

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  
1407A Winchester St.  
Fredericksburg, VA  
22401

*Horatio Alger, Jr.*

1832 - 1899

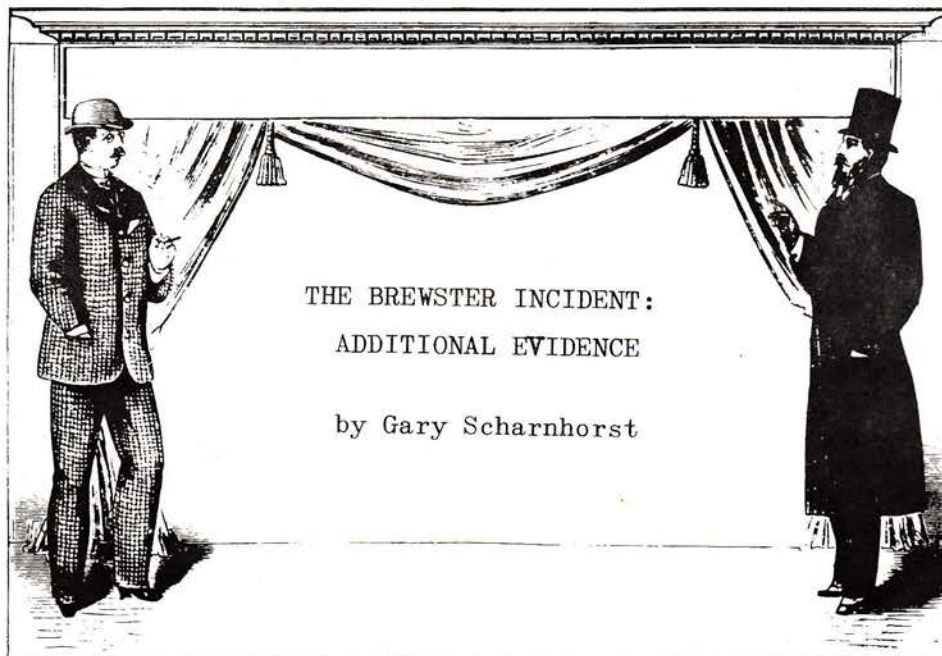


*Founded 1961 by Forrest Campbell & Kenneth B. Butler*

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Long lost letters discovered relating to Alger's months in Brewster! See page 8 for an updating on this controversial subject.

## 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 Capital Caucus" — will soon be here. Remember the dates — May 14-16, 1981, in the Washington, D. C. area.

\* \* \*

## NEW MEMBERS REPORTED

PF-610 Joseph D. Heckle  
Lake Lasalle, R.R. 2, Box 113C  
Morgantown, Indiana 46160

Joseph learned of the HAS through his brother-in-law, PF-604, Judson Perkins. Besides collecting Algers, of which he has 10, he is interested in stained glass.

PF-611 Jesse Lipka  
P.O. Box 847, Rt. 202  
Flemington, N. J. 08822

Jesse is a professional coin dealer, and heard of us through Dick Seddon. Owner of 50 Alger titles, he also collects rare paper money, national currency, postal cards, and is interested in local history, television and baseball trivia and girls. (Ed. note: probably not always in that order).

\* \* \*  
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 books. Please list title, publisher, condition and price.

Gil Kapelman, Steep Hill Road, Weston, Conn. writes: "I would like to include in the next 'Book Mart' a listing of books I have for trade for first edition Algers and/or Edgar Rice Burroughs books I need. I can offer for trade the following Alger first editions: Risen from the Ranks, Young Outlaw, Joe the Hotel Boy, and Rough and Ready in Student and Schoolmate. Also have some desirable early reprints such as The Telegraph Boy and Dean Dunham, plus several 'reprint titles.' Also have several Edgar Rice Burroughs first editions, first edition dust jackets, and early G&D's in dust jackets. Also have desirable boys' books such as Tom Swifts, Stratmeyers, Merriwells, Rover Boys, R. H. Barbour, and others. All



books are in good condition and the majority are first editions. I would like to hear from Alger members who have interest in these books and who have first editions to trade. They can contact: Gilbert Kapelman, Steep Hill Road, Weston, CT 06883."

Rob Lockhart, 1609 South Davis Drive, Arlington, Texas 76013 writes: "I need the following Merriwell books, cash or trade: #107, 129-165, 167, 168, 170 on up. Also interested in talking/writing to anyone who collects Merriwell books, Frank Merriwell radio shows, etc."

\* \* \*

#### CHANGES OF ADDRESS

PF-368 Gary Scharnhorst  
3827 Ruidosa  
Dallas, Texas 75228

PF-453 Mark Preston  
Box 237  
APO New York, New York 09291

\* \* \*

#### NEWSBOY EDITORIAL

by Jack Bales

While visiting Bob Williman a few weeks ago, he mentioned that he would like to see a "letters to the editor" column in Newsboy. Though I have sometimes included "Newsboy Forum" in various issues, this feature was slowly phased out.

I would now like to reinstate it, but since I get over one hundred letters every month concerning Alger, with some of them containing personal material, I would ask all members to specify in the letter that it is for the letters to the editor section.

So. . . if you have comments, complaints, compliments or questions, please write. I'd like to make this a monthly feature, but it is up to you.

\* \* \*

Bob Williman would like to remind everyone again that he is handling all reservations for the convention. See his column elsewhere in this issue. See you next May!!

#### MATTHEW PENDLETON'S WAGER by Horatio Alger, Jr.

(Editor's note: This Alger short story - from the collection of Evelyn Grebel - is concluded from the last issue of Newsboy).

We leave Mr. Pendleton at his stand, and follow the two ladies who, it will be remembered, had recognized him, and were determined to inform his wife. The ladies - Mrs. Goddard and Mrs. Hudson - anxious to solve the mystery, at once proceeded to Mr. Pendleton's residence, on Mt. Vernon Street.

"Is Mrs. Pendleton at home?" they inquired at the door.

