

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



JACK BALES, Editor
Belmont
224 Washington Street
Fredericksburg, VA 22405

Horatio Alger, Jr.

1832 - 1899

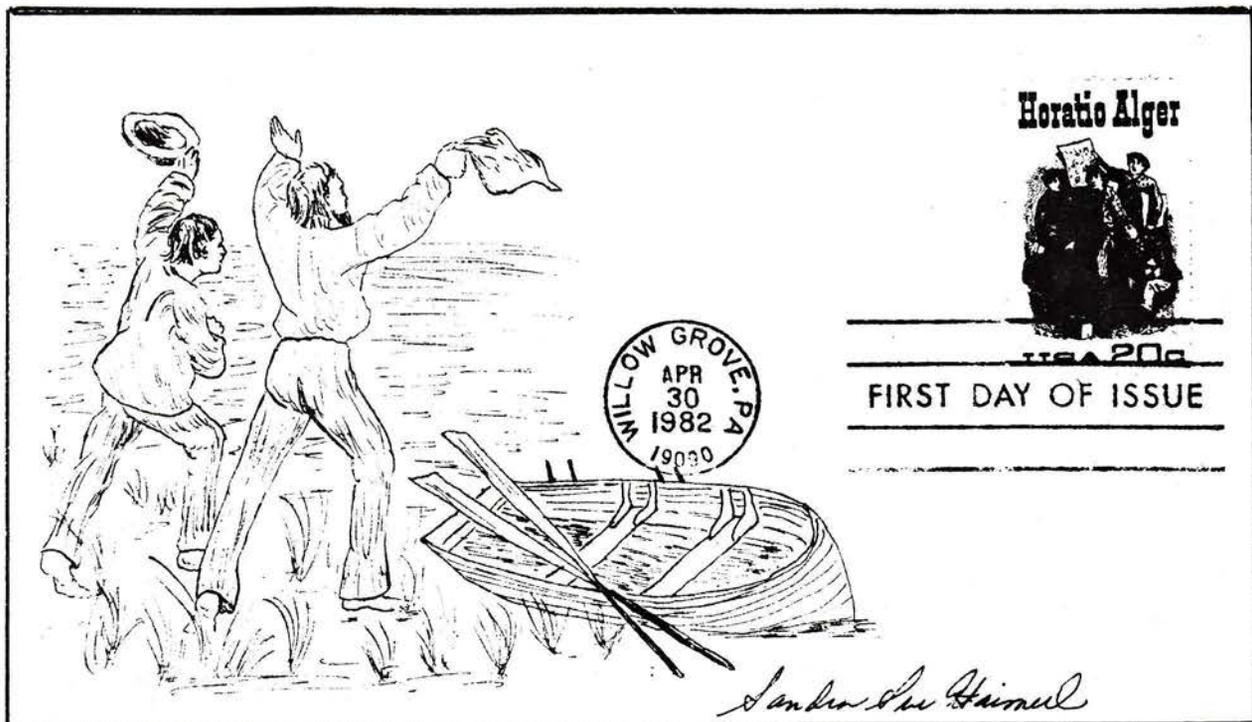


Founded 1961 by Forrest Campbell & Kenneth B. Butler

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Sandra Sue Haimel

This is the latest addition to my first day cover collection---I have well over 100 Horatio Alger first day covers, as portrayed in a recent Newsboy. This is hand drawn and is one of eight made by Sandra Haimel, Route 2, Box 186, Stover, Missouri 65078. The cost is \$6.95. Note the illustration---it's from an Alger book!!! (Anyone know which one)?????

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 is indexed in the Modern Language Association's International Bibliography.

The Society recognizes Bob Bennett's Horatio Alger, Jr.: A Comprehensive Bibliography, as the most current, definitive authority on Alger's works.

