

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

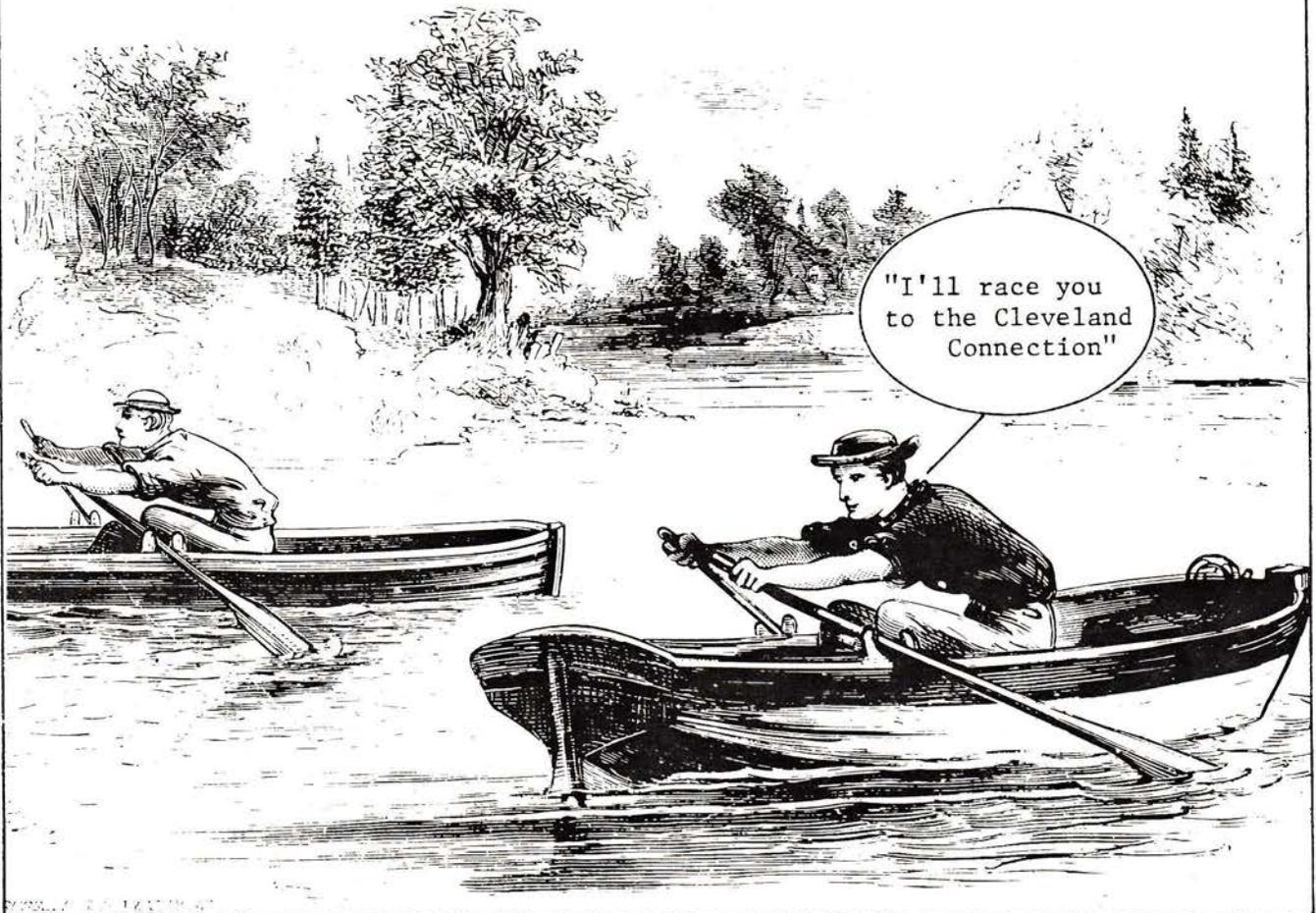
Founded 1961 by Forrest Campbell & Kenneth B. Butler

Volume XVII

March, 1979

Number 8

HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY 15TH ANNUAL MEETING



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-0A1 Irene Gurman
9360 N.W. 38th Place
Sunrise, Florida 33321

PF-278 Donald D. Dowling
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New Hampton, N. Y. 10958

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1100 Fountain Blvd.
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PF-509 John F. Beirne
349 East 20th Street
Jacksonville, Fla. 32206

PF-453 Mark Preston
PSC Box 7243
Cannon Air Force Base
New Mexico 88101

* * *

NEW MEMBERS REPORTED

PF-311 Herbert A. Faulkner
Box 5301
Richmond, Virginia 23320

Herbert is a reinstated HAS member. He enjoys collecting old boys and girls books, old western novels, and breeding fancy mice. A laborer, he learned of the Alger Society in The Boys' Book Collector.

PF-569 Robert Williman
12437 Kemmerton Lane
Bowie, Maryland 20715

Robert is President of Biotech Service Company, Inc., a medical electronics firm. He is interested in stamps, postal history, post cards, early advertising items, and children's books. He owns 82 Algers. (See letter in "Newsboy Forum" from Robert).

