

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

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Fredericksburg, VA
22401



Horatio Alger, Jr.

1832 - 1899



Founded 1961 by Forrest Campbell & Kenneth B. Butler

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THE NEWSBOY'S FIRST LESSON.

HAS member Pete Eckel has been a long time collector of material relating to newsboys. He recently purchased the personal scrapbook of Rudolph Heig, who was Superintendent of the Newsboys' Lodging House from 1875-1910, and in this issue of Newsboy are some clippings from the Scrapbook. Pete is concerned about preserving the history of the New York newsboys, and his contributions to the Alger Society are greatly appreciated.

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.

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

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.

Bob Williman's Alger Convention — "The Capitol Caucus" — will be here soon. Remember the dates — May 14-16, 1981, in the Washington, D.C. area.

* * *

NEW MEMBERS REPORTED

PF-609 Preston R. Ziemer
RFD #1
Mulberry, Tenn. 37359

Preston, owner of 67 Algers, heard of HAS through a newspaper article. His other hobbies include making black powder rifles and pistols.

* * *

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

PF-045 Gardner F. Dalton
2080 Golden Rain Road
Manor 2
Walnut Creek, Calif. 94595

PF-448 C. Addison Hickman
P.O. Box 126
Manzanita, Oregon 97130

* * *

BOOK MART

The listing of Alger books in this department is free to HAS members. Thus, it is assumed that all books can be returned if the buyer is not satisfied with them. See September, 1980 "Book Mart" for criteria in determining condition of book. Please list title, publisher, condition and price.

Offered by William A. Sausaman, 1525 North Third Street, Springfield, Illinois 62702.

Alger beginner's collection, 28 titles, including 5 duplicates, publisher reprints, mostly good condition, \$56.00 postpaid.

Offered by Ed Auten, P.O. Box 59, Tijeras, New Mexico. 87059 ph-505 281-3783.

Ed has for sale books by several authors, including Alger, Zane Grey, H.B. Wright, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Curwood, Jack London, G.A. Henty, P.B. Kyne, John Steinbeck, Ralph Connor, F. G. Slaughter, Ernie Pyle. He has some firsts of Grey, Burroughs, Curwood and Connor. Send SASE for list.

* * *

HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY CONVENTION 1981
"THE CAPITOL CAUCUS"
ROBERT E. WILLIMAN

PLANS FOR THE ANNUAL CONVENTION TO BE HELD MAY 14-16, 1981, HAVE BEEN FINALIZED. AS YOU KNOW, THE WASHINGTON AREA IS A YEAR-ROUND TOURIST MECCA AND, AS SUCH, HOTEL/MOTEL RATES ARE HIGH. GOOD NEWS! SPECIAL RATES HAVE BEEN FOUND AT AN EXCELLENT FACILITY. SINGLES ARE \$30.00 PER NIGHT, DOUBLES ARE \$32.00 PER NIGHT! PLAN TO ATTEND THE CONVENTION AND SEE OUR NATION'S CAPITOL. YOU CAN COME EARLY OR STAY LATE TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE LOW RATES, NUMEROUS HISTORICAL SIGHTS, BOOK STORES, ANTIQUE SHOPS AND FLEA MARKETS IN THE AREA WHILE ATTENDING THE CONVENTION. I'LL LIST THE MANY ATTRACTIONS AND SUPPLY MAPS OF THE AREA TO ALL THOSE REGISTERING FOR THE "CAPITOL CAUCUS".

REGISTRATION FEE IS \$35.00 PER PERSON AND INCLUDES OUR ANNUAL BANQUET AND AUCTION ON SATURDAY NIGHT PLUS DINNER AND LIVE THEATRE ON FRIDAY NIGHT AT THE DINNER THEATRE LOCATED IN THE MOTEL. WE'LL HAVE OUR BOOK SALE ON FRIDAY MORNING. A HOSPITALITY ROOM, LOCATED AT THE END OF THE HALLWAY IN THE BUILDING WHERE MEMBERS WILL BE STAYING, WILL BE STOCKED WITH FREE FOOD AND BEVERAGES FOR THE DURATION OF THE CONVENTION. OF COURSE, WE WILL HAVE A MEMENTO OF THE OCCASION FOR ALL THOSE ATTENDING.

FIFTY ROOMS HAVE BEEN SET ASIDE FOR THE MEMBERS AND THEIR GUESTS. THE DEADLINE FOR CONVENTION REGISTRATION IS APRIL 1, 1981. EARLY REGISTRATION IS APPRECIATED. I WILL PERSONALLY HANDLE ROOM RESERVATIONS FOR OUR MEMBERS. JUST LET ME KNOW THE DATES OF THE NIGHTS YOU WANT YOUR ROOM AND WHETHER IT WILL BE A SINGLE OR DOUBLE. SEND \$35.00 PER PERSON AND YOUR DATES TO: ROBERT E. WILLIMAN, 12437 KEMMERTON LANE, BOWIE, MARYLAND 20715. *301/262-1596*



ANTHONY BRANDT

SYMBOL OF SUCCESS

THE REAL HORATIO ALGER

His 106 books were runaway best-sellers, and his name is synonymous with the rise from rags to riches. But virtually everything we know about the man is wrong

No other people in the world have been as preoccupied with the idea of success as Americans. The early Puritans were much concerned with the best means of getting on in the world, and wrote about it. They set a tradition. To this day books devoted to the hows and wherefores of success continue to appear, and they are consistent best-sellers.

None of them sell, however, the way Horatio Alger Jr.'s books sold. This bald, pudgy, mild-mannered, more or less unknown little man, who by the time he died at the age of 67 in 1899 had written 106 books, almost all for boys, may have been the best-selling author of all time. The most *conservative* estimate of sales of his books stands at 15 million copies; other guesses have gone as high as 300 million—which is probably stretching things by a couple of hundred million. But the meaning is clear: Alger was an extraordinarily popular writer, without question the most successful of all those who have written about success.

