

Official 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.

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STUDENT AND SCHOOLMATE

An Illustrated Monthly,

FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

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MARCH, 1867.

No. III.

RAGGED DICK;

OR, STREET LIFE IN NEW YORK.

CHAPTER III.

AN ADVENTURE IN CHATHAM STREET.



"NOW," said Dick, addressing his companion, "where will we go?"

"You know better than I do," said Frank, "I've never been in New York before. I want to see as much as I can of it to-day."

"All right," said Dick, "I'm your man — we'll cross the Park, and go up Chatham street and the Bowery first."

To do this it was necessary to cross Broadway. This was easier proposed than done.

There is always such a throng of omnibusses, drays, carriages and vehicles of all kinds in the neighborhood of the Astor House that the crossing is formidable to one not used to it. Dick made nothing of it, dodging in and out among the horses and wagons with perfect self-possession. Reaching the opposite sidewalk he looked back and found that Frank had retreated in dismay, and that the width of the street was between them.

A SUPPRESSED SEGMENT OF RAGGED DICK

While reading the serial version of Ragged Dick, Gilbert K. Westgard II noted a great number of differences from the much more familiar book version. In only one instance was a major segment of the serial eliminated. Since the suppressed segment makes up more than half of the third installment as printed in Student and Schoolmate, the entire chapter is being reprinted in this issue of Newsboy. A complete correlation of the paragraphs of the two versions is also included. It is to be hoped that others may be inspired to make similar comparisons between the serial and book versions of the various Alger novels. The pages of Student and Schoolmate are reproduced from a copy in the Alger collection of Gilbert K. Westgard II.

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 ad rates: Page, \$32.00; one-half page, \$17.00; one-fourth page, \$9.00; per column (1" x 3-3/4"), \$2.00. Send ads, with check payable to Horatio Alger Society, to Bob Sawyer, 204 Mill St., Gahanna, Ohio 43230.

NEW MEMBERS REPORTED

PF 736 Annie Lebeau
307 West 76th Street
New York, New York 10023

Annie did more than just fill out her HAS application blank--she covered it with all sorts of information about her and her Alger interests. She is a pianist/singer in Manhattan midtown nightclubs and has ten Algers. She writes that her field of Alger interest is "his books about New York, that is, set here, and, also, I'm not so interested in being an Alger collector as I am in reading everything (mostly the set-in-New York books.)" She notes that she and her husband are in their mid-thirties and like to walk around Manhattan admiring the architecture, and would like to organize a lower-Manhattan walking tour of Alger interest, that is, City Hall Park, etc. She read about the Alger Society in Ralph Gardner's preface to A Fancy of Hers/The Disagreeable Woman.

* * *

L E T T E R S

Letters to the Editor are welcome, but may be edited or condensed due to space limitations.

307 West 76th St.
New York, N.Y. 10023
Oct. 12, 1984

Dear Jack,

I'm a new member, and you graciously sent old Newsboys to me in response to my interest in Alger's Lower Manhattan. In the November 1968 issue, on the "Wonderful World Of..." page, it says, "Today the only prominent [Alger-related] structures surviving are St. Paul's Church, . . . City Hall, and the Brooklyn Bridge." The author of the article neglected one very important one at the corner of Broadway and Chambers Streets, though I guess to the non-Alger fan it wouldn't be "prominent." I'll go on, to pique your curiosity.

After poring for hours over the

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microfilm at the New York Public Library, I went to Lower Manhattan to conduct a private walking tour. I was amazed that there was no historical marker denoting the site of the old Post Office, and Nassau Street has many old buildings still standing but nary a mention of Printing House Square at its site. However, after tipping my hat to the Hall of Records (where I--we--got married), I walked west on Chambers and came to a familiar-looking "Italianate-style" building with a great bronze clock. Upon entering an office titled "City Books," I inquired about the building's history and was given a flyer: I'd arrived at the old A. T. Stewart's--Ragged Dick's dry goods store and later home of the New York Sun! The flyer had old etchings and a detailed history of the building. Finding it, and the old Tammany building across the street, was well worth the trip. Lower Broadway is still very worthwhile to Alger's Ragged Dick fans.

Thank you for aiding my currest historical obsession.

Sincerely,

Annie Lebeaux

* * *

THE WINSTON FORMATS

by Bob Sawyer

At the last convention, Jim Thorp and myself distributed copies of our joint effort, Publication Formats of the Fifty-Nine Stories by Horatio Alger Jr., As Reprinted by the John C. Winston Co. The project seemed to create much interest and was well received--a suitable reward to Jim and myself for two years of work, aided by many members of HAS.

