

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



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

*Horatio Alger, Jr.*

1832 - 1899



Founded 1961 by Forrest Campbell & Kenneth B. Butler

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MELBOURNE POST-OFFICE.

. . .Then there was a large export trade in wool, hides, and country produce from the interior, especially in the two former, for Australia is a great grazing country.

"I wonder what building that is!" said Harry, soon afterwards.

He pointed to a very handsome structure in the Italian style, on the corner of Bourke and Elizabeth Streets. It was adorned with sculptures, and looked new. In fact, it had just been opened to the public.

"That," said a gentleman, who overheard him, "is our new post-office."

"That reminds me," said Harry, "I must write home to-night, to let my mother know where I am."

The above passages are from the last page of Chapter 28 of Alger's Sink or Swim. The picture is from the collection of Gilbert K. Westgard II.

## HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY

## BOOK MART

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.

## OFFICERS

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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.

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REMEMBER: The HAS Convention — the Connecticut Conclave — will soon be here!! Hosted by HAS Vice-President Brad Chase, the May meeting will surely be a noteworthy event.

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

Offered by Bob Bennett, 1220 N. Fairfield Drive, Mt. Pleasant, Mich. 48858.

The Young Outlaw	Loring	G	\$45.00
Rupert's Ambition	P&C	G	40.00
(both books above first editions)			
Canal Boy to Pres.	Anderson	Vg	30.00
(first edition, no erratum slip)			
In Search of Treasure	Burt	G	30.00
(first edition, no title page)			
Struggling Upward	P&C	Vg	37.50
(blue end papers)			
Mark Mason's Victory	Burt	Vg	25.00
(first edition)			
B. Brook's Adventures	Burt	Vg	20.00
(first edition, no frontispiece)			
Cast Upon Breakers	Doub.	Vg	7.25
(first edition)			
Joe the Hotel Boy	C&L	F-g	10.00
(first edition, no frontispiece and flyleaf)			
M. Manning's Mission	Burt	G	5.00
(frontispiece and title page missing)			
Ballou's Magazine, Bound Vol. #29 with complete <u>Luck and Pluck</u>		Vg	75.00
Ballou's Magazine, Bound Vol. #31 with complete <u>Sink or Swim</u>		Vg	75.00
Argosy, Bound Vol. #9 (no covers) with complete <u>Silas Snobden's Office Boy</u> , <u>Erie Train Boy</u> , and last five parts of <u>The Odds Against Him</u>		Vg	90.00
The Odds Against Him	Penn	Vg	45.00
(1898, blue cover)			
Tattered Tom, 2d ed.,	Loring	F-g	25.00
Falling in / Fortune	Mershon	Vg	20.00
Young Circus Rider	P&C	F-g	10.00
(ads in back, flyleaf and frontispiece missing, torn end papers)			
Wait and Hope	P&C	G	20.00
Joe the Hotel Boy	C&L	Vg	15.00
(second edition)			
Adven. of a Tele. Boy	McKay	Vg	15.00
The Backwoods Boy	McKay	Vg	15.00
Canal Boy to Pres.	McKay	Vg	15.00
Tom Tracy	McKay	G	12.50
Horatio's Boys	Chilton	Vg	10.00
(first edition)			
The Errand Boy	Burt	Vg	10.00
(deluxe edition)			

Dan the Newsboy	Burt	Vg	\$10.00
Struggling Upward and Other Works, (Bonanza, also contains Ragged Dick, Phil, the Fiddler, Jed, the Poorhouse Boy).		Vg	10.00
Slow and Sure	HTC	Vg	10.00
Young Outlaw	HTC	G	10.00
Falling in / Fortune	G&D	G	10.00
Tony the Hero (deluxe edition)	Burt	Vg	10.00
The Train Boy (deluxe edition)	Burt	Vg	10.00

ABBREVIATIONS USED  
IN THIS MONTH'S "BOOK MART"

P&C= Porter and Coates, Doub.= Double-day, C&L = Cupples and Leon, HTC = Henry T. Coates, G&D = Grosset and Dunlap, G = Good, Vg = Very good, F-g = Fair to good.

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ITALIAN CHILD SLAVERY  
AND THE PADRONE SYSTEM  
(Part V)

by  
Douglas Tarr

(Editor's note: Parts I, II, III and IV of this paper were presented in the April, May, September and November, 1979 issues of Newsboy. This is the conclusion).

In its effort to put the padroni out of business the Society received the aid of Italian diplomatic officials not only in the United States, but also in other parts of the world. Italian consuls acted as a kind of intelligence service, tipping off the Society when a padrone was on the way to the United States. (64)

The turning point in the Society's efforts came in 1879. In November of that year Giovanni Antonio Anacrolo was arrested and charged with kidnapping seven boys aged nine to fourteen years in Italy and bringing them into the United States in violation of the 1874 act. (65). To the surprise of probably everyone at the preliminary hearing, the United States Commissioner ordered Anacrolo held for the Grand Jury.

