

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*

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A few years ago, Horatio Alger Society member Clyde Gelbach taught a course at Indiana University of Pennsylvania on "Horatio Alger and His World." As reported on page thirteen of the December, 1979 Newsboy, Professor Gelbach again offered his class, and to draw publicity towards the course offering, "the history department had on display in Keith Hall a collection of memorabilia pertaining to Alger and his world." Thanks go to Dr. Gelbach for his continuing interest in Horatio Alger, Jr.

## HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY

To further the philosophy of Horatio Alger, Jr., and to encourage the spirit of Strive and Succeed that for half a century guided Alger's undaunted heroes — lads whose struggles epitomized the Great American Dream and flamed hero ideals in countless millions of young Americans.

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Newsboy, the official organ of the Horatio Alger Society, is published monthly (bimonthly January-February and June-July) and is distributed to HAS members. Membership fee for any twelve month period is \$10.00. Cost for single issues of Newsboy is \$1.00 apiece.

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

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

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

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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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## NEW MEMBERS REPORTED

PF-592 Troy Wagner  
3700 North Clark St.  
Chicago, Illinois 60613

Troy Wagner may well be our youngest member, and comes to us through Gilbert K. Westgard II (who, in the first few months of publication of Newsboy, was at that time the youngest member). He is 14 years old and works as a newsboy in Chicago. He is looking for nicely bound copies in good condition at reasonable prices. If you are looking for a new collector to purchase some of your extra Alger volumes at a fair price, send him your list.

PF-594 Ephraim Carlisle  
18 Kirby Ave.  
Bridgeton, New Jersey 08302

Ephraim owns 58 Algers and is retired. He collects — besides Alger books — commemorative glass platters.

\* \* \*

## CHANGES OF ADDRESS

PF-541 David Moulton  
Unit 1111  
1225 Martha Curtis Drive  
Alexandria, Virginia 22302

\* \* \*

## BOOK MART

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

Offered by Harry Lane, 2560 Florida Street South, Apt. B, Mobile, Alabama 36606.

Harry writes: "I have approximately 75 duplicate Algers and other juvenile fiction for sale. There are a couple of first editions and a few second printings. See my ad in the April, 1980 Dime Novel Round-Up. Send stamp for list."

Offered by Hank Gravbelle, 205 Great Road B9, Acton, Mass. 01720.

Hank has the following Algers for sale. They are all in fair condition and are priced at \$2.00 each.

NEW YORK BOOK PUBLISHING COMPANY  
The Tin Box, Andy Grant's Pluck, Julius the Street Boy, Shifting for Himself, Risen from the Ranks, Strive and Succeed, Herbert Carter's Legacy, Making His Way, Hector's Inheritance, Strong and Steady, Try and Trust, Bob Burton, Wait and Hope, Harry Vane, A Cousin's Conspiracy, Tom the Bootblack

DONOHUE PUBLISHING COMPANY  
Helping Himself, Only an Irish Boy, Making His Way, Bob Burton, The Store Boy, Walter Sherwood's Probation

HURST PUBLISHING COMPANY  
Phil the Fiddler, Shifting for Himself, Strive and Succeed, Brave and Bold, Strong and Steady, Sink or Swim

GOLDSMITH PUBLISHING COMPANY  
Helping Himself

WORLD SYNDICATE PUBLISHING COMPANY  
The Cash Boy

Hank also has for sale a first edition of From Canal Boy to President, fair condition, for \$15.00 and a Loring edition of Fame and Fortune in good condition, priced at \$25.00.

Offered by G. W. Owens, General Delivery, Crozet, Virginia 22932.

G. W. has 85 Algers (55 titles) for sale. If you are interested, please write and send a self-addressed stamped envelope for a list.

Needed by Herbert R. Risteen, Box 161, 405 10th Avenue, Baraboo, Wisconsin 53913.

Herb needs the following Algers. They must be either Winston or Burt reprints in very good or better condition.