One consequence of Alger's popularity was that his name became identified with the very idea of success in America, at least insofar as that idea can be equated with making money. When we hear Alger's name, we generally think of "rags to riches"—the saga of the poor but ambitious kid from the streets who makes a million, or the office boy who becomes chairman of the board. It's such a common theme in American life that it needs no further elaboration, and we take its connection with Alger for granted. For years the American Schools and Colleges Association gave out annual "Horatio Alger Awards" to men who had "climbed the ladder of success," who had risen, through a combination of hard work, ambition, and brains, from obscure origins to the top. Social critics since the 1920s have crucified Alger as the archspokesman for this crass, materialistic side of the dream of success. As everyone knows, that's what Alger's books are about: the Ragged Dicks and Tattered Toms from the slums who, *Brave and Bold*, *Indefatigably Struggling Upward*, wanted nothing but Fame and Fortune, and got it.

What's curious about this identification of Alger with the rags-to-riches myth is that

ENGRAVINGS FROM CLIVER PICTURES AND THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE



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BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Alger's novels do not support it at all. Some 10 to 15 years ago scholars began actually reading Alger again, and they found to their surprise that the boys in them did not rise to the top, but only to a clerkship or perhaps, at best, to a junior partnership in a small or medium-size enterprise; that they usually came from middle-class families fallen on hard times and seldom from the slums; and that their success, such as it was, was almost entirely dependent on luck.

Struggling Upward, first published in 1886, is typical. The hero, Luke Larkin, is the son of a widow who has had to resort to dressmaking to make ends meet. Luke contributes to the family's income by working as a janitor at the village school. Luke is honest and works very hard, but he's clearly going nowhere. Worse, the Larkins have an enemy in town, the local banker, Prince Duncan, who contrives to make it appear that Luke has stolen a tin box containing \$25,000 in bonds from the bank.

Luke does, in fact, have a tin box, given to him for safekeeping one dark night by a mysterious stranger. Luke is arrested, but at his trial, at which Prince Duncan, as the local magistrate, presides, the mysterious stranger comes forward at the last minute and, producing the key, opens Luke's box. It contains not the bonds, but miscellaneous papers which the stranger identifies as his own. Luke is freed and the stranger rewards his honesty by taking him to New York and buying him two new suits and a watch; he also gives him a part-time job. Shortly thereafter Luke happens to meet the owner of the missing box of bonds, an important man of business named Mr. Armstrong, who immediately recognizes, just as the mysterious stranger had, Luke's sterling qualities. He employs Luke to look for his former clerk, the only man who knows the numbers of the bonds, the original list having been lost. The story goes on in this vein, proceeding from one improbability to the next, until Luke returns with the list of numbers. The thief is revealed to be none other than Prince Duncan, and the mysterious stranger turns out to be a cousin of his father's who, in gratitude for Luke's help and in appreciation of his honesty, makes over \$10,000 to Luke to start him on his way. Mr. Armstrong then takes Luke into the firm as an office boy at what Alger describes as a "liberal" salary—perhaps as much as \$10 a week.

This may be high melodrama—or low, as one prefers—but it's plainly not a "rags to riches" story as we usually conceive one. Luke works hard, he's smart and ambitious, but his success has little to do with industriousness and ambition; success emerges, rather, from an unlikely chain of coincidences only the most desperate of writers might conceive. Yet Alger, it's clear, was not desperate. He *liked* this story—so much that he duplicated it time and time again. A boy is

honest, upstanding, industrious, plays the game absolutely straight, and gets nowhere in particular until he saves a merchant's son from drowning, stops a runaway horse and carriage and rescues the wonderfully rich woman inside, or otherwise finds himself in the right place at the right time. This might be called "finding the benefactor"; the benefactor then rewards our hero with a modest stake (Alger was fond of the figure \$10,000) and a modest job, usually a clerkship, in a modest enterprise. So consistent is this story that it ought to be capitalized: it's Alger's Story, the only one he ever told.

It remains something of a mystery how this simple but unlikely story became what we think of in connection with Alger: the myth of rags to riches, the epic of ragged bootblacks climbing through sheer will and effort to the top. One critic has suggested that the story is true to life, that many successful men did get their start through a lucky break and were taken in hand by a benefactor. More likely, the myth became connected with Alger after people stopped reading his books, some 15 or 20 years after his death in 1899. The titles of Alger's novels are deceiving; people may have forgotten that in *Fame and Fortune* the fame consists of the hero being admitted to polite society on Madison Avenue, and the fortune is a quite comfortable, but still modest, salary of \$1,400 a year.

But even more curious than the transformation of Alger's Story into the rags-to-riches myth is what happened to the story of Alger's life. One would expect that somebody so successful would be well-known as a man, that people would be interested in him. Not so. Alger may have been one of the best-selling authors in American history, but his contemporaries ignored this human phenomenon. Almost nothing was written about him while he was alive, and not until 1928, nearly 30 years after his death, when his books were long since out of fashion, did a biography of Alger appear.

The author was Herbert R. Mayes, then a young journalist just getting started, later the editor of *McCall's*. According to Mayes, the author of *Strive and Succeed, Risen From the Ranks*, and other epics of success was himself a miserable failure, an ineffectual man who spent his life wanting to write a Great American Novel, a silly mediocrity who ran away from a domineering father to live *la vie bohème* in Paris, ran away from that to the ministry, ran away from that to take refuge in New York boardinghouses and cheap novels for teenage boys. Mayes quoted from diary entries detailing Alger's first experience with sex ("I was a fool to have waited so long. It is not vile as I thought"); his romance with a pure-hearted New England girl, which his cruel father broke up; his lifelong despair over his inability to write serious

LUCK & PLUCK BOOKS



fiction; his disgust with his actual success, As Mayes told it, it was a rather scandalous, deeply ironic life. The public took no notice and Mayes's book did not sell, but the critics adored the irony. The man whose name was practically synonymous with success was himself a failure. Poetic justice strikes again.

For the next 40 years or so, almost all critical comment on Alger's work was based on Mayes's biography. Distinguished literary critics made profound psychological observations on the origins of Alger's Story in his life as Mayes told it, while social scientists drew interesting conclusions about the meaning of success from the same source. A few critics suspected that something was wrong: Alger's diary could not be found where Mayes said he found it, in the Harvard University library, Mayes was consistently wrong about dates, and other facts seemed to be awry. But for the most part the authorities accepted Mayes's book at face value. The *Dictionary of American Biography's* account of Alger's life is based almost entirely on Mayes. In 1963 the writer John Tjebbel published a book on Alger the biographical portion of which was heavily indebted to Mayes. For most writers, Mayes's version of Alger was too neat, too useful, to question: Alger's own story belied his Story. It was ironic. It was fascinating.