Newsboy ad rates: 1 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 the Horatio Alger Society, to Bob Sawyer, 204 Mill Street, Gahanna, OHIO 43230.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

PF-509 John F. Beirne
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* * *

NEW MEMBERS REPORTED

PF-745 Samuel A. Matz
1604 Riveroaks Dr.
Edinburg, Texas 78539

Samuel is a food scientist with about 50 Algers in his collection. He is interested in attending the next convention.

PF-746 Billee Dommell
% Greg's Book Mart
Wheatland Shopping Center
1831 Columbia Ave.
Leola, Pennsylvania

PF-747 Patricia Pfister
Park Road
Irvington, New York 10533

Patricia, an enthusiastic new member of HAS, announces that she found first editions of Ragged Dick and Rough and Ready at a church sale, and she now is interested in selling them for the church. A book seller by occupation, she writes that she "became fascinated by Alger, the man, his work and writing, and the printing history of the books and the social impact upon American boys."

PF-748 Paul F. Dastugue
421 Central Ave.
Jefferson, LA 70121

Paul heard of us through an article in a newspaper. A realtor/contractor, he also collects antiques and other books besides Algers.

PF-749 Richard C. Wertz
3009 Pinehill Place
Flushing, Mich. 48433

Richard is a bookseller, who heard of us through other Lansing member Carl Hartmann.

PF-750 David Oppenheimer
2608 NE 37th Drive
Ft. Lauderdale, FLA 33308

Gil Westgard told David of HAS. A student, David owns 15 Algers and is also interested in computers and amateur (ham) radio. He is ten years old.

PF-751 Kenneth W. Hoesch
28 E. Main Place
Zeeland, MI 49464

Kenneth, an attorney, is interested in "Alger's references to attorneys, criminals, prisons, and law in general in his works."

PF-752 Patrick Walsh
117 W. 30
Hutchinson, KS 67502

Patrick is a retired engineer who has 64 Algers in his collection. He is also interested in antiques, military memorabilia, history, and bibliography."

* * *

THE LOST LIFE OF HORATIO ALGER, JR.
Reviewed by Gilbert K. Westgard II

[Editor's note: This book is by Gary Scharnhorst with Jack Bales. It is published by Indiana University Press, 10th and Morton Streets, Bloomington, Indiana 47405. Cost is \$17.95. Add \$1.50 for 4th class postage, or \$2.50 for UPS postage.]

Having read all of the previous attempts to delineate the events of Alger's life, it was a real pleasure to peruse a volume fully founded on fact. There are no apparent attempts to mislead the reader, nor are the events of Alger's ministry covered up. This is a well-balanced presentation of nearly everything there is to know of Alger's life.

The meticulously detailed footnotes--697 of them!--and many with more than just a single source--are each a tribute to the care and attention that has been

expended in documenting this volume. Also, in the several sections of the footnotes will be found analyses of the differing versions of each segment of Alger's life as told by his separate biographers.

Quotations from Alger's prose and poetry are skillfully interwoven in the narrative. Each shows how Alger used events from his own life in the telling of his stories.

Every known photograph of Horatio has been included, appearing at the places in the volume where they show him at the times in the biography where they belong chronologically, not just stuck together in a photographic section.

The errors in this book, in comparison with those in the previous biographies of Alger, amount to the difference between a slight summer rain and the drenching deluge of Niagara Falls.

A photograph claiming to be the Alger home in Marlborough, Massachusetts, is actually one of the Unitarian parsonage in South Natick. This same picture also appeared with the same mistaken identification in Edwin Hoyt's Horatio's Boys. The source of the wrong caption is the Marlborough Public Library.

An amusing error occasioned by a wrong date being missed in the proofreading has Horatio Alger, Sr. hosting lectures by Samuel Johnson, a liberal minister from Lynn, Massachusetts, and Ralph Waldo Emerson, in 1885. By this time the two lecturers had each been dead for three years, while their host had been in his grave for four! The correct date should have been thirty years earlier. [Editor's note: The correct date--1855--was in the original manuscript, and the typographical error in the page proofs was missed by the authors].

