

Newsboy

Jack Bales, Editor
1407A Winchester St.
Fredericksburg, VA
22401



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.

Horatio Alger, Jr.

1832 - 1899



Founded 1961 by Forrest Campbell & Kenneth B. Butler

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The August, 1977 Newsboy featured the complete text of A Voice from the Newsboys, written by newsboy Johnny Morrow in 1860. Johnny died while still a boy, and his gravestone is pictured above, located by Peter Eckel, long time collector of material relating to newsboys. See Peter's "letters to the editor" on page 3 for details.

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

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

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

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

Thanks go to Bob Williman and his wife Kathie for hosting a great Alger convention. Details will be in the next issue of Newsboy.

* * *

NEW MEMBERS REPORTED

PF-620 Paul Eugen Camp
Special Collections
University of South Florida
Library
Tampa, Florida 33620

Paul is Associate Librarian for Special Collections at the University of Florida and heard of HAS through Dr. Russel Nye. The University actively collects dime novels, 19th century juvenile books of all types, 19th century American schoolbooks, works by G.A. Henty, and 19th century American adult literature. It has 116 Algers.

PF-621 I. O. Ebert
1842 Linden St.
East Lansing, Michigan 48823

I. O. Ebert, a university professor, has 40 Alger titles and is interested in photography, travel and amateur radio. He learned of the Alger Society through a newspaper article.

PF-622 David M. Dennis
1431 Princeton, NE
Albuquerque, New Mexico 87106

David, a retired university professor, is interested in acquiring all the Alger titles (he has 105 now). Ed Auten told him of HAS, and in a letter to Carl Hartmann David writes, "I have been collecting Horatio Alger books for almost thirty years . . ."

PF-623 Lee Smalley
111 12th St.
Menomonie, Wisconsin 54751

Lee is a college teacher and has 46 titles in his collection.

PF-624 Aurelio Di Mambro
S. Lorenzo, Castelforte
Latina, Italy 04021

Aurelio has corresponded with Ralph Gardner who told him of HAS. Owner of 6 Algers, he is a graduating student at Istituto Universitario Orientale of Naples.

June-July

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

PF-602 Rolfe B. Chase, Jr.
 2436 Sabado St.
 Las Vegas, Nevada 89121
 * * *

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

1325 Burlington Rd.
 Mendota, Ill. 61342
 May 22, 1981

Dear Jack,

I was bitterly disappointed that I had to miss the Alger convention and I am sure that it was an interesting and successful event. It was carefully planned and I hope it had a good attendance. I'd like to thank all the members present for their thoughtfulness in sending me the get-well card signed by all of them. It helped mightily in reducing my chagrin in missing the convention. I shall be anxious to read the Newsboy account of all that happened. I will look forward to making up for it in 1982.

Sincerely,

Ken Butler
 1335 Grant Ave.
 South Plainfield, N.J.
 07080
 December 5, 1980

Dear Jack,

I recently acquired back issues of the Newsboy from Carl Hartmann, going back to 1962. I found it very interesting to follow your growth in HAS. Congratulations to you on a job well done.

Also, Jack, I sincerely want to thank you for your efforts on my behalf in the Newsboy. You have restored my faith in my own project.

You see, there are not many people in my circle of friends who share my enthusiasm regarding the newsboys. At times throughout the years I have found myself

doubting the worth of this very time-consuming and expensive research. However, there always seems to be someone there at the right time to give the needed encouragement.

Now, getting to the main reason I am writing. In one of the back issues of Newsboy, August, 1977, you had the story of Johnny Morrow who in 1860 wrote A Voice from the Newsboys. I have had the book for several years. It so touched me that I spent several days searching for Johnny Morrow's grave in the Evergreen Cemetery in Brooklyn. To make a long story short—I found the grave and took some pictures. Could you use it in Newsboy? Please let me know. Kindest regards.

Sincerely,

Pete [Eckel]

1335 Grant Ave.
 South Plainfield, NJ
 07080
 December 19, 1980

Dear Jack,

Enclosed is the photo of Johnny Morrow's grave located in The Evergreens, a very large cemetery in Brooklyn. There were no detailed records kept in the 1860s of individual graves. All I was given was a general location which encompassed a very large area. It meant reading every tombstone and unfortunately I missed it the first time around. Anyway, when I did find it, the inscription was barely legible.

I know it seems strange that I spent so much time searching for Johnny Morrow's grave but after you read the enclosed copy of the February 1862 Children's Aid Society Annual Report, I think you will understand.

Johnny Morrow is a symbol of all Alger's heroes who fought a good battle against mountainous odds. Best regards, Jack.