A Cousin's Conspiracy, Frank and Fearless, Frank's Campaign, Frank Hunter's Peril, Grit, Helping Himself, Dan the Newsboy, In a New World, Luck and Pluck,

Luke Walton, Strive and Succeed, Struggling Upward, Tom Thatcher's Fortune, Robert Coverdale's Struggle, The Young Acrobat, The Young Bank Messenger, The Young Miner, and The Young Salesman.

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"ORPHAN TRAIN"

(Editor's note: Orphan Train, a book by James Magnuson and Dorothea G. Petrie, is a novel about the Children's Aid Society's program of transporting friendless and homeless street youngsters to homes in the West. Thousands of children benefited from this plan, 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." [See October, 1978 Newsboy for a review of Orphan Train].

In December, 1979, "Orphan Train" was shown on television, and one of the Children's Aid Society's orphans, Ben Pippert, was interviewed with Dorothea Petrie by Bob and Betty Sanders on WBBM Radio in Chicago. A tape of the interview was made by HAS member Gilbert K. Westgard II, and he subsequently provided me with a typed transcription. It is printed here by permission of WBBM. A newspaper article on "Orphan Train" is included in this Newsboy also).

BS: Dorothea, I would like for you to explain the "Orphan Train" concept. Whose idea was this, and what happened?

DP: In the 1850's New York City was overridden with abandoned, neglected, or orphaned children. There were between ten and thirty thousand children on the streets. The Chief of Police, George W. Matsell, declared them to be a dangerous class in New York City. A man by the name of Charles Loring Brace, a twenty-six year old minister, decided to work with these children. He organized a society called

Aurora Beacon News, Dec. 21, 1979

# 'Orphan Train' shines like holiday star

LOS ANGELES (AP) — Among the sugar plums the networks are dishing out for Christmas is a hard nugget of reality that just may be the best holiday show of all.

"Orphan Train" isn't a Christmas show, but it is being broadcast at an appropriate time. The three-hour movie airs Saturday night on CBS.

"Orphan Train" is based on an actual case in which more than 100,000 homeless children were gathered off the streets of New York between 1854 and 1929 and sent west for adoption. The controversial program was run by the Children's Aid Society of New York.

Jill Eikenberry stars in "Orphan Train" as the dedicated but untested social worker who organizes the first train trip after witnessing the public hanging of a slum youth. Kevin Dobson plays a photographer who helps arrange the first trip, then accompanies the train to photograph the journey and ends up involved with the children and Miss Eikenberry.

Linda Manz is a young orphan bought from of a house of prostitution. Graham Fletcher-Cook is an orphan from England, and Melissa Michaelson is J.P., who masquerades as a boy after she is abandoned by her mother.

Producer Dorothea G. Petrie stumbled across the long-forgotten story when she returned with her mother to Dysart, Iowa, in 1973 for the town's centennial.

"I met an old gentleman who had come across on an orphan train with four brothers and sisters," she said. "He still had his old coat with his name tag and the rules of the society. I'd never heard of the orphan trains. When I got back, I went to the UCLA research library but I couldn't find anything."

She returned to Iowa for more research and wrote to the Children's Aid Society, which furnished her with the titles of old books about the program. She also was able through one means or another to get in touch with more than 100 people who had ridden the trains. The society would not reveal the names of the orphans.

"When we were filming the train sequences in South Dakota, a woman showed up on the set,"

Mrs. Petrie said. "She said she didn't even tell her husband she was coming. She had been on an orphan train.

"I listened to many stories. Most people had better stories than I could write. They were like something out of Charles Dickens."

Mrs. Petrie, who is the wife of director Daniel Petrie, first wrote a screenplay about the orphan trains that was purchased by United Artists. Steve McQueen and Ali McGraw were set to star in the film, but when their marriage broke up, the movie fell apart.

"I bought the screenplay back," Mrs. Petrie said. "The emphasis had been on the man, but I wanted it on the woman. McQueen's role had been that of a gambler who gets involved with the kids."

She then wrote a novel in collaboration with James Magnuson, which was bought by EMI Television Productions. CBS originally considered a 10-hour miniseries.

The New York scenes were filmed in Savannah, Ga., which has preserved sections of older buildings and cobblestone streets.