On the page following each described format we made a listing so that as titles in that particular format are discovered, they could be "X'd" in. For my own purposes, I circle the "X" when it is in my own collection ((X)). Hank Gravbelle, PF-584, has written several times to tell me of additional titles he has come across. Recently he wrote to tell me of two new dust jackets

he has found, over and above the six revealed in our booklet. Apparently the "Winston Libraries" (Format #1A, B, & C) were published with dust jackets. He also uncovered a Type 4 ("Man Holding Horse's Head") with a dust jacket. It is more and more apparent that Winston, as well as many other Alger publishers, issued most of their publications with dust jackets. This brings out another interesting facet of Alger collecting as, because of their fragile nature, dust jackets of 100-year-old-books are rather rare and hard to come by.

Jim and I will be glad to hear of any more titles members might find under each format plus any new dust jackets. We both have a limited supply of The Winston Formats available to members for \$5.00 each.

(Editor's note: I applaud the fact that more and more members are doing Alger research, shedding light on problems and issues that are confronting us.

Bob and Jim's book--like most bibliographic projects--was a mammoth undertaking. They compiled a list of all the Alger books published by Winston Company, and showed the different formats and cover designs. They described bindings, covers, spines, frontispieces, and illustrations, and noted a suggested price for each format. Covers were shown so that collectors could compare Bob and Jim's research with books on their own shelves, and as Bob points out above, "work sheets" were included so that members could "X" books in their collections.

I hope every HAS member buys a copy of this volume, and I encourage Bob and Jim to stay with this project. Also, I encourage all members to examine the books on their shelves, and to let them know if they discover new formats or new editions. Without our help significant research--which helps ALL of us--will not be fostered).

* * *

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"Come across!" called out Dick.

"I don't see any chance. I'm afraid of being run over."

"If you are, you can sue 'em for damages," said Dick.

Finally Frank got safely over, after several narrow escapes.

"Is it always so crowded?" he asked.

"A good deal worse sometimes," said Dick. "I knowed a young man once who waited six hours for a chance to cross, and at last got run over by an omnibus, leaving a widder and a large family of orphan children. His widder, a beautiful young woman, was obliged to start a peanut and apple stand. There she is now."

"Where?"

Dick pointed to a hideous old woman of large proportions, wearing a bonnet of immense size, who presided over an apple stand close by.

Frank laughed.

"In that case," said he, "I guess I must patronize her."

"Leave it to me," said Dick, winking.

He advanced gravely to the apple stand, and said, "old lady, have you paid your taxes?"

The astonished woman opened her eyes.

"I'm a Gov'ment officer," said Dick, "sent by the Mayor to collect your taxes. I'll take it in apples. That big red one will about pay what you're owin' the Gov'ment."

"I don't know anything about no taxés," said the old woman, in bewilderment.

"Then," said Dick, "I'll let you off this time. Give us two of your best apples, and my friend here, the President of the Common Council, will pay you."

Frank smiling, paid three cents apiece for the apples, and they sauntered on, Dick remarking, "if these apples ain't good, old lady, we'll return 'em and get the money back." This would have been rather difficult in his own case, as his apple was already half consumed.

They were soon in Chatham Street, walking between rows of clothing shops, chiefly ready-made, many of which had half their stock in trade exposed on the sidewalk.

"Walk in young gentlemen," said a stout man.

"No I thank you," said Dick, "as the fly said to the spider."

"We're selling off at less than cost."

"Of course you be. That's where you makes your money," said Dick. "There aint nobody of any enterprise that pretends to make any profit on his goods."

The Chatham Street trader looked after our hero as if he did n't quite

BEAUTY VERSUS MONEY
by Horatio Alger, Jr.

(Editor's note: The following Alger short story originally appeared in the February 12, 1859 issue of Gleason's Weekly Line-of-Battle Ship. It is from the collection of Gilbert K. Westgard II).

"Harry," said old Mr. Mountford,

one morning just after breakfast, "will you walk into the library with me one moment? I have something of importance to communicate."

A little surprised at the summons, Harry bowed acquiescence and followed his father into the room mentioned.

"Sit down, Harry," said his father, "and I will explain as briefly as possible. Do you remember hearing me speak at any time of my cousin, John Graves--"

"The one who made so much money in the East Indies?"

"The same."

"He is dead, is he not?"

"Yes, he died some four years since, leaving behind a daughter of fourteen, and a property estimated at quarter of a million."

"Very comfortable, upon my word."

"As you say, Harry, very comfortable. Now what would you say if I should tell you that there was a chance of this large property coming to you?"

"I should say it was an excellent joke."

"It is more than a joke, Harry. It is sober earnest."