PF-570 Richard B. Hoffman
P.O. Box 558, Cooper Station
New York, N. Y. 10003

Richard writes: "I've been collecting Algers sporadically since I was in grade school. I enjoy reading them still for the picture presented of

those times by America's most popular author. And I've had good fun finding the books in many out-of-the-way places that my work (improving the courts) takes me." Richard is a lawyer for the National Center for State Courts and is particularly interested in Alger's place in New York City life and history. He owns 40 Algers.

PF-571 Doug VanKampen
981 W. Litchfield Road
Litchfield, Michigan 49252

Owner of sixty Algers, Doug is a maintenance engineer and enjoys string art and refinishing antique furniture. He heard of the Society through a newspaper ad.

PF-572 Andrew Zenowich
32 Phillips Lane
Pearl River, New York 10965

Andrew - age fourteen - likes "going to garage sales and flea markets and antique shows." He has fourteen Alger books.

PF-573 Curtis W. Shirley
3109 Yukon Ave.
Costa Mesa, Calif. 92626

Curtis is a project engineer for Brunswick Corporation. Besides Algers, he collects Oliver Optics and R. Sydney Bowen novels. He has eighty Algers in his collection, and he heard of us through Dick Seddon.

PF-574 Jim Thorp
37 Cox Street
Nashua, New Hampshire 03060

Jim is a manager in an engineering plant and enjoys collecting and reading the eighty-nine Alger books in his collection. He also restores antique furniture.

PF-575 Rev. & Mrs. A. Gordon Nasby
7500 York
Edina, Minn. 55435

Asher Gordon Nasby learned of the HAS through Society member Gil

Westgard; in fact, Gil has known him all his life for Rev. Nasby was the Pastor of the Edison Park Lutheran Church in Chicago for forty years, the church of which Gil is a member. Reverend Nasby's last service was on December 3, 1978, and before he recited the Alger poem "Carving a Name," he said: "Gilbert K. Westgard II has published a series of poems by Horatio Alger. He gave me a copy. At first I didn't know what he had written. Then my wife called my attention to his suggestion that I turn to page 53. Printed there was a poem by Alger called 'Carving a Name'."

Reverend Nasby has contributed chapters to several books and articles to many magazines. He is also the author of a volume of sermons titled Sunrise in the West.

PF-576 Dorothy Rasmussen
1209 W. Sherwin
Chicago, Illinois 60626

Alger publisher Gil Westgard told Dorothy of the HAS. Owner of forty-two titles, she has for twenty years belonged to a "Great Books" discussion group and is an out of print book scout.

PF-577 Thomas J. Mulcahy
P.O. Box 494
Boston, Mass. 02102

Thomas has 112 Algers in his collection. He heard of us through Dick Seddon's ad in the Dime Novel Round-Up and enjoys collecting pulp magazines and dime novels, especially those featuring "The Shadow."

* * *
N E W S B O Y F O R U M

12437 Kemmerton Lane
Bowie, Maryland 20715
November 4, 1978

Horatio Alger Society
% Carl T. Hartmann
4907 Allison Drive
Lansing, Michigan 48910

Dear Mr. Hartmann:

Thank you for sending the information on the Horatio Alger Society. I had no idea until recently that it existed and I can't express adequately how happy I am that it does. I have searched the local library for data on Alger and xeroxed what I found, which was not much.

My interest in Alger goes back to about 1947 when I was eight years old. My parents had four sons, of which I am the second. Although my father was a dedicated and hard working man, my mother had a chronic lung illness which made her uninsurable and caused her frequent hospitalization for long periods. The stress placed on family finances was substantial, as Dad also supported his parents who were unable to work. Although he was granted an appointment to West Point he was unable to accept it because he felt that it was his responsibility to get a job and provide support for his disabled parents. He left Charleston, S. C. and went to New York City upon his high school graduation to seek employment in order to supply that support. Circumstances dictated that my family was rarely able to afford new clothes. I remember well my mother taking us to a second hand shop in Cranford, New Jersey where she would purchase clothing for the family. If her meager budget would allow it she would buy each of us a book from the selection in the shop. There were many Algers to choose from, and I would invariably select one of them. They were five cents each.

I suppose that I am part of a misplaced generation that grew up on Alger like my grandfather's did. At any rate, that is my good fortune since I can think of no early influence (other than my parents') that had a greater effect upon me. The Algers that I had as a child were given away as my brothers and I grew too "old for children's books." In later years, from about 1960 on, I came to realize that mine was an Alger-based philosophy on the "good, hard, honest work ethic" and I sought to purchase and reread the books that I had enjoyed so much as a child. I owe a great deal

to Horatio Alger, Jr as this philosophy has stood by me well and I have achieved a great deal by following it. I have found few who know Alger's work and so mine has been a quiet, personal avocation. Now I am able to come out of the closet and have association with others who appreciate the greatness of this remarkable man. Thank you again.

I would like to obtain back issues of Newsboy and would appreciate information on what is available. Incidentally, you may feel free to share this rambling letter with others.

Very truly yours,

Robert E. Williman

* * *

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.

Offered by Jack Bales, 1214 W. College Avenue, Jacksonville, Illinois 62650.