"We looked all over the country for a period train," said Ms. Petrie. "Georgia was willing to take down the walls of a museum and let us use The General, but we needed box cars and other cars.

"We found a train in California, but we didn't film here because of the laws limiting children to working only four hours a day. We weren't going to overwork them, but we needed more than four hours. We had a teacher and a social worker with us to look after their welfare."

A train engine finally was located in Hill City, S.D., and period cars were built to order. Several small town sets were erected along its tracks.

The book was Mrs. Petrie's first venture into writing. She had been an actress and model, casting director and script consultant.

Mrs. Petrie said she has an offer of a contract for an oral history of the orphans. "I would also like to do a documentary. In 10 years they will all be gone."

By Jerry Buck  
The Associated Press

the Children's Aid Society, and the first and most controversial thing they did was to send out flyers along the then virgin railroad lines saying, "Wanted: Homes for Children." Then they gathered up a group of street children, put them on a train and started crossing the country, stopping at towns to see if anyone wanted a child.

BS: Wasn't this dangerous? Even by standards of the era to just turn a child over to a family you didn't know anything about?

DP: It was, but they didn't "turn the child over," though Ben's father did bring him to the Children's Aid Society. In the early days most of these children had lived on the streets, and they also picked them from asylums or from prisons. And when I say prisons, you must remember that a child could steal a loaf of bread and be put in prison because there was no punishment specifically for children. It was for adults as well as children.

BS: It reminds me of Dickens' Oliver Twist.

DP: It does indeed. But, it wasn't the same as Dickens' London, because there there was a poverty class. And in America we weren't old enough to have a poverty class. Therefore, because these children were survivors could be even more severe or reckless than the London paupers, and more dangerous.

BS: Now, Ben Pippert, you were one of the orphans. Were you born in New York?

BP: I was born in New York in 1892, and my mother passed away in 1893. And my father didn't know what to do with us children because he didn't have much money, we were poor people. He was a cooper, he made barrel staves right next to the Hudson River. We lived right next to the river, three stories up, and we weren't allowed to go down the long, dark stairway, and out on the street because there were too many taverns and toughs down there. When I came out to Iowa I was just a year and a half old.

BS: Did they have any idea as to the family that would take you in? They were just sending you west?

BP: In my family there were five of us children. Two boys, two girls, and me. Now, the gentleman that took me worked in a store, and he told the merchant that he wanted to see the group of children brought in from New York City and what they were going to do with them. He had no intention of taking a child because he (and his wife) expected one. Well, they unloaded us, took us to the town hall. And I was on the stage. He said, "You walked around there like you were looking for somebody. And then you saw me. You said, 'Dada.'" Now of course there was some resemblance because my [real] father had a moustache. Then he said, "I'll take that boy." He grabbed me and took me home. My foster mother said, "You were lousy and dirty." She had to clean me up, and she washed my hair with kerosene. She said, "You were little, you cried. You didn't like that. I got big gobs of hair and lice, both."

BS: Did the stories of most of the orphans have a happy ending, or was there misery at the end of the line?

BP: My oldest brother had kind of a hard life. The people that got him worked him pretty hard.

BS: Were these children legally adopted?

BP: Not that I know of. My last name was Morris, but I kept the name Pippert because that was the name I was raised with. When I got married and left home, my foster father said, "I want you to keep that name as long as you live." Now my oldest brother was raised by a family named Burkhardt, and as he didn't get the care and use he should have had, he changed his name back to Johnny Morris at the age of eighteen.

BS: Was there any kind of a financial obligation other than just taking the children into the home?

DP: They did have rules. The children were to be treated as members of the family, and they could work if the other members of the family worked. They had to be educated, and they had to go to church. The children aged fifteen and older had to work for their board and room, and at eighteen they could go their own way, and they were supposed to get a hundred dollars. Now, Ben's father told him that he was to stay until he was twenty-one, so he didn't know about that rule.

BS: Over a period of how many years did the orphan trains run?

DP: From 1854 to 1929.

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#### TOMMY'S ADVENTURE

by Horatio Alger, Jr.