"Explain, father, I am all impatience."

"Very well, this letter will do that. It was received three months previous to the death of cousin John."

The letter was as follows:

"My dear friend and cousin--

I am sorry to tell you that my health of late has been but poor. I fear I am breaking up. I feel some anxiety about my daughter Rose, who, as you know, is but fourteen. It would be my wish to live long enough to see her well married before I depart, but this I fear must not be. I understand that you have a son some four years older. Now it would give me great satisfaction if I could die with the thought that by the marriage of these two young people,

when they arrive at a suitable age, say four years hence, our two families could be united. What do you say to this proposal? I need only say that I shall leave Rose all my property, which common report does not overestimate. I await your reply with impatience. Your cousin,

John Graves."

"Well, father, what answer did you make?" inquired Harry.

"Of course I could make but one answer to such an advantageous proposition, and that was in the affirmative."

"And without consulting me!" exclaimed the young man, biting his lips.

"Certainly. You were only eighteen at the time. It was not necessary that you should know anything about it. Of course when you arrived at a suitable age I knew that you would take the proper view of the matter."

"Ahem! And what do you regard as the suitable age?"

"That is what I wish to speak of. How old are you now?"

"If I am not mistaken, I have achieved the venerable age of twenty-two."

"And Rose is eighteen. It is quite proper time for you to be married, or to be making arrangements to that end. Accordingly, in order to give you an opportunity to become acquainted with your destined bride, I have written a letter inviting her to pay us a visit."

"You are very considerate," said Harry.

"So I aim to be," replied the father, not perceiving the irony implied in the observation.

"For which indeed I ought to be grateful, but, father, suppose I shouldn't happen to like the young lady. Is she good-looking?"

"I never saw her, but I presume she is."

"Decidedly satisfactory, but

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comprehend him, but Dick, without waiting for a reply, passed on with his companion.

"Clothes seem to be pretty cheap here," said Frank.

"Yes, but Baxter Street is the cheapest place."

"Is it?"

"Yes. Johnny Nolan got a whole rig out there last week for a dollar—coat, cap, vest, pants, and shoes. They was very good measure too, like my best clothes that I took off to oblige you."

"I shall know where to come for clothes next time," said Frank, laughing. "I had no idea the city was so much cheaper than the country. I suppose the Baxter Street tailors are fashionable."

"In course they are. Me and Alexander T. Stewart and Horace Greeley always go there for clothes. When Horace gets a new suit, I always have one made just like it, but I can't go the white hat. It ain't becomin' to my style of beauty."

A little farther on a man was standing out on the sidewalk, distributing small printed handbills. One was handed to Frank, which he read as follows:

GRAND CLOSING OUT SALE!—A Variety of Beautiful and Costly Articles for Sale, at a Dollar apiece. Unparalleled Inducements. Walk in, Gentlemen!

"Whereabouts is this sale?" asked Frank.

"In here, young gentlemen," said a black whiskered individual, who appeared suddenly on the scene. "Walk in."

"Shall we go in, Dick?"

"Yes," said Dick, in a low voice. "You'll see fun. He's a dead beat, he is."

"A what?"

"A reg'lar cheat."

"Then perhaps we'd better not go in."

"O, I know him like a book. I'll take care of you. He's seen me before, but he don't know me coz of my clothes."

The man led the way into a small dingy shop, which contained only a single show-case filled with a variety of cheap articles, conspicuous among which was a large watch which looked as if it might be silver. There were two or three other large articles of apparent value, but most were cheap.

As the boys went in, another person followed, apparently attracted by curiosity.

"He's another dead beat," whispered Dick.

suppose, as I before said, I shouldn't like her well enough to marry her."

"You wouldn't be such a fool," said Mr. Mountford, glancing over his spectacles at the young man.

"Perhaps I should."

"Then I would cut you off with a shilling," said the father in a heat.

"That would be bad enough," said Harry, "but not so bad as to marry one I could not love. However I will wait

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Frank looked puzzled.

"He's a confed'rit of the other man!" exclaimed Dick.

Frank now began to understand that it was a swindling game which the two men were about to practice for their benefit. Having heard a good deal of the wiles of the sharpers who infest our large cities, he was interested to watch their proceedings.

"Now, gentlemen," said the man behind the counter, briskly, "our sale is conducted on rather a new principle, which I will explain to you. You see these dice."

Here he emptied eight dice from a dice box on the glass cover of the show-case.

"Well, you pay a dollar, and then shake. I count the spots, and the number determines the article you obtain. It may be that silver pitcher, or the watch."

"Or a six cent breast-pin," suggested Dick.