No previous defendant had been so detained. (66) The Grand Jury of the U.S. Circuit Court then indicted Anacrolo on seven counts and the case came to trial in December. (67)

As in previous cases counsel for the defense maintained there had been no inveiglement on the part of Anacrolo. But one of the boys testified that he expected and had been led to believe he would make a great deal of money. This was a crucial point in the case. A second crucial point came when the Italian law of 1873 prohibiting padroni contracts was admitted as evidence for the prosecution. (68) (That contracts were made was established; one contract was drawn up by a priest. [69]) Together these two pieces of evidence served to convict Anacrolo, the first padrone convicted since the passage of the law in 1874.

The Anacrolo case was a watershed. By the mid-1880's the padroni were out of business as far as Italian children were concerned. (70) In 1888, for example, American consuls in Italy were asked whether children were being recruited for street professions in their areas. All Consuls replied in the negative. (71)

The padrone system itself did not die. Indeed it flourished into the twentieth century not only among Italians, but also among other nationalities. These later padroni, however, functioned as labor contractors providing gangs of men, often newly arrived immigrants or the poor, to various American industries.

For the Italian children who had once wandered the streets playing musical instruments or blacking boots life was still hard and demanding in the tenements of New York and elsewhere. Child abuse still existed, but padroni did not. The better day wished for by Alger in Phil, the Fiddler had had last dawned for them as well.

FOOTNOTES

(64) The New York Times, November 19,

1878, p. 8; February 27, 1879, p. 8;  
November 16, 1879, p. 5.

(65) Ibid., November 16, 1879, p. 5.

(66) Ibid., November 22, 1879, p. 8.

(67) Ibid., December 10, 1879, p. 3.

(68) Ibid., December 20, 1879, p. 8.

(69) Ibid., November 18, 1879, p. 3;

November 20, 1879, p. 3.

(70) Robert H. Bremner, "The Children with the Organ Man," American Quarterly, VIII, No. 3 (1956), 281-2.

(71) Ibid., p. 282.

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The New York Times. July 7, 1872-December 20, 1897.

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LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT

-Horatio Alger, Jr.-

(Editor's note: The following copy of Horatio Alger's will is from the collection of HAS member Max Goldberg).

-----  
Be it remembered that I, Horatio Alger, Jr., of Natick in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being of sound mind and memory, but knowing the uncertainty of this life, do this my last will and testament.

After the payment of my just debts and funeral charges, I bequeath and devise as follows:

To Harry A. Schickling of 277 West 36th St. New Lake City, in trust the sum of \$500---to be used at his discretion for the use of Thomas Keegan, a boy now in his employ--To the said Harry A. Schickling I bequeath \$125 to be paid by him in the sum of twenty-five each to William Keegan, Iasic Morris, James Callahan, Joseph Cearney, Sherwin Jordon now of Hoboken, N. J. and his brother George.

To John J. Schickling now of 135 Clermont Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. the sum of \$250. [Figure changed with heavy write over / Two Hundred & Fifty Dollars].

To my niece Anita Hemceld of San Francisco, Cal. and her two children \$25 each.

To her son Stanley Hemceld I bequeath my calendar gold watch.

To my niece Anna A. Andrews, of Allston, Mass. I bequeath a lot which I own in North Chicago (Ill) formerly South Waukegan.

To my brother in law Amos P. Cheney I bequeath all the books in my library which he may desire, the balance to my nephew by marriage, Harry N. Andrews, of Allston, Mass.

I bequeath my copyright books, now published by Henry T. Coates of Philadelphia with the royalties accruing therefrom to those four persons, viz. my sister Mrs. O. Augusta Cheney of Natick, Mass. my niece Mrs. Anna A. Andrews of Allston, Mass. and my two informally adopted boys, John M. Downie of 1251 Park Avenue, New York City, and his brother Edward J. Downie, now residing with him.

Any manuscript or serial stories not yet published in book form, I wish sold as a portion of my estate, and the sums received in payment thereof, to be appropriated to the payments of legacies.

Shall either of the four persons to whom I have bequeathed my copyright books & royalties [blank space in Max Goldberg's copy] his or her share is to be divided between the survivors.

All the rest and residue of my estate I bequeath to my sister to be used at her discretion in the furtherance of my wishes, privately communicated to her.

I hereby appoint my sister Mrs. O. Augusta Cheney of Natick, Mass. to be executor of this my last will and testament, without bonds, hereby revoking all previous wills.

In testimony whereof I hereunto set my hand in the presence of three witnesses do declare this to be my last will this fifteenth day of February in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight.