Zion's Co-operative Merchantile Institution, an enterprise owned by the Mormon Church in Salt Lake City, and popularly known as Z.C.M.I., is called the Zion Cooperative Store, while the

World's Columbian Exposition of 1893 is referred to as the Columbian Exhibition.

As a matter of style there is an overabundance of foreign words and phrases that are objectionable, especially in telling the life of an American author. Just why the stylistic affectation of calling Horatio Alger, Sr. "Alger père," and his son, the subject of this book, "Alger fils," was thought to be necessary is a question with an answer that eludes this reviewer. Other foreign words and phrases would be less objectionable if they were followed by bracketed translations, but we are left to puzzle out the likes of: dolce far niente, con amore, feuilleton, Wanderhalbjahr, O res angusta doni, canaille, annus mirabilis, dénouement, fin de siècle, haut monde, and De mortuis nil nisi bonum, without the benefit of translation.

If a person is going to have but a single book about Alger, this is the book to buy. Having searched previously in vain for an accurate biography of Alger, this reader can at last exclaim, "Eureka!" (I have found it!)

* * *

THE MARRIAGE OF ALGER'S NIECE

In a letter dated July 7, 1895 (written in Natick, Massachusetts), Horatio Alger, Jr. writes to his friend Irving Blake the following: "You may be interested in the inclosed account of my niece's marriage. She has married the sub-master of the Chapman School in East Boston."

The wedding announcement was preserved along with Alger's letter, and both are in the collection of Alger's correspondence in the Huntington Library. The announcement reads as follows:

ANDREWS--ALGER

A very interesting wedding took place in the Eliot Unitarian Church at South Natick, on Monday afternoon, July 1, when Miss Anna Locke Alger of Somerville and Mr. Harry Newell Andrews

of East Boston were united in marriage. At about two o'clock the guests began to arrive, and at three the church was well filled. At half-past three the bridal party walked up the aisle to the strains of the wedding march from Lohengrin. The bride was given away by her uncle, Horatio Alger, Jr. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Joseph P. Sheafe of Harvard, Mass., assisted by Rev. Leverett R. Daniels [sic?], pastor of the Unitarian church. The bride looked charming in white silk crepe cut en traine with the customary bridal veil caught up with orange blossoms. She wore a necklace of rare pearls, an heirloom which originally came from Rome. In her hand she carried a bouquet of lillies of the valley. The maid of honor was Miss Ellen Preble Longfellow, grandniece of the poet. The bridesmaids were Miss Grace Howard Litchfield of New York and Miss Louise Adele Longfellow of Boston. The best man was Mr. J. Q. Littlefield of Quincy. [.....Etc., etc., etc.]

* * *

HORATIO ALGER'S EXEMPTION
FROM CIVIL WAR SERVICE

by Jack Bales and Gary Scharnhorst

"Among the persons drafted in Boston and its vicinity [is] . . . Horatio Alger, Jr., the well-known poet."

--"The Draft in Boston,"
New York Post, July 11,
1863, p. 2.

The facts concerning Alger's enlistment in the Union Army have eluded Alger scholars for years, and previous Alger biographers have differed as to the true circumstances. As pointed out in The Lost Life of Horatio Alger, Jr., (page 55), Alger chose not to enlist, but was one of the men whose name was drawn in the draft on July 10, 1863 for service in General George Meade's Army of the Potomac. On July 29, he reported for a preinduction physical examination.

The "Roll of Drafted Men" from the fourth congressional district in

Exact and complete Roll of the Names of Persons drawn in the Fourth Congressional District,

NAMES.	DESCRIPTION.				WHERE BORN.			Occupation.
	Age.	Eyes.	Hair.	Complex.	Feet.	In.	State or Kingdom.	
Algier Horatio Jr.	29	Blue	Blue	Light	5	2	Mass	Clergyman

in Draft made on the Tenth of July 1863,
State of Massachusetts.