Mrs. Pendleton was at home, and they were ushered into the drawing room, where the lady they had called upon soon made her appearance. The usual expression of delight at meeting, and reproaches for not calling sooner, having been duly exchanged, there was an awkward pause. The visitors were thinking how to edge in the affair which occupied them.

"Is Mr. Pendleton well?" inquired Mrs. Hudson.

"Quite well, thank you!" was the reply.

Neither of the ladies could perceive anything peculiar in the tone.

"Is he in town?" asked Mrs. Goddard.

"Yes, he was here at breakfast."

"He has taken up a new business?" ventured Mrs. Hudson.

"A new business?" repeated Mrs. Pendleton, with interrogative surprise.

The two visitors exchanged glances, as if to say, "She doesn't know."

"Yes," they responded, "at least so we judged from what we saw this morning."

"Really, ladies, I don't understand you," said Mrs. Pendleton. "I think you are mistaken. My husband has said nothing to me on the subject."

"I dare say it is a joke," said Mrs. Hudson.

"But you haven't told me what it is," said Mrs. Pendleton, impatiently.

"You will hardly believe it - indeed, we could scarcely credit our eyes - but we actually saw your husband tending an apple-stand on the Common this morning."

"Tending an apple stand!" exclaimed Mrs. Pendleton, in extreme astonishment. "My husband tend an apple-stand! You are surely mistaken! He must have been sitting near it."

"So we thought at first, till we saw him actually selling the fruit."

"Good heavens! What does it all mean?"

"Has Mr. Pendleton said nothing to you about it?"

"Not a word. I can hardly credit it even now."

"Better go and satisfy yourself."

"So I will."

"We will accompany you."

Shortly afterwards the three ladies descended the steps of Mr. Pendleton's handsome dwelling, and bent their steps towards the Common.

The quick eyes of Mrs. Pendleton recognized her liege lord before she reached the stand, where he was that moment occupied in receiving pay for an apple just sold to a newsboy. She could no longer doubt, since the testimony of her own senses corroborated that of her companions, on whose faces was a triumphant didn't-I-tell-you-so-look.

"Stay here," said she to her

companions, "while I go forward and find out what this mystery means."

Advancing with rapid steps, she accosted her husband sharply.

"Mr. Pendleton, will you be good enough to tell me what you mean by this ridiculous exhibition of yourself?"

"Softly, my dear. I am only acting in compliance with your advice."

"My advice!" repeated the astonished wife.

"Certainly. You have repeatedly urged me to go into business. I have, as you see, yielded to your persuasions."

"And a very suitable business you have chosen," said his wife, sarcastically.

"I am glad it receives your approbation, my dear. It is light, and being an out-of-door employment, doubtless salubrious."

"May I inquire," asked Mrs. Pendleton, in a scornful tone, "what are your profits?"

"Really, I haven't figured up. I expect to make some fifteen or sixteen dollars a day."

Mr. Pendleton of course referred to his wager.

"It strikes me," said his wife, "you are rather sanguine. But one hundred dollars a day would not pay you for making such an exhibition of yourself."

"Let them laugh," said her husband, philosophically. "I can bear it."

"But I can't. At least, out of regard for me - for your children - leave this wretched stand."

"I really cannot."



The speaker was at this moment addressed by a customer, and his wife withdrew in despair.

"What success?" inquired Mrs. Hudson, eagerly.

"I don't know what's come over him, said Mrs. Pendleton, shaking her head mournfully. "He seems infatuated."

"What reasons does he give for his course?"

"He says it is a light, healthy employment, and will yield him sixteen dollars a day."

"Ahem!" coughed Mrs. Goddard. "Were any of your husband's relatives ever insane?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Pendleton, "his uncle's second wife.

Mrs. Goddard instantly looked grave.

"Do you - do you think my husband's mind is affected?" asked Mrs. Pendleton, anxiously.

"I certainly do," was the reply.

"O, dear! what shall I do?"

"Have him placed under treatment - the sooner the better."

"Would you really advise it?"

"It is the only chance for his recovery. He will be doing something else even more extravagant if you don't.

It did not take long to convince Mrs. Pendleton, more especially as she was tempted to grasp at anything which would put a stop to this freak of her husband's. At dinner she took care to say nothing of his new business, lest he might suspect something; but as he passed out into the street, he was seized by two men, who roughly informed him that he must get into a carriage and go with them.

"What mean's this outrage?" said Pendleton, with flashing eyes. "You shall answer for this!"

"We're acting under directions, sir."

"Under whose directions?"

"Your wife's and the doctor's."

"What does this mean? What do you take me for?"

One of the men significantly tapped his forehead.

"Good heavens! not mad?"

"Jest so. You'd better come with us without any disturbance."

"Hold, villains! What proof have you of your precious charge?"

Remonstrance was vain. Pendleton was finally compelled, in order to preserve his liberty, to relate the circumstances. This, of course, lost him the wager.

In the afternoon the apple stand passed into the sole charge of Miss Bridget O'Grady, who still retains it. If you will stop and make a purchase the next time you pass by, you will be likely to hear from her, in a dialect to which I could hardly hope to do justice, the story of Matthew Pendleton's wager.

\* \* \*

Ralph Gardner, who keeps up with many book auctions, sent your editor some information concerning latest prices of Algers. The Heritage Bookshop in Los Angeles advertises a first edition of Ragged Dick for sale for \$600, a first of Ben's Nugget for \$60, a first of Rough and Ready for \$50 and a first of Strong and Steady for \$50. Numerous Coates reprints are priced at \$20 each, and they are selling "a selection of the paperbound Alger Series, issued by Street and Smith Corporation (New York) from c. 1928-1945," all in very good+ condition," for \$7.50 each. Their address is 847 N. La Cienega Blvd.

On these two pages is more material from the "newsboy collection" of HAS member Peter Eckel. The clippings are from the November, 1898 issue of the New York World's publication, Newsboy, a newspaper published by and for the New York newsboys (see previous two issues of the Alger Society Newsboy for details). Note the mention on page 7 of the phrase "Rags to Riches." Unfortunately, this article is too long to be included here. Again, more thanks are extended to Pete for his generosity in allowing us to print items from his extensive collection.

