

Newsboy

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



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.

Horatio Alger, Jr.

1832 - 1899



Founded 1961 by Forrest Campbell & Kenneth B. Butler

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Number 3



An old postcard showing a street corner with which many of Horatio Alger's heroes were familiar.

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 "Cleveland Connection" — will soon be here!! Don't forget the dates, Thursday, May 10 through Saturday, May 12, 1979, in Cleveland, Ohio.

* * *

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

PF-127 Bill Murrell
4321 W. Lawther Dr.
Dallas, Texas 75214

PF-348 Keith Barnes
732 32nd St. SW
Wyoming, Mich. 49504

PF-461 Brad Alexander
P.O. Box 622
Clarkson, N. Y. 14430
* * *

NEW MEMBERS REPORTED

PF-553 Robert E. Russell
2748 N.E. Tillamook
Portland, Oregon 97214

Robert is a retired employee of the Pacific Northwest Bell Telephone Company. He owns sixty Algers and is interested in restoring and refinishing antique furniture.

PF-554 Robert A. Reynolds
106 So. 8th Street
Brawley, Calif. 92227

Robert is a self employed agricultural chemist. Besides collecting Alger books, he is interested in juvenile books from 1700-1920, English first editions, rare early western Americana, and books about the early radio industry. He owns forty-seven Alger titles.

PF-555 Peter J. Eckel
1335 Grant Ave.
South Plainfield, N. J. 07080

Peter is a cinematographer and collects pictures of newsboys. The December 12, 1977 issue of The New York Times had an article on an exhibition of Eckel's work which was in the World Trade Center.

PF-556 Gus Mayer
P.O. Box 30331
Dallas, Texas 75230

Gus has about 450 Alger titles that he has collected over twenty years. He also buys antiques.

PF-557 Robert David Eastlack
Box 71
Klingerstown, Penn. 17941

Robert is a Lutheran clergyman and parish pastor. Owner of seventy-two Algiers, he is also interested in golf, hunting, coin and stamp collecting, and Lutheran hymnals.

PF-558 Mori Spinner
P.O. Box 24538 Village Station
Los Angeles, Calif. 90024

Mori is a college instructor and collects books by G. A. Henty.

* * *
B O O K M A R T

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

Dick Seddon has the following duplicate Alger firsts: Charlie Codman's Cruise (Loring, gold faded and spine frayed); Rough and Ready (Loring, average condition); Wait and Hope (Loring, spine faded, frontispiece missing); From Farm to Fortune (Stitt, Good condition but soiled). He will trade any two of these for any one first that he needs, which are: The Young Boatman; The Young Adventurer; The Train Boy; Tony, The Hero; Sam's Chance; and Randy of the River.

There are several other Algiers which Dick needs. Write him if you have any firsts you wish to sell or trade. His address is 4 Edgewater Place, Winchester, Mass. 01890.

H. Gary Newton, 915 Hay St., Fayetteville, N. C. 28305 has several Alger titles that he wants to trade. List is available - all are reprints.

Offered by Bill McCord, Box 835, Wurtsboro, N. Y. 12790 (Phone 914-888-2223)

Slow and Sure	Mershon	F	\$5.00
Ben's Nugget	Coates	G	4.50
Young Salesman	Mershon	Vg	4.50
- Tom, the Bootblack	Burt	Vg	4.00

Ralph Raymond's Heir	Mershon	Vg	\$4.00
Do and Dare	Hurst	Vg	4.00
- Adrift in New York	Burt	G	3.75
Brave and Bold	Winston	Vg	3.50
Grit	Hurst	Vg	3.25
- In a New World	Burt	G	3.50
Jack's Ward	Hurst	G	3.25
- Only an Irish Boy	Burt	G	3.00
<u>Out for Business</u>	G&D	G	3.25
- Paul, the Peddler	Burt	G	3.00
Risen from the Ranks	Wanamaker	Vg	3.50
	*	*	*

THE STORY OF HORATIO ALGER
by Medford Evans

17.25
3.25

(Editor's note: Following is the second half of Evans' article, the first part appearing in the June-July issue of Newsboy. It is reprinted from the November, 1977 issue of American Opinion, and appears here through permission of the publisher).

Ah but at the outset of these reflections we referred to a mystery. If you remember the reference, you may think the mystery is what is the mystery. It does not concern Alger's works; it concerns his life. There has been a revolution in such scholarship as exists regarding this most influential author of the late nineteenth century in the U.S. - a revolution and a scandal - a scandal of scholarship and a scandal of business, at least the journalistic business. Involved also is a putative scandal of personal conduct on the part of Alger himself, but that is problematic. The scandal of his biographers - the main ones - is obtrusively patent.