Ragged Dick	Loring	G	\$40.00
(not a first, but very nice volume. spine faded, but book very tight)			
Sam's Chance	Winston	G	10.00
(Winston Library Edition)			
Mark, the Match Boy	Loring	P-F	10.00 ✓
(a rebound edition, but all pages present, including tissue paper. Pages soiled).			

Offered by Irving I. Poznan, 107 Timka Drive, Ballwin, Missouri 63011.

Tom Temple's Career	Burt	Vg	\$30.00
(1888 copyright)			
Walter Griffith	McKay	Vg	20.00 ✓
Grit	Superior	G	5.00 ?
Struggling Upward	NYB	G	5.00
Strive and Succeed	Donohue	G	5.00
Phil, the Fiddler	Donohue	G	5.00

Also, Irving offers an Edward Stratemeyer edition of Lost in the Land of Ice, a paperback for \$15.00.

FOUNDER ILL

Just as Newboy was going to press, a letter was received from Rachel Campbell. She told of Forrest's recent illness. We are saddened to think of Forrest's suffering, but so heartened by his rapid rate of recovery. We know you all are interested so here are the facts.

On January 31, 1979 about 2 a.m., our beloved founder, Forrest Campbell had a stroke. Rachel, his wife, wrote the following:

"Everyone here, ambulance, Hospital, Doctors, etc., have been just wonderful — they came to help so quickly — it's his left side, but his leg is so improved he can move around — 1 room to other, bathroom etc., (with guidance) and cane.

His left arm is yet to respond, we are blessed to have a service — a nurse daily for bath, etc., etc. A therapist 3 times weekly.

We've kept our sense of humor and Forrest's wonderful mind is clear, there's the good part we're looking at, so keep us in loving thoughts.

Forrest was in the Hospital January 31 to February 9."

It was on Thanksgiving Day, 1961 that Forrest Campbell, along with Kenneth Butler, felt the need for some way to communicate with other collectors of Alger. On that day the Horatio Alger Society was born.

Until 1965 when the Society was incorporated, all the duties and expense of running the HAS were born by Forrest. He wrote, mimeographed and mailed the NEWSBOY every month to anyone that showed an interest in Alger. His early editions of NEWSBOY are classics and are avidly sought by collectors. He started the "Ragged Dick" Award (later changed to "Strive and Succeed") and personally financed the Award for 1964 and 1965.

Forrest has been a guiding light for all members of HAS. He has written five Alger type novels and a play that has been produced.

We all know that Forrest, with the determination and drive of a true Alger hero, will not be long out of circulation. We expect to see you at the next convention Forrest — take care — our prayers and love go with you.



Presentation: Autographed copy of Gardner's book is presented by Forrest Campbell on behalf of H.A.S. to Miss Maude Ellwood, Chairman of the Friends of the Comstock, Mich., Township Library, to be placed in library.



Forrest and Rachel with Alger quilt made by Rachel



Forrest at the Jacksonville Convention.

MORE FACTS ABOUT CLEVELAND....

CULTURAL LIFE

THE ARTS. The world-famous Cleveland Orchestra performs in Severance Hall. The orchestra also gives outdoor summer concerts in the Blossom Music Center near Cuyahoga Falls. The Cleveland Play House, a resident professional theater group, gives plays at three theaters--the Brooks, Drury, and Euclid. Karamu House opened in 1915 as an experiment in racial understanding through the arts. Today, its two theaters present integrated casts in dance and drama programs.

RECREATION

PARKS. Cleveland's park system covers about 2,600 acres and includes about 40 parks. The largest park, 273-acre Rockefeller Park, was given to the city by the industrialist John D. Rockefeller, Sr. It includes the Cleveland Cultural Gardens, a series of gardens that represent the city's nationality groups. The Cleveland Aquarium is in Gordon Park. Brookside Park is the site of the Cleveland Zoo. The Metropolitan Park District, which circles Greater Cleveland, covers about 15,000 acres.

SPORTS. The Cleveland Indians of the American League play baseball in Cleveland Municipal Stadium, which is also the home of the Cleveland Browns of the National Football League. The Cleveland Cavaliers meet their National Basketball Association opponents in the Coliseum, located between Cleveland and Akron.

HISTORY

EARLY SETTLEMENT. The Chippewa, Erie, and Iroquois Indians lived in the Cleveland region before the first white men arrived. In 1796, Moses Cleaveland, a surveyor, led a group of Connecticut settlers to the site of what became Cleveland. During the early 1800's, settlers from New England came to the

area. Cleveland became the seat of Cuyahoga County in 1810 and was incorporated as a village in 1814.

INDUSTRIAL GROWTH. The opening of the Erie Canal in 1825 provided a cheap transportation route for manufactured goods traveling to the Northwest and for raw materials going to the east. The canal helped Cleveland become a commercial center. In 1836, the Ohio legislature granted Cleveland a city charter. The city had a population of about 6,000 at that time.

During the last half of the 1800's Cleveland changed from a commercial to an industrial center. The first railroad came to the city in 1851 and connected it with Columbus, the state capitol. In 1852, the first boatload of iron ore from the Lake Superior region entered Cleveland's harbor. Shipments of iron ore from Minnesota and coal from Pennsylvania helped the city become a major producer of locomotives and other iron products. Between 1850 and 1870, Cleveland's population grew from 17,034 to 145,281. During this period, the city also became the chief refining center for Pennsylvania oil. In 1870, John D. Rockefeller organized the Standard Oil Company in Cleveland.