## THE NEWSBOYS' NIGHT OFF.

—  
Took In a Theatre Party and  
a Trolley Ride.

—  
GOOD TIME? WELL, SAY!!

—  
250 Gamins Guests of New York Even-  
ing World and Manager McAduo.

—  
**All the Boys in Town Who Sell  
Papers Were Given a Trolley Ride  
to Passaic and Were Afterward  
Taken to See "The Red Cross  
Nurse"—Their Enthusiasm Was as  
Boundless as the Noise They Made.**

(From the Paterson Call, Oct. 14, 1898.)

The average newsboy accepts every invitation that is offered whether it is to dine with crowned heads, feast on green apples or make mad, rapturous love to a free lunch counter. He can't help it, for he's built that way. It is little wonder, then, that when the New York Evening World offered to give the Paterson newsboys a trolley ride and passes to the theatre the invitations were accepted.

The time fixed for the festivities was last night, and the meeting place at the corner of Market and Straight streets was alive with newsboys at 7 o'clock. In fact the street in that vicinity were blocked against travel. Every street gamin in the city was there, whether he sold papers or not, and the only way he could be kept away was to lock him up in a burglar-proof safe.

While the boys were awaiting the arrival of the trolley cars a band of six pieces hove in sight. This was the signal for a wild and prolonged cheer. From that moment until the end of the ride the newsboys' enthusiasm remained unharnessed. Everything that came along was cheered.

After the crowd had been rounded up word was phoned to the Paterson Railway Company, who sent three cars for the use of the newsboys. The cars were of the "open" kind commonly called "pneumonia" cars. But this cut no ice in the estimation of the boys, and upon the arrival of the cars there was a wild stampede to board them. Like a flock of sheep the boys started down the middle of the street to meet them, leaving a cloud of dust in their wake. Then a riot began for seats. They swarmed around the cars, packed the seats two deep, climbed over the heads of the crowd, until the inside of the car resembled a melange of legs and arms that kept whirling like buzz-saws. The boys pulled the bell-ropes, rung up scores of fares on the registers, and when reprimanded by the conductor they looked into his deep, soulful eyes and remarked: "Ah, say, keep off de grass yourself, see!"

The band favored the newsboys with a selection before the start was made, and after the tune had died out along the Sandy Hill cemeteries one of the musical critics in the crowd remarked: "Say, dat Dago band wants more feet to stand on." The crowd around the cars thickened until it reached the consistency of Jersey street mud. When the start was made there arose a demoniacal shriek of joy that could be heard for blocks.

The boys were taken down the line as far as Passaic. Each one of the 250 had a particular style of yell that he assiduously practised all the way down and back, and the quiet residents of Clifton and Acquackanonk township imagined a brigade of Rough Riders was in evidence. There was one boy, addressed by his chums as "Puggy," who had a peculiar long drawn yelp of great power, something like the note a buzz saw gives forth when it encounters a nail. He was regarded with almost veneration by the other newsboys. Everything encountered was greeted with tumultuous cheers. A milk wagon met with the same reception as a private turn-out. The boys were out for a good time and if yelling contributed to the fun it was nobody's business but their own.

Upon returning to Paterson the cars were stopped in front of the Eden Theatre and the boys tumbled out. It was proposed to have them form in a long line and as each one passed inside he was to be given a ticket admitting him to the gallery. This was the plan, but it was not carried into execution; the boys flung themselves in a solid mob at the floor and the inclosure in front of the theatre was packed in an instant with a clamoring crowd.

The play was "The Red Cross Nurse." It was a startling comedy melodrama with plenty of shooting and bloodshed and the boys applauded the hero and the low comedian every time they were "on."



The play is woven around the going to Cuba of the Seventy-first New York Regiment. There is a colonel, white-haired and dignified, as all stage colonels should be; an heiress, worth all kinds of money, and two captains, both of whom are suitors for her hand—one captain because he really loves the lady, the other because he wants her money. There are a whole lot of other complications, forged checks, double dealings, lost wills, strawberry marks, &c., but the regiment finally gets safely off for Cuba.

Then the title, "Red Cross Nurse," reveals itself. The heiress promptly follows the regiment to Cuba, becomes a nurse and endears herself to the soldiers by always having a supply of cut-plug and quinine in her pocket. The newsboys evidently had not made up their minds whether to play the heroine or a comic Irish sergeant, who sang topical songs between battles, for first place, but the odds were apparently in favor of the sergeant at the close of the play.

The good captain led the charge up San Juan hill in the face of a withering fire—from the base drum—and staggered on the stage a moment later suffused with pink blood and agony. Then the Red Cross nurse got in her fine work and the bad captain got left, he having been in the wings during the engagement flirting with the serio-comic artist and taking no part in the row.

The play was in three acts, and the boys exercised their prerogatives by rising en masse and going out between each act. They didn't go to "see a man" or to stand in the foyer and jolly the girls, but they went out just the same and charged up stairs on their return like a troop of cavalry.

There was a character sketch artist who sang a song about being a Vassar girl between the acts, and in the desire to show what flirt things college girls are picked up a breadth of her skirt, making a trifling expose of two or three feet.

This was too much for one newsboy's ideas of propriety, and although the lady's ankles were exceptionable, he called out, "Aw! keep yer dress down!" An eagle-eyed attache came down on him in an instant, and he was warned that further remarks would be punished by ejection from the theatre. The attache didn't say "ejection." He said, "Young feller, keep yer mouth shut or youse gets chucked, see!" The newsboy evidently "saw," for no further criticisms were made.

Manager McAdoo, of the Paterson Railway Company, generously gave the service of the special cars which conveyed the boys to Passaic and back. The Evening World purchased from the proprietor of the Eden Theatre 300 seats and distributed them among the boys. It was especially desired that Mr. McAdoo be thanked for the courtesy shown to the boys.



WILLIE REX, THE NEWSBOY DRAMATIC CRITIC.

Adventures of A  
Park Row Newsboy  
—OR—  
From Rags To Riches and Renown.

BY IRVING R. BACON.