[signed] Horatio Alger, Jr.

On this fifteenth day of February, A. D. 1898 Horatio Alger, Jr. of Natick, Massachusetts, signed the foregoing instrument in our presence, declaring it to be his last will; and as witnesses thereof we three do now, at his request, in his presence, and in the presence

of each other, hereto subscribe our names.

[signed] Judson E. Sweetland  
[signed] Mary E. Sweetland  
[signed] Carrie H. Garfield

Commonwealth of Massachusetts  
Middlesex, ss. Registry of Probate  
A true copy.

Attest, Warren J. Fitzgerald [signed]  
asst. register

\* \* \*  
HOW I CAME TO WRITE "JOHN MAYNARD"  
by Horatio Alger, Jr.

(Editor's note: The following article is from the collection of Gary Scharnhorst. It originally appeared in volume 8 of The Writer, December, 1895, pages 182-83).

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The ballad of "John Maynard" has been included in so many "Speakers" and collections that I may perhaps be justified in assuming that it is known to the majority of my readers. Many inquiries have been addressed to me and to the editors of periodicals as to whether it is founded on fact or simply invented, like Robert Browning's famous lyric, "How the Good News Was Brought from Ghent to Aix."

To recall the ballad to some who may not be entirely familiar with it, I will quote the first stanza:—

"'Twas on Lake Erie's broad expanse,  
One bright midsummer day,  
The gallant steamer Ocean Queen  
Swept proudly on her way.  
Bright faces clustered on the deck,  
Or, leaning o'er the side,  
Watched carelessly the feathery foam  
That flecked the rippling tide."

Suddenly a sailor discovers that the steamer is on fire. He carries the terrible news to the captain. A sailor named John Maynard is at the wheel. As the flames make rapid progress it is seen that the only hope of safety is to steer the ship to land. Under the captain's orders John Maynard undertakes the dangerous task. They are within half a mile of the shore.

# THE LIBRARY OF THE GROLIER CLUB

47 EAST 60 STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022

BENEFIT AUCTION AT CHRISTIE'S NEW YORK

24 November 19 79

Received from: Name Mr. Ralph D. Gardner  
 Address 135 Central Park West  
New York 10023

the objects described below,

For the Chairman of the Committee

*Robert Nikirk*

Robert Nikirk, Librarian

Number	DESCRIPTION	VALUE
	Gardner, Ralph D. Horatio Alger, or the American Hero Era. Mendota, Illinois: The Wayside Press, 1964. Mint, in dust jacket.	\$65-\$75.

Ralph Gardner writes: "I contributed a first edition of the Wayside Press Horatio to the Grolier Club auction. As indicated, they appraise its value at \$65-\$75. As they get experts to do the appraisals, this means the value has held up - maybe even increased a little - even though there's the new Arco edition."

"But half a mile! Yet stay, the flames

No longer slowly creep,  
 But gather round that helmsman bold  
 With fierce, impetuous sweep.

"'John Maynard!' with an anxious voice

The captain cries once more,  
 'Stand by the wheel five minutes yet,  
 And we shall reach the shore.'  
 Through flame and smoke that dauntless heart

Responded firmly still,  
 Unawed though face to face with death,  
 'With God's good help I will!'

"The flames approach with giant strides,

They scorch his hand and brow;  
 One arm disabled seeks his side,  
 Ah! he is conquered now!  
 But no, his teeth are firmly set,  
 He crushes down his pain,  
 His knee upon the stanchion pressed,  
 He guides the ship again."

In brief, he succeeds in his task, but as the steamer touches shore he sinks in death beside it. He falls a victim to the flames, but the passengers are saved. It will be seen that the story is a striking one.

One Sunday in the summer of 1866, my first year in New York, I attended an afternoon service at the Five Points Mission. It was a children's service, and a few speakers were present to address the children of the mission. One speaker told the story of John Maynard, though I cannot remember in what connection. It was told in a dramatic way, and I was so much impressed that after the service was over I inquired of him where I could find the particulars of the incident. He referred me to a weekly religious paper of recent date in the reading room of

January-February

the Young Men's Christian Association. The next day I went to the reading room, found the story, and copied it. I learned that it had been used by John B. Gough in one of his popular lectures. That evening in my room in St. Mark's place I sat down immediately after supper and set myself to turning the prose into verse. I adhered as strictly as possible to the language used, including the captain's orders, and did not stop writing till the ballad was complete. The evening was very hot, and I was forced to lay aside my coat, vest, and collar, but I became so much interested that I could not make up my mind to retire till the poem of nearly one hundred lines was finished. The next day I sent it to a juvenile magazine published in Boston. It appeared in an early number, accompanied by an illustration. I think I was paid the munificent sum of three dollars for the ballad. I never expected to hear from it again, but soon it began to be copied, and found its way into the repertory of public readers. Every year it got into some new collection. I think I have seen it in at least a dozen. One student at a Catholic college received a prize of all of Scott's works for declaiming it at an exhibition.