(Editor's note: The following Alger short story is from the collection of Evelyn Grebel. Prior to this publication in Newsboy, it appeared in Ballou's Dollar Monthly Magazine (October, 1886), Good News (December 11, 1890), Tip Top Weekly (April 18, 1908), and Newsboy (August, 1964).

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Tommy Carver stood on the banks of the little river that ran through the town where he lived. Over his head waved the branches of a large willow-tree. At its foot floated upon the bosom of the river a small boat, which was fastened by a rope to the tree.

Tommy was eight years old, and had never been in a boat, though he had long desired to do so, in consequence of the glowing account given by his friend, Edwin Samson, of the pleasure of a boat ride. But his mother felt timid about the water, and it so happened that he had never been allowed to enter a boat.

"I could get in that boat just as easy as not," thought Tommy, "there isn't anybody looking, and I am out of sight of home. I'd like to know how it feels to be in a boat."

Tommy knew very well he ought not to disobey his mother, but still he

couldn't get the delights of the boat out of his head; and the more he thought about it the more he thought he might step into the boat just a minute.

At length he yielded to the temptation, and stepped in. The boat began to rock with him, frightening him a little at first, but after a while he liked it. Still there was not much chance for motion on account of the boat's being tied. Soon Tommy became bolder, and seriously contemplated cutting the rope, or, rather, untying it. The question occurred to him about the rowing, which he had never tried. There was an oar in the boat, and this gave him confidence. He had seen boats rowed, and it seemed to him a very easy matter.

"Pooh," thought Tommy, "just as if I couldn't stick the oar into the water and draw it out again! It's easy enough to row."

So, as one wrong thing leads to another, Tommy soon made up his mind to cut the rope, for he found that he could not untie it. He had a knife in his pocket which was rather dull, and it took him a good while to saw through the rope. He succeeded in doing it at length without cutting his fingers, which was rather remarkable.

Brave! he is off.

There was a considerable current in the river, and Tommy found, to his surprise and pleasure, that he could get along without rowing at all, as the boat glided down stream rapidly, without any effort on his part. It troubled him occasionally by veering round, in consequence of conflicting currents.

Tommy sat on the seat at one end of the boat, and enjoyed the sport.

"It's bully fun," he thought, "much better than riding in a wagon. When I get to be a big man I mean to have a boat of my own, that is, if I have money enough. I guess I will have."

Just at this moment the boat bumped

against a sunken rock, which frightened Tommy considerably. However, as it just grazed and then went on, he got over this fright, and began to enjoy his voyage once more.

The current was pretty strong, and bore him on rapidly. I neglected to say that Tommy lived in Maine, and the river of which I am speaking was the Penobscot, some distance above Bangor, where the settlements were comparatively few and small, and the river was lined part of the way by forests reaching to the water's edge.

After a while Tommy found that he had got beyond the limits of the village where he lived, and on either side there were nothing but forest trees.

"I guess I've gone far enough," thought Tommy. "I'd better go back now."

He wished the current would carry him back, just as boys often wish that they could coast up hill without the fatigue of drawing up their sleds, but as neither of these things takes place very often, Tommy knew that he must row back.

He took the oar, therefore, and commenced operations, having no serious misgivings as to his ability to row. It was only "sticking the oar into the water, and then pulling it out again." But somehow, though Tommy tried it faithfully, it did not seem to work. In fact, it seemed to make very little impression upon the course of the boat.

"I didn't get it right," thought Tommy. "I wonder how the old thing works? It looks easy enough when other people do it."

So Tommy continued to experiment, but all his experiments proved equally unfortunate.

"Oh, dear me!" he thought, as the awful conviction flashed upon him that he was getting farther and farther away from home. "I don't believe I shall get

home tonight."

He began to get hungry, too, as it was nearly supper-time when he started, and the twilight was coming on.

"I wish I was at home, eating supper," he thought. "What'll mother think, when I don't come home? I think there's something wrong about the boat, or maybe it's the oar."

However, be the cause what it might, there was one thing sure, that Tommy was in a pickle from which there seemed little chance of his being extricated. About this time an unusually energetic movement of his oar sent the boat toward one side of the river, where its course was arrested by a log jutting out into the river.