THE BREWSTER INCIDENT:  
ADDITIONAL EVIDENCE

by Gary Scharnhorst

March 21, [186]6

Recently, while researching in the library of the Harvard Divinity School in Cambridge, I had occasion to check the volumes of bound letters in the archives there which were received by the American Unitarian Association, the organization with which Horatio Alger, Jr., was affiliated as a minister in Brewster, Massachusetts. To my surprise and delight, I found there not only the original of the letter sent by the investigating committee in Brewster about that incident which led to Alger's dismissal/resignation, but a variety of other letters about it as well. (Editor's note: See December, 1979 Newsboy, pp. 5-7 for a transcript of the committee's letter). Because these letters provide additional evidence about what happened—virtually closing the door on speculation—I believe that the members of the Society are entitled to be the first to know of them. I am pleased to acknowledge that I have been granted permission to quote from all sources by the Andover-Harvard Theological Library, and I am especially grateful to Mr. Alan Seaburg, Curator of Manuscripts, for his cooperation.

On 19 March 1866, a committee of the Brewster congregation sent to Mr. Charles Lowe, secretary of the A.U.A., a letter informing him "That Horatio Alger Jr who has officiated as our minister for ab<sup>t</sup>. fifteen months past, has recently been charged with gross immorality, and a most heinous crime, a crime of no less magnitude than the abominable and revolting crime of unnatural familiarity with boys." This letter, as transcribed in the records of the Brewster church, has been quoted often and at length. The original in the A.U.A. letter books is substantially the same as the one quoted. Upon his receipt of this letter, as has never before been established, Mr. Lowe replied to the members of the Brewster committee, as follows:

To Messrs

Solomon Freeman, Elisha Bangs  
and George Copeland &c- Gentlemen:

It is with feelings of deepest pain that I have to acknowledge your letter, received this morning with its most surprising & saddening intelligence in regard to him who has been your pastor.

Almost at the same moment Mr Fox received a letter from Mr Alger, dated South Natick, in which he announces that, from physical necessity he is obliged to leave his position in Brewster & the profession and to take some more healthful occupation.

You ask what action would seem to me proper for you as a Society, & what this Association as a Christian Body would deem it necessary to do in the matter. I take it for granted that the circumstances as you have detailed them are substantially correct and that no further palliating features have been or will be developed. Supposing this to be so, we have to regulate our action with a double purpose & motive. On the one hand, we have to exercise the spirit of charity—which no amount of heinousness can render out of place—and, on the other, we have a duty to the Christian Church & the Sacred Calling which we have no right to neglect.

Looking from both these points of view, it seems to me that both agree in making it advisable to give as little as possible publicity to the affair.

It is a serious injury to the church & to the ministry that such a thing should occur; & the injury is greater the wider it is known. Consequently I think that since Mr Alger has absolutely taken himself from the ministry, & is never to bear its name or try to exercise its functions, it will not be necessary for us as an Association to take any action, though if he were to attempt to continue such relations it would be our duty to prevent it.



For you, as a parish & Church (who by your more intimate connection with him are made in an especial manner the arbiters in the case), a more decided action seems to be required. For your action will be referred to as the token [?] of the measure of his guilt, & of his fitness for confidence hereafter. But this does not necessarily require anything more than the passage of some Resolutions, clearly setting forth your calm & assured convictions. Such a Record would suffice to guard the profession and to vindicate its purity. They might even, if you think best, be published in the newspaper, though I should hope that would not be necessary. I do not think that you, as a Society are required to take any action looking to further punishment of the offender.

I will take counsel with other members of our Board & if they think differently I will write to you again. I know that charity for an individual ought not to make us blind to the high interests of justice & the sacred law of Christian morality. But in such a case as this I cannot but feel that the publicity occasioned by any sterner course than above proposed would do more injury than would result from the appearance of undue laxity.

I sympathise with you most keenly in the painful mortification & distressing harrowing up of feeling, which this event has caused, & beg to know if in any way I (or the Association) can serve you.

I am, Very respectfully Yrs

Charles Lowe.

That Horatio, Jr., admitted no guilt in his letter of resignation, since lost, should not seem a denial of guilt. A letter written by his father the next day reveals the reason: Horatio, Jr., did not necessarily assume that the allegation of his "abominable and revolting crime" was yet a matter of record at the offices of the A.U.A. There seems little doubt of his guilt in the letter which his father wrote, as

follows:

South Natick Mar 22, 1866

My dear sir,

I presume you have already received from my son Horatio a note announcing that he has resigned his parish and all intention of ever again entering a pulpit. It is not unlikely that you may have learned from other sources something of the unfortunate circumstances under which his ministry has closed. I am naturally anxious that no unnecessary publicity should be given to the matter. The only desirable end to be gained by such publicity would be to prevent his further employment in the profession, and that I will guarantee that he will neither seek nor desire. His future, at the best, will be darkly shaded. He will probably seek literary or other employment at a distance from here, and I wish him to be able to enter upon the new life on which he has resolved with as little as possible to prevent his success.

Relying on your friendly sympathy and kind offices I am

Yours very truly  
Horatio Alger

Upon his receipt of this appeal for leniency, Mr. Lowe seconded it in another letter to the chairman of the Brewster committee, as follows:

March 22, [186]6

Solomon Freeman Esq:

Dear Sir:

Since writing to you yesterday a letter has been rec<sup>d</sup> from Mr Alger's father, in which he pledges himself that the son shall never in any place attempt to exercise the functions of a minister or assume a connection with our profession & begs that such avoidance of publicity may be granted that he may have a chance in some other walk of



life to redeem his character.

It seems to me that such considerations ought to be allowed very great weight; & I think very decidedly that some passage of resolutions for your own record — not to be published, but only to stand as assurance of your own clear views of the case — is all that your duty to the cause requires.

I earnestly hope that as a Society you may not be disheartened by this sad event. We are trying to find some good man to go down to preach for you on Sunday, and beg to assure you of our sympathy & regard

I am Very truly Yours

Charles Lowe.