But it wasn't true. In 1974, in letters to an editor at Doubleday published in the newsletter of the Horatio Alger Society, Mayes revealed that he had made the whole thing up. He had written, he explained, a takeoff on the debunking biographies that were popular in the 1920s. Neither he nor his publishers had expected the book to be taken seriously; when even influential critics accepted it, they were afraid to expose the critics to ridicule by revealing the truth.

The net result is that we know practically nothing of value about Horatio Alger. The surviving facts are few and, with one major exception, unrevealing. Alger was born on January 15, 1832, the son of a minister of the same name who at one time was elected to the Massachusetts state legislature. He attended Harvard College, graduating in 1852. He wrote extensively for magazines, attended Harvard Divinity School, tutored private students and taught at several boarding schools, served a congregation in Brewster, Massachusetts for a few years, was briefly an assistant editor on a newspaper, and moved to New York in 1866 and lived there, in boardinghouses, most of the rest of his life. He made two trips to Europe, both, apparently, wholly uneventful. He also made a great deal of money, but seems to have given most of it away to needy boys and their families. He never married. Several years before he died he moved back to Massachusetts, where his sister, also a writer, took care of him. His corre-

CULVER PICTURES

spondence has for the most part not survived. His sister reportedly burned his manuscripts. That's all we know.

With that one exception. Alger's most recent biographer, Edwin P. Hoyt, whose book on Alger was published in 1974 but who found out about the Mayes hoax beforehand, discovered the reason why Alger left the ministry in 1866, after serving the parish in Brewster for several years. He was accused of "unnatural familiarity with boys," as the report of the parish committee put it—in short, of pederasty. Alger didn't deny the charge, according to Hoyt; his only response was that he had been "imprudent." He left Brewster the same day the committee report appeared and soon made his home in New York. So there's a surprise in the story after all.

But does it make any difference? Do we know any more about Alger now than we did before? There isn't a hint in any of his 106 books of any kind of sex at all. Only once does an Alger hero kiss a girl, and then reluctantly. Nor is there any evidence whatever that Alger abused his friendships with all the boys he helped in New York. So hard put is Hoyt to find anything interesting to report about Alger's life, in fact, that he tells the Brewster story twice and devotes most of his book to tedious recountings of the plots of Alger's novels. Who was Horatio Alger? We still don't know.

Yet the identity of the man, in the final analysis, is clearly less important than the phenomenon of his remarkable success. No one sells millions of copies of the same Story told over and over again unless that Story means something special, unless it touches something profound in people's minds. The heart of Alger's books is always that moment when the young hero finds his benefactor, when at last his qualities as a *person*—his courage, his perseverance, his honesty—are recognized by a kindly authority figure and he is rewarded, not so much for what he's done, but for what he is. Perhaps the millions of people who made Alger himself so successful didn't want success just in simple material terms, but what success implied: recognition. The reward, the job are not significant in themselves in Alger's Story; rather, they are a kind of stamp of approval, an acknowledgment of worth. Our hero has come through. In the face of all kinds of difficulty—numerous enemies, endlessly malign circumstances—he has established his value as a human being. It is still possible to read an Alger novel and be touched by this message, a message that survives Alger's wooden style and the improbabilities of his plots. Struggle—it is, at bottom, the struggle to maintain one's integrity—does have its reward. Hang on, and the world will eventually believe in you. That may be what success really means for most people. ●

ANTHONY BRANDT is a free-lance writer whose portrait of Sherman Fairchild appeared in *Quest/80's* January issue.

HAS member Dave Soibelman - a long time correspondent with your editor - always saves articles pertaining to Alger, newsboys, etc. Here are some of his recent finds. Incidentally, Dave is a retired writer though he still dabbles in the craft. A lengthy article of his was recently published in the Los Angeles Times.

Shoeshine Boys

As an attorney, I frequently appear in the downtown County Courthouse on Hill St. During the summer months, there are generally several boys, aged between 8 and 12, who frequent the side entrances. These young entrepreneurs give an excellent shoeshine for 50 cents. They are all minority youngsters and appear poor. Last week, after getting a shine, a county marshal carted them away and chased them off. It is my understanding that this is the common practice for the marshal to do.

I realize there is no way that the boys' "businesses" can be licensed under our laws. However, what interest is served by stifling ambition and depriving these kids of a few dollars a day in earnings?

Sometimes their solicitations are boisterous but not offensive. I'm all for law and order, but occasionally justice is best served with a wink of the eye and a turn of the head. Besides, I need another shine.

KENT C. WILSON
Van Nuys

NewsBoy Repeats Times Trophy Win

BY ALMON LOCKABEY

Jack Baillie's 12-meter sloop NewsBoy will have its name inscribed on the 73-year-old Los Angeles Times Trophy for the fourth time by virtue of having been the first and only boat to finish in the annual four-race Yacht Racing Union cruise.

The first race was sailed from Los Angeles Yacht Club Long Point, Catalina Island, last Wednesday starting in dense fog with winds so light that NewsBoy was the only yacht to make the finish ahead of the 6 p.m. deadline.

Winds were light for the entire cruise which drew 30 boats, 16 of which participated in the racing from cove to cove on Catalina Island. The racing fleet was divided between International Offshore Rule (IOR) and Performance Handicap Racing Fleet (PHRF) yachts. There were no finishers in the PHRF division in the first race.

NEWSBOYS DELIVER BURGLARY SUSPECT TO POLICEMEN AFTER BICYCLE CHASE

NORFOLK, Va. (UPI)—A group of young newspaper carriers for the Norfolk Ledger Star not only delivered papers Friday—they delivered a burglary suspect to the police.

The carriers, all under 16, chased the suspect several blocks through a Norfolk area, tackled him and then held him until police officers arrived.

Richard George Butler, 24, has been charged with burglary and possession of tools that could be used for burglary. Police said he was caught with \$3,000 worth of stolen goods, mostly government savings bonds.

The chase began after two sisters returned from a shopping trip and discovered that their home had been ransacked. As they ran to a neighbor to call police, they saw a man leaving the house.

The carriers, who were waiting to pick up their copies of the afternoon newspaper, took off after the man on their bicycles. They abandoned the bikes at a drainage ditch, chased him on foot for about a half a mile and finally cornered him.

The carriers were identified as Chester Callahan, 13, Norman Musico, 14, Thor Dewberry, 14, and Russell Smith, 13.