Pete [Eckel]

Rt. 3, Box 337
Little Falls, N.Y. 13365
April 6, 1981

Dear Jack,

You can add one more letter to your count of Alger letters [in Horatio Alger, Jr.: An Annotated Bibliography of Comment and Criticism]. I have one, but only the signature page.

Alger has evidently been very sick and states: "Its violence a has abated but it leaves me very weak. I hope it won't look in at the Editorial rooms of 'The Ladies Home Journal.' Yours sincerely, Horatio Alger, Jr." [no date given].

Yours sincerely,

Milton R. Salls

12437 Kemmerton Lane
Bowie, Maryland 20715
March 25, 1981

Young Captain Jack Bales
The Young Book Agent
1407A Winchester St.
Fredericksburg, VA 22401

Dear Jack,

Thanks for sending THE YOUNG MINER. On the condition that I am acknowledged to have paid the highest price ever for a reprint, I'll buy it from you. Don't need to ask Bob Bennett about the value. YOUNG CAPTAIN JACK, STRUGGLING UPWARD, recently RISEN FROM THE RANKS wouldn't lie and become THE YOUNG OUTLAW....LIVE AND LEARN. Besides, THE ODDS AGAINST HIM MAKING HIS MARK would be as A ROLLING STONE. How about making this A DEBT OF HONOR? You could WAIT AND HOPE and TRY AND TRUST. Guess not. I have NOTHING TO DO but to go UP THE LADDER and obtain THE TIN BOX in THE SECRET DRAWER where we NUGGET FINDERS hide our MERCHANT'S CRIMES and come up with the \$100 CHECK (less 20%) so you can PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

Best regards,

Bob [Williman]

P.S. Don't tell THE MAD HEIRESS that I paid \$80, or I'll be LOST AT SEA...ONLY AN IRISH BOY OUT OF BUSINESS with a DISAGREEABLE WOMAN.

6206 Tindall Ave.
Myrtle Beach, SC 29577
April 9, 1981

Dear Jack,

Just want to say how much I enjoy being a member of HAS and I really enjoy the Newsboy. I have recently purchased three beautiful copies of Gleason's Pictorial Drawing Room Companion with three Alger poems. I have just added my 101st Alger title to my collection in addition to these poems. It really is a challenge to get 100 or more titles today. And they are getting more expensive each year.

I have just received my new book from HAS with Mr. Gardner's introduction. I was very pleased [A Fancy of Hers/The Disagreeable Woman].

Sincerely,

Ellaree B. Wiggins

(Editor's note: Ellaree offers for sale photocopies of several Alger poems and short stories for \$1.00 each plus SASE. The stories are "The Boy Scout" [Good News] and "Margaret's Test" [Gleason's]. The three poems from Gleason's are "Death of Little Alice," "The Cottage by the Sea," and "A Child's Prayer." If all works are ordered, the price is \$5.00).

204 Mill St.
Gahanna, Ohio 43230
April 22, 1981

Dear Jack,

Just a note to tell you I'm all set for the convention. Bill McCord and I are rooming together and I'll probably ride over with John Juvinal.

I wanted to tell you that I've finally completed by three year project of

June-July

typing out the adult Algers serialized in the Sun and New York Weekly. I'm calling them "The Sun Series." I first typed out a set of "Masters," then I took them to a printer and had them reduced from 8½ x 11 inches to 5½ x 8½ inches. This reduced the print to about the size of newsprint, still very readable and allowed them to be bound into volumes which are about like the "Nothing" books. I'll have a complete set at the convention to show. I plan to make them available to interested collectors at \$12.50 each. Or \$105 for all nine volumes in a slip case. Frank Schott is binding them for me and doing a nice job. Here are the titles I'll have. It will give collectors a chance to add nine Alger titles to their collections never before available in book form.

Vol. I - Madeline, the Temptress; first published as a serial in the Sun, August 7, 1857.

Vol. II - The Secret Drawer; first published in the Sun June 14, 1858.

Vol. III - The Cooper's Ward; first published December 8, 1858 in the Sun. This was later rewritten and published by Loring as Timothy Crump's Ward.

Vol. IV - Herbert Selden, published March 5, 1859.

Vol. V - Manson, the Miser, published May 18, 1859. Later rewritten and published by Loring as Charlie Codman's Cruise.

Vol. VI - The Gipsy Nurse; first published August 15, 1859. Rewritten and published by Loring as Paul Prescott's Charge.

Vol. VII - The Discarded Son, published in 1859. Later rewritten and published by Loring as Helen Ford.

Vol. VIII - The Mad Heiress; published

Vol. IX - Marie Bertrand, published in New York Weekly in 1864.