Tommy seized the opportunity to escape to the log, on which he walked to the shore. The boat, getting entangled, remained fast.

The wood reached down to the water's edge. No house was to be seen.

"If I could only find somebody, I'd ask 'em to take me home," thought Tommy. "I guess I'll strike up through the woods, and maybe I'll find a house."

So he made his way with some difficulty up the bank, and into the woods. But there were no signs of any clearing. At last, however, he came to a small round hut built round a tree.

"I wonder if anybody lives there?" he thought. "I'll go and see."

So he went up and looked in through an opening which served for a door, and was almost frightened to death when a large Indian got up from his seat in the corner and advanced toward him.

"What white boy want?" he asked.

Tommy had only recently moved to Maine, and this was the first Indian  
(continued on page 10)

# Bookish sort answers to 'Wise Owl'

By JAY JOSLYN

LAKE DELTON — Pupils at the Delton Grade School receive an educational bonus that isn't spelled out in the curriculum.

Thanks to their principal, Percy Seamans, they are

exposed to a love of books that for him has spilled over and turned avocation to vocational sideline.

Seamans, 56, has been hooked on books since he was 8 years old.

Eight years ago his book

collection got so big that he had to open a bookstore in self-defense.

It all started when a secondhand book dealer near his childhood home in rural Reedsburg steered him into reading the Horatio Alger stories.

"He'd sell me a book for 10 cents and then give me a nickel discount when I returned it to buy the next one," he said. "I've got 126 Alger titles now, but only three of the books I had when I was a youngster."

The shop, a paneled garage, bears the name Wise Owl Books. The gentle-looking, quiet-spoken Seamans, of course, has come to answer to the name himself.

He has been principal at the Delton school for 21 years. In the last few years, he has worked his shop into his scholastic pursuits.

"Wisconsin history is part of the work for the fourth graders every year," he explained. "During the year I lead them on a walking tour of the historic spots around here. We end up at the shop, where I show them my collection of Wisconsin books and my wife, Hazel, serves a snack."



WHEN PERCY SEAMANS' book collection got too big for the house he set up shop in a paneled garage. The principal of Delton Grade School in Lake Delton leads walking tours of historic places, then shows the children his collection of Wisconsin books.

"I don't do it for the shop. The kids find it exciting to see books written about what they've just seen. Sometimes interest in books sticks."

It isn't unusual to find a whole family of vacationers browsing through the Wise Owl's stacks.

An attraction for the youngest ones is Seamans' "free box," a collection of culls.

"One of my little neighbors, a preschooler, came over after I finished remodeling and looked all through the shop," Seamans recounted. "He came up to me finally and said, 'I sure would like to buy something if I had any money.'"

"I told him about the free box. After he looked through it, he came back and said, 'Can I buy two of them?'"

Mark Twain's "Double Barrelled Detective Stories" really nailed down Seamans

as a book collector on a major scale.

"I went to an auction where there were 10 boxes of books of all kinds on sale," he related. "I put in a really low bid that actually won. When the auctioneer asked me how many I wanted, I took all of them. When I sorted through them, I found the Mark Twain."

Checking with David Lake, the Delton High School history teacher who is the proprietor of the Ravenswood Book Shop in Wisconsin Dells, Seamans learned how to look up book values and discovered that his Twain was a valuable and rare volume.

"That was enough for me," he said with a deprecating smile. "It's a lot of fun checking out boxes of books. You never know what you might find."

All of the Seamanses' vacations are book hunting trips. However, his spreading fame

brings books to him unsolicited.

