

Monthly publication of the HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY,
a magazine devoted to the study of Horatio Alger, Jr.,
his life, works, and influence on the culture of America.

Newsboy



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Horatio Alger, Jr.

1832 - 1899



Founded 1961 by Forrest Campbell & Kenneth B. Butler

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SPECIAL in this Newsboy

Alger researcher and author Gary Scharnhorst discovers
new Alger poems buried in nineteenth century copies of
the Boston Transcript. See inside for details.

science fiction, occult and the super-natural and Indiana and Kentucky history and genealogy.

* * *
CHANGES OF ADDRESS

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Newsboy regrets to inform its readers that HAS member Benjamin F. McAdoo died on June 18, 1981. Many of us had the pleasure of meeting both Ben and his wife Alice at Dick Seddon's 1977 convention in Waltham, Massachusetts, and we extend our condolences to her and her family.

* * *

Couple builds dream museum

MENDOTA, Ill. (AP) — Ken and Doris Butler, chronic collectors for nearly half a century, became so overrun by things that they built a museum for them.

Through the years they spent weekends and vacations searching out antique shops, flea markets and garage sales throughout the country. Anything catching their eye, they bought. Even wooden potato mashers, 419 of them.

Ken, 78, took a fancy to old horse-drawn sleighs and bobsleds and stored them in a rented garage. He picked up hundreds of unique toys of every conceivable kind, like Andy Gump's "348" car and a Toonerville Trolley of yesteryear's cartoon fame.

Doris, 72, liked dolls. She now has 300.

"We were getting so many things that we rented 10 alley garages around town, and attics and basements to store them. We even had things stuffed in closets and under beds," said Mrs. Butler.

"Some people think of having a dream house. We thought big — a dream museum. We opened it a dozen years ago and named it Time Was."

More than 18,000 items are displayed in nine buildings on 12 acres at the side of a north-central Illinois highway. There are more than 25,000 visitors during the six months the museum is open through October. Admission is \$3 for adults and \$1.50 for youngsters.

In the late 1920s, Butler began a newspaper and printing career as editor of a southern Michigan weekly. In a dusty corner of the printshop was an old press. He sold it to Henry Ford for his museum.

The Butlers were awed with Ford's

collection during a 1931 visit and on the way home they bought a spinning wheel from an antique shop.

"This led to churns, ships in bottles, rocking horses, old furniture — whatever our passion at the moment," said Mrs. Butler.

In 1953, Butler restored a 1914 Ford for Mendota's centennial parade. That led to his founding of the Mendota Antique Car Club and a private collection of priceless classics.

He has 25 cars in mint condition on display. Among them: a 1910 Stanley Steamer; 1912 four-cylinder Buick touring car; elegant 1928 Rolls-Royce Landauet; 1930 Packard dual-cowl Phaeton; 1932 Custom Imperial Chrysler with a LeBaron body; 1934 Graham convertible coupe, and a 1906 tulip-body, one-cylinder Cadillac.

There is a Main Street with 29 shops, each filled with authentic trappings; a "Winter Wonderland" with sleds, sleighs and antique ice skates; and five completely equipped period rooms, from an early American bedroom to an old farm kitchen.

The main building features a thousand-and-one toys and playthings of generations past — not a mishmash, but presented by categories.

Mrs. Butler has her "Doll Cottage" — a world of 300 little people. Among special displays are winsome Shirley Temples with related collectibles of the child star.

"I still love taking care of the dolls," said Mrs. Butler. "When the season ends, I take them home with me. I wash and iron their dresses and try to keep them spotless, and ready to return to our dream museum."

This clipping appeared in newspapers around the country in early September. As all HAS members know, Ken Butler was the co-founder of the Horatio Alger Society; in fact, he hosted the first Alger convention in 1965 in Mendota, Illinois.

I have seen Ken and Doris's Time Was Museum several times and have always been impressed with the painstaking attention to detail. Items are always labeled and in categories, and much time is spent looking for the "one right item" to complete an exhibit. I have been fortunate to have received a couple private tours when the museum was closed and have heard many fascinating stories concerning the acquisition of treasured pieces. There's even a huge Alger display!

This clipping is from the Aurora, Illinois Beacon-News (Sept. 6, 1981) and George May sent me one from Paducah, Kentucky.

ALGER'S POEMS IN THE *BOSTON TRANSCRIPT*

by Gary Scharnhorst

Recently I completed an examination of the *Boston Transcript* newspaper for poems contributed to its pages by Horatio Alger, Jr. Alger was known to have written one poem for the paper--"A Chant of Life," published in the April 11, 1853 issue, a clipping of which survives in the Harvard University Archives--and he wrote two brief travel essays for the paper during his first tour of Europe in 1860-61. This first systematic study of the paper yielded interesting dividends.