As they were typed I made comments and comparisons as footnotes, particularly pointing out differences between these original stories and the later rewritten versions.

Best regards,
Bob [Sawyer]

WHY ALGER IS NOT THE AUTHOR OF
"I'M OLD TODAY":

A Bibliographical Note

by Gary Scharnhorst

In a letter to Irving Blake dated 28 April 1896, Horatio Alger, Jr. specified some of the errors contained in a story about him printed over two weeks earlier, on 10 April 1896, in the Boston Daily Advertiser. (This newspaper account has been reprinted in its entirety in the January-February 1981 issue of Newsboy.) For example, the young reporter had quoted Alger as follows: "Ah! How I admire the enterprise of Oliver Optic! Mr. Adams is older than I am, and he has just made a trip around the world. How he could be so enterprising is more than I can understand. I could not do it." In his subsequent letter to Blake, Alger indicated that the reporter had exaggerated his actual comments. "My story eulogizing on Optic is apocryphal. I simply said, 'He is a very young old man.' However it will do me no harm to have it reported that I praised him. The young reporter is quite imaginative." Far from reminiscing about Optic in his letter to Blake, in short, Alger merely corrected a reporter's misstatements.

Only recently did I realize that this innocuous remark of Alger's has generated another, more serious error. Apparently misreading Alger's handwriting, Ralph Gardner first promulgated this error in his bibliography of Alger's works. Gardner suggested that "Alger wrote in a letter" that a poem entitled "A Very Young Old Man" was "his first contribution to the publication [Student and Schoolmate] edited by his friend, William T. Adams." Understandably, this false clue has led subsequent researchers to attribute to Alger the authorship of "I'm Old Today," an unsigned poem published in Student and Schoolmate in November 1863, nearly a year before Alger actually began to contribute to that magazine. Clearly, there is no real evidence for such a claim. In his letter to Blake, Alger did not corrupt the title of a poem

written over thirty years earlier. He was not alluding to the title of a poem at all.

* * *

MY DAD WAS AN ALGER HERO
by
Gilbert K. Westgard II

During the great epidemic of Spanish Flu, in 1918, my dad managed to save the life of the little girl who lived next door in Salt Lake City. They were sledding across a neighborhood pond that had frozen over when Evelyn cracked through a portion of ice that my father had already been over. Probably this was due to her not being as fast as her older playmate. At any rate she soon found herself in the chilly November waters of Vagner's Fish Hatchery Pond in the south-east part of the city known as Sugarhouse.

In the true Alger tradition my dad threw her the strap that was attached to his sled, and drew her out of the icy waters of the pond. She hurried home while my dad also fished her sled out of the water.

The little girl's mother informed the Salt Lake Herald of the brave rescue from an icy death of her daughter, and a reporter came out to take a picture of the young hero.

Here the similarity to an Alger opus ends. Alas, the little girl's parents were not wealthy. The father was a disabled policeman, and there were other members of the family, too.

Lad Saves Drowning Girl

GILBERT HANSEN, 14-year-old boy, shown with his sled, who rescued little Evelyn Pratt from death in icy water of pond.



There was no reward, there was no opening made in a local counting-room, just a feeling of gratitude to the boy who had saved their little girl from an icy death in the water of a pond.

(Editor's note: Gil Westgard II writes: "Jack, in case you're wondering about the use of the name 'Hansen' in the newspaper clipping, the family name was originally 'Westgard-Hansen,' and eventually my father and his brothers Americanized their names by dropping the 'Hansen' portion."

* * *

ODDS AND ENDS

by Brad Chase
President, HAS

Booksales have become a fascinating slice of rugged individualism for me. Whether it's a simple book auction, tag sale or regular booksale, there seems to always be someone out there who is competing with me for Alger books. It's usually the book dealer. Some of the dealers know me as a good and trusted customer and let me have the Algers for they know that's all I'm interested in. Other ones, however, make me work and pay for whatever few Algers are on the block.

Don't get me wrong, I like competition and feel the dealer should have as much chance as anyone at buying Algers. What I don't like is the sneaky dealer who seems to work the system to his own advantage.

For example, there's the dealer who hits the booksale early, buffaloes the sale sponsors into giving dealers a fifteen to thirty minute head start and then proceeds to clean out all the good books. I drove 60 miles to a booksale on Saturday to be there when it opened by 9:00 a.m. only to find at that point most everything good had been taken by early dealer arrivals.