ENROLLED.		DRAFTED.		REMARKS.
Where.	When.	Where.	When.	
Cambridge	June	Boston	July 10 th	Residence Ottis Pl. E. Farmington and Small Station

Massachusetts was obtained by us from the National Archives in Washington, D. C., and excerpts from these records are reproduced on page 5. As he did so many times in later life, Alger lied about his age, claiming that he was but 29 years old instead of 31 (hence the incorrect "1834" birthdate that frequently appears in many reference works). He listed his occupation as "clergyman," and the official records of the day noted that his eyes were blue, his hair light, and his complexion fair. But he was too nearsighted to pass the eye test ("extreme myopia" the report stated), and at 5' 2" he was too short to meet the minimum height requirement (the report noted "small stature"). Thus, the "well-known poet" Horatio Alger, Jr. was exempted from service in the United States Army.

* * *

A GREAT WRITER DESCRIBES A TRAIN BOY

From Across the Plains
by Robert Louis Stevenson

[Editor's note: This passage is from the collection of Gilbert K. Westgard II, and is dated 1879].

A great personage on an American train is the newsboy. He sells books (such books!), papers, fruit, lollipops, and cigars; and on emigrant journeys, soap, towels, tin washing dishes, tin coffee pitchers, coffee, tea, sugar, and tinned eatables, mostly hash or beans and bacon.

A great deal of your comfort depends on the character of the newsboy. He has it in his power indefinitely to better and brighten the emigrant's lot. The newsboy with whom we started from the Transfer was a dark, bullying, contemptuous, insolent scoundrel, who treated us like dogs. Indeed, in his case, matters came nearly to a fight. It happened thus: he was going his rounds through the cars with some commodities for sale, and coming to a party who were at Seven-up or Cascino (our two games), upon a bed-board, slung down a cigar-box in the middle of the cards, knocking one man's hand to the floor.

It was the last straw. In a moment the whole party were upon their feet, the cigars were upset, and he was ordered to "get out of that directly, or he would get more than he reckoned for." The fellow grumbled and muttered, but ended by making off, and was less openly insulting in the future. On the other hand, the lad who rode with us in this capacity from Ogden to Sacramento made himself the friend of all, and helped us with information, attention, assistance, and a kind countenance. He told us where and when we should have our meals, and how long the train would stop; kept seats at table for those who were delayed, and watched that we should neither be left behind nor yet unnecessarily hurried. You, who live at home at ease, can hardly realise the greatness of this service, even had it stood alone. When I think of that lad coming and going, train after train, with his bright face and civil words, I see how easily a good man may become the benefactor of his kind. Perhaps he is discontented with himself, perhaps troubled with ambitions; why, if he but knew it, he is a hero of the old Greek stamp; and while he thinks he is only earning a profit of a few cents, and that perhaps exorbitant, he is doing a man's work, and bettering the world.

I must tell here an experience of mine with another newsboy. I tell it because it gives so good an example of that uncivil kindness of the American, which is perhaps their most bewildering character to one newly landed. It was immediately after I had left the emigrant train; and I am told I looked like a man at death's door, so much had this long journey shaken me. I sat at the end of a car, and the catch being broken, and myself feverish and sick, I had to hold the door open with my foot for the sake of air. In this attitude my leg debarred the newsboy from his box of merchandise. I made haste to let him pass when I observed that he was coming; but I was busy with a book, and so once or twice he came upon me unawares. On these occasions he most rudely struck my foot aside; and though I myself apologised, as if to show him

the way, he answered me never a word. I chafed furiously, and I fear the next time it would have come to words. But suddenly I felt a touch upon my shoulder, and a large juicy pear was put into my hand. It was the newsboy, who had observed that I was looking ill and so made me this present out of a tender heart. For the rest of the journey I was petted like a sick child; he lent me newspapers, thus depriving himself of his legitimate profit on their sale, and came repeatedly to sit by me and cheer me up.

* * *

RECENT DEATHS

HORATIO ALGER DEAD

Favorite Writer of Stories for Boys

[Editor's note: The following obituary is from the July 18, 1899 issue of the Boston Evening Transcript, page 7].

