention Newsboy will be the August issue, not the June-July one (which I'll edit the middle of May). Pictures will take a while to develop and I don't want to delay the summer issue. Besides, I'm going to be out of town for part of the summer. I'm due back in Jacksonville at work on July 31. During June and July direct all mail to 440 Palace St., Aurora, Illinois 60506.

A FIRST TRIP TO NEW YORK CITY
by Jack Bales

Ben did not know much about New York, even by report. But he had heard of Broadway,—as who has not?— and this was about all he did know. When, therefore, he had gone a short distance, he ventured to ask a boot-black, whom he encountered at the corner of the next block, "Can you tell me the shortest way to Broadway?"

"Follow your nose, Johnny," was the reply.

"My name isn't Johnny," replied Ben, rather indignant at the familiarity. . . .

"Ain't it though?" returned the boot-black. "What's the price of turnips out where you live?"

—Horatio Alger, Jr.
Ben, The Luggage Boy
Chapter I

I recently flew to New York City to do some Alger work. HAS President Jerry Friedland offered me his home for my four day stay, and from beginning to end it was a memorable visit.

I arrived at LaGuardia Airport on Tuesday afternoon, March 28th. After a bus trip to the East End Terminal, I got to Jerry's law office in Manhattan. It was my first visit to the "Big Apple," and I'm sure I felt like "Ben, the Luggage Boy" when he first came to the city.

Jerry was a great host! He has a beautiful home in Monsey, N. Y., and I had the opportunity of looking through his numerous first editions. We had many lengthy conversations throughout my stay, and he and his wife Elaine's hospitality was always appreciated. (One of Jerry's boyhood friends is the now somewhat famous "Tiny Tim," and we visited the performer one evening).

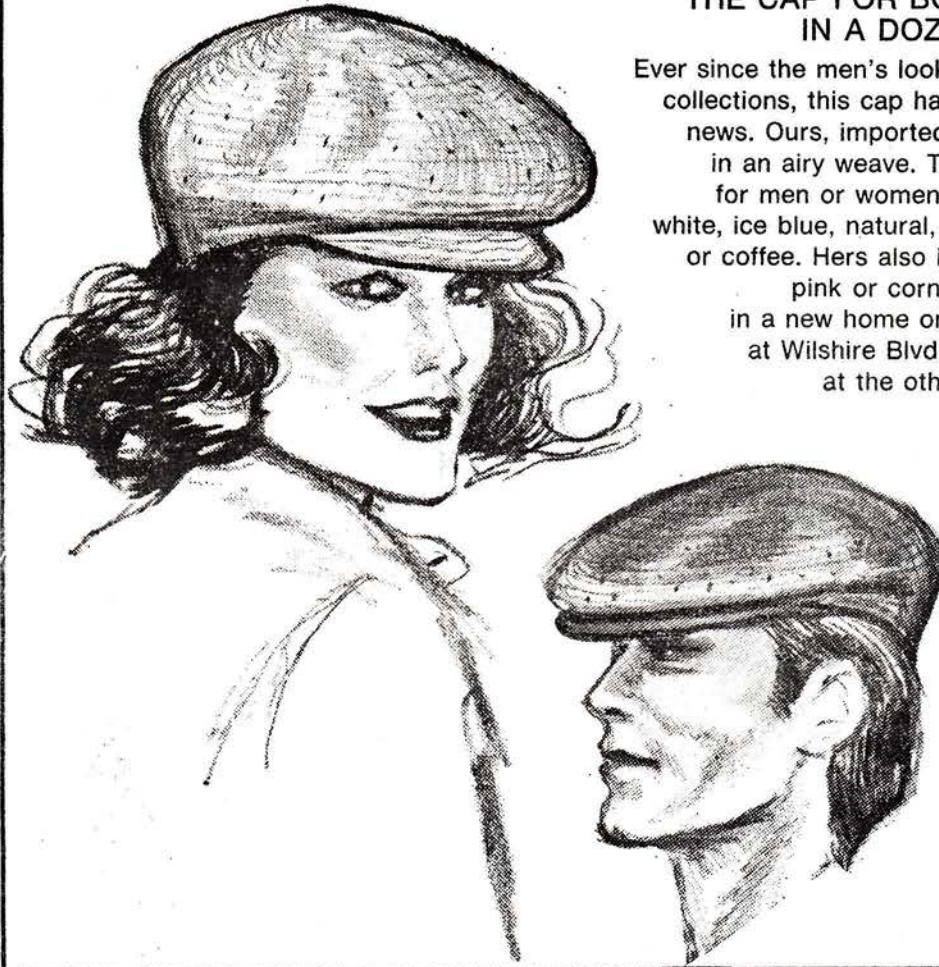
I had the chance of talking with other HAS members while I was in the