During the 1880's and 1890's, the city's rapid industrial growth attracted many settlers from other countries. Most of the immigrants came from Hungary, Poland, Lithuania, or Russia. By 1900, 381,768 persons lived in Cleveland.

THE 1900'S. During Tom L. Johnson's term as mayor, from 1901 to 1909, Cleveland became one of the best-governed U.S. cities. Johnson improved the police department and brought about lower streetcar fares. He also developed a system for taxing owners of commercial property at a higher rate than homeowners.

The development of the automobile industry during the early 1900's greatly aided steel manufacturing in Cleveland. After the United States entered World War I in 1917, the city produced airplanes, ships and tanks for the Allies. The rapid expansion of the steel industry after the war helped Cleveland's population reach 900,429 by 1930.

During World War II (1939-1945), the city again produced war materials. Thousands of people from other parts of the United States, including great numbers of Negroes from the South, came to Cleveland seeking work in the defense industries. Most of the newcomers remained in the city after the war. By 1950, Cleveland's population had risen to 914,808.

COMMUNICATION

Cleveland has two daily newspapers, the Plain Dealer and the Press. More than 30 radio stations and 5 television stations serve the city. WHK, Ohio's oldest radio station, began broadcasting in Cleveland in 1922. The state's first television station, WEWS-TV opened in Cleveland in 1947.

EDUCATION

Cleveland's public school system includes about 180 schools, with a total enrollment of almost 150,000. Negroes make up about 55 percent of the public school enrollment. Nearly 150,000 students attend more than 250 parochial and private schools in the city.

Universities and colleges in Cleveland include Case Western Reserve University, the Cleveland Institute of Art, Cleveland State University, John Carroll University, Notre Dame College, and Ursuline College.

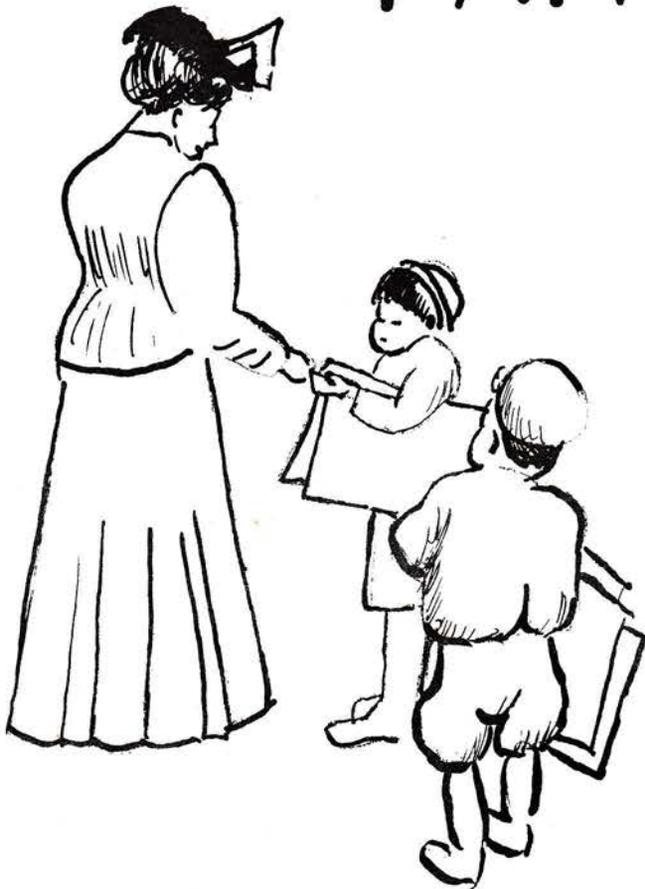
The Cleveland Public Library owns more than 3 million books and operates over 35 branches. During the 1880's the library became one of the first in the nation to adopt the openstacks plan. This plan allows the public to select books directly from the shelves. The Library contains an extensive collection of Boys Books in the Walter White Collection.



PARTIC'LAR

FRIENDS-

JACKSON



ONE OF GOD'S LITTLE HEROES.

MARGARET JUNKIN PRESTON.

THE patter of feet was on the stair,
As the editor turned in his sanctum chair
And said—for weary the day had been—
“Don’t let another intruder in.”

But scarce had he uttered the words before
A face peeped in at the half-closed door,
And a child sobbed out, “Sir, mother said
I should come and tell you that Dan is dead.”

“And pray, who is ‘Dan’?” The streaming eyes
Looked questioning up with strange surprise.
“Not know him? Why, sir, all day he sold
The papers you print, through wet and cold.”

“The newsboys say that they cannot tell
The reason his stock went off so well.
I knew—with his voice so sweet and low,
Could anyone bear to say him ‘No’?”

“And the money he made, whatever it be,
He carried straight home to mother and me.
No matter about his rags, he said,
If only he kept us clothed and fed.”

“And he did it, sir, trudging through rain and cold,
Nor stopped till the last of his sheets were sold.
But he’s dead—he’s dead—and we miss him so!
And mother—she thought you might like to know.”