With all these evidences of public favor, I can give no further information of John Maynard than is to be found in the ballad. Probably the only man who could have given any more was John B. Gough, and I have always been sorry that during his life I did not apply to him for such details as he could give. I believe John Maynard to have been a real character, but who he was, where he was born, and when he performed the heroic act which has made his name so widely known I am afraid will never be ascertained.

Natick, Mass.                      Horatio Alger, Jr.

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Editor's note: Alger's question has been answered. Some months ago Gilbert K. Westgard II sent me a chapter from a book. "Ach! Wer Ist John Maynard" is from Dwight Boyer's Ships and Men of the Great Lakes, published in 1977 by Dodd, Mead & Company of New York.

The author explains that the incident really occurred, though the events have been dramatized over the years. The ship was the Erie, and it departed from Buffalo on the afternoon of August 9, 1841. Painters had left containers of paint and turpentine on a ledge directly above the boilers, and on August 9 they exploded.

The captain's name was T. J. Titus, and it is true that he told one of his wheelmen — Augustus Fuller — to head for shore. But Titus did not "go down with the ship." In fact, he was one of the few to escape, having quickly jumped into one of the small safety boats. Most of the passengers were in their beds seasick, and the great majority of those on board perished. When the pilot house collapsed, Augustus Fuller (John Maynard) died also.

"It was at the inquest that Captain Titus, referring to his heroic wheelman, Augustus Fuller, said piously, 'He was always a resolute man!'

"In the passage of time, talk of the Erie and her hopeful immigrants waned . . . all but the saga of Augustus Fuller, her brave wheelman. Almost immediately he became the stuff of which legends and folklore are forged. The story of Augustus Fuller, sometimes embellished to fit the occasion, made the rounds from pilot house to fo'c'sle, from decks to waterfront taverns, and from pulpits to dinner table and living room discussion."

The first writer to capitalize on the story was Charles Dickens. "Dickens, for reasons that escaped many, for the story stood on its own merits, embellished his yarn with preposterous liberties. He apparently found the hero's name unlikely to inspire sustained interest and renamed him John Maynard, a good English name. . . . The story enjoyed wide circulation, but in the telling Augustus Fuller had ceased to exist, and a character of fantasy, John Maynard, had emerged as

(continued on page 9)

# C

**HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY  
CONNECTICUT  
CONCLAVE**

**MAY 1 - 4, 1980**



by Brad Chase

"Make sure you tell your members to get their motel reservations in by April 9th," said Charlie, "or else we can't guarantee them a room at your convention." I looked at Charlie Induddi, Director of Sales for the Tobacco Valley Inn, and slowly nodded but wondered to myself if I could get everybody to register by that date. At the same time I was hit by a slight anxiety attack knowing that the free hospitality and meeting rooms depended upon the number of rooms taken by Alger conventioners. By golly, I'll tell them of the April 9th date in every Newsboy through March and just hope that everybody attending will respond - not only to make our commitment of 30 rooms, but to enable everybody who wants to stay at the Convention Motel to do so. By the way, the next closest motel is at least five miles away, so be forewarned.....

Enclosed with this issue is a schedule of events for the Convention, a motel room reservation card which should be filled out and mailed to the Tobacco Valley Inn, and a registration form which should be sent to me along with the registration fee. As you see, Convention preparations are in the works and Ann and I are looking forward to seeing you all here in our part of the world in a few short months.

We were going through a stack of publicity brochures the other night and found a couple which describe interesting places you might like to visit while you're here. For example, Connecticut is somewhat famous for its clock and watch industry and therefore has several fine clock museums. One in particular

is The American Clock and Watch Museum in Bristol, Connecticut. Located just south of Hartford, it has an extensive collection of watches and clocks and an outstanding library and archives of horological materials. The library includes general reference books, trade catalogs, journals, magazines, photographs, slides and other items of historic and current interest to American clock and watch enthusiasts.

Of interest too, perhaps, is the Memory Lane Doll and Toy Museum located in Mystic, Connecticut which is down along the shoreline. This museum has over 900 dolls dating from 1800. According to the brochure, the dolls are out in the open and not confined within display cases. Dolls from many countries, of different sizes, types and compositions are featured. In fact, Shirley Temple, Buster Brown, Charlie McCarthy, Fanny Brice and even Batman are on display.

One of the events of greatest interest at our Convention is, of course, the annual "book and other things" auction which is held on Saturday night after the banquet and hosted by our venerable auctioneer, Ralph Gardner. We hope laryngitis doesn't strike Ralph as it did last year but because it did, we found that Bob Bennett can auctioneer with the best of them. By the way, if you want to contribute to the auction and don't want to bring the item with you, send it to me. I'm reserving a place on my ping pong table to keep early arrival auction items, and I have one already from Dick Seddon (and it's lonesome).