The Britannica (1968 edition) is as good a place as any to begin an account of the scandal. The article on Alger is credited to Kenneth Schuyler Lynn, Professor of English at Harvard, and to the encyclopedia's editors. They tell us that Alger "was the son of an extremely conservative Unitarian minister, who personally undertook the supervision of his son's early life and saturated it with prayer, study, and discipline:" The narrative continues:

"By the age of nine, 'Holy Horatio,' as he came to be known, was reading

HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY 15TH ANNUAL MEETING



Plato and early showed an interest in writing . . . at Harvard he distinguished himself in the Classics and in French.

"Alger attempted to earn his living after graduation from Harvard in 1852 as a private tutor and as a newspaperman. He eventually gave in to his father's pressure in 1860, but instead of entering the ministry as his father wished, he took an unexpected inheritance and went to London and Paris where he spent a year living the life of a bohemian."

Here we are already involved in scandal - not the scandal of a divinity

student's leading a bohemian life in Paris, but the scandal of an encyclopedia's saying he did — on what basis, we shall see. In any case, it appears that Alger did go to Europe, arriving back in the U.S. in the spring of 1861, just as the Civil War was beginning. It seems certain, too, that he volunteered for military duty in the Union forces, was rejected on physical grounds, and by the end of 1864 had accepted an appointment as pastor of the Unitarian Church at Brewster, Massachusetts, on Cape Cod. In 1866 he left Brewster (under what circumstances we shall inquire shortly) and moved to New York, determined to write. In

SHERATON HOPKINS AIRPORT HOTEL

CLEVELAND HOPKINS AIRPORT

MAY 10, 11, 12, 1979



1868 he hit the jackpot with Ragged Dick, and for the next thirty years proceeded to author book after book, with adequate proceeds, though it is said that he died with an unsatisfied longing to produce a mature work of conventionally serious literature.

Alger experienced a far more poignant frustration than that, however, to hear the Britannica tell it. (Where did they get the story? Don't rush me). The authoritative reference work disinform us:

"At the suggestion of his publisher Alger traveled in the West to gather material for his stories. . . Returning east he settled in Peekskill, N. Y., where at the age of 63 he met and fell madly in love with a married woman. The lady's husband found them out and he took her away to France. [In that case he was a fool]. Alger, in financial difficulty and unable to follow, took to his pen and in 27 days wrote Frank and Fearless and Upward and Onward. [I know that sounds impossible, but don't worry about it, it's not true anyhow]. With an advance from his publisher he booked passage to Europe. In Paris, however, Alger was rejected and he suffered a

severe nervous breakdown. After his recovery he returned to the U. S. . ."

This is so interesting a nonhappening that it deserves fuller treatment, which indeed it has in the Encyclopedia Britannica's sources. The original source I have not yet been able to obtain, but I read with palpitation the romantic narrative of John Tebbel in his aforementioned From Rags to Riches: Horatio Alger, Jr. and the American Dream, based in turn on the earlier work by one Herbert R. Mayes, Alger, A Biography Without a Hero (Macy-Masius, later Vanguard, 1928). Tebbel at the time of publication of his own Alger book, 1964, was the author of five previously published biographies and ten other assorted works, including three novels and a textbook. John Tebbel says in the preface to his Alger biography, "The primary sources of Alger material are meager, indeed, but Mr. Mayes appears to have examined all of them, and no new original material has turned up in the intervening decades. . . . Mr. Mayes also had access to the memories of Alger's family and friends alive at the time, and now dead. . . . Mr. Mayes' research was definitive and I have drawn upon it freely. . . ."

Since the Britannica gives both Mayes and Tebbel as its sources (the only other one the encyclopedia lists is Gardner, mentioned earlier in this article), I read with confidence, if not without tremors, how the virginal Alger on a truant trip to Paris which caused him to miss his own graduation exercises at the Harvard Divinity School, encountered one Elise Monselet, a cafe singer, who "insisted that he come up the stairs to her apartment." At first he refused, but at length "he followed her inside, and there he was lost forever."

Then we are told of a diary in which Horatio recorded both ecstasy and remorse, resolving the moral conflict for a time with the thought: "They say true genius has no bounds as to conventions. Genius has prerogatives. Then I will have prerogatives too." Tebbel comments: "Having anointed himself a genius, and therefore no longer bound by convention, Horatio dived into the fleshpots headfirst and disappeared from ecclesiastical view. He drank, he learned to dance, he sang in a loud voice unrecognizable as his own. He was, indeed, the life of the cafe. At night he made himself and Elise happier than either one had believed was possible at the beginning." Strive and succeed.