During the period 1853-1866, twenty-three poems written and signed by Alger appeared in the *Transcript*, many of them for the first time, eighteen of which were reprinted elsewhere and thus known. But five of the signed poems I found are new items, and reprinted below. Moreover, I attribute authorship of one other poem published anonymously in the *Transcript* to Alger, for reasons outlined below. Also, Alger wrote a brief introductory paragraph to his poem "A Child of the Street" which he did not later reprint, and I therefore also collect it below. Just for the record, I checked all issues of the paper from 1852 until 1872, finding items only for 1853 to 1866.

In chronological order, and with some additional annotations, these are the poems Alger wrote for the *Transcript*:

1. "A Chant of Life," 11 April 1853, p.1, col. 4.
2. "The Child of the Street," 18 April 1855, 1:4. Alger introduced the poem as follows: "Few are aware of the large number of homeless and friendless children who wander about the streets of our large cities by day, and at night sleep in old wagons, or wherever else they can find a corner to shelter them. The sufferings of this class, unhappily so large, are of course greatly increased in inclement weather. Happily, the attention of the Children's Aid Society has been directed to this subject in the city of New York, and already a considerable number have been sent, under their auspices, to Michigan, where no difficulty has been found in providing them with homes."

In this paragraph, Alger alluded to the Children's Aid Society of New York for perhaps the first time in his career.

3. "My Castle," 24 September 1855, 1:3.
4. "My Picture," 8 November 1855, 1:2. On page 2 of the same issue, the editors announce the imminent publication of Alger's *Bertha's Christmas Vision*, in which this poem appeared.

5. "Maid Marian," 30 March 1857, 1:2.

MAID MARIAN by Horatio Alger, Jr.

You have seen Maid Marian,
She is fairer than a star,
And the eyes that look on her
Unto me transfigured are.

You have seen Maid Marian
You have seen her, well I know
For your eyes are full of light
And reflect a deeper glow.

Faintly mirrored in their depth
Her rare outline I can see.
Eyes that have beheld my love,
Look, I pray you, upon me.

That our images may blend,
Never parted may they be
Eyes that have beheld my love
Look, I pray you, upon me.

6. "Apple Blossoms," 25 May 1860, 2:4.
7. "Our Flag," 12 June 1861, 1:4.

OUR FLAG Adapted from "Old Ironsides" by Horatio Alger, Jr.

What! tear that glorious ensign down,
Which long hath waved on high,
While many an eye hath danced to see
That banner in the sky!
Beneath it rung the battle's shout
And burst the cannon's roar;
The meteor of the land and sea
Shall sweep the clouds once more.

Our fields once red with hero's blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When fought our brave and gallant sires
In days of long ago,--
Shall never feel a rebel's tread
Or know a traitor's sway,--
The land our fathers bravely won
Their sons defend today.

Ay! better that our glorious land
Should sink beneath the wave,
And every brave and loyal son
Should find a patriot's grave,--

Than yeild ignobly to the foe,
 By dastard counsels led,
 Who dare to rend the sacred flag
 For which their fathers bled.

Unfurl the flag, and let it speak
 A notion's honest pride,
 And reverence for the patriot real
 Of fathers true and tried.
 The flag that once in triumph waved
 Along the Southern shore--
 We swear by all we hold most dear
 Shall float there evermore!

8. "Gone to the War," 19 September 1861, 1:5.
9. "Mrs. Browning's Grave at Florence," 16 October 1816, 1:4.
10. "One Year Ago," 28 April 1862, 1:4. Later reprinted in the *Rebellion Record*, ed. Frank Moore (New York: G. P. Putnam, 1863), vol. 5, poetry section, pp. 7-8.
11. "Gran'ther Baldwin: A Thanksgiving Ballad," 2 December 1862, 1:4. Signed and reprinted from *Harper's Weekly*, where it appeared anonymously.
12. "The Price of Victory," 12 February 1863, 1:2.
13. "A Soldier's Valentine," 14 February 1863, 4:1. Signed and reprinted from *Harper's Weekly*, where it appeared anonymously.
14. "Last Words," 24 June 1863, 1:4.
15. "Exempt," 18 August 1863, 4:1. An uncollected poem published anonymously, it may be attributed to Alger on the basis of internal evidence. Alger had been drafted on July 10 and later exempted. The date of his exemption, according to "A Child's Question" (see #17 below) was no later than July 25. In "Exempt," the poet similarly expresses his misgivings about his inability to serve in the Union Army.