When asked what books shaped his thinking as a youth, Ozzie lists: *Tommy Tiptop*, the Horatio Alger books ("I read just about all of them"), the Rover Boy books and *David Copperfield*. By the end of his adolescence, Ozzie was equipped to fulfill the American dream.

This was Ozzie Nelson, of course

Horatio Alger aficionados chew the rag on his riches

By LYN BIXBY
Staff Writer

ENFIELD — Ragged Dick, Tattered Tom and Dan the Newsboy.

Their success stories will be the center of conversation for the next few days as members of the Horatio Alger Society gather in north-central Connecticut for their annual convention.

Ragged Dick and the others are all products of the imagination of the popular 19th century author whose 20th century admirers convene once each year to trade books and memorabilia and swap tales about their favorite writer.

Tonight some 50 Alger buffs from across the country will meet at the Sandpiper Road home of Bradford Chase, who is vice president of the obscure organization and this year's convention chairman.

Society members are primarily collectors and older people who remember the Alger stories from their childhood, according to Chase, who is only 45. "It's a piece of the past," he says.

His interest in Alger began about eight years ago. "My mother goes to a lot of flea markets," he recalls. "She bought some of his books and suggested saving them. I now have about 1,000 in the den."

Collecting Alger books, in addition to preserving memories, can also be financially rewarding.

Chase says one rare title, "Timothy Crump's Yard," could sell for as much as \$1,500. Others, he says, have gone for several hundred dollars at recent auctions.

When the books were published they cost from a nickle or a dime for paperbacks to \$1 for deluxe editions, Chase says. Alger's biographer, Ralph Gardner, estimates that some 400 million copies of his books were published between the Civil War and the Depression.

Alger, whose writing championed the virtues and rewards of hard work, produced

such titles as "Do and Dare," "Brave and Bold" and "Fame and Fortune."

The author was a Unitarian minister until he became, according to Chase, this country's all-time best-selling writer. Born in Chelsea, Mass., in 1832, he attended Harvard and lived most of his life in the New York City and Boston areas.

Alger died in 1899, but his books are alive and well in the homes of some 200 Alger Society members scattered across the country.

The Horatio Alger Society was formed in 1964 by two men from Michigan, according to Chase. The organization distributes monthly newsletters and conducts annual conventions to facilitate contact among its members.

This year's convention, the sixteenth, begins today and continues through Sunday at the Tobacco Valley Inn in Windsor. Tonight's gathering will be an informal reception at Chase's home.

Friday morning at 9 at the Windsor motel the society conducts a public buy-sell-swap session. Members will be available to appraise Alger books at no cost, Chase says.

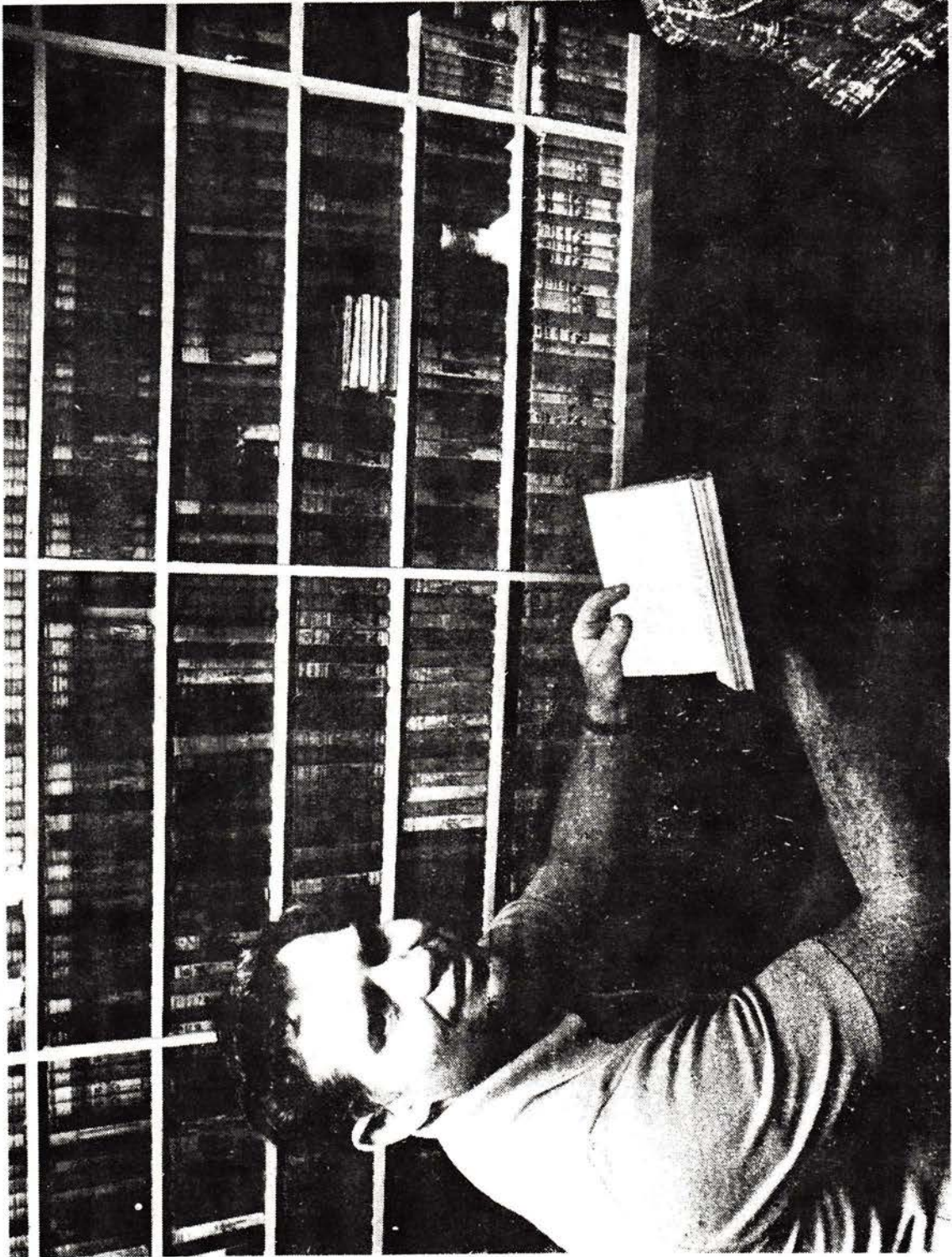
Friday evening, members will be treated to a supper by "the ladies of the Enfield Congregational Church," which is closed for repair work. Following the supper, to be conducted at the Hazardville Methodist Church, Delbert Brandt of Vineland, N.J., will present a public tape-recording of an original play about Alger.