But we as we all know, volcanic eruptions are seldom singular. A woman whom Tebbel characterizes as "an English Circe," and who (I blush to say) was named Charlotte Evans, "saw Horatio in the cafe where Elise worked, and marked him for her own." Crediting Charlotte with gray eyes, black hair, "provocative lips," and a figure comme il faut, Tebbel writes: "She was an aggressive, sensual woman, who for complicated reasons meant to have Horatio. Elise made the mistake of underestimating her, and so did Alger. It must have been a surprise to both of them when he disappeared with her."

From the clutches of this hysterical dominatrix Alger was eventually saved by a letter from his mother, and by his own

instinct of self-preservation. The letter stirred him to remorse and action. He booked passage to New York. It was not enough. Charlotte tracked him, and on the same ship "stood before him, accusing and triumphant. They were on the way to America together." (Now before the suspense gets to be too much, let me remind you that not a word of this is presently thought to be true, though Tebbel obviously believed it when he wrote it). In New York, however, Alger gave Circe the slip and got a train to Boston. He would not be the victim of amorous passion again — his own or anyone else's — for another twenty or thirty years. (The Mayes-Tebbel-Britannica chronology is difficult to follow, and impossible to make consistent).

When the post-grand-climacteric passion hit him, however, it was a lulu — or would have been, had any of this actually occurred. The Britannica's "married woman" whom Alger "met and fell madly in love with" was called Una Garth. (Straight out of the Faerie Queen as Mayes' Biography Without a Hero is — mutatis mutandis — off the title page of Vanity Fair). I got the name from Tebbel, who writes satirically of Alger, but with no hint of suspecting that what is taken from Mayes is FICTION. The story is too much to tell here. Tebbel devotes a long chapter to it (Chapter 9), in which Alger and Una appear first as a kind of bourgeois Tristan and Isolde, turning in course into a kind of Don Quixote and Dulcinea. I was sorry to learn that none of it was true.

How do I know it wasn't true? William Henderson tells in Publishers Weekly of April 23, 1973, how "Mayes finally admitted his spoof." Spoof! Some spoof. Mayes' 1928 book had been for forty-five years the source of Alger's life — accepted by Tebbel and the Britannica, and challenged almost not at all. Henderson related that one Frank Gruber, "a Hollywood writer," did call Mayes' hand in 1961, but no one paid any attention — except, it appears, Henderson, who says he got a letter

from Mayes, dated July 3, 1972, reading in part as follows:

"Not merely was my Alger biography partly fictional, it was practically all fictional. . . . The project was undertaken with malice aforethought - a takeoff on the debunking biographies that were quite popular in the 20s . . . Unfortunately - how unfortunately - the book when it appeared was accepted pretty much as gospel. Why it was not recognized for what it was supposed to be baffled the publisher (George Macy) and me."

But even when Mayes and Macy saw that the public and all the critics (Malcolm Cowley is said to have been an exception) would not take a joke, they kept silent - "because," Henderson reports Mayes as explaining, "to reveal the truth would have embarrassed friends who reviewed the book and were taken in."

The significance of this literary hoax - shamelessly compounded to protect frauds eager to believe anything that would tend to smear the leading popular exponent of the American Dream - is not to be appreciated without knowing who Mayes was. I learn from Who's Who in America, 1969-1969 (he is not in the current edition) that he was born in New York City in 1900 and educated in the public schools there. He had an Alger-like rise of his own. At age twenty he became editor of something called the Inland Merchant, moving thereafter as editor successively of (1) the business paper division, Western Newspaper Union, (2) American Druggist, (3) Pictorial Review, (4) Good Housekeeping, (5) McCall's. Now in the big time, he became a vice president and director of McCall's Corporation, and from 1961 to 1965 president and director of McCall's Corporation, and from 1961 to 1965 president and director, remaining after 1965 as director and consultant. He is or was a director of Saturday Review and a journalism associate at Columbia. He was "Editor of the Year" in 1960, and received medals and awards the listing of which

takes up ten lines of fine print in Who's Who. You might think about Mayes' Alger book the next time you pick up McCall's. Maybe it's a joke, too. At any rate, don't take too seriously the labels fiction and nonfiction.