I became aware of another dealer trick at a recent booksale. About fifteen of us were outside of the sale building waiting for 10:00 a.m. to arrive. At that time the doors opened and we to

together moved into the sale area. Even though we had been chatting amiably five minutes before, once the doors opened elbows jabbed and fifteen bodies jostled for head position on the basis that he who gets there first, gets the best. Well, I noticed one dealer who had a newspaper bag over her shoulder and as she went down each aisle, she'd literally throw book after book into her bag. She'd then run over to a corner from time to time and stack her "finds" under a "Reserved" sign. After about a half hour of this she apparently gotten everything she wanted so she proceeded to sit in the corner and weed out those she didn't want and put them back. She had first grabbed everything that looked like it might be worthwhile preventing the rest of us from selecting them until she had made a later judgment.

Another technique which I think is unfair to the small collector happens at book auctions which to me seem usually geared to the big book dealer anyway. Ann and I recently went to a regular antique auction in a nearby town which was preceded by a scheduled auction of about 2,000 books. There were only about six or so of us doing the bidding as we went around the different tables making bids on individual books that we had previously selected out. A dealer was one of the six and he outbid the rest of us on most every book, \$8 each for several Burt Algers, for example. He then proceeded to buy quantities of the books by table as interest in individual books decreased. What he was doing, of course, was buying as many good books as he could, knowing by purchasing quantity his average cost per book at the end of the evening would be very low, thereby offering him an opportunity to make a good profit per book later in his store.

Are these dealers smart? Maybe. Unfair? Maybe. Frustrating to the small collector? Oh, my, yes! I have to admit, however, that I have obtained some gems at booksales and auctions at very reasonable prices. Unfortunately, these have been the exception rather than the

Vienna postmaster ends career started by Truman

By ELLEN KLEINERMAN
Tribune Staff Writer

THE TRIBUNE
CHRONICLE,
1-16-81

VIENNA — What Harry Truman started, Ruth Miller is ending.

Truman appointed Ruth Miller to the \$1,500-a-year job as township postmaster in 1946. Today she ends her service.

Much has changed in her 36 years as postmaster: A new office was built in 1966, the operation graduated to first class and the president no longer makes the appointment.

But the 61-year-old sees one constant: people. "They're just wonderful," she said while sitting at her desk at the rural outpost on Warren-Sharon Road.

"These people are so warm and generous. They've made me love this job and they'll make me miss this job."

THE SEVENTH-GENERATION Vienna Township woman leaves with reluctance.

"I'm all psyched up to go. It won't be any easier next year, so I might as well take the plunge," she said.

"This is a difficult time, but I've been through difficult times before."

In 1946, Mrs. Miller was one of two people to take the civil service examination; the other applicant for the postmaster job was her first husband.

After a conference with then-Warren Postmaster Ray Schriver, it was decided that Mrs. Miller would take the job.

"That was a good salary (\$1,500) for a woman in those days," she said. "A man, however, might have had a hard time raising a family on it."

The difficult time came four years later when her first husband died. Left with two pre-school age sons, the job helped her make it through that period.

SIX YEARS later, she married Paul Miller, who serves now as township clerk. Her two grown sons, Tim Scott and Douglas Scott, live in Texas, but occasionally return home for a visit. The Millers share an enthusiasm for working with people.

Retirement will mean the couple can spend more time together and enjoy in their hobbies.

Besides working as postmaster, Mrs. Miller has maintained over the years a vital interest in music and education.

She helps the organist at the Vienna United Methodist Church. In addition, Mrs. Miller is the

choir director and organist for the Morning Light Eastern Star in Warren. She has been director for about 10 years.

And education always has been important to her. "Maybe I think education is such a good thing because I don't have one," she said. Mrs. Miller did not go on to college after graduating from high school.

BUT BOTH HER sons have earned masters' degrees, she said proudly, one from Harvard, the other from Dartmouth.

She is serving a second term on the board of trustees of the Trumbull Campus of Kent State University.

"That school has been such a good thing for the young people of this area," she said.

Mrs. Miller also adds to her list of activities chairing committees for charity organizations.

If her schedule sounds full, she agrees that it is. "I suppose I could cut down on my activities,"

she said about the tiring pace she has been keeping over the years. "But the trouble with that is what do you do when you retire?"

"Well," she said thoughtfully, "I look at it this way. It's sort of like dying, it's nice to go when you're appreciated."

rule. But true to the Alger spirit, I'm up to the challenge and look forward with zest to the next booksale or auction, and whatever competition it brings, I'll meet it squarely. So dealers be forewarned!!