At the same time, Chase says, rare Alger books and other unique memorabilia will be displayed and discussed.

Saturday will be the convention banquet at the Tobacco Valley Inn. The banquet and annual election of officers will be followed at 9 p.m. by the annual public book auction to benefit the society.

Anyone interested in attending any of the society's functions can contact Chase at 749-3828 or visit the society's room at the Tobacco Valley Inn.

This article (with accompanying photo, right) is from a May, 1980 issue of a Connecticut newspaper. See September Newsboy for further Convention details.



J1 PHOTO BY MITCHELL BOOTH

Bradford Chase holds one of his numerous volumes by Horatio Alger at his Enfield residence.

(Editor's note: For some months I have enjoyed corresponding with Pete Eckel, an HAS member. Pete, a photographer for the Port Authority of New York, collects anything that has to do with newsboys and his photograph collection alone numbers over 300. He became interested in newsboys over ten years ago when he lived in Tottenville, Staten Island. He would stroll with his six children the spacious grounds of Mount Loretto, one of the largest child care institutions in the United States. Mount Loretto was founded in 1883 by Father John Drumgoole as a shelter for homeless children from Manhattan, most of whom supported themselves by selling newspapers. Pete's hobby has been written up in a collector's magazine, and he recently told me that he purchased the personal scrap book of Rudolph Heig, who managed the Newsboys' Lodging House in New York City from 1875 to 1910. He asked me if he could share some of its contents with the Alger Society members. Naturally, I jumped at the chance, and beginning with this issue there will be featured some of Heig's personal memorabilia).

"JIMMIE THE DEVIL"

A Persistent Globe Trotter
Visits the Journal Office

He, ~~was~~ a Journal Newsboy,
but Likes Travelling
Better.

"Jimmie the Devil," or "Jimmie the Globe Trotter," as he is also known, is in New York again.

He dropped over the rail of the New Haven boat that lies up on South street at 7 o'clock yesterday morning, and jumping past the employes of the line who were too busy on the dock, to bother with him, slipped through between the early trucks that were making their way along the river front, and joined the procession of workmen on the other side of the street.

He did not wait to give orders for delivering his trunks to the Waldorf, nor did he carry his dress suit case with him. He was even devoid of cane and gloves, for that matter, and what was probably more prominent than anything else in Jimmie's mind at that moment, he was devoid of breakfast.

Jimmie was not absolutely without the means of providing substance to satisfy the inner boy, however, and he made his



Jimmie Sullivan.

way without undue delay to a beanery. In the course of a few hours he had gotten around to the office of the Morning Journal. Jimmie can never forget the day when, as a much younger lad than he is now, he used to make enough money to keep him in food, clothes and lodging by selling Morning Journals, and still have enough left to go to the Bowery theatre and pitch pennies with the "best of 'em."

"Jimmie the Devil," as he was known when a very young boy, or "Jimmie the Globe Trotter," as he has been known since he left the profession of peddling newspapers to take up the more attractive occupation of travelling, is only a scant fourteen years old, but he is a young man with a career already behind him.

Jimmie was born on Spring street, in this city, on February 20, 1881. Very few people were notified of the event at the time, outside of the Board of Health and two or three of the cronies of Jimmie's father, but that does not darken Jimmie's ambition a great deal, for many a great man has been born in obscurity.

As a lad, Jimmie was a terror to his companions, and was very appropriately honored with one of his titles which explains itself. At the age of five he began selling Morning Journals, and in the meantime his mother died, and his father, owing to an enforced absence from the city, lost track of his child.

Jimmie went bravely on, nevertheless, selling papers. He began then fighting his battles, just as he has done ever since, and will no doubt do for many years. He was picked up by his father, who at this juncture began to circulate between France, England and this country, and when he had been a newsboy for about two years, he gave up that vocation for his new love—globe trotting.

At the age of six Jimmie made his first trip across the ocean, and it was not long after that that his fancy for travel caused him to shake the dust of the Bowery from his feet.

For a long time he gravitated between British and French ports and here and when he left here the last time, about a year ago, he started on his seventeenth trip across the Atlantic Ocean.

As a twelve-year-old boy he started out to make a tour of the world, and he comes back now, having been to Australia, China, and any number of places on the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean.

He left here on his last long trip on the sailing ship St. Ronans, Captain Campbell. He did not intend at this time to go on a tour of the world, but that feature developed when he began to make his usual rambles on the other side. He was, in fact, induced to go in the first place on account of two young companions, who wanted to steal their way back to Liverpool, where their home was located. They were inexperienced in the art of playing stowaway, so Jimmie went along to help them through just for the fun of the thing.

A NEW YORK NEWSBOY



Like many another walf of the city's streets, the newsboy whom I have in mind was known to his fellows as "Skinny," which is a name frequently bestowed upon boys who "never had any folks," as the phrase goes in Park row and City Hall Park.

This particular Skinny had no recollection of any parents or relations of any sort. He had grown up as best he could, sometimes living among the kindhearted poor in the east side tenements, and often, in the summer time, finding lodgings among the barrels and bales along the river front. Once he had been committed to one of the charitable institutions whose mission it is to care for vagrant children, but he had found life within its walls unendurable

after the freedom which he had enjoyed since his earliest recollection, and so one dark night he disappeared from the fold, and the following day turned up in his old haunts and began to black boots and sell newspapers again.



It was in the month of June that "Skinny" regained his liberty, after a whole year of enforced cleanliness, frugality and methodical living, and the contrast between such detestable conditions of life and the vagabond joys of bathing from the East River docks, playing with his ragged young friends and attending dramatic representations in the cheap theatres on the Bowery was a delightful one to the healthy, untutored lad, who regarded cold and hunger as easier to be endured than any form of restraint.

During the summer he worked and played, and so long as he could make money enough to satisfy his daily needs and secure for himself a seat in the gallery of some theatre at least twice a week, he gave no serious thought to the future. But the approach of cold weather reminded him of the fact that the poor family whose rooms had so often sheltered him when he was a mere child had moved away—no one knew where—and that it would soon be necessary for him to find some comfortable quarters for the winter, or else trust to some such bit of good fortune as the finding of a warm corner in some garret or cellar, and the boy knew only too well that it was no easy matter to run across free lodgings of that or any sort in a city containing thousands of homeless poor.