After Henderson's disclosure of Mayes' confession, revision of the Alger record was plainly required; to date it has not been satisfactorily furnished. Edwin P. Hoyt's Horatio's Boys: The Life and Works of Horatio Alger, Jr. would probably have produced legal difficulties if it had been published during Alger's lifetime. (Mayes, Tebbel, and the Britannica would even more surely have found themselves in court). Horatio's Boys seems intended by its publisher (Chilton Book Company, Radnor, Pennsylvania) more obviously than by its author to replace the loss of the Mayes-Tebbel-Britannica lies about Alger's women. The jacket of this 1974 book features at the top of the inside front flap in red ink this teaser:

"'I was imprudent,' he said, and fearing a lynch mob, the ordained minister Reverend Horatio Alger, Jr. slipped down out of town. Stripped of his pulpit, the famous author of moral uplift books for boys had been caught, and would not deny the accusation before the church board."

Noting that Alger had not been "caught," we move on to the more explicitly pornographic solicitation of the blurb, now toned down inkwise to black: "No matter what you've heard, Horatio Alger was not the American ideal personified. He was slave to pederastic desires that even the most secretly promiscuous followers of the American ideal still condemn as morally unacceptable. Had he lived today, Alger might have been a charter member of the Gay Liberation movement. And the little boys he later idealized in his fiction were once the objects of his own homosexual persuasions."

The absurdity of the "charter member" libel of the dead is apparent from the jacket's own previous indication that

Los Angeles Times
Feb. 17, 1978

Former Newsboy Buys Stutz With \$70,000 Cash

SEATTLE (AP)—It's not every day someone walks in an auto showroom with \$70,000 in a paper bag to buy a car.

But then it's not every day someone buys a custom-built Stutz Blackhawk VI.

Craig Cole, 29, a former newspaper carrier, explained that he carried the money in a bag because "I couldn't get it all in my pockets."

Aside from his real estate invest-

ment business, Cole now owns five exotic and modern dance studios.

"It's almost impossible to tell how it feels to drive a car like that," Cole said of the Stutz, which has interior trim finished in 24-karat gold.

It also has 18 coats of paint, brass bumpers overlaid with chrome, lamb's wool carpeting and seats upholstered in dark-tanned English leather.

The body steel is 2½ times thicker than ordinary body steel and the hood is so heavy it's best to have two persons around to lift it when you want to check the oil—with the 24-karat gold-plated dipstick.

the accused was "stripped of his pulpit." Obviously, whatever he did was not openly promoting homosexuality, as the Gay Liberation is.

As for the charge that the boys idealized in his fiction were once objects of his own homosexual persuasions, author Hoyt repeatedly asserts in the text of the book (which probably the jacket-writer did not read) that after Alger left the Unitarian Church in Brewster, Massachusetts, there was never a breath of scandal regarding his conduct with boys or anyone else. Indeed, Hoyt proffers the theory that Alger's substantial benevolences and labors on behalf of poor street boys in New York — notably at the famous Newsboys' Lodging House — were undertaken in a spirit of penance for what he thought of as his own sin as a young man.

But I must warn you now that there are no more sex scandals, homo or hetero, after that first chapter, in which the Parish Committee of the Brewster church is pictured agonizing over reports about their bachelor pastor, and letting him go on the basis of hearsay unconfirmed except by his own refusal to deny it. Other writers — not themselves too credible, as we have seen — say Horatio left Brewster for New York because he never wanted to be a preacher in the first place.

What's eating on "modern" critics who either patronize Alger and ridicule his works, or attack his morals with out-and-out fabrications, or all of these? As for the last point, they do not attack him because they disapprove of the falsely alleged immorality in his life, but because they despise the morality of his works. But what shall we say of an age, like ours, which admires the Marquis de Sade, produces and promotes the most wretched pornography of its own, and then pretends to be shocked

at totally unproved allegations against a man of blameless life on the known record — a man who has inspired millions to virtuous achievement?

To end where I began: I cannot explain the mystery. I can only observe that there is one.

* * *

WANTED—A BOY

by Rev. Horatio Alger, Jr.

(Editor's note: The following Alger short story is from the collection of HAS member Morris Olsen and originally appeared in the January, 1883 issue of Gleason's Monthly Companion — add this source to the list in Gil Westgard's bibliography of Alger short stories and the magazines which printed them which appeared in the December, 1974 Newsboy. Thanks go to Morris for providing me with this excellent Alger story that is written in the classic Alger mold).