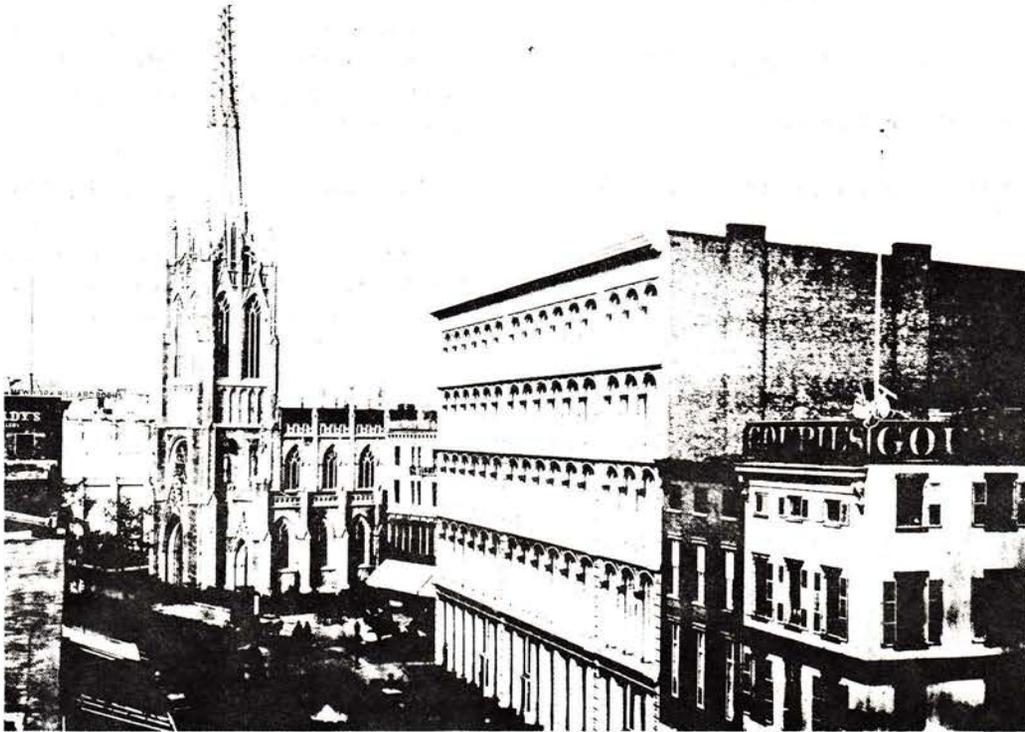
Recently a man drove up in a pickup truck filled with books that he sold to Seamans at a flat price.

"I told him I didn't have room, but he knew I owned some cabins and offered to drive the books out to them," Seamans said. "Now I have a cabin filled with books to sort through."

Seamans has continued his interest in Horatio Alger and has only two more titles to find to complete his collection.

He has contributed articles to the Horatio Alger Society's newsletter, "The Newsboy."

"I've been a member of the society for a long time. But I've never been able to go to any of the conventions because they are held during the school year," he said. "One of the things I'm looking forward to when I retire is being able to go to those meetings."



Grace Church and the old A. T. Stewart Store on Broadway at 10th St., New York, 1868

REGARDING ARTICLE ON LAST TWO PAGES.....Neil McCormick writes: "I'm submitting this article that appeared in the Milwaukee Sentinel on August 28, 1979. It is an interesting article that might be of interest to other members of HAS. I think Percy Seamans has done a lot for the Society. I know he's the one that really got my collection going, and I know other Alger collectors from the Midwest stop at the Wise Owl Book Shop when they are passing through the Wisconsin Dells area."

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(Alger story continued from page 7)  
he had seen. He had read about them, however, in his little history, and about their scalping people, and he was very much alarmed at the unexpected sight of the live Indian before him.

"Don't scalp me, Mr. Indian!" ejaculated Tommy, frightened.

The Indian laughed, a low, guttural laugh.

"What for should Indian scalp white by?" he said.

"Then you won't scalp me?" said Tommy, relieved. "I am glad of it. It must hurt awfully."

Again the Indian laughed.

Didn't you ever scalp anybody?"

The Indian shook his head.

"Then you're a good Indian. Do you live here?"

"Yes."

"I should think the roof would leak," said Tommy, whose interest was aroused. "You haven't got any windows."

"Don't need 'em," said the Indian.

"Are you married? Have you got any wife?" asked the inquisitive Tommy.

"Got no squaw," said the Indian.

"That's a funny name for a wife, anyway. What do you call baby?"

"Papoose."