Los Angeles Times, March 17, 1978

**THE NEWSWORTHY NEWSBOY,
THE CAP FOR BOTH OF YOU
IN A DOZEN COLORS**

Ever since the men's look hit the French collections, this cap has made fashion news. Ours, imported from England, in an airy weave. Two styles. Both for men or women. Both in black, white, ice blue, natural, red, grey, navy or coffee. Hers also in linen, manila, pink or corn, \$13. Millinery, in a new home on the third floor at Wilshire Blvd.; also available at the other 3 BW stores

**BULLOCK'S
WILSHIRE**



city. I spent Wednesday morning talking with Herbert R. Mayes, and we spent a great deal of time discussing Alger's life. That afternoon was spent talking with longtime friend Ralph D. Gardner. Ralph was very helpful in giving me sources that could help me in my work.

The next day Jerry and I had lunch with Helen Gray and Linda Neglia of the Horatio Alger Awards. Helen and Linda were both at Dick Seddon's convention last year. Unfortunately, they can't make it to Jacksonville this May. I passed the entire afternoon with Helen and Linda, and we talked on a variety of subjects.

By this time I had become quite familiar with the streets of New York - was even beginning to feel like a "native New Yorker." I managed to

pass some time at the New York Public Library the next day. The huge building on 42nd Street and 5th Avenue is an imposing structure; quite different from the library in which I work!

I managed to get in a little sight-seeing. I saw St. Patrick's Cathedral (a gorgeous building), bought some items in Macy's (right across the street from Jerry's law office), and walked through Central Park with Ralph on a beautiful spring afternoon.

I flew back home on Friday afternoon. It was a great trip, and I hope to go back, as there is a large amount of research that I have to do in the city. New York is a huge and bustling metropolis, and it is no wonder that Alger loved to write about it so much in his over one hundred stories.

FROM THE EDITOR'S FILES

by Jack Bales

Now that I've finally cataloged all my Alger research articles and have organized them in a four drawer filing cabinet, I thought I would share some of the more interesting pieces with HAS members.

The first is "'Over the Waters,'" which originally appeared in the June, 1873 issue of Young Israel. Ralph Gardner mentions this article on page 372 of his biography as he states that "'Caroline F. Preston' was being used as a pen-name by both Alger and his sister!"

"OVER THE WATERS"

"Among the many of our good citizens who will this Summer seek recreation and pleasure abroad will be found a trio of YOUNG ISRAEL's able and much admired contributors—Mr. HORATIO ALGER, JR., Miss O. AUGUSTA CHENEY, and Miss CAROLINE F. PRESTON. They will make the tour of Italy, Switzerland and Austria, and have promised to furnish pen portraits of all they find novel for the edification of our readers. Doubtless their letters from Vienna, with glances at the World's Exhibition, will furnish much of interest.

"We know our readers will all join with us in wishing them each a pleasant voyage and safe return in October."

As most Society members know, Olive Augusta Cheney was Alger's sister. Note that Harriet S. Adams and Nancy Axelrad are donating a letter from Cheney to Stratemeyer to the Alger auction. (See page six of this issue).

The following book review is from the June 11, 1870 issue of The Christian Union:

"Ben, the Luggage Boy. By HORATIO ALGER, JR. Boston: Loring. 1870.