Henry Chamberlain jumped on board a Sixth Avenue car at Twenty-fifth Street. It was pretty well filled already. Among the passengers was a boy that he knew.

"Hallo, Rice, how are you?" he said.

"All right."

"Are you going down town?"

"Yes."

"So am I. Any business?"

"Yes, I am going to apply for a place."

"Well, that's queer. That's just what I am going to do."

"Indeed. Where are you going to apply?"

"At Gilbert and Co.'s in Church Street."

"Well, that's strange enough. It's exactly where I am going."

"It seems we are rivals then. Of course both can't have the place. One of us must be disappointed."

"I'm not much afraid," said Henry Chamberlain. I've got a letter from the old chap in my pocket. He wouldn't write me to call upon him if he wasn't thinking of taking me."

"I don't quite see that. I have a letter too."

"You have?"

"Certainly."

"Let me see it."

James Rice took a letter from his pocket and showed it to his companion. It was as follows:

"James Rice—I shall be glad to have you call at my office Monday morning, about nine o'clock.

John Gilbert."

"That's the way mine reads," said Chamberlain.

"Of course it means nothing except that he would like to see us, and decide, from our appearance and qualifications, whether we will suit him."

"Maybe so. How much salary do you

expect to get?"

"I have formed no idea on the subject. I shall be contented with whatever Mr. Gilbert proposes to give."

"Well, I shan't. If he offers less than five dollars I think it will be mean."

"Boys don't generally get that on first entering upon an employment."

"Well, they ought to."

"As to that, I don't pretend to judge. We can't change the ordinary rate of wages to suit ourselves."

"John Gilbert is rich enough. He can afford to pay five dollars a week."

"Probably he could afford to pay ten, for that matter; but I suppose you would hardly expect him to do so. Do you mean that you shall not accept the place unless he pays five dollars?"

"Well, not exactly that. It's worth something to get into such a large establishment. But if I agree to take less, I shall expect to be advanced soon. Shan't you?"

"I shall try to deserve an advance; and, if my employer sees that I am faithful, I shall stand a good chance to get it."

"One thing I won't agree to do," said Henry Chamberlain positively. "I'm not going to make the fire in the morning. I'm not used to such dirty work."

"It seems to me you are pretty particular, Henry."

"Why shouldn't I be? Shall you agree to make the fire?"

"I shall agree to do whatever is required of me."

"Well, I've got some pride if you haven't. I'll tell you how I took in

In 1834, dinner cost only 12¢ at the world-famous Delmonico Restaurant!

This is a photographic reproduction of the first restaurant menu printed in America in 1834

DELMONICO'S

RESTAURANT.

494 PEARL STREET.

BILL OF FARE.

Cup Tea or Coffee,	1	Pork Chops,	4
Bowl " "	2	Pork and Beans,	4
Crullers,	1	Sausages,	4
Soup,	2	Puddings,	4
Fried or Stewed Liver,	3	Liver and Bacon,	5
" " Heart,	3	Roast Beef or Veal,	5
Hash,	3	Roast Mutton,	5
Pies,	4	Veal Cutlet,	5
Half Pie,	2	Chicken Stew,	5
Beef or Mutton Stew,	4	Fried Eggs,	5
Corn Beef and Cabbage,	4	Ham and Eggs,	10
Pigs Head " "	4	Hamburger Steak,	10
Fried Fish,	4	Roast Chicken,	10
Beef Steak,	4		

Regular Dinner 12 Cents.

Smith & Handford printers 23 and 25 Dey St N. Y.

Many of Alger's New York heroes were taken to fancy Delmonico's Restaurant by their "Benefactor." Here is a copy of the establishment's 1834 menu, sent in by HAS member Edwin Gross.

the old man on my handwriting."

"How is that?"

"You see the advertisement read—'must apply in own handwriting.'"

"Yes, I know."

"Did you do it?"

"Of course."

"Well, I was too smart for that. You see I don't write very well, and I am apt to spell words wrong. So I got Stafford—you know Stafford; he's first in my division at school—to write a letter for me, and sign it my name. He's a splendid writer, and I thought it would bring an answer. This was a first rate idea, wasn't it?" said Chamberlain, laughing with evident enjoyment.

"No, I can't say I think it was. What good will it do when Mr. Gilbert finds out that you have deceived him?"

"Very likely he won't find it out. At any rate, not till after he engages me."

"When he does find it out, what will he say?"

"O, if he inquires about it, I shall tell him that I took extra pains with the letter."

"I am afraid, Chamberlain, you are not very particular about telling the exact truth."