"We have none of that value," said the man. "Everything is worth a dollar."

"That must be very profitable to you," suggested Frank.

"I don't mean that we pay a dollar for all we have. We get the articles cheap at auction, and give customers the advantage of our cheap purchases. To illustrate, will you, young gentleman, shake the dice?"

Frank did so.

"Three and five are nine, and six are eighteen, and four are twenty-three, and five are thirty, and three are thirty-four, and five are forty," said the man behind the counter, making his calculation so rapidly that it was difficult to see his mistakes. "If it is n't right, count it yourself."

But there was no chance for this, as he had already gathered up the dice in his hand.

"Well, that was a lucky throw," said he. "You see what forty is. Forty draws the watch."

"Can he have the watch, then?" asked the confederate, who was quietly dressed, and had the air of a respectable young man of somewhat limited experience.

"No, of course not. He did n't pay his dollar. If he had paid his dollar first, he could have had it, and I'd have given him ten dollars for it myself."

"Now, gentlemen," he proceeded, "here's a chance to make something handsome. That watch would look very well on you," addressing Dick. "You may get it for a dollar."

"Can you change a fifty?" asked Dick.

"Have you got one?"

and see the young lady before I decide finally. When do you expect her?"

"This very afternoon. At least that is the time which she fixed upon in her letter."

"Under the circumstances I shall be anxious to see her."

Two ladies left the cars at the Scranton depot. Scranton, by the way, is the scene of our story.

"We wish to go to Mr. Mountford's,"

said one to the depot master.

"His carriage has been sent for you. There it stands."

In ten minutes they were at Mr. Mountford's door. The old gentleman came out to meet them.

"Mr. Mountford," said one, advancing, "I am Rose Graves."

The old gentleman took her hand and expressed his pleasure at seeing her. "And who is the other young lady?"

"O," said Rose slightly, that is my seamstress, Miss Hamilton. I should be glad, as we have been riding some hours, to be shown to a room."

This was at once done. As yet the old gentleman had had but little opportunity of scanning the features of his guest. When some half an hour afterwards they descended, he was a little taken aback by discovering that Miss Graves had bright red hair and a freckled face, together with a turned up nose, which on the whole produced an effect scarcely favorable or prepossessing.

"You don't know how glad I am to see you," said his guest. "You will excuse me for taking the liberty to bring my seamstress."

So saying he glanced at the humble companion. Though simply attired she was as prepossessing as her mistress was the reverse. Dark hair, sparkling black eyes, cherry lips and cheeks beautifully flushed made her undeniably attractive.

"I wish," thought the old gentleman, "she were Miss Graves. She is a perfect beauty."

At this moment his son came into the room.

"Harry," said his father, "let me introduce you to our honored and welcome guest, Miss Rose Graves."

Whether his father did not sufficiently indicate who was meant, or because Harry, who was a great admirer of beauty, was too much engaged in

looking at Miss Hamilton, I am not sure. At all events he walked hastily up to the seamstress and welcomed her with a cordiality quite beyond what he had anticipated.

Miss Hamilton blushed, and seemed undecided how to act.

"Ahem!" said the old gentleman, embarrassed. "You have made a little mistake, Harry. This is Miss Rose Graves."

Harry glanced at the red-haired young lady and his countenance fell.

"I am glad to see you," he faltered out.

"And I am so delighted to see you," simpered Rose, which made her look ten times as homely in the eyes of Harry. "I have heard so much about you, you can't tell how much I wanted to see you."

"Good Heavens!" thought Harry, "and this is my destined bride. I'll go hang myself before I will marry her."

We pass over a week. During this time Harry has become more and more disgusted with Rose daily, notwithstanding she appears to have conceived quite a violent attachment to him. He has little opportunity to converse with the seamstress, whom her mistress evidently wishes to keep in the background.

As an illustration of the intellectual abilities of the heiress we will admit the reader to a little *tete-a-tete* between herself and Harry. His father was in the library, and the seamstress had gone out on an errand, consequently Harry, to his great disgust, felt compelled to entertain Rose. Desirous above all things of avoiding sentiment, he decided to speak of books.

"Do you admire *Paradise Lost*, Miss Graves?" he asked, with a desperate attempt to look interested in the coming answer.

"It is one of Shakespeare's plays, I believe?" said the heiress.

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"In course I have."

"I can go out and get it changed."

"Never mind."

"I'll take my chance," said the confederate, thinking it time for him to step in.

He accordingly handed over a dollar to the man behind the counter, and taking the dice-box, shook.

The other rapidly reckoned up the spots.