EXEMPT

Exempt! from what? a knapsack, gun,
 A blanket and a uniform;
 Some weary marches in the sun,
 And nights outdoors amid the storm.

That's all:--my boy, I pray you wait
 Before you laugh and say "all right!"
 Your papers have not waived your fate,
 You have the battle yet to fight!

Exempt! come, have you brains, a tongue,
 Within your breast a living heart?
 Then stand where you belong, among

The men who fight on Freedom's part!

You need not search to find a foe;
 Behold, he meets you in the street.
 He follows you where're you go.
 He flings himself beneath your feet.

Stand to your guns! be brave and calm;
 Beware the foe with whom you deal,
 His mouth is full of deadly harm,
 His lies are worse than cutting steel.

Exempt! there's no such thing, my boy!
 You're not exempt while war endures.
 Think you your pale face can destroy
 Your country's right to you and yours!

Exempt! no more of that poor word
 Or fill it with a better sense;
 So shall your country's voice be heard,
 A calling you to her defence!

16. "Hymn (Sung at the Consecration of a new Cemetery, in South Natick, September 15th), 19 September 1863, 4:1.
17. "A Child's Question," 30 November 1863, 4:1. Signed and reprinted from *Harper's Weekly*, where it appeared anonymously on 25 July 1863, p. 174.

A CHILD'S QUESTION by Horatio Alger, Jr.

Loud rings the bell from many a tower;
 The year is eighty three
 A father by the window sits
 With a child upon his knee,
 And hears the gladsome notes proclaim
 The birthday of the free.

The banner which our fathers loved,
 And which their sons shall prize,
 With not a single star effaced,
 Floats proudly to the skies--
 The emblem of a nation's strength
 No foeman dare despise.

"Dear father," now with earnest voice
 Outspeaks the eager son,
 "My teacher told me yesterday
 What glorious deeds were done
 In the war that burst upon the land
 In eighteen sixty-one.

"She told me with what patient hearts

Our noble soldiers bore
The toilsome march, the frugal fare,
The hardships of the war;
The greatest--so my teacher says--
That History ever saw.

I wish I had been living then,
I'd be a soldier too,
and help defend the noble flag
From all the rebel crew;
I'd be *ashamed* to stay behind;
Dear father, wouldn't you?"

Upon the listening father's face
A painful flush there came;
The patriot soldier's need of praise
He could in nowise claim,
And the question of his little son
Smote hi with sudden shame.

Young men, your country calls today
For loyal men and true;
She has enough of earnest work
For earnest men to do,
Give heed, lest in the coming days.
Your children blush for you.

18. "A Copperhead's Creed," 5 December 1863,
4:1.

A COPPERHEAD'S CREED
by Horatio Alger, Jr.

(*Note Introductory*) The readers of the following verses will hardly need be told that they are in humble imitation of our well-known and deservedly illustrious poet, Mr. Hosea Biglow, than whom no one has wielded our Yankee vernacular with greater vigor, directness and care. It is much to be regretted that at this season, so prolific of themes which the caustic muse of Mr. Biglow might effectively treat, the public should be debarred from the enjoyment of his stirring utterances. Even as the light of a common tallow candle is welcome when the sun's rays are withdrawn, the public may be disposed to accept with indulgence the following lucubration of a writer who follows in Mr. Biglow's steps "*haud passibus acquis*."

A COPPERHEAD'S CREED
by Horatio Alger, Jr.

I du believe Vallandigham
A patri't an' hero,

But ez for Abe, there aint a doubt
Thet he's a second Nero.
The libbaties we used to hev,
He's slily underminin'
With the help of knavish counsel,
As crafty an' designin'.

I du believe our once fair land
Is goin' to wrak an' ruin,
An' ev'ry step we take ahead
Is stret to our undoin'.
I du believe thet nothing can
Avert the sad disaster,
Unless upon the chair of State
We seat a different master.

There's Seymour--that high-minded man--
Who quelled the New York riot
By pourin' oil upon the waves,
An' sayin', "Peace, be quiet!"
He's jest the man thet I'd select,
To stem the present crisis;
His solid, statemanlike ideas
Would please Old King Cambyses.

He hasn't no new-fangled plans
Fer settin' free the niggers;
He'd ruther keep 'em under guard,
In constant fear of triggers.
He holds, they haint got any rights
Except the right to labor,
An' Christ referred to whites alone
In sayin', "Luv' thy nabor."