"Sketches of life among the news-boys and boot-blacks of New York. The book

has some spirit and fidelity to nature, but far too many words in proportion to the matter. JACOB ABBOTT, for whose stories we confess to a considerable affection in remembrance, introduced a style of writing for children which was never really strong, and which in its degeneracy has produced a vast multitude of books like the present. The omniverous appetite of a child devours them readily enough, but the amount of nutriment to heart or mind is but small."

Jacob Abbott is probably best remembered for his "Rollo Books," which commenced in 1837 and which outlined a scheme for learning and entertainment. They were full of useful knowledge and guidance in practical living. For example, there was Rollo Learning to Talk, Rollo Learning to Read, and others. Abbott's best work was to be found in his "Franconia Stories" (1850-3), which related the life of young people in a primitive American community. He also wrote illustrated histories about Cyrus the Great and other leaders of the ancient world. In all, Jacob Abbott wrote over 180 books.

What probably endeared readers to the Rollo books was the author's method of instruction. In following Rollo's travels about the world with his all-knowing Uncle George, the student could learn about science, geography, etc.

* * *

Bibliophiles - Nostalgia Buffs - Collectors

Ever wanted to collect Horatio Alger Jr., but didn't know how many there are, or approximate value, or which ones are rare, etc.?

JOIN THE HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY

\$10.00 per year brings you membership, title list, monthly newsletter, annual convention and association with 200 Alger collectors.

FOR DETAILS WRITE

**Richard R. Seddon, 4 Edgewater Place,
Winchester, Mass. 01890**

In order to increase HAS membership, ads like the one above are being placed in various book and antique magazines and newspapers.

THE CHILDREN THAT WENT WEST

(Editor's note: On March 5, 1978, HAS member Percy H. Seamans wrote: "In the September, 1856 issue of the Wisconsin Farmer and Northwestern Cultivator I found this interesting article entitled 'The Children That Went West.' The first portion is quoted from the New York Herald. The second part is by the editor of the magazine. As this is about the time that Alger's 'Julius, the Street Boy' went West [to Wisconsin] I thought that this was of interest." The article is as follows:)

About three weeks ago a company of poor street children started for the West under the auspices of the Children's Aid Society. Their destination was Racine, Wisconsin, and in that place and vicinity they have been provided with the best of homes. On the cars and steamboats and wherever they stopped, they attracted much attention and found many friends.

At Oswego, clergymen and others met them at the depot, and invited them to their homes for refreshments. They afterwards assembled in one of the churches, and Messers Macy and Tracy [Editor's note: Christian Tracy was the first superintendent of the Newsboy's Lodging House], who had the children in charge, entertained a considerable audience until the time of departure, receiving as they left a handsome donation of money.

The liberal hospitality of the people of Racine deserves a particular acknowledgement. When the party arrived there, they found all their wants had been anticipated and a committee of ladies, through whose efforts a large house was in readiness for their occupation, carpeted and amply supplied with beds and provisions. Everyone seemed interested in the welfare of the New York Children. Clergymen addressed the people in their behalf; children called to see them to invite them to the Sunday Schools. In a very short time they were all distributed to good families, and there were many applicants for a boy or girl that