"Five and four are eleven, and three are fifteen, and six are twenty-three, and two are twenty-five, and four are thirty, and six are thirty-six, and five are forty-two. If it is n't right, count it yourself. Let me see what's forty-two."

"It's the silver pitcher," said the confederate, appearing excited.

"So it is," said the other, in a tone of vexation. "I don't believe I counted right."

"Yes you did," said the other. "And if you did n't, it's too late now, for you've picked up the dice."

"Pretty hard luck for me," said the man behind the counter.

"I'll trouble you to hand over the pitcher."

"I'll give you fifteen dollars instead."

"I'd rather have the pitcher. I know something about ware, and I know it's worth twenty-five dollars at least."

"Very well, then, I'll put fifteen dollars in greenbacks in place of the pitcher. Now, young gentlemen, will you try your luck?"

Frank was half inclined to do so, but Dick gave his head a little negative shake, which he thought it best to heed, feeling that Dick must know a great deal more about what was judicious than himself.

Finding it unavailing to urge the boys to invest, the swindler tried another game. Producing three cards, he said, "Now, gentlemen, here's something else I would like to show you. You see these cards?"

Dick took one of them up, and brought it within an inch of his nose, gravely remarking, after a sharp scrutiny, "Yes, I do."

"You see that they are marked in the corner with different numbers?"

He displayed the faces of the cards.

One was marked with a large 2, another with 3, the third with 4.

"Now," said he, "I am about to change the position of these cards rapidly, and turn them with their backs upward. Then you may pick up which you please. If you pick up the card marked 4, I will give you five dollars. If you pick up either of the other two, you give me five dollars. That's fair, is n't it?"

"Good Heavens!" thought Harry, "what ignorance!"

"Why no," said he, hesitatingly, "I refer to Milton's great poem."

"Was it by Milton? Well, I am always mixing up Milton and Shakespeare. They're so much alike, you know," exclaimed the young lady, apparently quite unconcerned by her blunder.

"I don't know but they are," said Harry, quite confounded, "though I never

"That gives you two chances to our one," said the confederate.

"That is true, but then you have the chance of picking up. That makes it even."

"Very well," said the confederate, "I think I can tell."

"Then plank your money."

He pulled out a five dollar bill, and placed it in Frank's hand, and the man behind the counter did the same. Frank hardly knew how to object to holding the stakes, though he did so unwillingly, perceiving that it was simply gambling, which he had always been taught to regard as wrong. He could not help feeling interested, however, in the result.

The principal shifted the cards, but in such a deliberate manner that Frank felt quite sure that he could himself have told which was the one marked 4, and so have won the bet, if he had been the person interested. The confederate picked up the right card, and Frank, of course, passed over the money to him.

"Five dollars more lost," said the dealer, in a tone of chagrin. "Come, I am bound to win back all I have lost, or lose as much more. I'll shift the cards again, and bet you twenty dollars you can't pick up the right one. Do you agree?"

"I'll bet five dollars and this pitcher," said the other. "You said it was worth fifteen dollars."

"All right. Pass it to that young man, and I'll hand him twenty dollars."

"I think I'd rather not hold it," said Frank, mustering up courage to decline.

"What's the harm? Perhaps the other young gentleman will be willing," suggested the dealer.

"I'll take all the money you'll bring on," said Dick, "and keep it for you any length of time, from five to ten years."

"That's a little longer than we want you to keep it."

"All right. Hand over."

Again the trial was made. This time, though the dealer was just as careless as before in displaying the cards, the confederate picked up the wrong card, being the one at the left hand, which was marked 3.

"You've lost," said the dealer, briskly.

"Is n't that a 4?" asked the other, seeming to be disappointed.

"No, don't you see?"

"Then I suppose I've lost?"

"Yes. Won't you try again?"

"Not just yet. Perhaps one of these young gentlemen will try."

observed it before. Have you ever read the poems of Alexander Smith?"

"Alexander Smith!" exclaimed the heiress, with a look expressive of the most profound astonishment, "you don't mean to say that he's gone to writing poems!"

"Why yes," said Harry, in turn perplexed, "have you never met with 'A Life Drama and Other poems?'"

"Well, I declare," said the lady, bursting into a hearty laugh, "I should

think he'd better stick to his trade."

"His trade?"

"Yes, you know he's a shoemaker. Father used to get all his shoes made by him. My stars! I never thought he'd go to writing poetry. You never saw him, did you? Well, I'll describe him. He's a little hump-backed man, and so homely--too homely to live, I've heard father say."

"I wonder what he thought of his daughter, then," Harry could not help conjecturing.

"That does beat all. What sort of poetry does he write?"

"Very well," replied Harry, who was maliciously desirous of not revealing to the heiress her mistake.