Our Suthern friends, I du admit,
Aint actin' quite like brothers,
Nor metin out the kind of luv'
Thet they expect from others.
But then they cant be wholly blamed
Fer all the blud that's flowin'.
Twas Phillips, Garrison an' sech
Thet set 'em fust to goin'.

'Tis true they fired upon the flag;
Thet wa'n't exactly proper;
But when the Suthern blud is up
Its rather hard to stop her.
An', rightly looked at, it was but
A hasty ebullishun,
Fer judgin' which we ought to put
Ourselves in their position.

Jest fancy we'd four million slaves
A sweatin fer our profit,

Ef any tried to interfere
 We'd wish 'em all to Tophet,--
 An' set our faces like a flint,
 An' maybe draw our triggers
 Ag'inst the men whose measures tend
 To lower the price of niggers.

And then ag'in the Southern men
 Hed got so used to wieldin'
 The reins of power, 'twas ruther hard
 To think at once of yeildin'.
 I s'pose 'twas havin' niggers round
 To treat as they'd a mind to,
 Thet made the loss of polit'cal power
 So hard to be resigned to.

Ef I hed my way, to restore
 The old good understandin',
 I'd hev withdrawn our candidate
 And let 'em put their manin;
 An' even how, tho' matters hev
 Gone putty far fer mendin',
 'Twould be about the quickest way
 This cruel war of endin'.

I du believe the only way
 To bring back law an' order
 Is, to send overtures of peace
 Across the Suthun border,--
 To guarantee their former rights
 Beneath the Constitushun,
 An' to purtect *with extra care*
 The p'culiar institushun.

An' of they higgle round a bit,
 Why then, perhaps, to please 'em,
 We'll strong up Abe or Garrison,
 An' so, in time, appease 'em.
 We'll organize a special force
 To catch their missin' niggers,
 Who're better off in slavery,
 As can be proved by figgers.

I du believe the Chivalry
 Possess all Christian graces,
 An' only want to hev their way
 Like all superior races.
 Of course they cannot be subdued,
 It's idle to suppose it;--
 We've been defeated all along,
 An' everybody knows it.

An' so the sooner we agree

To take what terms they'll offer,
 The better for our soldiers' lives
 An' fer the nashun's coffer.
 Send Lincoln back to Illinois
 Fer libbaty subvertin',
 An' pub Yallandigham an' sech
 In place of Brough an' Curtin.

19. "Carving a Name," 20 January 1864, 4:1.
 Reprinted from the *New York Evening Post*, 16
 January 1864, 1:3.
 20. "At Shakespeare's Grave," 23 April 1864, 4:1.
 Later collected in *Gran'ther Baldwin's
 Thanksgiving* under the title "In the Church at
 Stratford-on-Avon."
 21. "Song of the Croaker," 18 June 1864, 4:2.
 Reprinted from *Our Daily Fare*, 10 June 1864, p. 21.
 Also reprinted in *Littell's Living Age*, 23 July 1864,
 p. 191.
 22. "Where is My Boy Tonight?" 13 July 1864, 1:2.
 23. "Out of Egypt," 16 November 1864, 1:4.
 24. "Lines Written on Christmas Day, 1865," 1
 February 1866, 1:3.

LINES WRITTEN ON CHRISTMAS DAY, 1865
 by Horatio Alger, Jr.

I.

The trees are bare, the wind is chill, the skies are dull
 and gray,
 But hearts are warm, and faces bright, for this is
 Christmas day;
 And Christmas comes but once a year,--the
 gladsome day when He
 Was born into this waiting world, who taught in
 Galilee.

II.

Then trim the house with holly bought, and light the
 Christmas fire,
 And let the crackling flames arise, mount upward
 and expire,
 While we sit round with tranquil hearts, and give
 God thanks that He
 Has granted us, to crown the year, this day of
 jubilee.

III.

But in our joy the thought shall come of one dear
 boy* that lies
 Hid from our eyes, but not our hearts, beneath these
 wintry skies.
 The smile has faded from his face; the voice we used
 to hear
 Shall never more with pleasant words fall on thy
 earthly ear.
 But Willie's pleasant words and ways we shall not

soon forget,
And in our hearts the love we bear to him shall linger
yet.

IV.

Another costly offering God summoned us to pay;
Another youthful heart is hushed upon this
Christmas Day.
The day when Christ the Lord was born,--"glad
tidings of great joy,"--
Shall be the heavenly birth-day of this departed
boy,
And he who sought while on the earth, such
youthful hearts to win,
Shall at the golden portal stand, to welcome
Howard** in.