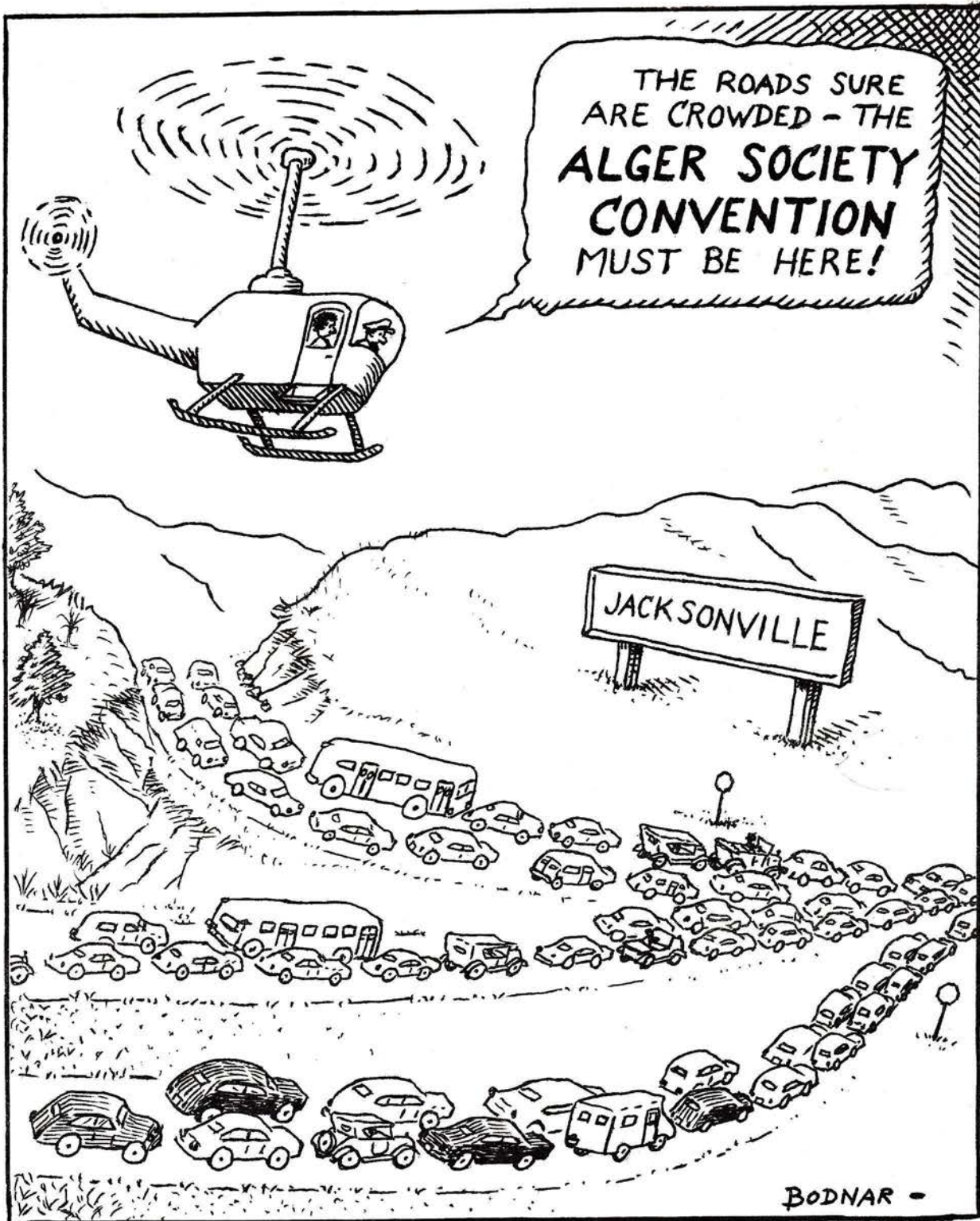
could not be supplied. (New York Herald)

That is all right. New York has multitudes of poor, and often worse than orphan children, swarming in her streets, and starving and freezing for want of the barest comfort of life. Nobody will own them and few will care for them. When they enter a store, or office or hotel, they are hustled out as roughly as many pigs. We have often seen it, and our humanity has been moved by the sight.

Transplanted to the great and FREE West, the whole scene is changed. New York is relieved of the burden. Instead of staying there and becoming a crop of thieves and prostitutes, they are adopted into quiet and industrious families, sent to school and taught to work, and well clothed and fed. A few years pass away and they are the young men and women upon whom the active stage of life - as likely to be Governors or Congressmen, or their wives, as those born upon the soil, with a silver spoon in their mouths.