"O, well, it won't do in business, you know. Business men tell fibs every day. They have to, you know. Couldn't get along in business without it."

"I shall do without it."

"O, you think so now. Wait till you know a little more of the world. You're green, yet, James," said Chamberlain, with an air of superiority.

"I hope I shall stay so, then," said James Rice quietly.

"You'll never succeed in business with such ideas. Everybody tries to take advantage of everybody else. Sharp's the word, and the sharpest man wins."

James made no reply to the proposition to which he by no means gave his assent.

At that moment the car stopped, and a poor woman got on board with a child in her arms. She looked round for a seat, but there was none vacant. As the car shook from side to side, the poor woman nearly fell.

James Rice made a motion to rise.

Chamberlain laid his hand upon his arm.

"You are not going to get up for her, are you, Rice?"

"Yes."

"I wouldn't. I never do."

"But she has a child. I can stand better than she."

"Just as you like, of course; but I wouldn't be such a fool."

"Take this seat, madam," said Rice, touching the woman's arm.

"Thank you, young gentleman," said the woman. "I don't mind standing myself; but it's hard to hold a child, when the car is going this way and that."

So Rice had to stand the rest of the way, supporting himself by a strap, while Chamberlain continued to occupy his comfortable seat.

At length the car reached the street at which they must get out. They went up a side street, and entering Church Street, were soon in front of Gilbert & Co.'s establishment, which they entered together.



KOREAN WAIT (YEARNING TO BREATHE FREE) ARRIVES IN LAND OF OPPORTUNITY



WORKS WAY THROUGH (GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY AS A CHIMNEYSWEEP



SAVES ENOUGH MONEY TO BUY HIS FIRST CONGRESSMAN. AWARDED \$9,000,000 RICE AGENCY. QUILTS AS CHIMNEYSWEEP.



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BETRAYED BY THANKLESS BUYERS. FLEES TO KOREA.



RETURNS TO U.S. AND UNDER QUESTIONING, RELIVES HIS TOUGH LI...

THE SAGA OF TONGSUN HORATIO ALGER PARK

"Is Mr. Gilbert in?" asked Chamberlain.

"And yours?"

"We are expecting him every moment. Do you wish to see him?"

"James Rice."

"Yes, he told me to come about a place."

"Well, young men, I sent for you to see which would suit me best. Of course, as I want but one the other must be disappointed. Sit down at the table."

"Very well, you can wait in the office till Mr. Gilbert comes."

They did so.

Mr. Gilbert soon entered, a rather stout gentleman of fifty, with a sharp, penetrating glance.

"I want each of you to take a pen—you will find one there—and copy at my dictation."

"Well, boys," he said, "have you come to see me?"

James took the pen confidently; but Henry Chamberlain changed color, and looked nervous.

"Yes, sir," said Chamberlain. "I got a letter from you."

This was the letter dictated:

"Your name?"

Philadelphia, Oct. 7, 1872
Gentlemen: Your last letter of the 3d inst., inclosing bill of freight,

"Henry Chamberlain."

has been received. We shall attend to your commission, and take care of the goods when they arrive. Payment, as stipulated between us, by note at sixty days. Yours, &c.,

Gilbert & Co.

The boys worked on this, James writing carefully and with perfect self-possession. Chamberlain tried to look at what he had written; but their position at the table, and the fact that Mr. Gilbert had them both in view, rendered this rather difficult. Chamberlain had to pause over particular words, as to the spelling of which he entertained doubts. At last, however, his letter was complete.

Mr. Gilbert took both and looked them over.

"It appears to me," he said to Chamberlain, "your handwriting here is hardly equal to that of the letter you sent me."

"I wrote this in a hurry," stammered Chamberlain.

"I wished you to take a fair amount of time."

"How do you spell Philadelphia?" he continued.

"F-i-l, fil," continued Chamberlain.

"So it is written here. P-h is, however, considered more correct. How do you spell freight?"

"F-r-a-t-e," continued Chamberlain.

"I have been accustomed to spell it rather differently," said Mr. Gilbert quietly. "Will you spell received?"

"Re-ceaved."

"And commission—does that require one 'm' or two?"

"One, sir."

"Will you spell 'between?'"

"Be-twene," said Chamberlain, desperately, spelling it differently from the way he had written it.

"It is written here 'be-twean.'"

"I meant it 'be-twene.'"

"Both are wrong," said Mr. Gilbert quietly.

"Now I will look at your copy," he said, turning to Rice.

The merchant glanced rapidly over the letter, and looked up with an air of satisfaction.