V.

Yet while with sorrowing breasts we bow beneath
the chastening rod,
We'll render back in hope and faith this Christmas
gift to God;
Remembering that however stern His Providence
appear,
There is a rest laid up in Heaven for all that suffer
here.

*Willie Arthur, eldest son of Capt. Wm. A.
Arthur, U.S.N., died Dec. 7, 1865, aged 15 years.

**Howard Nickerson died on Christmas day,
1865, aged 11 years.

After leaving Massachusetts and settling in New
York, Alger apparently chose no longer to
contribute poems to the *Boston Transcript*. The
several poems which he had written for the paper
and which he deigned not to collect later were either
so topical that they made little sense out of context,
or were simply so weak that he decided they did not
merit republication.



ODDS AND ENDS

by Brad Chase, President, HAS

Went to Maine the other day and bought some
Alger books. What a marvelous time we had in that
state that's so beautiful and so absolutely rich in
Alger material.

My brother, Rolfe, and I now share Alger
collecting, even though he makes his home in
Nevada and I'm here in Connecticut. We're

compatible and mostly non-competitive in that he's
concentrating on first editions and in building Hurst
series and my interest is in collecting all the Alger
titles in the many series and formats produced by
A.L. Burt, publisher. Rolfe and I do, however,
overlap in collecting New York Book Company
Algers. In that series we both are collecting all the
titles, for all the years by the nine different cover
formats.

After the Washington convention, Rolfe and his
wife, Kitty, visited us during the several weeks they
spent exploring here in New England. One glorious
day, he and I went to Maine on an Alger hunt. We
were not disappointed. He had been to the southern
portion of the state a few days previous and had
found a couple of firsts which whetted his appetite
for an immediate return. Always game for Algers, I
said "let's go" so at 4:15 AM on a sparkling June
morning, off we went into north country. We were
sitting in an elderly bookseller's driveway in Bath,
Maine by 9:30, ready to go. Forgetting a huge
hound dog which unfortunately was overly friendly,
we spent a delightful hour in the gentleman's barn
which informally housed about 500 children's
books. We bought a bunch. ("Would \$2.00 each be
too much?" he asked me when I showed him 12 mint
Burts that I desperately wanted?)

We then sailed merrily on to six other bookstores
of varying types. There was one that was a summer
cottage owned by two retired schoolteachers. It had
just opened and there were books in the kitchen,
living room, porch and just about everywhere--
stacked on, under and over everything. The woman
knew exactly what she had and quickly produced
Alger books that now lie proudly in both of our
respective collections.

There were shops in built-up areas and shops way
out in the country. Some were in cellars, some were
in attics and, as I mentioned, one was in a barn.
Everywhere we went when we indicated that our
basic interest was in Alger books, the dealers asked
us if we'd been to a certain dealer located north of
Bath. We said no, that we were working our way
south and couldn't make it there this trip. "Too
bad", they said, "for if you want Algers, that's the
place to go!" This was said recognizing that several
of the places we visited had 25 to 50 or more quality
Algers to choose from.

One wonders why Maine is so rich in Algers. I
remember Ralph Gardner talking at the last
convention about the supply potential for Algers in
Maine. He said he always felt that if another
Timothy is to be found, it will be in Maine. I

remember also standing in a bookstore in Nevada last Fall with Rolfe looking for Algers. "We don't have any right now" the woman proprietor said, "but I expect a shipment any day from the EAST which should have some Algers." Curious and being from the East myself I asked here where the shipment was coming from. "Oh, from Maine, of course..", she said.

It was a real joy that June day to drive to Maine and spend 14 glorious hours in a Toyota racing from one bookplace to another with a brother that I hadn't spent more than a few hours alone with in the last 20 years. He's great company and it was a delight to share our Alger interest together particularly in Maine where we both felt we only touched the surface of what appears to be still an area rich in its supply of quality Alger books.

I plan to go back...soon.

YELLOWBACK LIBRARY

Recent issue of Gil O'Gara's *Yellowback Library* have contained many articles of interest to the boys' book collector. Leo Edwards expert Bob Chenu contributes a regular column, and long-time boys' book buff John T. Dizer has also written some intriguing articles. *Newsboy* recommends this bimonthly publication to HAS members. Send \$6 for yearly subscription to Gil O'Gara, 2019 S. E. 8th St., Des Moines, Iowa 50315.

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The December 1980 issue of *Wilson Library Bulletin* contained an article by HAS member J. Randolph Cox entitled, "The Heyday of the Dime Novel" (pp. 262-266).