We sure hope you're planning to visit with us here in New England the first week of May. If you haven't attended a convention before, I think you'll be pleased with what you find and who you meet. So, mark your calendar, if you haven't done so already, put a string around your finger, or do anything else but reserve May 1-4 and come share your Alger interest with us.

\* \* \*



("John Maynard" - continued from p. 7)

the hero of the ages. But Charles Dickens was an author of international stature and his word was not to be questioned. Those who knew the true story didn't really care, for they knew who the real hero was."

Boyer mentions other authors who penned tales of John Maynard. Alger is one of them. ". . . a man who achieved fame and fortune writing dime novels had a go at the formula in a poem he authored in 1875. He kept John Maynard but changed the name of the vessel to Ocean Queen and had Captain Titus standing beside his helmsman to the very end. He never explained the origin of the fire."

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#### LUCK AND PLUCK AWARD RECOMMENDATIONS

Bob Sawyer writes: "As I was the lucky and rather surprised recipient of the 1979 Luck & Pluck Award, Jerry Friedland, our President, has asked me to chair the committee to choose the 1980 winner. I have asked Paul Miller and Dale Thomas to serve with me. I thought possibly it would be interesting to publish in Newsboy all the previous winners of both L&P and Newsboy Awards for the information of the membership. I will be happy to place recommendations for the L&P Award from the general membership before our committee prior to making our final decision."

Following are all the winners of the Luck and Pluck Award: 1966, Max Goldberg; 1967, Jack Row; 1968, Ken Butler; 1969, Les Langlois; 1970, Carl Hartmann; 1971, Edward S. Levy; 1972, Forrest Campbell; 1973, Jack Bales; 1974, Gilbert K. Westgard II; 1975, Dan Fuller; 1976, Bob Bennett; 1977, Dale Thomas; 1978, Dick Seddon; 1979, Bob Sawyer.

Following are all the winners of the Newsboy Award: 1964, Ralph D. Gardner; 1965, Gilbert K. Westgard; 1966, Forrest Campbell; 1967, Aurand Harris; 1968, Hal McCuen & S. N. Behrman; 1969, None; 1970, Max Goldberg; 1971, None; 1972, Ralph D. Gardner, 1973, Bill

Henderson; 1974, Leslie Poste; 1975, Bob Bickel; 1976, Carl Hartmann; 1977, Gilbert K. Westgard II; 1978, American Printing House for the Blind; 1979, Brad Chase.

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#### RAGGED DICK

(Editor's note: The following editorial is from the collection of Jack Bales. It originally appeared on page 18 of the New York Times, January 15, 1942).

Yesterday's papers told of a luncheon at the Children's Aid Society Newsboys Home in William Street to commemorate the 119th birthday of Horatio Alger, who wrote 119 books. Charles Loring Brace's Newsboys' Lodging House was very near to Alger's kindly heart. It was his home and club. There he took the Chinese foundling whom he adopted. The newsboys liked him. He followed their life closely. In 1867 "Ragged Dick" was published as a serial in Oliver Optic's "Student and Schoolmate." Boys loved it.

Half a dozen other stories about newsboys succeeded. Alger is the prose laureate of that famous profession. At one time he supported himself by writing for the newspapers. We may call him something of a newspaper man, if we like, and we don't have to bother about the upturned noses of critics who sneer at his too virtuous books and his veneration for success. Is it desirable that boys should taught [sic] to love failure? Alger himself was prodigal. The large sum that his books brought him he spent and scattered. He died poor. Some of his newsboys cheated him. Much he cared, this warmhearted and free-handed Pilgrim.

(Editor's postscript: Obviously, there are a number of errors in this work, though I am printing it because of the often repeated reference to Alger being a "prose laureate." Alger never lived at the Newsboys' Lodging House, and of course Herbert R. Mayes invented Wing, the Chinese foundling. Also, I don't think it is true that Alger was poor when he died).

The following short story - from the collection of Morris Olsen - is by Horatio Alger, Jr.'s sister, Olive Augusta Cheney. It originally appeared in the March, 1885 issue of Gleason's Monthly Companion.

**HARRY BLAKE'S ACCIDENT;**  
OR,  
**FORTUNE OUT OF MISFORTUNE.**

BY O. AUGUSTA CHENEY.

"AND you are willing to marry me, Edith, penniless as I am?"

"Yes, Harry, and since I am in the same condition, I don't know but it is an even exchange."

"But with your beauty and accomplishments, Edith, you might marry a rich man."

The young girl playfully laid her hand on her lover's lips.