"I find it quite correct," he said, "and neatly written, though not as handsome as the note which Stafford wrote."

Both boys started in surprise.

"What do you mean?" asked Chamberlain, faltering.

"You got Stafford to write your letter of application, didn't you?"

Chamberlain looked confused and angry.

"It was mean of him to tell you."

"He did not betray you, but I happened to be in the Sixth Avenue car this morning with you. I couldn't help hearing your conversation. I confess I listened with interest when I learned that you were coming to see me. I chose between you then. Rice, I engage you to fill the vacant place in my establishment. I will tell you this day week what your wages will be. Will that be satisfactory?"

"Perfectly so."

"As for you, young man," turning to Chamberlain, "let me offer you a little friendly advice. You will find it for your interest to be honest and straightforward. Avoid false pretences. They will do you no good in the end."

Chamberlain slunk out mortified and ashamed. Rice continued to give satisfaction, and is now a trusted clerk on a large salary in the establishment of Gilbert & Co.

* * *
NEWSBOY BOOK REVIEW

by Jack Bales

Orphan Train. By James Magnuson and Dorothea G. Petrie. New York: Dial Press, 1978. Historical note by D. G. Petrie. 307 pages. Hardbound: \$7.95

One of the most famous brainchilds of Charles Loring Brace - founder of the eminent New York based Children's Aid Society - was his program of transporting friendless and homeless street youngsters to homes in the West. Thousands of children benefited from Brace's idea, and author Horatio Alger, Jr. based his book Julius; Or, The Street Boy Out West on this aspect of the Society's work. Alger even referred to The Children's Aid Society in the volume's preface as "an admirable association, whose efficient work in redeeming and saving to society the young waifs of the city streets cannot be overestimated."

I have always thought that this "westward migration" would be a tremendous plot for a historical novel - a book that would follow the path of one of these journeys from the soot filled gutters of nineteenth century New York City to the grass covered fields of a small western village.

Orphan Train is such a novel. Quoting from the book's jacket:

"There were twenty-seven of them— abandoned waifs plucked from the streets of New York, journeying westward in 1853 to find new and better lives. They were the first passengers of the 'orphan train,' sponsored by the Children's Aid Society, which were to find homes for 100,000 children by the turn of the century.

"Among these unforgettable children are J. P., deserted by her actress mother,

surviving by petty thievery and by dancing for pennies on the streets; two teen-aged Bowery toughs named Bruce and Tom; Liverpool, living by his wits and native eloquence, dreaming of the simple pleasures of pumpkin pie; Sarah, arrested for prostitution at fourteen."

Accompanying the children is Emma Symms - a stand in for her uncle - and the story is weaved around the trials that she must face. These are not only concerned with the various temperaments of an unruly mob of street wise children, but also with the conflicting forces in her own mind as she attempts to decide on the future course of her life.

Orphan Train is far from a syrupy account of New York gamins being miraculously transformed into Elsie Dinsmore-like angels. The boys and girls must deal with the accidental drowning of one of their friends. Emma Symms has to confront antagonistic foes of The Children's Aid Society who maintain that the Society sold children into slavery, "'placing [those] of one religion in homes of another, destroying every trace of their faith and filial attachments and sending them into some indefinite region.'" [p. 51] (Incidentally, Charles Loring Brace was also placed in similar circumstances many times, and I have read many nineteenth century attacks on the work of The Children's Aid Society).

Although two years of research preceded the writing of this story, the Alger Society member must still remember that Orphan Train is a novel and that the characters and dialogue are purely fictional, though steeped in historical precepts.

But this is of no consequence. I found the book to be a thoroughly entertaining story, particularly since I was familiar with the history of The Children's Aid Society. Orphan Train should be bought by every Alger buff.

Thanks go to HAS member Dave Soibelman for sending me a notice of this book.

book & author news from ARCO

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RALPH D. GARDNER'S BIOGRAPHY OF HORATIO ALGER--CREATOR OF
 THE ALL-AMERICAN HERO--TO BE PUBLISHED BY ARCO SEPTEMBER 15

"Horatio Alger or the American Hero Era," by Ralph D. Gardner, the biography of the famed 19th Century author of rags-to-riches tales-- issued in a small edition and immediately sold out in 1964--now becomes available to the public for the first time. It will be published by Arco (219 Park Ave. S., N.Y.C. 10003) in a \$10 hardcover edition on September 15.