* * *

TRIBUTE TO RUTH MILLER

Ruth Miller, wife of HAS member Paul Miller, has been coming to conventions with Paul for years and is well known for her quick smile and lively spirit. When she retired earlier this year as Postmaster of Vienna, Ohio after 35 years of service, it was evident that the citizens of Vienna felt the same way, for "An Evening of Community Recognition" was held in her honor. As one of many newspaper articles about the event said: "Most towns boast of pillars of their communities, but it is a fact that Vienna is blessed with several such personalities, and Ruth Miller is not the least of these. Therefore, we, too, would like to publically proclaim her for the super citizen that she is, although the daily papers and other media gave commendable coverage to her day of retirement.

"Benefitting the kind of lady we know Mrs. Miller to be, she was showered with flowers, cards, a surprise dinner with her co-workers and a very special musical serenade, also a surprise, presented by the Mathews High School Band.

" . . . In reading the interviews given by Mrs. Miller, it was evident that she has a love affair with her community going way back, and to one who has given 100 per cent of her dedication to her job and her community, the feeling is definitely reciprocal. . . ." Congratulations, Ruth!!!

ALGER'S AUTHORSHIP OF "DRAFTED!"

by Gary Scharnhorst

In both the genealogical history of the Alger family and his brief essay "Writing Stories for Boys," Horatio Alger, Jr. mentions that early in his career he had written for Harper's Weekly. Indeed, in a letter to the editor William Conant Church dated 20 April 1866, Alger indicated that he had contributed "a large number of stories and poems" to that magazine. Very few of his contributions have been assigned to him, however, because most works in that magazine appeared anonymously. Both Bob Bennett and I are agreed that the story "Drafted!" in the 8 August 1863 issue (p. 507) is almost certainly Alger's. I wish briefly to outline the reasons for this attribution of authorship:

- 1) In the second paragraph of the story, the author describes a room tastefully furnished with memorabilia of a young minister's European tour. Alger had toured Europe "subsequent to his graduation from the theological school" during 1860-61.
- 2) Like the young minister in the story, Alger was supporting himself in 1863 in part as a supply minister. Indeed, immediately after his return from Europe, Alger preached regularly at the Unitarian church in Dover, Massachusetts, a town southeast of Natick similar to the "small inland village" where the story is set.
- 3) Like the minister who is drafted into service during the Civil War, Alger was drafted—scarcely a month before the story was published. Indeed, Alger's conscription was so noteworthy that it was mentioned in the New York Post dated 11 July 1863. To be sure, Alger was exempted from the draft, almost certainly for reasons of physical disability. The story, probably written between the times he received his summons and his exemption, suggests that Alger was at least willing to serve in the Union Army.

DRAFTED!

FACING the common, in a small inland village in Massachusetts, stood the residence of the young minister, Rev. James Blanchard. Though neither pretentious nor costly, its surroundings and appointments evinced a delicate and refined taste. Flowers in rich variety lined the walk that led up to the front door, or climbed the trellis which served as a rustic porch.

The pleasantest room in the house was the young minister's study. Here, again, there were signs of a refined and cultivated taste. Shelves crowded with well-chosen books in many departments of literature only left sufficient room along the walls for a few choice engravings and photographs. Here was the face of Goethe, pronounced in his twentieth year the handsomest youth in Europe; and Schiller, who divides with him the literary honors of the great Teutonic tongue. Next is a photograph of the Coliseum by Moonlight, showing the exquisite softness in which Roman photographs excel. Beside it hangs a Venetian photograph—a palace rising out of the sea, a gondola in front into which a merry party are stepping. These and other pictures which adorned the minister's study were brought by him from Europe, where he had passed the two years subsequent to his graduation from the theological school.

It may be asked how, with all these advantages, James Blanchard had been content to settle down in the little village of Gresham on a salary of five hundred dollars. Undoubtedly he might have obtained other settlements more alluring in a worldly point of view. Indeed he had received overtures from a wealthy society in a neighboring city since his settlement here, but he was little influenced by ambition, and the evident solicitude of his more humble parishioners lest he should leave them dispelled at once any lingering irresolution in his own mind. In his worldly circumstances he was independent of his profession, and indeed the small stipend which he received from his parish was nearly all expended for the benefit of others.

He sat at his study-table on the afternoon of which I am speaking, busily engaged in preparing a discourse for the following Sunday, when a lady somewhat past middle age entered the room. Despite the difference in age she was sufficiently like him to indicate the relationship.

"Well, mother," said the young man pleasantly, looking up from his writing, "you look as if you had news for me."

"Yes, James," was the reply, "and I am sorry to say unpleasant news."

"Indeed, I hope not. Is any one sick?"

"Not that I have heard. It is something more nearly affecting yourself."

"Have any people got tired of me," asked the young man, smiling, "and hinted at my resignation?"