"Well, I am astonished. But it's a fine day, Mr. Mountford, shan't we go out and enjoy it."

"I am at your service, Miss Graves," said Harry, with the air of a martyr.

"Don't call me Miss Graves. Call me Rose, that is not so formal."

"With pleasure, Rose," said Harry, with the air of one swallowing a very nauseous dose.

"And I will call you Harry. That will be so much pleasanter."

I shall not describe the incidents of the walk, which was undertaken much against Harry's will. Enough that when he returned he was more than ever out of love with the heiress.

Not only did Harry realize that he had no love for Miss Graves, but there dawned upon him by-and-by a conviction that he was falling in love with Miss Hamilton. Certainly he had abundant reason. Not only was she far more attractive personally than the heiress, but she was her superior in refinement and general culture. This Harry was enabled to discover, notwithstanding his opportunities of seeing her were

limited, so much were his attentions monopolized by Miss Graves.

"I only wish she were the heiress," thought poor Harry. "then all would be right. Now my father will be indignant and most likely cast me off with a shilling. I don't care if Miss Hamilton is a seamstress, that won't spoil her for a good wife, and that Miss Graves will never make with all her money."

One afternoon, three months after the two ladies had become domesticated in his father's house, Harry chanced to meet the seamstress walking in the garden.

"Now or never," thought Harry. "I may not get another opportunity."

He joined the seamstress in her walk, and not long after was pouring into her ear ardent protestations of affection.

Miss Hamilton modestly fixed her eyes upon the ground.

"You cannot be in earnest, Mr. Mountford," said she.

"And why not?" asked the young man, vehemently.

"You know I am only a poor seamstress, dependent upon my needle for my daily bread."

"I only know that you are beautiful and refined, and that I am in love with you."

"But I thought you were to be married to Miss Graves. She told me so."

"She told you so!" repeated Harry. "Well, that is cool, inasmuch as I never breathed a word to her on the subject."

"She is very rich. I am poor."

"Do you think I would marry such a red-haired fright for all the money in the world?"

"She might have her hair dyed," said Miss Hamilton, demurely.

"It will take more than that to attract me to her side," exclaimed Harry.

Without dwelling further on the conversation between Harry and the seamstress, it may be announced to the

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"Well," said Dick, "I don't mind trying my luck. Here's a V."

So saying, he handed Frank what appeared to be a greenback of the denomination of five dollars. The dealer handed him another. Frank took them unwillingly, but it was done so quick that he hardly had time to remonstrate.

The cards were shifted, and Dick picked up a card.

But it was a 2 he picked up.

"Lost!" said the dealer, exultingly. "Hand over that money, young man."

Frank unwillingly passed it to him, but was astonished at an angry exclamation.

"That bill's worth nothing. You've swindled me." As he said this, he held up the bill which was a very good imitation of a greenback, but read as follows —



"What's the row?" asked Dick, coolly.

"Give me a good bill instantly, for this," said the dealer, wrathfully.

"I'd rather not," said Dick. "In the first place I have n't got any other bills."

"Then let your friend lend you, unless you wish to be handed over to the police."

"Try it on if you want to," said Dick, "I guess the police will have as much to say to you as me. I would n't advise you to call 'em in."

The dealer knew well enough that his establishment was an illegal one, and he felt that Dick had him at advantage. Of course that made him all the more angry.

"Clear out of this, you young rascals," he said, "if you don't want to be kicked out."

"Thank you, for your werry kind offer," said Dick, "but kicks don't agree with my constitution. Come along, Frank, let us leave this kind

reader in strict confidence that when they left the garden they were betrothed.

Mr. Mountford was sitting in his library the next morning, when Harry entered.

"Father," said he, in some embarrassment, "I have come in to speak with you on an important subject."

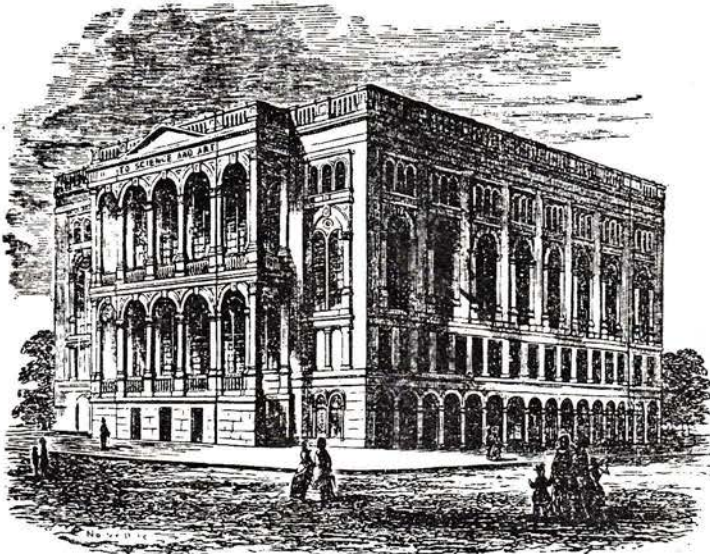
"Ah," said the old gentleman, looking up.