"I always gave you credit for an abundant stock of good sense, Harry," said she. "But if you are going to stoop to flattery, I shall be tempted to change my mind."

"There was no flattery about it, I assure you. It was the honest truth."

"Well, in the first place, the truth isn't to be spoken at all times."

"Do you hesitate to give me evil counsel, Edith. If ever I deceive you, then, remember it was through the advice you gave me."

"Nonsense, Harry, you understand perfectly well what I mean. But I was going on to say that we ought not to consider ourselves poor; you have good business ability, and an excellent situation; I, too, have had no pains spared with my musical education, and this I could make available if necessity required. Our tastes are not expensive, and we are both blessed with good health. What more could we reasonably ask?"

"Your arguments are very plausible, and very encouraging, Edith," said her companion. "I am convinced by them that the best thing we can do is to marry at once."

"You men do jump at conclusions so. I meant to give you the idea that in a year we should be justified in marrying. By that time you will have laid aside enough to furnish a house comfortably."

But Edith's argument in this direction availed nothing. Harry persisted in his wish for an immediate marriage, and it was finally arranged that they should be married in three months from that time.

During the first year of their wedded life they got along very comfortably. Edith was economical and a good manager. To Harry's surprise it cost him no more to live than before his marriage.

"How is it you manage to keep everything in order, and live so well, on the sum I allow you for household expenses? I'm sure I don't understand. Before we were married it took every cent of my income, to support myself alone. Now I have two in the family; we have a house to ourselves, and live in far better style, beside being able to invite our friends to visit us. Are you sure you don't exceed the allowance, Edith? If you need a larger one, I can afford it, but I hope never to run in debt."

His wife smiled.

"Do not fear my running in debt, Harry. I have as great a dread of that as you could ever have. But I have a secret, of which I have never

told you." And she arose and went to her writing desk, from which she took a purse and handed it to her husband.

He opened it and saw two hundred and fifty dollars in bank bills. He looked up at her.

"What does this mean, Edith? Where did you get so much money?" asked he, a look of wonder stealing over his face.

"I saved it from my housekeeping money," said she, smiling. "You gave me such a generous allowance that I could not spend it all for the table. Then the idea struck me to lay it by for a rainy day. So, every week since our marriage, I have laid aside five dollars. I was thinking to-day of putting it into the Savings Bank, that it might be increasing."

"You are a wise little manager, Edith. I will add fifty dollars to your store; that will make quite a neat little sum for your first deposit."

"I am glad you approve my plan," said she; "we shall feel safer, in case anything happens."

But Edith's little fund was not destined to reach the bank, as she intended.

Two days after this conversation took place, the young wife was sitting by her desk. She had just been counting her money preparatory to depositing it, when there came a sharp ring at the door.

She went to answer it with a feeling of anxiety which she could neither account for, nor overcome. A carriage stood at the gate, and the driver was before her.

"Is this Mrs. Blake's house?" asked he.

"Yes," said Edith, with an inquiring look.

"And are you Mrs. Blake?"

"I am."

"Well, your husband has got hurt, and I have brought him home."

Edith clasped her hands tightly.

"Is he in the carriage?" asked she.

"Yes; shall I bring him in?"

"At once. Is he much hurt?"

"I can't say. He was stunned, and I guess he hasn't come to yet. He was knocked down by a pair of horses that were tearing along without any driver."

"Can't I help you?"

"No, I can fetch him."

Edith looked anxiously on while the man brought Harry in as if he had been a child, and laid him on the lounge. Then he went for the doctor.

The young wife brought a napkin and bathed her husband's face. In a short time he became conscious, and looked around him in surprise. He attempted to raise his arm to his head, but it fell helpless at his side.

"I remember," said he, after a pause, and his eyes closed again.

"Are you much hurt, Harry?"

"I think my arm is broken; and my side—something is the matter with that."

"Don't try to move, dear. The doctor will be here in a moment." And just then he came. He found that Harry's arm was broken, and there were more serious internal injuries, from which he would recover, but it would take time.

"How long shall I be kept from business, doctor?"

"Perhaps a year—perhaps only six months."

Harry sank back with a groan.

"But you must keep up good courage; a great deal depends on that. I will call again to-morrow." And the doctor left the house.

"I don't see what is to become of us, Edith."

"You forget the money which I had laid by. The rainy day has come now, and we are, in a measure, prepared for it."

"But suppose I am laid up for a year," groaned he; "how far will three hundred dollars go toward our expenses for that time?"

"Do not borrow trouble, Harry," said his wife cheerily. "You may not be kept from your business but a few months, and if you should be, I'm sure something will happen so that we shall get on bravely. But you have not yet told me how you got hurt."