"You are quite off the track. I fancy they have too much wisdom for that. But, not to keep you longer in suspense, you were drafted this morning, so I hear."

"Indeed; how did you learn this?"

"Quite directly. Our baker, you know, comes from C—, the town where the drafting is going on. He happened to be in the hall when the names for Gresham were called, and heard yours. He says he heard the name quite distinctly, so that there can be no doubt about it."

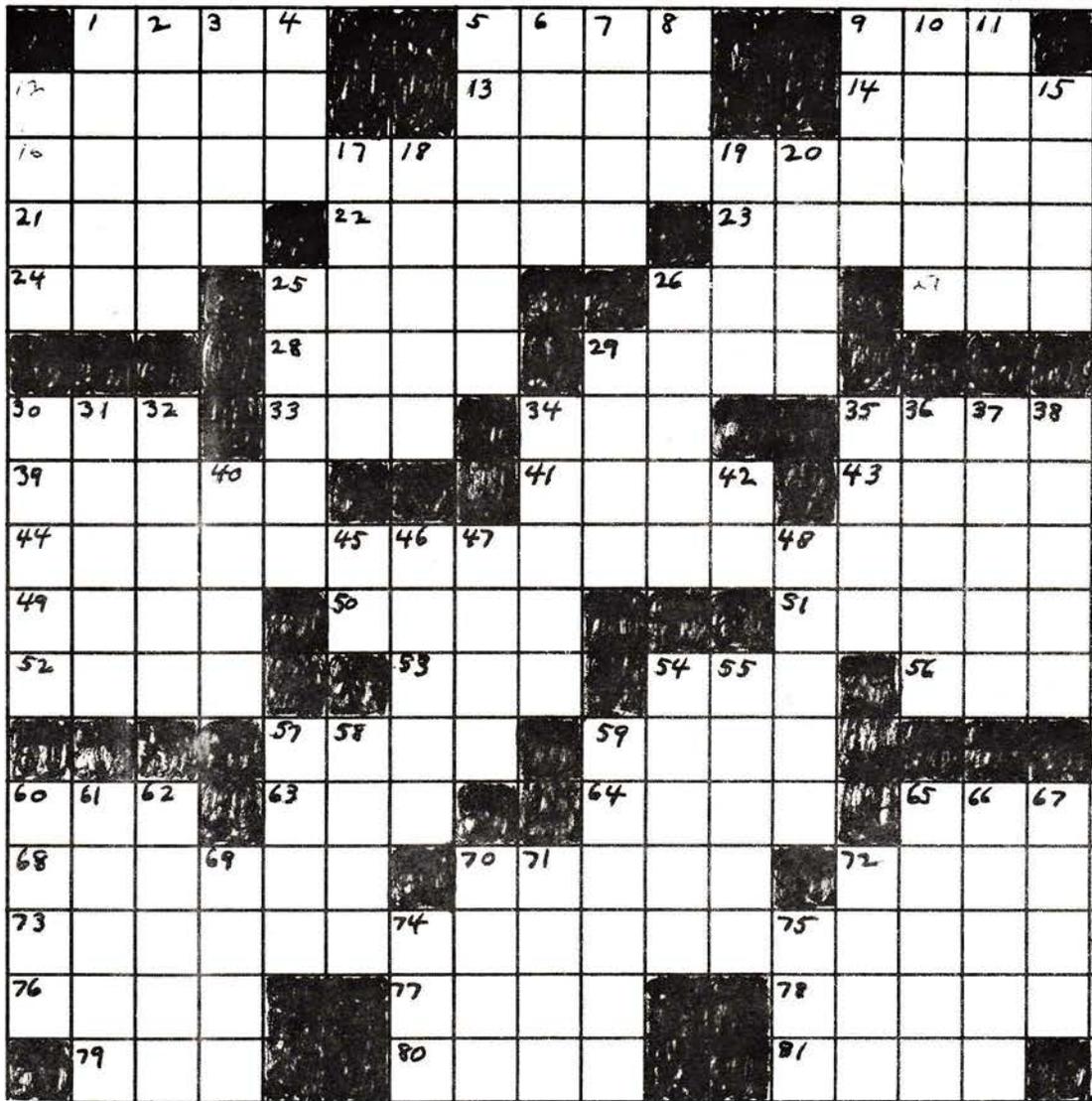
"Do you call that bad news, mother?" said the young man, quietly.

"Certainly. It is equivalent to a tax of three hundred dollars."

"Even if it were, I ought not to be unwilling to contribute so much toward my country's necessities. But there is another alternative."

"Procuring a substitute. That will be as expensive."