gentleman. The Mayor's expectin' us to a oyster stew at the Mason Dory.*

With this parting remark, Dick backed out gracefully, followed by Frank, leaving the dealer almost choking with rage which he did not dare to vent.

"I know them rascals," said Dick, when they got out. "They cleaned a green feller from the country out o' fifty dollars last week. I ain't quite such a fool as to be took in by their tricks."

They soon turned into the Bowery, a wide street running parallel with Broadway, and walked along for about a mile, till they came to a large building standing by itself just at the opening of Third and Fourth Avenues, and with one side on each.



COOPER INSTITUTE.

"What is that building?" asked Frank.

"That's the Cooper Institute," said Dick, "built by Mr. Cooper, a partic'lar friend of mine. Me and Peter Cooper used to go to school together."

Horatio Alger, Jr.

* The Maison Dorée is a very expensive restaurant on Fourteenth Street.

"I have offered myself in marriage."

"I am delighted to hear it," said Mr. Mountford, rubbing his hands. "And been accepted, have you?"

"Yes," said Harry.

"I congratulate you. You're a lucky young dog," said his father, slapping him on the shoulder. "She's worth quarter of a million, my boy."

"On the contrary," said Harry, "she isn't worth a cent."

"Not worth a cent! Miss Graves not

worth a cent!"

"I haven't proposed to Miss Graves," replied Harry.

"And who the--old boy," said his father, excitedly, "have you offered yourself to? Will you be kind enough to inform me?"

"To Miss Hamilton."

"The seamstress?"

"The same."

"Harry, you are a fool."

"I hope not."

"I will cut you off with a shilling."

"I am sorry to hear that, too."

"You won't persist in this insane intention?"

"I must."

"Then leave the house at once."

Harry took his father at his word, and that very afternoon called on the village clergyman in company with Miss Hamilton, for the purpose of having the marriage rite performed.

The young lady called the clergyman aside previous to the ceremony. What was Harry's surprise, when in putting to the lady the important question "whether she would take the man she held by the hand for her lawful husband," the clergyman addressed her as Miss Graves.

"You are mistaken," he interrupted hastily.

"No," said the bride, in a low voice.

When the ceremony was concluded, she explained that she had changed positions with her seamstress for the purpose of testing the disinterested love of Harry. This she had done with the happiest results.

It cannot be said that Harry was any the less in love with his fair bride after the revelation. On Mr. Mountford, his father, however, it produced a wonderful change. He revoked his determination to cut Harry off with a shilling, and is as proud of his beautiful

daughter-in-law as he was formerly incensed against her.

* * *

Editor's note on Ragged Dick: In a recent letter, Gil Westgard comments on the chapter of Ragged Dick that appears in this Newsboy: "Since more than half of this chapter was suppressed in the book version, I believe this constitutes a major discovery. To the best of my knowledge no other Alger researcher has even hinted at this suppressed segment of Ragged Dick's adventures. In reading it over several times I was struck by its liveliness, and wonder that it was eliminated in the book. Possibly it was too accurate in telling how to separate suckers from their money, and it was felt better not to show the potential sharpers who might read it just how to run such an enterprise."

On the right is "A Correlation of the Pages and Paragraphs of the Serial and Book Versions of Ragged Dick." For example, page 81, paragraph 4 in the serial equals page 45, paragraph 8 in the book. The first three paragraphs on the chapter (on page 81) compare with nothing in the book. On page 83, paragraphs 12-13 compare with nothing in the book. The Roman numerals are the chapter numbers of the serial. For example, the comparisons just discussed are from Chapter III of the Student and Schoolmate serial.

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FROM THE EDITOR'S FILES
by Jack Bales

As mentioned in this issue, Bob Sawyer and Jim Thorp hvhave written a small volume on the Winston Algers. The cost is \$5.00--contact Bob at 204 Mill St., Gahanna, Ohio 43230, and Jim's address is 37 Cox St., Nashua, New Hampshire 03060.

Gil Westgard reports that the 1985 Alger Convention, "Twenty-Onejin the Sun," will be held in Boynton Beach (Palm Beach County), Florida, from May 2-5, 1985. The motel Gil has selected is the Sage-N-Sand Motel on 1935 S.