His chum, Micky Ryan, with whom he had dwelt in much comfort in an empty hoghead on a North River dock, until they were discovered and driven off by an overzealous watchman, urged him to come with him to the Newsboys' Lodging House, in which he had lived for two winters, but Skinny was opposed on principle to charitable institutions of any sort, and declared that he preferred the warmth that arose through a good iron grating, curched with the odors of cooking, to any bed and board that were hampered by restrictions or regulations of any sort. So the two boys parted on the first cold night in October,

and for a week Skinny's pride sustained him in his determination to lead his old life of vagabond independence—a pride which, to tell the truth, was tinged with a secret fear of being recognized and sent back to the institution from which he had escaped.

But he missed his chum—which is not to be wondered at, as Micky was the only friend he had in the world—and so one night he boldly presented himself at the door of the Newsboys' Lodging House, paid eighteen cents for a supper, bed and breakfast, and then sought out Micky Ryan, whom he found in the gymnasium on the upper floor of the building, performing feats of strength and agility on a horizontal bar.

That night Skinny sat down beside his chum to a supper at which most of my young readers would be inclined to turn up their noses, but which to the half clad and ravenous newsboy was luxurious, because it was abundant and warm.

Supper over, Skinny suggested a visit to the theatre, but Micky shook his head. He must spend the evening in the schoolroom, he said, and then Skinny vowed that that night would be his last in the Newsboys' Lodging House. He had had enough of houses in which a fellow was not allowed to do as he pleased.

But somehow the quiet hours in the schoolroom did not prove as irksome as he had feared they would, and the thought that Micky Ryan was plodding steadily along night after night with his writing and arithmetic, and would soon be far ahead of him in those and other branches of learning served as a stimulus to the boy, and

when bedtime came he had made up his mind that he rather liked the scholastic atmosphere of his new home and would try it for a while longer.

As the two boys were going to bed in the big dormitory, Skinny noticed that some of the larger and more prosperous looking of the lodgers there were none who seemed to be more than sixteen years old—went into a room in which the beds were furnished with curtains and neat wooden lockers.

Micky explained that this was what the boys called the "dude room," and that, although the charge for the beds with the curtains was twice as large as for those in the dormitory, it was seldom that one of them was vacant, so great was the ambition of every boy to enjoy the distinction of living in better style than his fellows.

Instantly there sprang up in Skinny's soul a desire to enroll his name among the dudes of the lodging house and sleep in one of the curtained beds, and have a locker in which to put the clothes and other articles of personal property which he hoped to acquire in the course of time. It was the turning point in his life, that moment in which he lay in his bunk in the big dormitory and resolved to win for himself a bed in the "dude room." It was the first time in the boy's life that the idea of getting ahead in the world had taken possession of him.

I saw Skinny the other day and complimented him on his improved appearance and a certain new refinement in his address.

"I'm in de dude room now, me an' Micky," he feared proudly, and then I knew that he had made a start in life which may lead him in course of time to some place of high honor.

JAMES L. FORD.



The material on pages 10 and 11 originally appeared around 1893. Besides these clippings, Pete also sent a few of Father Drumgoole's obituaries, which are on page 12. These, however, are not from the Heig Scrapbook.

FATHER DRUMGOOLE.

The friend of the poor, the Rev. J. C. Drumgoole, pastor of the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin for the Care of Homeless and Destitute Children, corner Great Jones street and Lafayette place, died last evening at half-past six o'clock of pneumonia. He had been sick but about three days.

Father Drumgoole was about seventy years of age, and was born in county Longford, Ireland. He came to this country when a boy, and had been a resident of this city for over fifty years. He became a priest late in life. For a great many years he was sexton of St. Mary's Church, at the corner of Ridge and Grand streets. It was while there that he first got the notion of becoming a priest, and entered the College of Our Lady of Angels at Niagara Falls. After being ordained he was for a short time curate at St. Mary's.

In 1871 he started the Newsboys' Lodging House, which afterward he developed into the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin, which was formally dedicated in May, 1882, at which time he received a cablegram in benediction from the Pope.

At the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin the poor have been cared for regardless of race, creed, color or religion. Father Drumgoole ran the institution and paid for it entirely from the receipts derived from the *Messenger's Homeless Child*, which he sold at the nominal sum of twenty-five cents per annum.

On account of the prominence of the dead priest there is little doubt but what the Bishop will say mass over him at the Cathedral on Fifth avenue on Monday morning. He will be buried at Mount Loretto on Staten Island.

Father Drumgoole Lying in State.

At the mission of the Immaculate Virgin yesterday, Father Drumgoole, the father of the mission, lay in an open top velvet casket. At each side of the casket stood five little boys, children of the mission, dressed in sailors' blouses and dark clothes. The cover of the coffin had a large silver plate, upon which was inscribed in simple letters, "Rev. John C. Drumgoole, died March 28, 1888." A number of the sisters of the order of St. Francis stood at the side of the casket. The Rev. F. P. McNicholl, who has charge of the mission until a successor of Father Drumgoole has been appointed, received a telegram from the Pope yesterday through Vicar Cardinal Parocchi, the Pope's secretary, sending his condolence at the death of Father Drumgoole. He also sends his blessing to the successor of the mission when appointed. The body will lie in state all to-day, and it is thought that Archbishop Corrigan will celebrate the requiem mass at the cathedral.

NEWSBOYS LOSE A FRIEND.

Father Drumgoole, of St. Joseph's Home, Died Last Evening.

Father Drumgoole, founder of St. Joseph's Home at Lafayette place and Great Jones street, died there last evening.

The little merchants who earn their living by selling newspapers have lost a friend whose whole life was devoted to their interests, and many of the little fellows are grieved beyond expression at their bereavement.

The children of St. Joseph's Home are supported by the subscriptions of twenty-five cents a year for a pamphlet that was published by Father Drumgoole and that had a circulation all over the world. In addition to this, thousands of Catholics assisted the Home by subscribing liberally to it, only asking in return that masses be offered up for the repose of the souls of members of their family long since dead.