"That's funny, I've got a little baby brother at home. What would mother

think of calling him a papoose?"

"Where white boy's home?" asked the Indian.

"Up the river."

"How white boy come down?"

"In a boat," said Tommy; "the awful-est boat you ever saw. It came down well enough, but it won't go back a step. I don't see how I'm ever going to get home. I'm glad you're not a bad Indian, for I don't know what mother would say if I should come home without a scalp."

The Indian looked as amused as an Indian can look, but said nothing.

"What do you do for a living?" asked Tommy, suddenly. "My father was a lawyer. I s'pose you don't have Indian lawyers?"

"Me make baskets," said the Indian.

"Oh, let me see!" said Tommy. "My mother's got a beautiful basket made by an Indian. Won't you show me how you make 'em?"

The obliging Indian brought out a basket partly made, and showed it to his young visitor. Tommy was very much interested.

"Do you think I could learn to make baskets?" he asked.

"Me guess so."

"I wish mother'd let me come and learn basket-making of you. I might make money, you know. Besides, I wouldn't have to go to school."

But meanwhile it was growing darker,

and Tommy thought of home and supper.

"Have you eaten supper?" he asked suggestively. "I'm awful hungry."

"Me give white boy something to eat," said the Indian. And he brought out some flat cakes that seemed to be made of very coarse ground corn, mixed up with water only. At home Tommy would have turned up his nose at them, but he was really hungry, and ate them with relish.

"Haven't you any pies or cake?" he asked.

The Indian shook his head.

"I should think you'd get tired of this bread all the time. Oh, dear, how shall I get home?"

"White boy wait till morning, Indian carry him home."

"Well, I guess I'd better, as it's getting dark. But you haven't got any bed, have you?"

The Indian pointed out a bearskin inside of the wigwam.

"White boy lie there," he said.

"But where'll you sleep?" asked Tommy.

"Never mind Indian. Indian sleep anywhere."

"I guess I won't undress," said Tommy. "I'm a papoose now, and I must do like the papooses. You wake me up when the sun rises."

Tommy slept peacefully all night, and woke quite refreshed in the morning. The Indian set out with him on the return home, which they reached by noon, greatly to the relief of Tommy's almost distracted mother, who was so overjoyed to find her darling boy again that she forgot to scold him. As for the friendly Indian, he received a very liberal order for baskets, which kept him at work for the next three months, and

Tommy struck up a friendship with him which still exists.

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## The New York Times

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1980

### Publishing

By THOMAS LASK

Although Horatio Alger Jr. is fixed forever as a writer of books for young people, he did write adult fiction, and what's more, had a desire throughout his career to write more of them than he did. He wrote 10 adult books, and sometime before Christmas, Van Nostrand Reinhold will republish two of them, "A Disagreeable Woman" and "A Fancy of Hers," in a single volume. They have been chosen by Ralph Gardner, who has written a life of Alger and will provide a long introduction to the book. The two works, says Mr. Gardner, are nostalgically charming and have the typically happy ending of the Horatio Alger stories for youngsters with the usual large complement of dialogue. Alger evidently flinched from writing extensive descriptions.