In the paper next morning, as “leader,” ran
A paragraph thus: “The newsboy Dan,
One of God’s little heroes, who
Did nobly the duty he had to do—
For mother and sister earning bread
By patient endurance and toil—is dead.”



The poem at right was sent your editor by HAS member Edwin Gross. "It's from," Edwin says, "a volume called Pieces That Have Won Prizes. Could be 'Dan, the Newsboy'!"

THE NAMING OF ALGER, OHIO
by Paul Miller
as told to Jack Bales

January 10, 1979

Dear Jack,

I've copied the Alger family reference from the July 21, 1888 issue of The Argosy for you. Incidentally, the article refers to the branch of the family settling first in Ohio. There is, by the way, in northwestern Ohio (just east of Lima, Ohio, near Ada where a Methodist college is located), a town named Alger, which has its own post office. We stopped there on our way home from the Jacksonville Convention. Their mail was being taken to a sectional center for cancellation. But Ruth knew that if you ask, you can get a hand cancellation from the postmaster. We mailed cards with such a cancellation to people we knew who didn't make it to the convention.

Without knowing of our Alger Society connection, the lady in the book store where we bought the cards said that in 1890 the town had to change its name because it was in conflict with another town of the same name in Ohio that already had a post office. The first town was seeking a post office because the Erie Railroad had just come through the town. And, the woman said, because an author by the name of Alger (our Horatio, Jr.!) had just issued a book entitled The Erie Train Boy, they decided to name the town Alger.

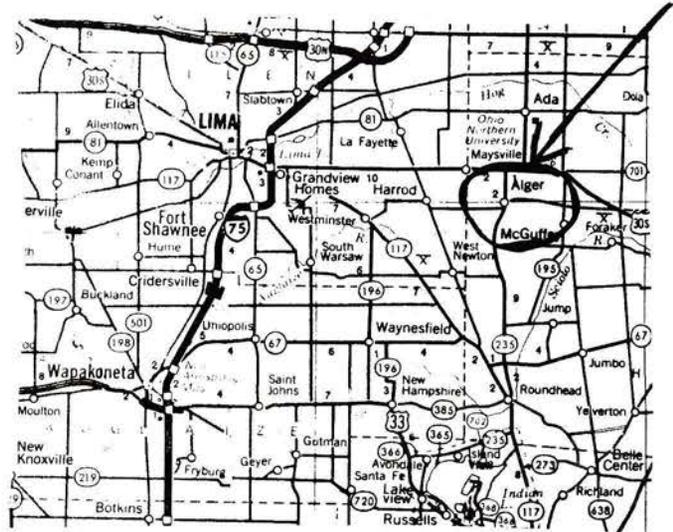
However, I found this hard to believe. In response to my questions she replied that it was a story that she had heard on different occasions there in Alger. Neither Ruth nor I had ever been in the town before or since.

Sincerely,

Paul

In a later letter dated February 4, 1979, Paul said that he wrote the postmaster of the city. "His reply

indicated that he did not have any knowledge of how the town got its name. However, he enclosed a book, written in 1975, for us to read and return, which was a history of the town."



In some of the material that Paul sent me there was a small chronological history of Alger. Part of it reads:

1890-1 Town named Preston until it was discovered after six months that Ohio had another post office already named Preston.

1890-1 Town was renamed Alger for then Senator Russell A. Alger of Michigan - descendant of Ohio pioneer family (later Governor Alger).

"Well, Jack," Paul said, "I like the story that I first heard at the book store better than the one I got from the small town history."

Sincerely,

Paul

Paul continues: "Oh, the shame of it all!! To think that these folly young men, all likely candidates for a place in one of Horatio's books, would pose in front of a tobacco store! Tobacco, pool, and drinking!!"

In spite of Alger's frequent protestations against pool, however, did you know that he was an avid player of the game? In a letter to a former pupil, Edwin Seligman (who later became a

professor of political economy at Columbia University and a renowned author of books on economics), Alger wrote: "As to billiards, I have played about eight games with a Philadelphia gentleman, at the Palace Hotel, and that is all. Still I can probably discount you when we play again." In another letter, Alger refers to one of his young friends, sighing that "it is a pity that he scratches so at billiards."



In front of the Cigar Store
on Main Street
Alger, Ohio

NEWSBOY IMMORTALIZED IN BRONZE

Los Angeles Times
January 11, 1979

Man Goes to Park to Visit—Himself

BY JERRY BELCHER
Times Staff Writer

Now and then, whenever the spirit moves him, Andrew Azzoni drops by MacArthur Park to pay a brief visit to himself.

He's been making such calls on himself at least once a year for nearly six decades.

"I go by," said the 70-year-old Azzoni, "just to see if I'm still there."

And he always is.

And he is always 11 years old. And the likelihood is that long after Azzoni the visitor is gone, the other Azzoni will still be there, frozen forever at

age 11, frozen forever with a shouted "Extra!" on his lips.

The other Azzoni is a statue, the smallest and most animated of the monumental three-figure sculpture at Park View St. and Wilshire Blvd.

The central, largest and most dominant of the three figures is easily recognized by anyone with a sense of Los Angeles history: Gen. Harrison Gray Otis, publisher of The Times from 1882 until his death in 1917. Besides, the plaque on the monument gives his name, along with the information that he was "soldier, journalist, friend of freedom."