Father Drumgoole was fifty years of age when he was ordained a priest. Previous to his ordination to the priesthood he held the position of sexton of St. Mary's Church in Grand street. He was a native of county Longford, Ireland.

His death will be felt as a loss to the whole country. He was a benefactor to all the land. For through this great heart of the country—the city of New York—flows blood which tingés the national life. Father Drumgoole purified this blood. He changed the vicious child of the street into the self-respecting and neighbor-respecting Christian. He was a national benefactor. May he rest in peace!

Clippings dated March, 1888

ODDS AND ENDS
by Brad Chase, President

I hope that they never find what motivates Alger collectors. When they do it will probably take all the fun out of collecting. In my case there is a little voice in the back of my head that says, "Today is the day that you'll find that needed first edition hidden behind a stack of old books with a sale price of \$3.00, or that mint set of Porter and Coates is there in an obscure box at the house sale down the street." Who knows when opportunity will strike or when that one last look around will lead to the inevitable "find." When that happens a little twinge occurs inside me which provides the "kick" that makes it all worth whatever effort has been expended in the day's search.

I have several trips that I make to collect books here in Connecticut - in upstate New York, where our family vacations every summer, and in south-eastern Massachusetts where my folks live and where my mother (also an Alger collector and Society member) combs the flea markets, thrift shops and book stores for items of interest for both of us. Unfortunately, after awhile I've found that my favorite places seem to lack that special zing that goes with visiting a new bookstore or flea market. There is a sort of mystery and excitement in exploring the unknown so I, probably like you, take every opportunity to discover new places to search.

It was on this basis that our Vice-President, Brad Alexander, and I accepted HAS member Bill Russell's invitation at the May Convention to visit his favorite haunts in eastern Pennsylvania early this summer. What a trip we had! Brad and I started one July Friday night from just south of Rochester, New York, drove in excess of 800 miles over the next two days and rummaged through book stores and flea markets galore all over the Trenton, New Jersey and the Hatboro-Lancaster, Pennsylvania area. I picked up several items for my Burt collection and a new title. Brad had

his usual outstanding successes in finding Otis, Optic and Boy Scout items.

But the real highlight of his trip was in finding his first Brooks McCormack book. McCormack is an obscure pseudonym used by William T. Adams and is now an invaluable addition to the infamous Alexander Optic collection.

One high point of Bill Russell's weekend undoubtedly was meeting a woman in one of the bookstores we visited who said that she had some Algers at home for sale. Later that evening she called Bill and from her description over the phone, Bill concluded that she might have several first editions and twenty Algers in all that she was anxious to part with. My, why don't things like that happen to me!

As part of our trip we visited Bill's home. We met his lovely wife and daughter and were treated to viewing Bill's excellent collection of quality Algers all set in several oak and glass stack-type bookcases in his living room. On top of the bookcases was his impressive collection of double-faced Walt Disney character cookie jars and on the wall was a 12 by 15 inch cross-stitch embroidery of Tattered Tom done as a present by Bill's wife Tamie.

It was readily apparent that Alger and the pleasure of collecting is a significant part of Bill's life. Brad and I were both immensely impressed with Bill's area, his Alger knowledge, his collection and his intense interest in the whole subject of Alger. I came back and viewed my collection a little differently and rededicated myself to meeting the high collecting standards being set by the Bill Russells and Brad Alexanders and many others in our Society.

It's really fun to see how others cope with their Alger habit, as I call it. Mattapan's (Mass.) Morris Olsen for years has claimed an absolute addiction to collecting books that he is unable

and somehow unwilling to shake. Actually, for the rest of us who visit Morris regularly, his addiction is our blessing, as he is always able to find quality Algiers that the rest of us really need.

As Brad and I were making the long drive back to Rochester from Bill's area, we were trying to figure out what compulsion made two normal people like us travel over 800 miles in the midst of a heat wave to pore through dusty shelves and visit a thousand dealer booths. We came to no conclusion. But as we talked, good fellowship, the excitement of new experiences, the sharing of common interests and obtaining some new "finds" all seemed to add up to just having fun. In my way of thinking, that's what this collecting business is all about whether it's in Pennsylvania with Bill and Brad, here at home alone or at the Society's conventions. Horatio would indeed be proud!

* * *

Editor's note: The hero of Alger's Only an Irish Boy is Andy Burke. This name was probably taken from the real life Andy Burke, who was once sheltered by the Children's Aid Society of New York. In later years he became the Governor of North Dakota. Following is a letter dated April 29, 1891, that he wrote to the Children's Aid Society:

L.W. Holste, Assistant Treasurer
Children's Aid Society.

My dear Friend:—

Your favor of the 2d inst. came to my address at Fargo, during my absence of two weeks from the State.

I am almost at a loss for words to adequately express to you my heartiest thanks for your kind remembrance. It is like a message from the spirit land. Surely your reward in the land of the Leal will be bright and satisfactory, for the devotion you have given to the praiseworthy cause in which you are enlisted. My admiration for men of your inclination is not expressible. The true honor of the world

is yours, that attained in other walks of life is not comparable.

When East in 1887, I visited Randall's Island, and was much saddened by the dilapidated and deserted appearance of the place. It resembled an abandoned fortress; and I wondered why the change. In my time—as a ward of the institution—everything was kept in order and adornment. The moral, physical and intellectual training of the boys was incomparable, almost. Well do I remember the school, the gymnasium, the play-grounds, the bathing houses, the unbrageous grove, and the boulders, upon which I often sat and looked out upon the Sound, watching the myriad of craft upon its silvery bosom, and speculating upon the future and the destiny it had in store for me. Neither do I forget the old master, Mr. Ripley. He probably sleeps the long sleep—tranquil be his dreams! My chaperon to the West, Mr. J. Macy—I wonder if he is living! If so, kindly remember me to him. The book which he sent me, entitled the "Newsboys of New York," though presented me some years ago, I still have and value it highly. I vividly recall the incidents of thirty years ago, of which you make mention. The long railway ride on the Erie route, the tearful eyes, the saddened hearts, the arrival at Noblesville on that clear, sunshining day, the dread I experienced on awaiting to be selected by one of those who had assembled in the Christian Church at that place, and how my heart was gladdened when taken by Mr. D. W. Butler, for his appearance indicated gentleness. All those scenes will live in memory, and until reason is dethroned.