We repeat, it is all right. Every healthy child of ten years old, that is sent to this State, is worth at least \$500 to the State, for the reason that it cost this sum to raise him or her to that age. From that time he will be able to earn a living, and in a short time earn a surplus to enrich the state.

We should think a city as Doughfacey as New York, and as deeply involved in the Slave trade, would send such children South, and sell them for a fair value. They are not better, and many of them no whiter, than thousands who are annually sent from Virginia to a Southern market. If Slavery is such a Humane and divine institution we don't see what there would be wrong in it. They are worth at least \$500 each to Wisconsin, and we hope they will be brought here at the rate of a thousand a year, until every childless household has at least one to take the place of a lap dog, or kitten. Send them on. EDITORS.



The above cartoon was drawn by Horatio Alger Society member Louis Bodnar, Jr.

HENRY TRAFTON'S INDEPENDENCE

by Horatio Alger, Jr.

(Editor's note: The following Alger short story is from the collection of Evelyn Grebel, former HAS Vice-President. It originally appeared in the April 28, 1860 issue of Gleason's Literary Companion and an 1880 issue of Home Circle).

James Trafton had never been a successful man. He had worked hard all the days of his life, but had never seen the time when he could say that he had one hundred dollars ahead. When he died—his wife had died three years before—his three children were left to shift for themselves.

These children were all young. The oldest—Henry—was a boy of fourteen. Alice and George were respectively eleven and seven. Attached to the hired house in which they lived was an acre of moderately good land. The house itself was small, containing only four rooms, and the furniture was of the plainest kind. The furniture, with a few dollars in cash, was all that the orphans had to begin the world with—an inconsiderable inheritance, certainly.

The morning after the funeral, as the children were sitting at their humble meal, the sound of wheels was heard, and a moment afterwards a tall, sour-looking man entered the room, without the preliminary ceremony of knocking.

"Good morning, Mr. Graves," said Henry.

"Morning," said the stranger, shortly. "Well, I've come after your brother and sister, and you're to come with me too."

"What do you mean?" asked Henry, surprised. "This is the first time I have heard of any such plan. Where do you propose to carry us?"

"Where do you expect? Your brother and sister are going to the poor-house, and you're to work for me for your

victuals and clothes. That is, as you won't earn so much the first year, your furniture is to be thrown in to make it right."

By this time Henry's cheeks were flushed with indignation, not only at the proposition, but at the coarseness with which it was conveyed.

"Mr. Graves," said he, "you will find yourself mistaken. I don't intend to work for you, nor shall my brother and sister go to the poorhouse."

"They shan't hey?" sneered Mr. Graves, in surprise and anger. "Perhaps you're going to support 'em yourself."

"That is what I shall try to do."

"Well, you needn't expect the town will help you unless you go to the poorhouse."

"I don't expect the town to help me. I'm strong of my age, and I guess I can earn the little we shall need. I don't know of any law that will make us paupers, whether we want to be or not."

"Oh, you can do just as you please, but I reckon you'll be glad enough to ask help of the town before six months are out."

"Not if I have health. Good morning, Mr. Graves."

"Well, he's a little upstart. Pride and poverty always go together, they say. I should have liked to have had him work for me, because I could have got more than the money's worth out of him. But I reckon he'll have to come to it at last."

Henry Trafton was a boy of spirit and energy—very different from his father in these respects—and he had that proper pride which made bitterly repugnant to him the thought of his young brother and sister becoming dependent upon the town for support. He felt considerable confidence in himself, and in the Providence which watches over

all, however humble and obscure, and he was not disposed to give up without a stout struggle.

Immediately after breakfast Henry went to call on Squire Castleton, of whom his father had hired the house. The squire had an excellent disposition and received Henry kindly.

"I called to inquire how much rent father used to pay you for our place."

"Fifteen dollars a quarter," said the squire. "I suppose you wish to give it up."

"No," said Henry, hesitating. "I thought if you were willing I should like to keep it."

"Indeed! I thought that—at least Mr. Graves told me—"

"I suppose he told you that I was going to work for him, and my borther and sister were going to the poorhouse," said Henry, coloring.