Mr. Horatio Alger, the famous writer of boys' stories, died at the residence of his sister, Mrs. Amos P. Cheney, in Natick, this morning. He had been ill about a year.

He was born in Revere Jan. 13, 1834 [sic]. He was graduated at Harvard in 1852 and spent three years in journalism and teaching, and another three years at Cambridge Theological School, paying his way by contributions to the press. The greater part of the following year (1861) was devoted to European travel, when he returned to Cambridge and until December, 1864, was a private tutor. On Dec. 8 of that year he received ordination as pastor over the Unitarian Church in Brewster. In 1866 he went to New York to reside, where he became interested in the condition of the street boys, this experience giving form to many of his later writings.

He had contributed largely to periodical literature and published in book form "Bertha's Christmas Vision" (Boston, 1855), "Nothing to Do; a Tilt at Our Best Society," a poem (Boston, 1857); "Frank's Campaign; or, What a Boy Can Do" (Boston, 1864); several books for the young, about forty

volumes, including lives of Webster, Lincoln and Garfield; "Paul Preston's Charles [sic] (1865); "Helen Ford," a novel (1866); a volume of poems. "Ragged Dick," "Luck and Pluck" and "Tattered Tom" are the most popular of his series for boys.

* * *

MARY ERVING: OR THE COUNTRY COUSIN
by Carl Cantab

[Editor's note: The following short story--written by Horatio Alger, Jr. under the pseudonym Carl Cantab--is from the collection of Gary Scharnhorst, and it originally appeared in the July 16, 1853 issue of the Boston True Flag, pages 2-4. As Gary noted in the March-April 1983 Newsboy (page 20): "Perhaps the last large cache of Alger stories to be discovered originally appeared during a period of seven years in the mid-1850s in the Boston True Flag. . . . Altogether, Alger's work appeared in the paper no less than ninety times under three different names; incredibly, only four of his stories there have been hitherto identified, and only 12 more of his works there are known from other printings." Thus, the stories that Gary discovered are a boon to Alger collectors and readers; most of them have never been reprinted, and True Flag is not exactly the type of periodical that you'll find in your everyday library (Gary did his research at the American Antiquarian Society in Worcester, Massachusetts).

In essence, probably the only way you'll ever be able to read these stories is through the pages of Newsboy, and I thank Gary for making them available to HAS members].

CHAPTER I.

Mr. Morrison, a wealthy New-York merchant, had worked his way gradually from a youth of poverty to a manhood of wealth and distinction. He had engaged in the pursuit of riches, not as too many do, as an end to be attained, but as a means of procuring happiness for himself and others whom

fortune had placed in less favorable circumstances.

His wife and only daughter Grace, though gifted with good natural feelings, had been trained in the school of fashion till the friction of society had worn away a portion of their native kindness of heart, and frosted it over with the outward covering of worldly propriety.

Grace was not inaptly named. Certainly, as she moved with an air of conscious beauty through her father's crowded rooms on the occasion of some party or reception, no one would venture to dispute her beauty, set off as it was by a style of dress whose faultless elegance bore convincing testimony to the taste of the wearer.

Grace was a favorite with the gentlemen, as indeed might safely be inferred from the union of natural and social advantages by which she was surrounded. I do not judge it necessary to dwell farther upon her character at present. General descriptions of character are very unsatisfactory, and quite inferior in interest and accuracy, to those incidental glimpses which are given in sketches of life as affected by ordinary or unusual circumstances.

Such be our practice.

"From a letter which I received this morning," said Mr. Morrison at the dinner-table, "I find we are likely to have a visitor soon."

"A visitor," said Mrs. Morrison; "I hope it isn't that tiresome old lady, Mrs. Quilp, who fancies that she gives so much pleasure when she makes one of her interminable visits."

"I can at least relieve you from that anxiety," was the reply. "It is from one, who, I imagine, will prove quite a different person from Mrs. Quilp."