(continued on page 11)



ALGER CROSSWORD
 "DO AND DARE"
 by Herb L. Risteen

ACROSS

- 1 Labels
 5 Tidy
 9 "Fame and ~~-----~~tune"
 12 Last home of RLS
 13 Arm bone
 14 Woeful Word
 16 Horatio Alger title
 21 Hebrides isle
 22 "Ben ~~-----~~s Triumph"
 23 Secret
 24 "Five Hund~~-----~~ Dollars"
 25 Diminutive suffix

- 26 Layer
 27 Follower of Falstaff
 28 Horatio Alger title
 29 Show fear
 30 "Dean Dun~~-----~~"
 33 "Andy G~~-----~~ts Pluck"
 34 "~~-----~~bert Carter's Legacy"
 35 Wait and ~~-----~~"
 39 Declaim
 41 Region
 43 Algerian port
 44 Horatio Alger title
 49 Biblical brother
 50 "Digging for ~~-----~~"

51 Keyed up
 52 "er's Luck"
 53 Girl's name
 54 "Walter rwood's Probation"
 56 Kennedy
 57 Variegated
 59 "of the Circus"
 60 TV giant
 63 Ocean: abbr.
 64 "Train Boy"
 65 "'s Chance"
 68 Songbird
 70 Type of jury
 72 Greek portico
 73 Horatio Alger title
 76 Maple tree genus
 77 "Luke Wn"
 78 Causes discomfort
 79 "From Farm Boy to Sctor"
 80 Woodland valley
 81 Concept

DOWN

1 Western lake
 2 Improve
 3 Spanish artist
 4 Paulo
 5 "Ben's "
 6 Exile island
 7 Presently
 8 Philippine peasant
 9 Tires out
 10 Acid salt
 11 "of the River"
 12 Agitate
 15 Check
 17 Extreme
 18 Out
 19 German seaport
 20 English queen
 25 Beauteous bird
 26 Oriental household
 29 Inca land
 30 "Joe the Boy"
 31 Have origin
 32 Family members
 34 The Boys
 35 Sewing machine inventor
 36 Praying figure
 37 Analyze
 38 Terminated
 40 Praise highly
 42 "Young Captain Jack"
 45 Height: abbr.
 46 Hayseed

47 Attired
 48 Cubic meter
 54 "and Succeed"
 55 Caribbean country
 57 "Plucky Paul er"
 58 Shrub genus
 59 Attacks
 60 Stupor
 61 "Tom "
 62 Alluring lady
 65 "The Boy"
 66 Body passage
 67 Baseball immortal
 69 Poddy plant
 70 Outdoor sport
 71 "The Young Advrer"
 72 Small button
 74 Salvador
 75 Greek letter

ANSWERS NEXT MONTH!!!

* * *

("Drafted!", continued from page 9)

"I don't mean that."

"You don't mean to go?" demanded Mrs. Blanchard, hastily.

"Why should I not, mother? My impression is that the Government stands in greater need of men than money."

"But not of such men as you are, James."

"I hope you don't think I would make a poor soldier, mother?"

"You could never bear the hardships of a military life."

"I don't know that. Have you forgotten my gymnastic training in College? I belonged to a boat-club that stood as high as any in its time, and I don't think I have lost all my strength yet."

Mrs. Blanchard was a woman, and, defeated at one point, shifted her ground to another.

"Besides, James (admire the ingenious use of this word, which quietly ignored her son's refutation of her former argument)—"besides, how unfit you are in other ways for a common soldier. If you could be an officer it would be different. As a private you will be mixed up with all sorts of people, and have to mingle with them equally. You, with your education and refinement, would be thrown away in such a position."

"If my education and refined tastes, as you call them, unfit me to serve my country, they will do me little credit."

"But can't you serve it in some other way? Can't you send a substitute who would make your place good?"

"Doubtless I could, and I can conceive of circumstances which would make such a step the better course. But, unless absolutely necessary, my duty to my country is the last which I should be willing to shift upon other shoulders."

"But you have your duty to your church."

"There are others to whom I can intrust it—others who are not physically able to undertake military service. I think my parishioners will respect their minister none the less because he feels that at this time his duty to his country transcends his duty to them. I clearly understand that I shall meet with much that is repugnant to my tastes, and that I could indulge them better at home. This is a sacrifice which I am ready to make for my country."

"But, James, think of the peril. You may be shot; you may lose your life by disease. Think how lonely my life would be without you."

This she said in a faltering voice.

James rose and took his mother's hand.