—

Ironically, even as this letter was in the mail to Brewster, a second member of the church investigating committee wrote to Lowe to appeal for mercy, as follows:

Brewster Mar. 23/66

Rev<sup>r</sup>. Chas. Lowe

Dear Sir,

On Tuesday a communication was sent you from this place in regard to our late Pastor Mr. Alger. Since then we have received a letter from him written in deep sadness, begging for some consi[de]rations not for his own sake but for his afflicted family who then had not learned the sad story. I regret exceedingly that my name was affixed to the letter sent you and would ask you now to exercise all the forbearance you can consistently. It is hard to tell the right way in such a case but I beg that nothing may be done hastily.— This came like a thunderbolt upon us, we had been intimately acquainted with him during his fifteen months stay with us and thought him the very purest —and best of young men, and his character is reproachable.

Very Respectfully  
Your Ob<sup>t</sup> Serv<sup>t</sup>  
Geo. Copeland

This letter again represented an appeal for mercy, to be sure, but it also again leaves little doubt but that Horatio Alger, Jr., was culpable in the crimes of which he was accused. Lowe replied to Copeland in much the same spirit his earlier letters evince:

Boston March 25, 1866.

Geo Copeland Esq

Dear Sir:

I have rec<sup>d</sup> your letter and, as you may already seen [sic] from the two letters I have written to Mr Freeman I entirely accord with you in the hope that as much leniency as possible may be exercised in regard to your late pastor.

I do not see that any action is required on the part of our Association. Of course his name will be taken from the List of our ministers, but further than that I think we are not called upon to go. He will not I suppose attempt again to preach. If he should the question might come up before us.

We feel very deeply with you as a Society.

I am, Very truly Yours

Charles Lowe.

—

The fullest details of the acts of which Alger was accused appear in yet another letter which Solomon Freeman, the chairman of the investigating committee, sent to Lowe only a few days later:

Brewster March 24/66

Rev. Chas Lowe

Dear Sir

Your recent communications of 21st and 22 inst. came to hand by yesterday noon, and / . . . /—your council in this matter is considerate and / . . . /—it is abt. the view we have taken of the matter, as a society, from the first.— At our public meeting of the society



when the investigating com<sup>te</sup> had made their report, it was then motioned, in substance, that the society prosecute, and let the law take its course, or to that effect,—which was voted down nearly unanimously.—but I had feared that one of the parents of the boys abused, would proceed in the case.—as to the matter of giving publicity to the affair, there was no preventing it in this neighborhood. The report of evil deeds travel with much greater speed than those of good deeds. The first disclosure was made from one of the boys to an aunt, and from that time to this, reports making the case more and more aggravating have been in circulation. I will name one, the truth of which I have no good reason to doubt, which is, on the sabbath after services, one of these boys called at his room, to leave a book.—and that he bolted his door and then, committed this unnatural crime.—with the boys poor sister waiting in the carriage, in the cold.—for this diabolical transgression. from this simple circumstance you can readily infer the dept of depravity to which he had descended.—and to make the case still more aggravating it is clear to our minds that he would readily have remained with us to serve the Devil by writing novels,—leading boys to distiution,—and receiving pay as a minister, although he well knew there was not, so far as I am informed but three families who wished to retain him.

I have a letter before me from him dated the 19th inst. full of compunction of feeling for the disgrace he has bro<sup>t</sup> on himself and the consequent grief of his parents, and family.—but not one feeling properly expressed of that remorse and penitence which ought to be consequent on the communion of such crime against God and the injury he had done to the cause of religion, to our society, and youth in particular. It is all too selfish to be sincere,—it is all in consequence of detection, and not in consequence of guilt. That he possessed a certain talent is unquestionable, but it had evidently been trained too long in another direction, and mixed with the lowest depravity, to

make it of any value in the ministry.—excuse the apparent feeling with which I write—for I have been the parent of sons, whose character & success in life had been the dearest object of my efforts.—but whom God in his providence I trust has removed to a higher sphere, but I never had to feel a remorse on act<sup>t</sup> of their misdeeds.—but had they been under such influence as this, I unquestionably should.—the stamp of vice which he has made on youth here may lead many to hopeless ruin, which otherwise might have been careful and respectable.—

We had concluded not to have services in our church tomorrow.—but will try to have services the following sabbath.—provided we can get some many of some experiences in the ministry.—I think there will be an / . . . / to boys.—we have had too much of merely humanitarian productions. we are hungry for some gospel, something that will reach the / . . . / of true devotional excesses, which our souls / . . . / thirst for, and more particularly so in periods of sorrow & bereavement, and such a period has been on this society for several months past.—will you try to have in view a minister for us for Sunday the 1st of April

Very respectfully  
and truly yours  
Solomon Freeman

—  
Lowe seems not to have replied to this letter from Freeman, who took a much different tack than Copeland regarding Alger's letter to the committee.

Yet the matter was not dead. Months later, Solomon Freeman was so angered by the frequent appearance of works by Horatio Alger, Jr., in the popular press and by a favorable review of one of his books that he wrote again to Lowe to appeal for more definite censure of his late pastor, as follows:

Brewster, Mass Sept 1/66

Rev. Cha. Lowe  
Sec. A Unitarian Asso.



Dear Sir

You will recollect a communication addressed to you from a com<sup>te</sup> of our society, and by order of the society, in March last in relation to certain unnatural and revolting criminality of H. Alger Jr., who had officiated as our pastor, and who on being detected had left without taking leave. The details of this criminality as afterwards disclosed were too revolting to describe.—and asking your advice & direction in the matter of our duty under the aggravated circumstance of the case. To which we rec<sup>d</sup> your cool considerate and truly Christian reply, which we decided for the time to act on and take no further notice of the matter.—supposing the offices of the association would see that, so far as our denomination was concerned, he was permitted to sink into that insignificance which his criminality indicated, instead of which we are led to suppose that he has from the production of his pen full access to many if not all the publications sanctioned by our denomination,—in June last a lady, whose son was one of his victims of criminality and a subscriber to the "Student & Schoolmate," called my attention to an article published over his name, and wished me to call attention to it. I anxiously wrote the publisher, referring him to record in your office, and stating the pernicious influence it would have, as perhaps nearly all the boys in this, and neighboring town, knew of his criminality and would naturally thereby be led to suppose that such criminality was at most trifling, if he was still permitted to contribute to respectable periodicals particularly those intended for boys to read—and still the next issue contained another article from his pen,—and for aught I know every number since, and now in looking over my Aug. 30th Christian Inquirer, under the head "Literacy" I see a recommendation, in very high terms of a new book supposed to be from the pen of H. A. Jr., and perhaps many more to which my attention has not been called.—as my age and the conditions of my family preclude my being much in the way of seeing all the productions