"I forgot that you did not know about it. I had been out on business and was just returning to the store, when I heard a commotion behind me, and on turning round I discovered a carriage, with two horses attached, coming furiously toward me. A young girl sat in the carriage crying, 'Save me, Oh! save me!' In the distance I saw a man, whom I took to be the driver, running toward us. Without a moment's reflection, I rushed forward and grasped the horses. I was dragged by them several yards, and could not have retained my hold longer, for my arm was broken; but by that time others had come to the rescue, and I, now that the danger was over, sank down senseless. When I awoke to consciousness I found myself at home, and you were bathing my forehead."

"And you didn't know the lady?"

"No, I think I never saw her before."

"Well, you have one thing to console you. You were wounded in a good cause, and I do not think you will ever be sorry for doing as you did."

"No, I suppose that under the same circumstances, I should do the same thing again."

The time passed not unpleasantly to Harry, even though he was confined to the house. Edith was an excellent nurse; she read to her husband, played backgammon with him, and made everything as pleasant as possible for him.

One evening Harry retired early. His wife, after tucking him up comfortably, said, "I must sit up awhile longer, Harry. I have several things yet to do. But you must try to go to sleep soon, so as to feel better and stronger to-morrow." She then left him, closing the chamber door after her.

Harry thought nothing of this, as she had frequently sat up later than he did, in order to finish some sewing, or to make arrangements for the next morning's meal. But this evening he did not feel at all sleepy. He lay thinking of this accident which had happened to him. He wondered who the young lady was whom he had saved. Then he thought of the time which had passed since then. He had already been confined to the house more than three months. How were they to get along in the time to come, unless he should gain strength faster. He had not asked Edith how much money she had left, but there could not

be much. What would become of them after that was gone! But Edith said something would surely happen to encourage them. She told him not to borrow trouble, and he would not. "What a blessing she was to him!" he thought; "always looking on the bright side—always cheerful."

Then he wondered why she did not come upstairs. He had been in bed several hours. He listened intently, but heard no sound. Could she be sewing so long? He would go down and see. She must not sit up so late. He threw on his dressing-gown, thrust his feet into his slippers, and went down stairs. He opened the parlor door. The lamp upon the table was burning dimly, but Edith was not there. He looked around the room. On a chair in the corner lay the dress which she had on when she left him, and on the table, beside the lamp, he saw a box half filled with artificial flowers. What did it all mean?

He sank into a chair. Could she have deserted him? His heart told him that this was not so. "But where was she?" he asked bitterly. Then the thought came over him that she was tired of their quiet life, and taking care of a sick person so long. She had perhaps gone to some place of amusement. But she could not go alone. Who had accompanied her?

He looked at the clock. It was a little past twelve. He would sit up and wait for her, and show her that he was acquainted with her perfidy.

He sat there, restless and impatient. Slowly the hours dragged on. How much longer would she be absent! He paced the room, occasionally looking from the window to see if she were not coming.

The clock struck two. He heard a carriage in the distance. He listened; it approached the house. Then he heard it stop.

He looked from the window. A gentleman was handing Edith from the carriage. He spoke.

"How much I thank you for your kindness, Mrs. Blake. It is not the first time I have been under obligations to your family. But I hope to know you better. I shall give myself the pleasure of calling on you soon."

"You are very kind, indeed, sir; we shall always be glad to see you."

"My regards to your husband."

"Thank you, sir. Good evening."

"Good evening. And the carriage rolled away.

Edith left her outer garments in the hall. She came into the parlor, not dreaming that her husband was there. He sat in one corner of the room, and the light was so dim that she did not see him.

He gazed at her in astonishment as she entered. She wore a thin dress of dark material, cut low in the neck. Her hair was tastefully arranged, and flowers were placed in it in the form of a wreath. She sat down beside the table, and seemed to be lost in thought.

Then Harry spoke.

"So you finally decided to come home again."

Edith started at the sound of his voice.

"Why, Harry are you here?" said she. "I am afraid you will take cold. It is not right for you to expose yourself after being so warm in bed."

"Why should you care?" asked he, bitterly. "If I should die, you could then go out as often as you liked, and you would not be obliged to take care of a sick man any longer."

"Oh! Harry," said she, "you do not know—"

"No," interrupted he, "I do not know all, perhaps, but I know enough to satisfy me that you are weary of living so retired, and of waiting on a sick man so long. If it were not so, you would not go out riding with another man than your husband, returning at so late an hour."

Edith smiled.

"You will change your mind, I am sure, Harry, after hearing my story. Yesterday Miss Saunders called at the door. You know she is governess at Mrs. Campbell's. 'She was in trouble,' she said, 'and came to see if I could assist her.' Mrs. Campbell was to give a small party, and wished Miss Saunders to be present to play for them during the evening, whenever they wished music. But Miss Saunders' mother was taken very suddenly ill, and she wished to be with her. So she came to see if I would go there to play for them.