"Pray have compassion on our curiosity, papa," interrupted Grace. "You know ladies from time immemorial have had the reputation of this propensity, and I for one am disposed to exercise it."

"No fear of that, Grace. You remember, my sister Mary married a farmer in the little village of Fultonville. I met her husband in the city a few weeks

since, and invited him to send his daughter to pay us a visit. My letter of this morning announces that she will be with us to-morrow."

"What is her name?" asked Grace.

"Mary Erving. She is of your age, Grace, or very nearly. I am glad she is coming, for it is certainly very proper that two relations so nearly connected should become acquainted."

"Is she so accomplished, father?" persisted Grace. "Do pray tell me all about her."

"So I would if it were in my power, but unluckily I have never seen her. You know my brother-in-law removed to the West immediately after marriage, and has but lately returned. As for Mary, you will undoubtedly find her sensible and pleasing. More than that I cannot promise. She has been so situated that I think it doubtful whether she possesses the accomplishments which you city young ladies deem so indispensable. I hope you will be pleased with each other on acquaintance."

Mr. Morrison was obliged to hasten to an appointment which he had made in the morning, and thus the dinner-table discussion was brought to an abrupt close.

CHAPTER II.

An hour or two afterwards, Mrs. Morrison and Grace were seated in a small room tastefully furnished. The elder lady was reading "Villette," then just out, with great interest. Grace was carelessly sporting with a bouquet which had been left for her by one of her admirers.

"Isn't it provoking, mother," she exclaimed, after a while, "that this country cousin should turn up now, of all times. Next week, you know, we are to have a large party, and of course she will have to be present. I have no doubt she is a gawky country maiden, who never saw a brick-house or a paved street, and would be struck dumb at the sight of a piano."

"Very likely," said her mother. "It was a very ill-advised step on the part of your father to invited er. Heaven preserve me from country cousins!"

"And then," continued Grace,

"I suppose she will bring a trunkful of dowdyish dresses of bright-colored calico, made up in an antiquated style by the village dress-maker. And I suppose she'll select the brightest and most glaring of all for the party. I wish the visit were well over. Just imagine Mr. Fiz Eustace (you know his elegant taste, mamma) inquiring after this 'fresh importation from Down East.' And I suppose I shall have to admit the relationship."

"It might be possible, perhaps, to pass her off as your sister's governess."

"Quite impossible, mamma. You know father has strange, out-of-the-way, quite unpardonable notions on such points, and he would be seriously angry if it should come to his knowledge. Besides, I don't think it would do any good. I suppose she will be constantly calling me 'Cousin Grace.'"

"Perhaps it will not be so bad as you think, Grace. We can manage to keep her in some out-of-the-way corner, and as she will not be acquainted with any one present, be sure she will not obtrude herself on the attention of the company."

"But, mamma, I shall have to introduce her to some one, to keep her in conversation. Heaven forbid that she should have anything to say about 'our cows,' or the pleasure of making butter and cheese, which I suppose have thus far been her chief employment."

"We needn't judge too hastily. Perhaps, after all, we can make her presentable, and if she has no dress suitable to appear in, you can give her one of yours, if she is of your size."

"A good idea, mamma, but perhaps she will prefer to keep her bright-colored calico."

"At all events we will wait patiently and see," and Mrs. Morrison again took up Vilette, which she had been reading at the commencement of the conversation.

Grace left the room to attire herself for a walk, and thus the afternoon sped away."

CHAPTER III.

The reader may have some curiosity to know whether Mary Erving was as genuine a piece of rusticity as her city relations imagined.

They may be surprised to learn that the reverse was the truth. She was a farmer's daughter, it is true, and as her cousin Grace surmised, was not altogether ignorant of the process of making butter and cheese. But this was by no means the chief of her accomplishments. It had been her good fortune to live in a village containing a good academy, presided over by a gentleman of liberal culture and high attainments. The thirst for knowledge, which happily is quite independent of social position, stimulated Mary to make the best use of her advantages. At seventeen, therefore, she was not only well versed in English studies, but could converse in French with tolerable ease, and was especially proficient in music and drawing.