But the other two—the flag-bearing, pistol-packing Spanish-American War footsoldier on the general's left, and the newspaper boy shouting the headlines and brandishing his papers on the general's right—who knew who they were?

Until now, it seems, only Andrew Azzoni, his family and a few friends knew. The names of Azzoni and of the other person who posed for the smaller figures are not noted on the monument itself. You might call them the anonymous immortals.

Even when the monument (erected at a cost of \$50,000 and paid for by public subscription) was unveiled on Aug. 3, 1920, the names of the two secondary figures went unmentioned. And The Times, in an expansive and sentimental mood, devoted more than 4,000 words to the event.

Today, thanks to a letter to The Times from a friend of Azzoni's suggesting that he might make a good story, the journalistic oversight of 1920 is hereby corrected.

The statue of the newsboy is Azzoni.

The statue of the flag-bearer is, as Azzoni remembers, a man named Compatelli. He can't recall Compatelli's first name, but remembers that he was an assistant to Prince Paul Troubeskoy, one of the leading monument sculptors of his day.

Azzoni, a quiet-spoken, modest man, says he was not selected as the model because he was anyone special, but because he happened to be a newsboy and his father happened to know Troubeskoy.

"My father was head waiter at Marcelle's, a very exclusive night spot on W. 8th St. back in 1919," Azzoni said. "All the movie stars used to go there, and so did Prince Troubeskoy. He told my father he needed a model and . . ."

Although he was a genuine street corner newsboy at the time—and a clean-cut, All-American Boy type—it's likely that he'd never have been selected as a monument mate if Gen. Otis had been alive to do the choosing.

The papers young Azzoni peddled were rivals of the highly competitive old general's newspaper. "I sold The Record, The Express and The Examiner," Azzoni said. "The Times I sold only on Sunday."

Azzoni remembers spending a couple of hours each day posing for the



MAN AND BOY—Andrew Azzoni stands next to newspaperboy's statue at MacArthur Park for which he posed when he was 11.

Times photo by Fitzgerald Whitney

NEWSBOY PORTRAYED IN BRONZE

Continued

sculptor in a barn the prince had converted into a studio on Cole Ave. "I kept holding that pose, with my arm out, every day for about two weeks," he said. "My arm really got tired. But I liked doing it."

He also liked the money. He remembers being paid about \$25 for the modeling work. In 1919, for an 11-year-old boy, that was big money.

But more than money, he earned immortality of a kind. Or, as Azzoni puts it, "It's me, that statue. I think of it that way. When I die, it'll still be there."

Azzoni later became a waiter like his father, working on luxury liners like the SS Mariposa and in nightclubs like Ciro's. During World War II, he served in Alaska and the Aleutians as a truck driver for the Army Air Corps.

After the war, he went to work as a clerk for the U.S. Post Office and stayed there until his retirement in August, 1977.

Azzoni rates posing for the newsboy statue as one of the big events of his life, ranking right after his marriage, the birth of his two daughters and World War II.

The clipping on these two pages was sent to your editor by Harry Lane. He remarked in a recent letter that he showed the article to HAS co-founder Forrest Campbell who told him of another statue of a newsboy somewhere in the East. Harry also noted that a "newsboy statue in Detroit is in Belle Isle Park, an island in the Detroit River. Belle Isle Park is about two miles long and one mile wide and is about two miles from downtown Detroit.

"The statue was donated to the city of Detroit by James Scripp, founder of the Detroit News. The newsboy portrayed was barefooted with the inevitable tattered trousers. He had a canvas strap over his shoulder, similar to the one in our logo on the first page of Newsboy, that supported his papers. With his two

Carmelita Azzoni, his petite and vivacious wife, says that whenever friends and relatives from out of town come to Los Angeles, they are invariably taken to MacArthur Park to meet the bronze newsboy.

And, she says, anytime she and her husband are driving anywhere near the park, he insists on making a side trip to commune with the newsboy he once was.

She says it's not an ego trip—"He's a very humble man"—it's just that he wants to be sure that the boy-statue is still there and still in good condition.

"It just makes me feel good," the model said. "It brings back memories. I guess it makes me feel like I'm a kid again."

free hands he was counting his meager receipts.

"A separate statue of a dog of unknown pedigree was included. Somebody managed to steal the newsboy. Only the dog now remains. That was probably three or four years ago.

"I'll close by saying that I regard myself as the #1 newsboy in the Society. I sold newspapers on the streets and then was a newspaper pressman. After getting tired of the ink and the noise I joined the circulation department of the Detroit News as a district manager dealing with newsboys and selling papers in the downtown area to corner boys, drug stores, newsstands, hotels, and depots on commission until I retired in 1961. So my newspaper career extended from 1910-1961."

* * *

SPECIAL PRICE TO HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY MEMBERS — \$9.00 postpaid

If you would like a copy of "HORATIO ALGER OR THE AMERICAN HERO ERA"

mail to:

Horatio Alger Society
c/o Carl T. Hartmann
4907 Allison Dr.
Lansing, MI 48910

*Horatio Alger or The American Hero Era, by
Ralph Gardner - Arco Edition*

March

JOSHUA SIMKINS' DEFEAT; OR,
THE TIMELY ARRIVAL
by Caroline F. Preston

(Editor's note: The following short story is by Horatio Alger's sister, Olive Augusta Cheney [who wrote under the above pseudonym]. The story is from the collection of Morris Olsen and originally appeared in the February, 1885 issue of Gleason's Monthly Companion. Thanks go to Morris for letting me reprint it in Newsboy).