The 1964 issue was quickly bought up by libraries, universities and a number of collectors and speculators. Within months its value had tripled. Currently, when a copy of this rare book surfaces, it is offered to eager buyers by booksellers or at auction for prices up to ten times its publication price.

Horatio Alger--or Horatio Alger Jr., as he always signed his name-- was America's all-time bestselling author; possibly the most influential writer this nation has produced. His books, with their inevitable happy endings, were read, re-read, swapped and borrowed by virtually every boy and many girls who grew up between our Civil War and World War I. For decades they were recommended from pulpits, awarded as school prizes and were favored gifts for every occasion.

Every thriller Alger wrote--they were printed in multi-millions of copies by sixty publishers over more than half a century--contained delightful reminiscences of his own New England childhood, of New York when The Bowery was wicked and fashionable Madison Square was way uptown. His writing bristled with the energy of a nation still young but rapidly developing. Alger preached Sink or Swim, Do and Dare, Work and Win and other variations on his theme that any spunky lad can whip the neighborhood bully, that he can rise from newsboy to banker, from farmboy to Senator, from a rail-splitter to President of the United States.

In addition to writing a charming, nostalgic account of the literary phenomenon whose name has become synonymous with success, Gardner includes in "Horatio Alger or the American Hero Era" a complete, updated prize-winning bibliography of Alger's works. In this outstanding compilation he fully describes every first edition as well as later issues, telling what makes them increasingly valuable today (one Alger treasure recently brought \$1,500 and quite a few are worth hundreds of dollars) and assigning a market price to each.

RANDOM REPORTS FROM ALGERLAND

by Jack Bales

Billed as the world's largest book sale, the Brandeis Used Book Sale took place last May and June. It is not unusual to stand in line for eight or more hours, and as the May 29, 1978 issue of the Chicago Tribune reported:

"Such dedication isn't uncommon. Two years ago, Gilbert Westgard waited in line wearing a tuxedo.

"My stepson was married that day," explained Westgard, of Des Plaines. "He knew the sale was that day and he knew I'd be attending. But he decided to have his wedding on that day, so I skipped out on the reception."

"This year, Westgard stood near the front of the line wearing a Hawaiian shirt. He has attended 15 of the 19 annual sales."

As all Alger readers know, a person frequently mentioned in his books is the department store magnate A. T. Stewart. Milton Salls - a collector of books on New York - sent me this



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ALEXANDER STEWART
(1803-1876)
FATHER OF THE
MODERN
DEPARTMENT
STORE, WAS
APPOINTED
SECRETARY OF
THE TREASURY
IN 1869, BUT
NEVER HELD
OFFICE BECAUSE
AT THAT TIME
**BUSINESSMEN
WERE DISQUALI-
FIED BY LAW**

clipping on Stewart that appeared in Ripley's "Believe It Or Not" column.

Newsboy has recently learned that former HAS member Louis Dreyer died some time ago. Our condolences are expressed to his family.

Irene Gurman has a change of address. She is now located at 1633 E. Madison, Petaluma, California 94952.

Dick Rieber has some Algers to sell. His address is 429 S. Hansell St., Thomasville, Ga. 31792. The Algers are:

Frank Hunter's Peril	Whitman	\$2.00
Ragged Dick	Whitman	3.00
(subtitle written in ink on cover)		
Frank and Fearless	Whitman	2.00
(all above 3 in good condition)		
Ben's Nugget	P&C	6.50
(worn, especially spine; front hinge papers have been split and repaired rather crudely).		

The August, 1978 Atlantic Monthly had a huge picture on the cover of a newsboy, taken from one of Alger's books. The title reads: "Pluck and Luck - Growing Up Poor and Ambitious - by Theodore H. White." The lengthy article is from White's autobiography, published this month by Harper & Row. Following is the introductory paragraph that precedes portions of In Search of History:

"He didn't have time to read Horatio Alger—he was too busy being a Jewish version of an Alger hero. In the Hebrew school he learned about the God of the Jews; in the public school he was aroused to the call of history; and in the streets he learned the American 'hustle.' Then, at Harvard, the aggressive, ambitious young man, from the Jewish ghetto of Boston, studying under a newsboys' scholarship, got his compass boxed and set out 'in search of history.' As they say, 'Only in America.'"

Dave Soibelman recently sent me a copy of the newsletter which he edits. Called Technion Tidings, the very well put together publication is the organ of the American Technion Society, which is devoted to the advancement of the Technion-Israel Institute of Technology in Israel.

Dale Thomas reports that plans for his convention are going well. Hope to see you all in Cleveland next May!!!