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Cover of this issue done by Peggy Shireley, calligrapher, Fredericksburg, Virginia.

NEW SOURCE OF ALGER SHORTS

HAS member Alex Shaner writes: "When I visited Morris Olsen about a week after the convention in May he showed me a bound volume of *Gleason's Pictorial Dollar Weekly* for 1865 in which he had located 23 Alger short stories (reprints). I enclose a tabulation of them, and Morris deserves the credit for this discovery."

Volume One - 1865				
BENNETT	ISSUE	DATE	PAGE	
NO.	NO.	(1865)	NO.	ALGER SHORT STORY
61	1-6	2/11	92	The Fair Servitor 168
16	1-15	4/15	238	Nicholas Elwin's Tragedy
52	1-17	4/29	270	Don't Give Up
184	1-18	5/6	273	The Rival Archers
62	1-20	5/20	307	the Fallen Bridge
132	1-21	5/27	332	Mark Henderson's Failing
38	1-23	6/10	358	The Cook's Perplexity
17	1-24	6/17	374	A Blessin in Disguise
214	1-25	6/24	398	Timothy Boltwood's Horse
65	1-27	7/8	422	The First Patient
75	1-29	7/22	462	The Golden Prize
83	1-30	7/29	478	Henry Trafton's Independence
124	1-32	8/12	510	The Lost Receipts
99	1-33	8/19	526	John Beckwith's Reverses
19	1-34	8/26	542	The Boarding-House Drudge
225	1-36	9/9	570	Two Ways of Investment
173	1-40	10.7	638	Old Simon's Victory
31	1-42	10/21	670	Carl Hausen's Luck
118	1-41	11/4	702	The Little Image Merchant
205	1-45	11/11	708	Sybil Hampton's Test
70	1-46	11/18	726	The Frightful Caricature
146	1-48	12/25	758	Miss Plympton's Thanksgiving Day
120	1-52	12/30	830	Little Paul's Christmas Gift

The following Alger short story is from the collection of Ellaree B. Wiggins. It originally appeared in the December 17, 1853 issue of *Gleason's Pictorial Drawing-Room Companion*.

MARGARET'S TEST:

or

CHARITY ITS OWN REWARD.

by Horatio Alger, Jr.

"If ever I marry," said Margaret Bailey to her cousin Olivia, "it will be a man who does not live entirely for himself, but who, out of the benevolence of a charitable heart, will not pass unheeded the cry of the widow and orphan who call on him for relief."

"You speak warmly, Margaret."

"Because I feel it. I have always thought that a charitable man would make a good husband."

"But how will you be able to judge of this? You are an heiress, and of course have many suitors, Do you not believe that any one of them would be willing to don a charitable mood for a while, if they supposed that upon this issue depended the hand of the wealthy heiress?"

"Perhaps you are right," said Margaret, thoughtfully; "but," added she suddenly, "an idea has just come into my head, by which I think this embarrassment can be avoided."

"What is that?" asked Olivia, curiously.

"Let me confess, in the first place, that among all who are generally considered suitors for my hand, perhaps fortune would be the more appropriate word, there are none whom I would think of as a husband except Herbert Lee and Henry Ainsworth. The former, you know, is wealthy, the latter a clerk dependent on his income, which I should judge was not large. Now I have a mind to subject these two to a test."

"A good idea, but how will you manage it?"

"You know there is a poor family in Allen Street--the one of whom we heard to-day, consisting of a widowed mother, who is sick, and three young children. Now I am going, anonymously of course, to recommend them to the charitable offices of both Herbert Lee and Henry Ainsworth, and we will see the result. They will not recognize your handwriting: therefore I want you to take pen and paper and write a note at my dictation."

Olivia procured writing materials, and her cousin dictated as follows:

"Dear Sir,—Though a stranger to you, I take the liberty of calling your attention to the case of a poor family now living in a single room at Allen Street, who in consequence of the illness of the mother, who

has hitherto supported them by plain sewing, are reduced to extreme want. A little aid at this time would be to them like a visit of an angel from heaven. Will you extend it? At least call upon them, and you will be convinced that this is but a simple statement of the truth.

CHARITY."

The note was copied, and despatched through the post-office to the address of both gentlemen.

Perhaps three days afterwards Herbert Lee called at Margaret's residence. Margaret adroitly led the conversation to objects of charity and charitable institutions.

"Ah," said Lee, "that reminds me of an odd circumstance. I received a letter the other day, recommending to my notice a poor family in Allen Street. It was signed Charity, and very earnestly advised me to go and see them."