You already know a portion of the history of my life since coming to the West and consequently I will not burden you with a repetition. However, I will say that after my visit to you in 1877, which was from Cleveland, Ohio, I went to Minneapolis, where I resided for two years, and during said period was married. I was employed in a wholesale dry goods house while in that city. From there I went to a small station in Minnesota,

on the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, named New York Mills and took charge of a general store and saw mill, remaining there but a year. Afterward I removed to Casselton, Cass County, North Dakota, on the Northern Pacific Road, and took a position as bookkeeper in a general store; after six months time I was made cashier of the First National Bank of said place, which position I held for over three years, and until I was elected Treasurer of the County. The latter place I held for six consecutive years. However, before the close of my treasurership, which was last January, I was unanimously nominated by the Republicans of this State for the position of Governor, and at the general election last November was duly elected to the high honor, and inaugurated January 7th last, for a period of two years. So the little boy whom you took from the Nursery thirty-three years ago to send to a home in the West is now a full-fledged Governor of a sovereign State of this Union.

Whether I meet with distinction or not, I shall not presume to claim, but I have attained the position honorably, and trust my course in the discharge of its duties will at least be satisfactory to my friends.

To the boys now under your charge please convey my best wishes, and that I hope that their pathways in life will be those of morality, of honor, of health and industry. With these four attributes as a guidance and incentive, I can bespeak for them an honorable and happy and successful life. The goal is for them as well as to the rich man's son. They must learn to labor and to wait, for "all things cometh to him who waits." Many times will the road be rugged, winding and long, and the sky overcast with ominous clouds. Still, it will not do to fall by the wayside, and give up. If one does, the battle of life will be lost.

Tell the boys I am proud to have had as humble a beginning in life as they, and that I believe it has been my salvation. I hope my success in life, if

it can be so termed, will be an incentive to them to struggle for a respectable recognition amongst their fellow-men. In this country family ties cut but little figure. It is the character of the man that wins recognition, hence I would urge them to build carefully and consistently for the future.

With sincerest regards for your happiness, and God's best blessings,

Very sincerely,

Andrew H. Burke

* * *

RANDOM REPORTS FROM ALGERLAND

by Jack Bales

The World Almanac Company has published a new book, entitled Book of Buffs, Masters, Mavens and Uncommon Experts. Billed as "a compendium of fascinating hobbies and unusual leisure-time activities," chapters include collectors of Samurai swords, door knobs, wooden nickels, cigar bands, experts on juggling, gun-slingers of the Old West, and many, many more. Incidentally, one of the chapters is on your editor's Horatio Alger interest.

The July-August, 1980 issue of Americana featured an editorial called "Association Happy." The article is about the many collectors featured in the reference book, Encyclopedia of Associations. One sentence reads, "Among the members of the Horatio Alger Society is Richard Seddon, who rose from rags to riches as the president of Dairy Queen."

Ralph Gardner has been named to the President's National Citizens Emergency Committee to Save Our Public Libraries. People on the committee include Isaac Asimov, Dick Cavett, Kirk Douglas, John Kenneth Galbraith and Jacqueline Onassis.

Our "artist in residence," Louis Bodnar, had a typical Alger boyhood. He told me that he worked on a farm for

75¢ a day. "It didn't hurt me at all," he writes. "When I got paid for my work at the end of the week I felt rich, because I earned some money that I could take home and give to my mother."

While a friend of mine was doing research at the Illinois State Historical Society in Springfield, he came across an article he needed from an old newspaper. On the reverse of the article a note about Alger caught his eye, and he photocopied the piece. Under "Marriages" in the Boston Recorder was this: "In this city, Rev. Horatio Alger, of Chelsea, to Miss Olive Augusta Fenno, of Boston."

Gary Scharnhorst sent me some interesting material from the Historical Catalogue of Brown University, 1764-1894, Providence: P.S. Remington, 1895. You may remember that the Principal of Gates Academy, where Alger went to School, was Obadiah Wheelock Albee. Apparently the Academy in 1851 became the Marlboro High School. Following is the verbatim transcript of information on Albee:

Principal Gates Academy, Marlboro, Mass., 1833-51; high school, Marlboro, Mass. 1851-60; deputy collector internal revenue 7th Mass. district member Mass. house of representatives 1849, '51, '61, '62; Mass. senate 1855, '57. Born Milford, Mass., March 24, 1808; died Marlboro, Mass., July 31, 1866.

Evelyn Grebel reports that in the March, 1980 issue of Success Unlimited there is an article by Michael Glynn called "J. Stanley Cayne's American Ascent from Oily Rags to Riches; Or, Tattered Toms Take Heed."

Gary Scharnhorst sent me a page from Six Plays for Children by Aurand Harris, ed. by Coleman Jennings, University of Texas Press, 1977. The Appendix lists "the playwriting awards and honors of Aurand Harris," and notes his recipient of the Alger Society Newsboy Award for his 1967 play, "Rags to Riches."

Milton Salls, Rt. 3, Little Falls, New York 13365, writes that he would like to sell a collection of 100 different Alger - no New York Books included. Write Milton for details.

Willis J. Potthoff, 427 Graeser Road, St. Louis, Missouri 63141 writes that he would like to buy issues of American Boy Magazine. He needs certain months in 1913, 1914-1924. Write Willis for details.

J. Gary Newton sent me an interesting photocopy. In an issue of Guideposts Magazine, Norman Vincent Peale wrote an article entitled, "The Positive Power of Jesus Christ." The first part of it reads, "All the boys and girls of my youth read and were profoundly conditioned by the Horatio Alger books, classics in the American success literature of that generation. This Horatio Alger tradition motivated me to do the best possible job, to forge ahead, to settle for nothing but big results, to believe that I could succeed."

Gene Gressley of the University of Wyoming American Heritage Center, Laramie, Wyoming 82071 writes that "we have been making a concentrated drive to collect as much as we can pertaining to the history and evolution of 'success literature' in the United States in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries." He invites all interested persons to consider donating Alger books, dime novels, etc. to the Heritage Center. Restrictions can be placed on the collection if this is wished.

Bob Williman reports that the HAS Convention will be at the Quality Inn Colony 7, P.O. Box 7, Annapolis Junction, Maryland 20701. It is centrally located midway between metropolitan Washington and Baltimore, located just off the Baltimore-Washington Parkway at Exit Route 32. Naturally, thorough directions to the Motel will appear in a future Newsboy. Don't forget the dates, May 14-16, 1981.