"I promised to oblige her if possible, and in the afternoon I sent word to her, that you were so comfortable that I would go. I said nothing to you about it, fearing that you might oppose my going.

"The carriage was sent for me. I had but just got ready when it came. I found a pleasant company there, and was treated very kindly. But I was greatly surprised at one thing which happened. Soon after I reached the house, a lady entered the room, and after conversing a few moments with Mrs. Campbell on common topics, she said:

"'I was quite startled when I heard of Isabel's narrow escape. You know we were out of town when it happened, and have just heard of it.'

"'Yes,' returned Mrs. Campbell, 'it was quite a shock to us all. And though, since it happened, we have made every exertion to learn the name of the gentleman who risked his own life to save hers, thus far our efforts have been unsuccessful. John, the coachman, says he is sure the man had his arm broken. I feel sorry not to be able to show my gratitude in some active way.'

"Just then Mrs. Campbell looked toward the piano near which I was sitting. I suppose I must have betrayed my knowledge of the affair by my face, for she immediately asked me if I had heard of any one who had been injured in that way.

"I told her that I thought it might have been you who were the instrument of saving her daughter. She asked me many questions which I answered, and then I told her all the particulars of the accident as you gave them to me. She felt satisfied from the account I gave her, that you were the person who saved her daughter, and she professed great pleasure in discovering it.

"'I shall not forget my obligations to your husband,' said she, as I was preparing to leave.

"Mr. Campbell and I will call at your house to-morrow, to see what we can do for him.'

"The carriage was soon at the door, and after getting in, I was surprised at seeing Mr. Campbell enter, also. He professed to feel great gratitude to you for saving the life of his only daughter, and when he handed me out, he left this paper in my hand."

She passed the paper to Harry, as she spoke.

It was a cheque for one hundred dollars.

Poor Harry! He felt ashamed of his jealousy and of his unkind words to Edith. He attempted to tell her so, but she told him that it was all forgotten now.

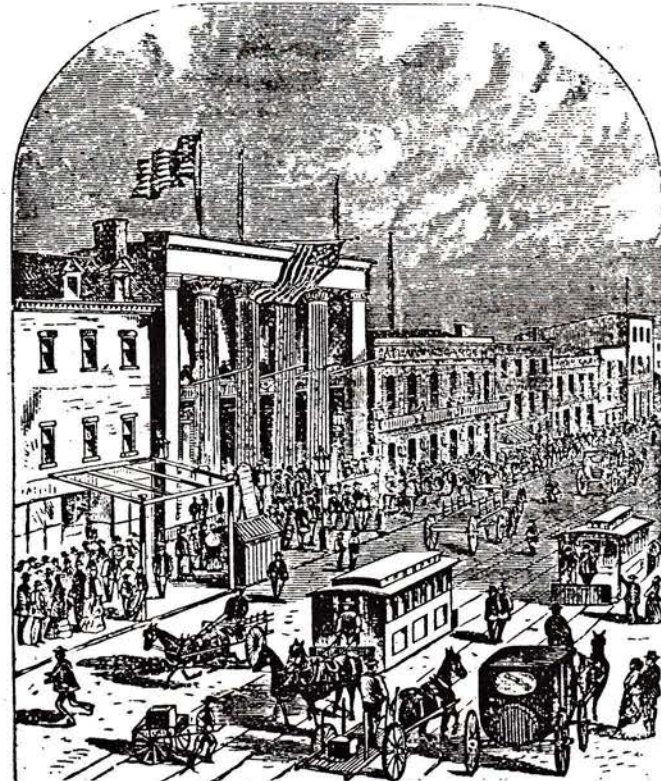
"Miss Saunders promised to pay me five dollars for taking her place this evening," said Edith, "but I think I can afford to return it to her, since I have been so well paid already."

The next day Mr. and Mrs. Campbell called as they had promised, to see Harry. They professed to feel sorry for the injuries which he had sustained.

They brought a large basket of delicacies with them for his benefit. Mr. Campbell insisted on paying his doctor's bill. He also offered Harry a situation with him, at a handsome salary, as soon as he was able to occupy it. But the salary was to date from the time the accident occurred.

"You are too kind, sir," said Harry.

"By no means," returned his visitor. "Even now I consider myself very much your debtor. You were seriously injured in preserving the life of my child. I can never recompense you for that. If I date your salary from that time, you are not paid for all the pain and suffering you have undergone. Therefore I ask the privilege of settling on you and your wife the house which you now occupy. It is but a slight testimonial or my appreciation of your courage in risking your life to save that of another."



OLD BOWERY THEATRE

The Old Bowery Theater - where many Alger Heroes spent the money they earned blacking boots and selling newspapers. (From page 674 of the April, 1871 issue of Harper's New Monthly Magazine).