intended for juvenile reading in our denomination,—and now I would ask you, is this right or proper, should a man branded by such infamous crime, and who it is self-evident is an old offender in such criminality, and who is consequently secretly known to many in every neighborhood his presence has caused since he arrived at years of / . . . / should be still allowed to contribute to our literature. We have reason to fear that his influence for evil will be felt here in his secret operations for a long time, as also by other communities in which he may have resided.—one would have naturally supposed, that an educated man at the age of 32 who had so grossly disgraced his profession as a minister,—after exposure, would have sunk into such an obscurity that his name should never have appeared in any production before the public, at least by any production sanctioned by his own denomination,—and I regret to say the opinion is expressed that no other denomination would have sanctioned it as we have. If as a denomination we expect to prosper, and be blessed of God, we must have that regard for morality, at least which shall receive public sanction.—The interest of religion most assuredly demands it.

I am very Respectfully,  
Your obt. Serv<sup>t</sup>  
Solomon Freeman

For the record, the review to which Freeman alluded in his letter appeared in the Christian Inquirer for 30 August 1866 on page 3. A plug for Timothy Crump's Ward, it recommends the novel as "a pleasant, entertaining story, with so little that is objectionable and so much that is interesting in it that we gladly give it a place in our library. Though its author's name is not given, we more than suspect that it is from the same pen which has written three or four charming juveniles, and is in a fair way to make a deep and lasting mark in our literature. We mean that of H. A., Jr." Interestingly enough, Charles Lowe seemed to sympathize with Freeman's complaint—perhaps only to discourage him from stirring up trouble—as his



reply makes clear:

Sept 7 [1866]

Solomon Freeman Esq

Dear Sir:

I rec<sup>d</sup> yours of the 1<sup>st</sup> and feel sorry as you at the readiness to come forward into public so soon, on the part of Mr Alger — and regret that his name has been, as you say, (though I have not seen it), connected in our papers with moral teachings to youth when it is so freshly associated with such moral perverseness [?] of life. But I do not know how we as an Asso<sup>n</sup> have anything to do with the matter.

We have taken his name from our Lists & have his father's assurance that he will never again seek to act as belonging to the ministerial profession. We also made known to the editors of our papers - Register & Inquirer - the facts of the case, that they might — without public notice of them — be guided in future references to him. Further than this we cannot go. If I should attempt to say to any publisher — 'you ought not to print books or articles written by him' — of course he would pay no more attention to it than if you or anyone else did it — and you say that the representation to the Editor of the "Student & Schoolmate" produced no effect. We have no more control over any paper or other periodical — except the Monthly Journal — than you have — If I should hear that Mr Alger was exercising ministerial functions, I should feel bound by a sense of duty to the denomination to interfere in some way, but as it is I do not see how anything can be done here.

I entirely understand & sympathise with your anxiety, but I think that noone could rightly charge the denomination [with \_\_\_\_\_ because of \_\_\_\_\_ in the case] [?]. It seems to me [?] that you have acted a Christian part, & while you deplore the consequences of your leniency [?] I do not think you can blame [?] yourselves.

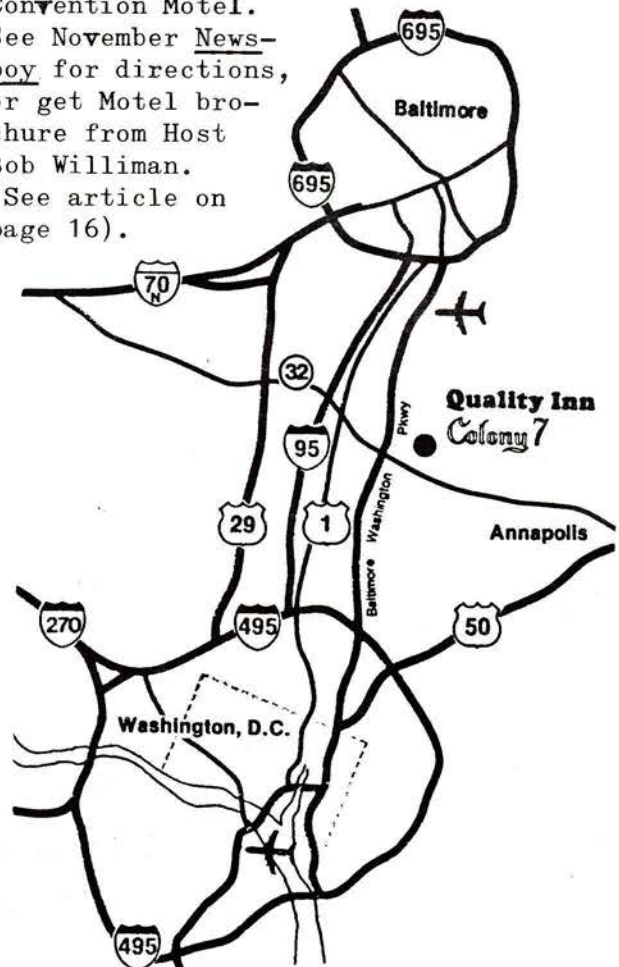
I am dear Sir,

Very respectfully Yrs

Charles Lowe.

In its entirety, this collection of letters indicates beyond all reasonable doubt that Horatio Alger, Jr., was dismissed from his parish for homosexual activities with boys in his congregation; that all principal correspondents acknowledged his culpability; and that a determined effort to contain the story originated almost as soon as the story became known. In the spirit of those who sought to discourage titillating versions of the facts, I offer this record of events to the members of the HAS. The record, too often distorted in the other direction and colored with sentimental hues, should be set straight.