Such is a slight outline, which the reader will fill up as we proceed.

It was late in the afternoon of the day following the above conversation, when a stage drove up to the door of Mr. Morrison's. Mary alighted and was ushered by the servant into the room which had been provided for her. She was told that her aunt and cousin, who had gone out a short time before, would soon return.

Mary was naturally a little impatient to see the relations of whom as yet she knew nothing of. Her door was slightly ajar, and she soon heard them ascending the stairs. They were speaking of her, and evidently had not been apprised of her arrival.

"I wonder," she heard Grace say, "when our rustic friend will arrive. I am very curious to know whether our presentiments will be verified. I can imagine her dressed in a bright gingham, making a courtesy to you, mother, and a nod of recognition to your humble servant. I shouldn't be surprised if she informed me confidentially how many cows her father keeps, and how many pounds of butter and cheese they make on an average through the summer."

"Why, Grace, how you run on. You mustn't try to make her appear any more ridiculous than you can help. Don't, I beg of you, introduce the subject of cows."

"I beg your pardon, mamma, but I don't see any harm in drawing her out. It will be so amusing. I mean to go shopping with her tomorrow just to see how she will stare in at the windows. She will be overcome with astonishment at the sight of our large and fashionable stores. What a contrast to the little variety-stores in her native village, where they sell everything, from a pound of candles to a silk dress."

Mary, without intending it, was forced to listen to all of the conversation recorded above. It was with no little astonishment and amusement that she listened to her cousin's animated description.

"Is it possible," thought she, "that my aunt and cousin expect to see such a countrified creature as they describe? After all, it is a great pity to deprive Grace of the amusement she expects to derive from my rusticity. I was always considered pretty good at imitation, and I have a good mind for a little while to play the part of a country damsel. It's a pity, though, that I ain't got a bright gingham dress. I shall have to leave out that part of it."

Under a quite exterior, Mary veiled a strong love of mischief, and it was this that prompted her to the decision she had come to. Mingled with it was a slight feeling of mortification, and a desire to pay back her cousin her own coin.

She descended to the drawing-room where her aunt and cousin soon joined her.

"I did not know you had arrived, Mary," said Mrs. Morrison, coming forward. "I have just returned from a visit. Your family are well, I hope?"

"Well, yes, they're pretty smart, thank you," said Mary, in a broad tone.

"We're all pretty vigorous, I guess." Grace smothered a laugh.

"I am happy," said she in turn, "to

make the acquaintance of my cousin. We shall, I feel sure, be quite intimate in a short time."

"I dare say," said Mary, courtesying awkwardly.

"Were you ever in the city before," asked her aunt.

"Never since I was little. What a queer place it is, to be sure. Why, I haven't seen a barn since I was here, and I've ridden round considerable through the streets. Where in the world do you keep your cows?"

"Oh, we don't keep any."

"Don't keep cows! well, that's strange. Why, father's got eleven, and you can't think what a lot of butter and cheese we make in the summer. I should say we made as much as five hundred pounds of butter last summer. I suppose you have to buy all yours. It must be dreadful expensive."

Mrs. Morrison found it convenient to leave the room. She was quite overwhelmed with her niece's fullness of information on country topics.

Grace was resolved to have a little more amusement at the expense of her unsophisticated cousin.

"You must take a great deal of pleasure," she remarked, "in contemplating the beauties of external nature; in wandering through the fields, and listening to the songs of birds."

"Well, I do," was the reply; "I used to drive the cows to pasture every morning, and there's about as nice potato fields on both sides of the lane as you ever saw."

"Did you ever go to the opera?" continued Grace.

"I don't know what you mean, unless it's the caravan--I went to see that. There were ever so many elephants, and ostriches, and lions, and bears. Did you ever go?"

"Not lately. It must have been a grand spectacle to see the Monarch of the Forest, taken from his native domain, and subjected to the will of men."