"And you won't marry me, Anna, after encouraging me to believe that you really cared for me?"

"I don't understand you, Mr. Draper. I know of nothing that I have ever said from which you could draw encouragement, or believed that I enjoyed your company more than that of any other gentleman."

"I'm sure you have always professed that you were glad to see me whenever I visited you."

"And so I was. Until I came to Melville, I had always lived at home and belonged to a large family. It was very lonely here; Mr. and Mrs. Harwood are excellent people, and I could not have found a pleasanter place to board; but there are not many young persons in the village, and it was pleasant to me to have callers who were near my own age."

"And nothing would induce you to marry me? Is my love to be cast aside as not worth the having? Tell me, Anna, that I am not indifferent to you."

"I cannot, returned the young girl calmly. "I can only say that I enjoy your visits as those of a friend, but that is all."

By way of explanation, I should say that Morrison was the teacher of the district school in Melville, a very pleasant village, but which had nothing particular to recommend it, except that it was near the country-seat of Mr. Crawford, a wealthy gentleman whose

chief pleasure was to make his estate more and more attractive. The grounds were very extensive, and were laid out with exquisite taste and judgment. Fronting the house and separated from it by the drive, was a broad green lawn, with here and there a clump of trees. Farther along were shady walks leading through gardens and beneath spreading trees. There were fountains, summer-houses, rockeries, and everything which a cultivated and refined taste could gather together. By the kindness of Mr. Crawford, visitors were allowed to roam over it at their pleasure, and it had come to be considered the "Central Park" of Melville.

At the time our story opens, Anna had been teaching in Melville for nearly a year. She had become acquainted with Sidney Draper soon after she came there, and had come to look upon him as a very pleasant friend.

But it seems the young man had taken a different view of the subject. His attentions were so well received that he was encouraged to believe that Anna would accept him as a lover. When he found that she thought of him only as a friend, his first feeling was regret, his second, indignation.

"I'll show her," soliloquized he, as he walked home, "that I'm not to be treated like a child any longer. I'll be even with her yet."

He lay awake long that night, trying to think of some plan by which he could retaliate. But all to no purpose.

The next day his mother handed him a letter, announcing that his cousin, Joshua Simpkins' [note - name in title of story is Simkins] was about to make them a visit. As he read the letter, the idea flashed upon him that, by means of Joshua, he might revenge himself on Anna for the slight he had received.

But how could it be done?

He must consider.

A week afterward Joshua arrived. He was a very pleasant fellow, but his appearance showed plainly that he was but little accustomed to company.

As they were walking out one evening, Anna passed them. She was riding with Mr. Harwood, and was in the midst of an animated conversation with him, when she met Sidney and his cousin. Her face was flushed, and she looked unusually pretty. Joshua did not fail to notice her.

"Who was that young lady, Sidney?" asked he, after they had passed. "You appear to know her."

"That was Miss Morrison, the village school teacher," said his companion. "What do you think of her?"

"She's a dreadful pretty girl, Sid. I wish you'd introduce me."

"Well, we'll call over there to-night, if you wish. I daresay she will be at home."

That evening the two young men called on Anna, and were very graciously received. Joshua was charmed with her, and intimated as much to his cousin.

"Is that so?" returned Sidney, calmly. "Oh, well, you'll get over it in time. I was taken so once, but I got bravely over it."

"She didn't refuse you, did she?"

Joshua felt that if she had refused his cousin, there wasn't much hope for him.

But Sidney was unwilling to acknowledge this, so he merely said:

"I hope you don't think I would give her a chance to refuse me. No, I discovered before it was too late, that there were other girls in town who were prettier and more attractive than even Miss Morrison. So you are welcome to woo and win her, if you can."

"And that's what I mean to do, by

jingo! But what's the way to begin. I never did anything in that line in my life, and wish you'd give me a little advice."

"Well," said Sidney, "you'd better call on her pretty often, in order to get better acquainted. Perhaps you might visit her school. That would show you took an interest in her. And after a while when the right time comes, you might invite her to walk down to Mr. Crawford's with you, and perhaps propose to her during your walk."

"So I will. That's a nice place for courting. There are so many shady walks and nice little summer houses, where a body can make love or steal a sly kiss."

"That reminds me," said Sidney, "that there is a custom here which perhaps you may not know of. If a young lady allows a gentleman to kiss her in a public place, it is considered as an acknowledgment on her part, that they are engaged."

"You don't say so! I declare, that's worth knowing. You may be sure that I shall be engaged to Anna Morrison before many days pass."

"But suppose she should not allow you to do so?"

"Oh, in that case, I should take her unawares."

"But that wouldn't amount to anything, if she should be unwilling."

"I should report around that we were engaged, and then try to get her to say yes. If she found it was generally believed, perhaps that would make her a little more willing."

"Well, I wish you success. Invite me to the wedding, will you?"

"In about three months," returned Joshua, as his cousin left the room.