"And did you go?" asked Margaret, quickly.

"Not I!" was the laughing reply. "I haven't time to waste in hunting up all the destitute families in the city. I should have my hands full."

"But the family may be suffering from want."

"If they are, Charity would be in better business in relieving them himself than in sending anonymous letters of advice to others."

Would Herbert Lee have laughed so merrily if he had known the effect of his want of feeling on her whom he was most anxious to please?

"I think, after all," said Margaret, when Herbert had withdrawn, "that I must go and see Mrs. Green myself. If Henry Ainsworth is no more charitable than Herbert, she will fare hard."

The ladies arrayed themselves for a walk. A few minutes brought them to the residence of the poor widow of whom they were in search.

To their surprise, they found, on being admitted, that a cheerful fire was glowing in the stove, while a pleasant smell of dinner filled the apartment. On a table by the side of the widow were some medicines. The hearth was brushed up, and the room, though scantily furnished, presented a neat and comfortable appearance.

Margaret looked around in surprise.

"I was led to believe," said she, "that you were in great want."

"So we were," said Mrs. Green; "but, thanks to the generosity of a noble young gentleman, who stepped forward to our relief, we are no longer so."

"Indeed, who has thus befriended you?"

"His name is Ainsworth. He sent for a doctor for me, and at his own cost purchased food and coals, so that, by the blessing of God, I hope soon to recover my health, and then all will go right once more."

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After a little more conversation, Margaret and her cousin withdrew, leaving with Mrs. Green some money for her present necessities.

That evening Herbert Lee offered his hand to Margaret Bailey, and, to his surprise, no less than his discomfiture, was rejected.

A week afterwards Henry Ainsworth made his appearance. He seemed unusually thoughtful.

"A penny for your thoughts," said Margaret, gaily.

He looked at her earnestly a moment, and then replied, "I will indeed tell you the subject of my thoughts, and ask you to forgive me afterwards. It is, I know, an act of presumption for a poor clerk to speak of love— of marriage to a wealthy heiress, but I cannot keep it secret longer— I love you, Margaret, with truth and sincerity. Do you pardon me?"

"No," said Margaret, promptly, "for you have said nothing that requires it. And if you indeed think me worthy of taking, you may have me and welcome."

"Do I hear aright?" was the delighted reply. "How have I deserved such good fortune?"

"Listen, and I will tell you. I had resolved never to marry one unless I was convinced that he was charitable. Last week you received an anonymous letter recommending a poor family to your charitable notice. I find you have visited them and relieved their necessities. I feel that I can safely trust my happiness in your hands, since you have so nobly stood the test."

"Truly," said Henry Ainsworth, as his eyes lighted up with gratitude, "charity is its own exceeding great reward."

ALGER STAMP TO BE ISSUED!

On September 16, 1981, Bob Williman learned that a U.S. postage stamp celebrating the 150th birthday of Horatio Alger, Jr. will be issued next year, probably in May in conjunction with the Alger Society annual convention. This is indeed a significant honor, as very few of the submitted stamp proposals ever make it past the final selection committee. Grateful thanks are expressed not only to Bob for his hours of work, but to Brad Chase, who tirelessly spearheaded the two-year effort, and to Helen Gray of the Horatio Alger Association, who did much campaigning in New York City.

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Experimentation with different types of printing will begin with the current *Newsboy*. Hopefully, complete issues will soon be typeset, with the attraction of more articles in less space, thereby reducing postage costs.

Ralph D. Gardner came across a crossword puzzle in which #1 down was "Horatio the author."

"Retired Chicago Exec Lived His Horatio Alger Story" is the title of an article from the *Chicago Tribune* sent in by Ken Butler. Hugo Anderson came to the U.S. in 1888 with his parents when he was 18 months old. His first job was as a bellboy at the First National Bank of Chicago, where he made \$13 per month. He attended night school at a YMCA 4 hours a night 4 days a week and later went to night classes at Northwestern University. From this humble beginning he became a nationally known financial expert of the oil industry and Senior Vice-President of the bank where he began as a bellboy. Last May he received an honorary doctorate degree during commencement ceremonies at North Park College and Theological Seminary, an institution at which he had been chairman of the board of directors 50 years ago. Why has he been successful?

"Hard work," he says. "Everybody has to work hard if he wants to go anywhere."