"Why, yes, I believe he did say that."

"I did not hear of it till this morning; but, Squire Castleton, I can't bear the idea of any of the family coming on the town, and I thought if you would still let us the place, I might, with what I could get off the land and what work I could get to do, be able to keep the family together. We shouldn't expect to live very extravagantly, but it would be so much pleasanter if we could still be together."

"Give me your hand, my boy," said the squire, warmly. "Your resolution is a manly and noble one, and you shall not want my encouragement."

"Then we may still have the house?"

"Yes, and at a reduced rent. I guess it won't be any loss to me in the end if I let you have it at ten dollars a quarter instead of fifteen."

"But indeed, Squire Castleton, you are

too kind. I shan't feel as if I was really depending on myself."

"No scruples, Henry. Don't you see that it is for my interest to have you stay. If you left I might be without a tenant for six months or a year, or else get one that abuses the house and perhaps neglects to pay the rent. Besides, if you get on well this year, I may increase next."

Henry's sensitive pride was appeased by this representation of the kind-hearted Squire, and he thanked him earnestly.

"And hark you, my boy," continued Squire Castleton, "you'll want all your money till you get well underway, so you can wait and pay me the rent all in a lump at the end of the year. No thanks—it will be just as convenient to me. How soon do you propose to plant your land?"

"I suppose it is about time now. I thought I would try to hire a man to come and plough it within a day or two."

"As to that," said the squire, "my oxen are not in use this forenoon, I will send them right over with my man Mike, and they can have it done by dinner."

"I shall be very glad to make that arrangement, and will pay you whatever the regular price is."

"Oh, that's a trifle. I shan't make any account of it. But I'll tell you what you can do. You can get your seed of me. I have got some capital potatoes—an excellent kind—which I can recommend."

"But you must certainly let me pay for those, Squire Castleton."

Feeling that Henry would really feel more at ease if he permitted this, the squire proposed that he should pay in work, which Henry gladly agreed to do.

"I've got half a dozen cords of wood that I want sawed and split," said the

squire. "There's no hurry about it, though. It will do when you have done planting. I will deduct the price of what seed I supply you out of your wages."

When Henry left Squire Castleton's house, it would be hard to tell which was the better pleased, he or the squire. The latter felt a warm glow at his heart, such as a good action always brings with it, while the former rejoiced in the bright prospect of independence which he saw before him.

Henry had hardly gone when Mr. Graves, who, by the way, was overseer of the poor, came to see Squire Castleton. He had come with the benevolent purpose of urging the squire to turn the cold shoulder upon our hero, and decline to let him the house in which he now lived.

"Good morning, squire," said the overseer.

"Good morning," returned the squire, rather stiffly, for he had never felt particularly friendly towards a man who was notorious for his meanness.

"I've just been over to see the Trafton children," said Mr. Graves.

"Have you?" said the squire.

"Yes, squire, and what do you think? They've set their backs up—at least Henry has—that they won't go to the poorhouse."

"Have they, indeed?"

"Yes, ain't it ridikilus? Of course they can't expect to live where they do now."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Graves. They propose to do so."

"What! You ain't going to let them stay, are you?"

"I have agreed to do so."

"Well, I can tell you one thing,

Squire Castleton—I wouldn't give you ten dollars for all the rent you're likely to get out of them."

"I conceive," said the squire, coldly, "that this is a matter which concerns me only. I feel under no apprehensions on that score. Henry Trafton is a fine, manly boy, and I have the utmost confidence in him."

Mr. Graves left the squire a little discomfited, muttering to himself, "Well, it ain't none of my business, I s'pose; but I reckon the squire'll find by this time next year that I ain't quite so far wrong."

Indeed, had all looked upon Henry with the same disfavor as Mr. Graves, the latter's prophecy would very probably have been verified. But, for the credit of human nature be it said, the boy's spirit made him friends.