\* \* \*  
 Map showing 1980 Convention Motel. See November Newsboy for directions, or get Motel brochure from Host Bob Williman. (See article on page 16).





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Famous Photographers & Rare Photos Make Up

# PETE ECKEL'S NEWSBOYS COLLECTING

**Editor's Note:** Some months ago, Peter J. Eckel, staff photographer for the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey, joined P.A.C. in the "My interests are..." section he stated that he collected photographs, news items and any other material that threw light on the homeless waifs who wandered the streets of New York from the 1850's up to World War I selling newspapers. We have many photography collectors among P.A.C. members, but none with so specialized an interest.

We wrote Peter and asked for the details. He wrote back saying "As you can see, I am no writer but did the best I could." To that note he attached one of the most fascinating letters we have ever received. And he included half a dozen photographs, from his collection of over 300. Peter's collection, which was built on the story of Father John Drumgoole, one of the few people at the time who concerned themselves with the plight of these 40,000 homeless waifs.

We are printing Peter's letter just as received, with several of the almost unbelievable photographs in his collection.

Incidentally, Peter Eckel himself is an industrial photographer doing cinematography and aerial photography for the city of New York. Some day his work will probably be collected by New York City and marine transport buffs.

Some time ago you asked me to tell you more about my newsboy collection and I apologize for the delay.

I became interested in the story of the newsboys over ten years ago when I lived in Tottenville, Staten Island. I used to spend many Sunday afternoons strolling with my six children around the spacious grounds (650 acres) 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.

I became fascinated when I discovered that in the late 1800's there were over 40,000 of these deserted children living in the streets of lower Manhattan. These deplorable conditions remained for over 50 years. I felt it was really strange that this story had never been told and the newsboys' utter existence was all but forgotten.

This was also the "golden age" of the American press which witnessed the establishment of New York's great newspapers, *The Herald*, *The World*, *The Tribune* and *The Times*. Soon there were 47 newspapers published in New York City, creating fierce competition among the dailies to get their papers to the readers. This was the beginning of an American Institution, the newsboy, born from the hordes of homeless children who tried to keep themselves alive by selling papers.

One of the few benefactors of these forgotten boys and girls was John C. Drumgoole, the janitor of a church on Grand Street in Manhattan. In order to better serve his army of homeless children, he entered the priesthood after 21 years working as a janitor. He was ordained at the age of 53, an age when many people are beginning to think about retirement. But he saw the problems and got himself involved. I am not what you would call a religious person but I was very touched by the simplicity and goodness of this most unusual man.

During the past 10 years, I have collected over 300 photographs which graphically dramatized the life of Drumgoole and his homeless newsboys. These were the subject of an exhibit, titled "Drumgoole's World", which journeyed to three very significant localities which played a major role in the life of Father John. The first exhibit took place on the lower East Side at the

Henry Street Settlement, in the heart of the neighborhood where he lived as a child and young man. The Settlement is situated less than a block from St. Mary's church on Grand Street where he worked as a layman and from where he initiated his life's work of helping the poor and homeless children of New York City.

The second location for the exhibit was Staten Island where in 1883 he founded the Mount Loretto Institute for homeless children. The exhibit was displayed last in 1977 at the U.S. Customhouse in the World Trade Center, situated a short distance from where Father John founded his first home, in 1871, the St. Vincent Newsboy Home on Warren Street.

While accumulating my material on Drumgoole, I learned that he had presented Pope Leo XIII with an album of photographs of his work with the homeless youngsters.

In 1888 Father Drumgoole was invited to Rome to celebrate the Golden Jubilee of Pope Leo XIII. He considered his work more important and declined the invitation and instead sent the Pope a photo album; "a substitute" as he called it. The album contained many views of Mount Loretto and the newsboys.

After hearing about the album, I just had to try to locate it. I made numerous phone calls and sent letters to Cardinals, the Vatican Library, the Archdiocese of New York and many other people. I had about given up hope of ever locating the album. I was laughed at on a few occasions for

even thinking that the album was still in existence and at times I was treated like some kind of a nut.

During a conversation with an 82 year old retired priest, the subject of the album came up. He told me that the only way to find the album would be a personal visit to Rome. He informed me that a friend of his was going for a visit to the Vatican and he would ask his friend to inquire about it. Six months later I received copy negatives of the complete album. They are now an important part of my collection and the exhibit.

My collection also includes photographs taken by Jim Maloney, one of the boys who was given a camera in 1893 when he was ten years old. He stayed on at the mission as a workman until his death, June 29, 1969 at the age of 86, more than three-quarters of a century later. Though he recorded the history of Mount Loretto with his camera, his work consisting of hundreds of negatives sat forgotten in someone's basement collecting dust for seven years. I shudder to think that the people holding them were considering throwing away the negatives until they heard my appeal.

The people holding Maloney's negatives turned out to be friends and neighbors. Hearing of my exhibition they contacted me at once and Maloney's photographic history of Mt. Loretto and its boys was saved.

My newsboy photo collection has been constantly expanded and now includes: *Harpers Weekly*, old newspapers of the 1800's, illustrations, statues, old books and more.

My object now is to focus attention on other men who helped these street children like Father Drumgoole did.

So Joel, tell all PAC members—please be on the lookout for anything on the newsboys and help me to continue to tell their story. ●



THE WILD WAIFS of the streets, the children to whom New York gave the freedom of the city. They were free to roam the streets, the alleys, the gutters, the wharves; they were free to starve and freeze. Photo by Jacob Riis (1848-1914). Taken in the 1850's. Riis was a Danish immigrant in New York who set out to prove to an indifferent nation that intolerable living conditions DID exist in the United States. Riis worked early as a police reporter. His works are among the most important examples of photo journalism of the period.



## ODDS AND ENDS

by Brad Chase  
President, HAS

There was a time when I could sleep until noon. Not any more though. When the sun comes up now my eyes pop open and no matter how hard I try, I just can't get back to sleep. I am particularly vulnerable to waking up early when I have something really neat planned for the day. The first Saturday in October was such a day — for that was when we had our latest mini-convention at Morris Olsen's home in Boston.