Rohima Walter came across an article on Carolyn Keene (*aka* Harriet S. Adams) in the May 8 *Indianapolis Star*. Mrs. Adams--an HAS member--was celebrating her 88th birthday, and in "Author Has Perfect Daughter: Ms. Drew," she reflected on the changes Nancy has undergone:

"Her hair has gone from blonde to red or more precisely, titian, to satisfy the whim of an illustrator. She has given up her blue Model-A roadster for a contemporary car. She used to wear twin sweater sets and skirts. Today she wears slacks. In hot weather, she wears shorts.

"But the basic Nancy has changed little.

"The only things Nancy has changed in the past 50 years are her clothes and hair," Carolyn Keene said.

"She's as independent as ever and despite changing values of society, hers are the same.

"She said Nancy Drew stands for good things. She would never have premarital sex, a

baby out of wedlock, or 'heaven forbid'--an abortion.

"She never gets tipsy, lets liquor pass her lips, or uses narcotics. In other words, she is a clean-living young lady whose examples may be emulated--to one's advantage."

Past articles in *Newsboy* have mentioned last year's television special, "The Orphan Train," which focused on the Children's Aid Society's program of sending homeless children to caring families in the West. Donald Shinner sent the clipping "Orphan Tells 'Tale of Train'," from a Missouri Valley, Iowa newspaper. A 77 year old nursing home resident reminisced about her trip on an "Orphan Train" from New York to Iowa in 1913:

"Mae Armstong was only nine years old when she boarded that train. For three days and three nights she and the other 200 children traveled. When it stopped on a 'little spot' on the road in northeast Iowa, Mae got off. The town was called Rossville, and it would be her home for the next three years."

Evelyn Grebel sent *Newsboy* a clipping from an Abilene, Texas newspaper column. A reader of the paper had asked, "Didn't Horatio Alger write the Tom Swift books?" The reply was: "We bet this reader our entire bankroll (three cents) that Alger did not write the Tom Swift series. We won. The Stratmeyer Syndicate is responsible for Tom Swift (among others) under the pseudonym Victor Appleton. The first Tom Swift books were published in 1910. Horatio Alger, who died in 1899, literally wrote the book(s) on rags to riches stories. One series he did had as its hero 'Tattered Tom,' which is probably what confused our questioner and earned us a three cent bonus."

Bob Williman read an interesting clipping in the *Washington Star* (June 20, 1980). Titled "Office Politics: Mixing Alger With Machiavelli," the author affirms that "Horatio Alger is dead wrong."

"The corporate graveyards littered with qualified hard-working people who didn't make it are proof that Alger did not reveal all.

"There is more to success than hard work, no matter how tenaciously people . . . cling to the old myth that long hours and a lot of output does it all. This simply isn't true, in the opinion of Marilyn Moats Kennedy, career consultant and personnel specialist.

"In short, she says, a person's ability to play 'office politics' is the key to success."

PHILED IN PHILADELPHIA

As host for the 1982 convention, I would like to invite each of the members of HAS to our 18th annual convention. This years convention will be held in the Phila area.

Historical Phila has a lot to offer and plenty of sights to see. Among these are the "Besty Ross House" the birthplace of Old Glory. Where Elizabeth Ross made the first American Flag in 1776. Visit the Liberty Bell and Independence Hall. See Admiral Dewey's Flagship "USS Olympia" which saw action at the battle of Manila Bay. Go on a self guided tour of the US Mint, See how money is made, take in the Phila Art Museum which was made famous in the movie Rocky. There are many antiques shops located on Pine St. near the historical area.

Nearby Lancaster County has a lot to offer in the way of antiques and collectables. The biggest flea markets in the country are located in Adamstown. Renningers and the Black Angus you don't want to miss. A short distance away is New Hope, PA. with many Antique and craft shops. About five miles down the Delaware from New Hope lies Washington Crossing's State Park. Visit the site where Washington led his Army on a surprise attack on the Hessians at Trenton NJ. Christmas Eve 1776. A much needed victory for his Army of Ragged Soliders.

Valley Forge National Park is close by, where Washington's Army suffered through the bitter winter of 1777-78. He lost an estimated 2,000 men that winter, through sickness and the weather.

If anyone wants to try there luck, Alantic City is a short two hours away. Two hours in the other direction lies Hershey, PA. Visit Chocolate town and see how they make their delicious candy.

Many of Algers works were published here in Phila, including many first editions. Starting with Porter and Coates, Henry T. Coates and Reprints by John C. Winston. And those Rare to find Penn Publishing.

So if your not doing anything around April 29, 30 or May 1,2, come to the 18th annual Horatio Alger Society Convention. "Philed in Philadelphia."

Sincerely,
Bill Russell
PF-549