By way of illustration, let me mention that Mr. Burbank, of the firm of Burbank & Co., who kept the village store, offered to give Henry six months' credit on such articles as he might need from the store—the favor being the greater that the business was conducted on the cash system. Henry thanked him, and said that he preferred to pay cash when he had it, but might like a temporary accommodation now and then.

It took Henry about a week to get his land planted. At the end of that time he entered upon the job which he had engaged of Squire Castleton. At the end of this time he received an offer from a shoemaker to work during the spare time he had in his shop, while at the same time work at binding shoes was offered to his sister Alice.

But Henry was not willing that either Alice or George should give up school for the sake of work. He felt that this would be but a poor investment of time. Accordingly it was only during their leisure hours that they were called upon to do their part towards the family support.

Fortunately, Alice knew how to cook, having been accustomed to do all the family cooking before her father's death, and she still continued to do it. The family was so small that it did not require her to work beyond her strength, or fill up a large part of her time.

Fortunately, the harvest was excellent, and Henry, after selling off one-half of his vegetables, had enough left to last their small family through the year.

At the end of the first year, to his great satisfaction he found that he had enough to pay the rent and some over. Certainly he had reason to congratulate himself on the success of his attempt to keep the family together. True they had not lived luxuriously, but they had lived comfortably, and above all, they had retained their independence and their self-respect.

Three years passed, and Henry was now seventeen years old. What was his surprise when Squire Castleton came to him and proposed to him to cultivate his (the squire's) farm at the halves.

"What!" exclaimed Henry, in surprise. "Would you trust me, who am so young, with so important a trust?"

"You are but seventeen, I know, Henry," was the reply, "but I have watched you closely for the last three years, and I have found in you qualities which I consider far more valuable than mere experience. I may tell you in confidence that the position which I offer you has been sought by Mr. Graves, whose petition I declined without a moment's hesitation."

"My dear sir," said Henry, "I accept your proposal with grateful thanks, and I will endeavor to so exert myself that you shall not repent it."

When it came out that Henry Trafton had taken the squire's large farm at the halves, everybody was astonished, and none more so than Mr. Graves. He loudly asserted that the squire had

acted like a "natural born fool," and that he would find it out at the end of the first year. But five years have passed, and Henry's engagement still continues. I am inclined to think there is no chance of its speedy termination, as Henry is engaged to the squire's pretty daughter, who will soon become his wife.

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RANDOM REPORTS FROM ALGERLAND
by Jack Bales

Christopher J. Novak, 12517A Western Cape Drive, Creve Coeur, Missouri 63141 writes: "I am a beginning collector of Alger books, interested in them for reading. If you have extra copies of them that are suitable for reading but not in very good condition, please let me know."

Harry R. Smith has over 400 Alger books for sale. Send \$1.00 for list which will be credited on order. His address is in care of the R & R Book Exchange, 615 1st Street N. E., Hampton, Iowa 50441.

Steve Press of Davida Lane, Poughquag, N. Y. 12570 has the following books for sale: Grand'ther Baldwin's Thanksgiving, first edition, good condition, \$85.00 or best offer; run of ten Gleason's Monthly Companion Magazines, September, 1874 through June, 1875. Good condition, contains three Alger stories and seven by his sister, writing under the pseudonym, Caroline F. Preston. \$75.00 or best offer. And also, Steve has for sale a run (1859-1863) of Beadle's Dime Song Book, numbers 1 - 12. Fair condition, \$35.00 or best offer.

Phil Atkins reports that the restoration of the 106 year old Calvert Hotel which he owns in Calvert, Texas is almost finished. Each room is furnished with period items. For example, there are five original Queen Anne chairs dating back to 1714 in the lobby. Other pieces in the hotel are for sale, thus, the interior is often changed. Guests can now register at a 107 year old desk with an old ceiling fan overhead.



This last (unfortunately!) cartoon promoting the "Jacksonville Jamboree" was drawn especially for Newsboy by HAS member Louis Bodnar, Jr., PF-490, 1502 Laurel Ave., Chesapeake, Virginia 23325. Thanks, Louis!! Hope we see more of your work!