"We are all called upon to sacrifice ourselves in some way to our country. That may be your sacrifice. There is many a mother in our land who weeps to-day in sore bereavement. I trust I shall be spared to return to you again. But it does not befit me to be disturbed by apprehensions when I am in the way of duty."

"If you have fully decided that it is your duty, I will make no further opposition," said the mother, in a subdued voice.

No man's action is without its influence—certainly not that of a man occupying the important local position of James Blanchard.

I pass from the minister's study to a scene and a person quite different.

There was a small house, near the limits of the village, of one story, and unpainted. It evidently belonged to a family of limited means. In front of this house the peripatetic baker's wagon stopped.

A woman, poorly clad came to the door.

"Well, Mrs. Thurston," said the baker, "I've got some news for you."

"What is it, Mr. Carter?" she asked, with some curiosity.

"I happened to be in the hall up at C— this morning when they were calling the list of drafted men in Gresham, and among them I heard your son Robert's name."

"Oh, dear me!" sighed Mrs. Thurston; "that's just the luck. Them that are most needed at home have to go. They take good care not to trouble them that can get off."

"That's where you are mistaken. Who else do you suppose is taken?"

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"Your minister is among the lucky ones."

"What, Mr. Blanchard?"

"Yes; I heard his name called."

"It won't make much difference to him," said the woman, bitterly. "He's got money, and he'll just pay his three hundred dollars and get off. As for poor Robert, he'll have to go. He couldn't pay three hundred dollars if it was to save his life, nor fifty dollars either."

"Well," said the baker, "I reckon the minister will pay the money. He don't look much as if he'd relish eating hard tack and sleeping on boards

or on the ground. But I must be going, or I sha'n't be home to-night."

Mrs. Thurston went back to her work nourishing hard thoughts of the minister. Her lot in life had not been the easiest, yet she had never been without the necessaries of life. Her son Robert was a stout young man of two-and-twenty, who had remained at home, while his older brothers and sisters had removed to a distance. He worked by the day for neighboring farmers, and the amount which he paid at home for board contributed to pay the household expenses. His mother was not one of those who are disposed to look on the bright side of things. She was somewhat given to cherishing envious feelings toward those whom she considered more prosperous or in a higher social position than herself. Hence, though she had no personal reason for complaining of the minister, who had treated her with as much consideration as any one in the parish, her inward bitterness would occasionally find vent, as in the present instance.

When Robert came home she communicated the information she had obtained from the baker.

"Well, mother, I'm in good company," he said, cheerfully.

"You mean the minister?"

"Yes, he has been drafted too."

"That is all it will come to. He'll never go."

"Why won't he?"

"You won't catch him going. He'll pay the money first."

"You are mistaken about that, mother. He has made up his mind to go."

"You don't mean so, Robert?" said Mrs. Thurston, in genuine amazement. "Who told you?"

"Somebody not likely to be mistaken. He told me so himself, not half an hour since, in the store."

"Well, I'd never have thought it!" ejaculated Mrs. Thurston.

"Besides that, he had heard of my being drafted, and offered, if it would make my mind any easier about going, to give me fifty dollars to leave with you."

Mrs. Thurston did not utter a word, but her bitterness was very sensibly diminished. Neither did she interpose any further objections to her son's going. The Union has gained two good soldiers; for I am quite confident that one acting from such ideas of duty as the young minister of Gresham can not fail to be a valuable accession to the ranks of our brave soldiers.

RANDOM REPORTS FROM ALGERLAND

HAS members Gil Kapelman and Peter Walther noticed a particularly interesting article in the April 17, 1981 issue of the New York Times. Titled "Ragged Dick to Try for Riches on the Stage Next Fall," it says in part: "Ragged Dick, one of Horatio Alger Jr.'s typically heroic characters, who worked his way from rags to riches, will come to life on Broadway next fall in the new musical 'Shine.' . . . [It] is set in the New York of 1876 and moves from Wall Street to what was then called 'uptown,' the area around 14th Street. The show tells the story of Ragged Dick, a shoeshine boy who is enviably hard-working, energetic, uncorruptible, and, of course, successful. Casting is now under way."

The May/June, 1981 issue of The Saturday Evening Post features "The Immortal Spirit of Horatio Alger," written by Ralph Gardner. Detailing the history and purpose of the annual Horatio Alger Awards, Ralph gets many a plug in for "Our Hero." (It's a rather lengthy article, but at the convention Ralph said it was written in just one evening).

William Pengelly of Allen, Michigan has opened a new book shop at 112 E. Chicago in Allen. He has 200 Algers for sale, reasonably priced.

Gil Westgard has many copies of his limited edition Algers for sale. Write him if interested, as he has republished many of the hard-to-find titles that we are all looking for.