The next afternoon Joshua strolled

towards the schoolhouse, looking back now and then to see if Anna was coming. In a few minutes she came in sight, and a troop of children with her. Joshua joined the party, and when they reached the schoolhouse, Anna invited him to come in. A little to her surprise, he accepted the invitation.

"I'm afraid, Mr. Simpkins," said Anna, "that you will not be very much interested in the exercises. I have omitted the usual lessons, and to-day the scholars are to read original compositions. As this is their first attempt, I don't expect they will be very entertaining."

"Oh, I should like to hear them," returned Joshua. "It will bring up old times. I used to have to write compositions myself when I was a boy."

Anna called upon each scholar in turn.

There were the usual variety of subjects which we all so well remember—"The Seasons," "Ambition," "Perseverance," and so on. At last, all but one scholar had read something.

"Now, Thomas, we are ready to hear from you."

A boy of twelve arose at her call. He was stout, and with an abundance of hair which was cut square round his face. He read the following:

"Oxen are very slow animals. They are good to break ground up. I would rather have horses, if they didn't have colic, which they say, makes it dangerous for us to keep them. If people had to wheel all their wood on a wheelbarrow, it would take two or three days to wheel a cord a mile. Cows is useful, too. I have heard some say that, if they had to be t'other or an ox, they would be a cow. But if I had to be any, I would be a heifer. But if I couldn't be a heifer, and had to be both, I would be an ox."

THOMAS DAWSON

"No one can doubt that this is an

original composition," said Anna smiling.

"No," said Joshua, who supposed she was complimenting it, "that's a good composition. I don't believe I could have done better myself."

Anna looked exceedingly amused, but said nothing. As they went home Joshua invited her to walk down to see Mr. Crawford's place the next day. Anna consented, and they parted at the door of Mr. Harwood.

About six o'clock the next afternoon Joshua called. Anna was soon ready, and they started on their walk.

There were a great many visitors on the grounds. Joshua and his friend visited the various objects of interest. Passing by a boathouse, they ascended an elevation from the summit of which there was a fine prospect.

They were passing by a fountain, on either side of which were rustic seats from which one could look off over the lake.

"I always admired this view," said Anna. "Look at it now, Mr. Simpkins, and admire its beauty; below is the Italian garden, whose walls the waters lovingly embrace. In the foreground are two boats filled with gaily-dressed people. Far beyond are the other shores, covered with trees even to the water's edge, except a small portion of land on our right, which is green and velvety, while the last rays of the setting sun fall over all. Isn't it beautiful, Mr. Simpkins? Don't you love to gaze on it?"

"Yes," said Joshua, as he gazed admiringly on the flushed face of the young girl, who was so absorbed in the scene that she did not notice that his admiring glance was fixed on her rather than on the scene around him. "And I love to gaze on your beautiful face too!" exclaimed he as he suddenly threw his arms around her.

"What means this rudeness, sir?" exclaimed Anna, struggling in vain to free herself from his grasp. "Unhand me at once, or I will cry for help!" said she, indignantly.

"It means that I love you to distraction, and nothing will prevent my kissing them rosy cheeks of yours," and, suiting the action to the word, he pressed his lips to her cheek, and imprinted a sounding kiss thereon.

"Release me, villain!" exclaimed she, angrily.

At that moment, a person coming up the path, sprang toward them, and dashed Joshua to the ground. It proved to be Archibald Billings, to whom Anna was betrothed. He arrived at Mrs. Harwood's soon after she left, and was directed to Mr. Crawford's, but had failed to find her till he heard her call for help.

That was the last term which she was to teach at Melville, for before they reached home, Archie had persuaded her to fix the day for their marriage. As for Joshua, he left home next morning. He isn't married yet, and isn't likely to be at present.

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RANDOM REPORTS FROM ALGERLAND

by Jack Bales

HAS Vice-President Brad Chase announces that he has formally presented a request to the Postmaster General of the United States for a postage stamp to honor Horatio Alger, Jr. (see News--boy, December, 1978, p. 3). Hopefully, the stamp would be issued on January 13, 1832, the 150th birthday anniversary of Alger. Brad submitted a 25 page package of material and has spent many, many hours of work on this project. We all owe him a great deal for his efforts.

HAS member Paul Webb is looking for a copy of James Otis' Messenger 48. Let him know if you have a copy for sale. His address is 1631 W. Mulberry Drive, Phoenix, Arizona 85015.

At the last convention of HAS, Forrest Campbell presented Ken Butler with a flag which had flown over the Capitol Building on January 13, 1978 - the birthday anniversary of Alger. It was intended that each January 13 the flag would be flown over Ken's Wayside Press building, the home of HAS's first organizational meeting. But as Ken says: "On January 13th there were 14 inches of snow and streets and highways were closed. I doubt if the flag was flown at all."

Horatio Alger birthday Saturday

The Horatio Alger Society will celebrate the birth of their favorite author this Saturday, Jan. 13, when the group flies a flag that was flown over the United States Capitol in Washington, D.C.

According to local Alger buff Kenneth Butler, who incorporated the non-profit Horatio Alger Society with Forrest Campbell in the early 1960's, the flag will fly over Wayside Press on Saturday in recognition of Alger's birthday.