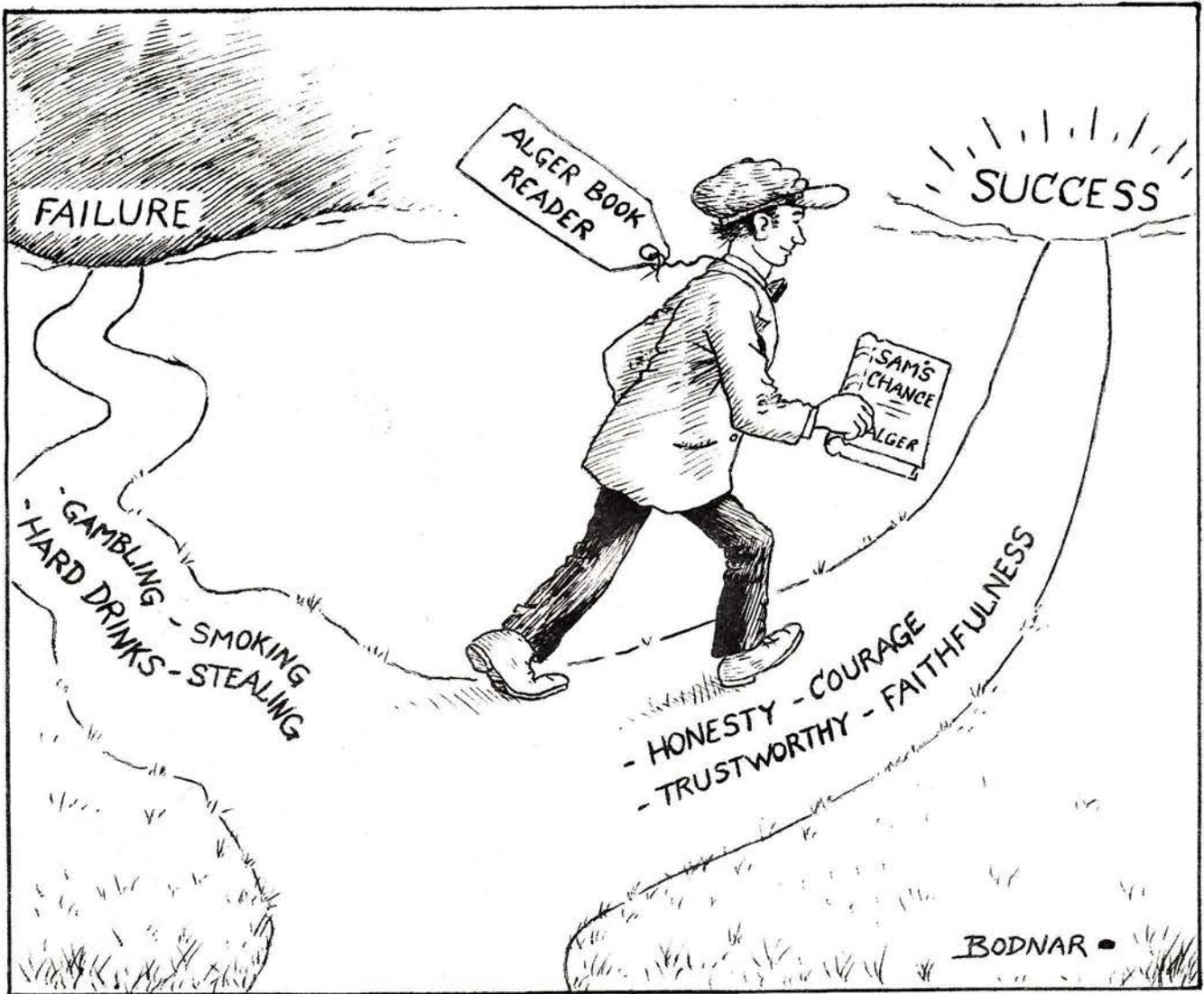
"A Disagreeable Woman" was published under the pseudonym of Julian Starr in 1885. "A Fancy of Hers," appeared in Munsey's Magazine in 1892. Alger had about 70 publishers, Mr. Gardner said, but Frank Munsey was his main one.

The introduction will cover two points. One will deal with Alger's attempts at adult fiction and the publishers' fears that his adult books would ruin the market for his books for youngsters. The second, Mr. Gardner said, "will give the facts as accurately as possible of the incident involving his dismissal from the ministry of the Brewster Unitarian Church on Cape Cod for suspected homosexuality. A lot of sensational stuff has been written, and I want to set the facts down soberly and let the record speak for itself."

Ralph Gardner sent your editor the above clipping, noting that the publication of A Disagreeable Woman and A Fancy of Hers should interest all Alger collectors.

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H. Gary Newton of Fayetteville, North Carolina reports that "I have established a Horatio Alger Collection in the library of the Fayetteville Academy with 140 books." Nice project, Gary!



This cartoon was created and drawn by Horatio Alger Society member Louis Bodnar, Jr, of 1502 Laurel Ave., Chesapeake, Virginia 23325.