III		88:1	
81:1		88:2	
81:2			52:1-9
81:3			53:1-5
81:4	45:8		54:1-6
82:1	46:1		55:1-6
82:2	46:2		56:1-5
82:3	46:3		57:1-6
82:4	46:4		58:1-7
82:5	46:5		59:1-8
82:6	46:6		60:1-5
82:7	47:1		61:1-5
82:8	47:2		VI
82:9	47:3		62:1
82:10	47:4		62:2
82:11	47:5	88:3	62:3
82:12	47:6	88:4	63:1
82:13	47:7	88:5	63:2
82:14	47:8		63:3
82:15	47:9		63:4
82:16	47:10		
82:17	48:1		
	48:2		
	48:3		
	V		
82:18	49:1		
82:19	49:2		
82:20	49:3		
82:21	49:4		
82:22	49:5		
82:23	49:6		
	50:1		
	50:2		
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	50:4		
83:1	50:5		
83:2	50:6		
83:3	50:7		
83:4	50:8		
83:5	51:1		
83:6	51:2		
83:7	51:3		
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83:10	51:6		
83:11	51:7		
83:12			
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83:14	51:8		
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83:18			
83:19			
84:1-19			
85:1-22			
86:1-21			
87:1-15			

South Federal Highway in Boynton Beach. 33435. Phone is 305-732-8196. Plan now to attend.

Peter Walther writes that Jack Dizer gave him a good lead and he was able to pick up about 150 Merriwell paperbacks (Street and Smith, of course). He paid \$75.00 for the entire lot. Peter also writes: "I've been reading a lot of Alger lately and it seems I'm plagued with so many questions. Must be the facts about his life which remain unknown to a large degree. Wouldn't he have attended church somewhere in New York, since he himself had a divinity degree and his heroes were so pious? . . . I also surmise there must be a few Alger periodicals yet unknown to us. The Young Adventurer was serialized in Young Israel and yet its sequel was not, according to Bob Bennett. Furthermore, The Young Explorer was not either, yet its sequel, Ben's Nugget, was in the Boston Weekly Globe. That does not follow a logical pattern in my mind; all four of the Atlantic Series were serials first. Why this strange discrepancy?

Remember the Alger story, "The Cooper's Ward"? Ralph D. Gardner sends in a note from the October 15, 1984 Antiquarian Bookman about the following book for sale: "The Cooper's Son, or the Prize of Virtue. Written for the young by the author of One Eyed Dick. Boston, 1847. 2nd edition. Front board stained else nice copy with a steel engraved frontispiece. \$12."

More on the pros and cons of listing book prices. The March-April 1984 issue of the American Book Collector has a special article on collecting comic books, and part of it is devoted to Robert Overstreet's Comic Book Price Guide. "Some collectors have complained that the guide has served to make a business out of what used to be a hobby, that the prices are inflated by self-serving dealers, and that the days of bargaining for rare items and coming away with a good buy are over. It is true, of course, that comic books are now sold in specialized stores that

once did not exist and that their trade is handled by a new group of professional businessmen, but this development would have occurred with or without the guide. What about the other concerns? Most dealers disagree with them, as was indicated by discussions with five comic specialty shops located in the Washington, D. C. area . . . All insist that they use Overstreet strictly as a guide and not as an established selling price list, and that they are willing to negotiate and entertain offers at below guide prices. They note as well that buying practices vary in different parts of the country and that local trends can lead to prices below or above guide values. As in all businesses, a smart dealer has to understand the local market and what will sell there. Some contend too that the availability of the guide protects the buyer from paying too much for a particularly desirable title."

Yellowback Library Editor Gil O'Gara writes that he recently found a copy of Jerry Todd Poodle Parlor in "fairly nice shape with a complete dust jacket. Doesn't happen often."

I got a really nice letter from Bill Strong, a fellow Hardy Boys collector, whose collection is growing by leaps and bounds. He writes that he has been doing management consulting work this past year and spent "a month in East Africa working for the USAID regional office of Housing and Urban Programs. It was quite interesting and I spent my weekends at the wild game preserve outside of Nairobi. Managed to photograph many exotic animals."

Ken White says that "I guess I am really into books. Have 42 Alger's, many Henty's, Rover Boys, Tom Swift, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Zane Grey's, and other westerns. It seems I just can't resist buying a book if it seems even remotely a possible collectible." Hmmm, think we ALL have that problem, Ken!!

REMEMBER--if you have 100 titles in your Alger collection, write Carl Hartmann for a special plate for your Alger tile noting this fact!