For the uninitiated, a mini-convention is when several Alger brethren get together in the best Alger tradition to share their mutual Alger interests. It is not accidental that our Boston mini-convention also offers the attendees an opportunity to enhance their respective collections from the abundant supply of choice items gleaned from all over New England by Morris. This marvelous man spends many of his waking hours visiting choice book places for Algers and other boys' books for his friends. It is no wonder that his home became the focal point of our October gathering.

I pulled out of my driveway that sunny fall Saturday morning just after seven o'clock and headed east for Boston. Things to do and people to see — what a tremendous feeling of anticipation I had as I looked forward to the day ahead. After about two hours I pulled into the parking lot of the beautiful Marriot Hotel located just west of Boston where I would meet some of the others who were planning to "mini" with me. Our noble and respected Vice-President Brad Alexander greeted me as I excitedly made my way from the parking lot to the hotel entrance. We went inside and breakfasted then with HAS members Bea Fortner, Jim Thorp and his daughter Dee, Eddie LeBlanc, Bill Russell and our venerable past President Jerry Friedland. The talk was very spirited and of course, all about Alger. It turned out that several of them had visited Morris the previous night and had acquired a bunch of real gems. We

heard with fascination also about Brad Alexander's new membership activities, admiring the card he has had printed which indicates who to contact if someone is interested in joining the Society.

About 10 A.M. we all drove Indian style in three cars the ten or so miles to the town of Mattapan where Morris has his home. He greeted us with that ever present smile and literally with open arms. From that point on, for all of us, it was good Alger fellowship and book looking, book digging, book negotiating and book buying. Joining us after a short while was member Tom Noonan from nearby West Boylston, Mass. and Dr. Max Goldberg — Society Director Emeritus who dazzled us all day with the extent of his knowledge about the whole world of Horatio Alger.

For the next five hours, we were up to our kneecaps in quality books — mostly Algers. Picture, if you will, two rooms — one in the basement and one on the third floor — chock full of books, on the walls, on the floor, everywhere — and all in fine condition. We were like kids in an ice cream factory...not knowing where to turn first! All the time Morris and his daughter Beverly were the perfect hosts. It was indeed an extremely pleasant day and one that none of us will soon forget. The amazing thing is that we all bought many books that day and as we left, Morris's supply didn't even look dented. . . .

Frosting on the cake for the day was when we followed Morris by car, Indian style again, the eight or ten miles to his favorite restaurant where he treated us to a delicious meal. As I sat there eating my steamed clams and discussing Alger, collecting, etc., I couldn't help but reflect upon what a delightful day it had been. Good fellowship all centered around booking and Horatio. No wonder I woke up so early that morning. And, as I sit here mentally recalling the activities of that day, my heart beats just a little bit faster in anticipation of the next time we all get together for a "mini at Morris's."

\* \* \*



## THE CAPITAL CAUCUS

May 14-16, 1981

by Bob Williman

Everything is falling into place for the convention and registrations are coming in already. First was Bob Sawyer followed by Eddie and Florence LeBlanc. We've heard from as far away as the McAdoo's in Seattle and Rolfe Chase in Las Vegas. It looks like the Capital Caucus will be the biggest one yet. Kathie is getting nervous already! I've set aside fifty rooms and wonder if fifty will be enough!??

All rooms are clustered together in one wing along with the large hospitality room and each has one queen-sized bed. (Editor's note: Bob reports, however, that rooms with two beds are available, though not in this one wing). Single occupancy is \$30.00 and double is \$32.00 per night. Jerry Friedland tells me that the Quality Inn Colony 7 is rated three stars by the AAA. He says that this will be the first time we've had a three star facility for an Alger convention!! The rates are about half of the going rates in Washington.

From the hotel, Washington is a half-hour drive; Baltimore is about the same. For members who plan to fly, come in to BWI (Baltimore-Washington International Airport), about ten minutes away. National and Dulles Airports are over an hour's drive away. If you plan to come by train, the Amtrak Station in New Carrollton, Maryland, is recommended. Second choice is Baltimore's Union Station. No limousine service is available to the hotel.

We plan to provide coffee and donuts in the mornings as well as cold cuts, etc., during the day. There is dinner and live theatre on Friday evening and of course, our banquet on Saturday night. All of this is provided by your registration fee.

For the convenience of everyone, to obtain the most favorable rates and to ensure that everyone is accommodated at

the hotel, I am handling reservations for HAS members and their guests. No deposit for the hotel is necessary. I am guaranteeing the rooms once I receive your convention registration. I am asking that everyone who plans to attend "The Capital Caucus" send me \$35.00 per person and the dates for which you desire your room as soon as possible, please. You may come early and/or stay late. I will confirm your registration by mail and enclose a brochure from the hotel.

\* \* \*

## RANDOM REPORTS FROM ALGERLAND

by Jack Bales

Forrest Campbell reports the death of PF-085, Willis Eagen of Kalamazoo. He has not been a dues paying member for years, but as Forrest writes, "I told him that once you're a member you're always a member."

Now that I'm in the Washington, D.C. area I spent a day in the downtown area sight-seeing. While touring the History and Technology Building of the Smithsonian I viewed with interest an exhibit on the history of the newspaper. Accompanying a beautiful full size statue of a newsboy (perfect for Brad Alexander's front lawn!!) was a plaque mentioning that Horatio Alger, Jr. chronicled the lives of the New York newsboys.

Forrest Campbell, 6385-E Foxtrot, Kalamazoo, Michigan 49002, is recovering from a stroke. I am sure that he would appreciate letters or cards from his friends in the Alger Society. (Include your phone number, and if he cannot write, he will call you on the phone).

I spent a delightful day with Bob Williman in the Washington, D.C.-Annapolis area recently. Bob knows all the good used book shops and we managed to hit 4 or 5. Eddie LeBlanc, Denis Rogers and Randy Cox were researching at the Library of Congress and we were able to visit with them after they put in a hard day's work. Chalk up another "mini convention"!