"Really!" exclaimed Mary, "I should think it would. But they didn't have any Monarchs of the Forest in the caravan that I went to."

"Are you fond of music?" asked Grace.

"Very much. You ought to hear Obadiah Smith--he lives in our village--play on the flute. He does it well, I can tell you. But he ought to, seeing that he's taught singing-school three winters. I don't know but he's taught in New-York."

"I think not," said Grace. "But, if you are fond of music, perhaps you would like to hear me play a little on the piano."

"What! Is that a piano! What a queer looking thing it is, to be sure. Well, I always thought I should like to hear somebody play on the piano, but I never expected to. Isn't it very hard to learn?"

"It requires considerable time," said Grace, as, with the intent of dazzling her auditor, she plunged at once into a stormy march, which seemed intended to introduce all the noise that could be imagined to proceed from a battlefield.

Her efforts were appreciated.

"Well, I declare," said Mary, "if that doesn't beat Obadiah Smith's playing all to nothing, I'll give up. But it must be dreadful hard to keep your fingers going so fast, and to pound so hard on the piano. It seems to me, it must be about as hard as washing. I think you'd do first rate, cousin Grace, to come out into the country and give concerts."

"I am afraid, Mary," said Grace, resisting with difficulty her propensity to laugh, "that you rate my talents too high."

"What do you have to give for a piano?" asked Mary.

"This instrument cost five hundred dollars, I believe."

"You don't say so. Five hundred dollars! Why, you can build a good sized house for that in the country. Couldn't you get it any cheaper?"

"Less powerful instruments cost less, but that is not high for one of this quality."

"Well, I should think it was considerable powerful, by the noise it makes."

"I suppose your mother's gone out to get tea," she said, a moment afterwards.

"I had just as lieves go out and help her. Mother told me to make myself useful."

"Thank you," said Grace, "but we leave all that to the servants."

"How many helps do you keep?"

"Three; a cook, housemaid, and chambermaid."

"Keep three helps!" exclaimed Mary, in assumed amazement. "Why, I never heard of such a thing. How many have you in the family?"

"Three; my father and mother, and myself."

"Well, that beats all I ever heard. We don't keep but one, and we have eight at home. I don't see how you ever find enough for them to do."

"I believe," said Grace, smiling, "they don't complain of any want of work."

The bell for tea rang, and the conversation ended. During the evening, Mary sustained admirably the part which she had taken. Her uncle, to tell the truth, was a little dismayed at the ignorance of conventional rules which our heroine displayed. He was disappointed, in fact, but was far too polite to show it. Grace's desire to show off her cousin's ignorance aided her materially in preserving the show of it which she had assumed. Grace never for a moment doubted its genuineness.

"Mamma," said Grace, to Mrs. Morrison, when they were once more alone, giving way to the mirth which she had so long restrained, "did you ever in your life see such a ridiculous creature as Mary is? So perfectly unsophisticated! I shall die of laughter if she stays much longer. She mistook the opera for a caravan, never heard of such a thing as keeping three 'helps,' and never saw a piano before to-day. I should think she had been living in the woods all her life."

"And yet," said Mrs. Morrison, "with all her blunders, she is quite pretty, and dresses with some degree of taste."

"That is true. I will give her credit for that. But, mamma, what sort of a figure will she make at our party, next week? It's impossible to conceal the

relationship, and so I'll make the best of it, and hint to any one that I may introduce to her that she is a country cousin."

CHAPTER IV.

It will hardly be necessary after the glimpse we have given into Mary's mode of sustaining the character of a "country cousin," to detail the intentional blunders, often of a most ludicrous kind, which she was guilty of during the next few days.

Enough that she furnished a source of inexhaustible merriment to Grace. As yet Mary had not decided how long she would sustain the character in question. When, however, a day or two afterwards, Grace informed her of the approaching party, she resolved that this would afford the best occasion for showing herself in her true colors.

As Mary had not yet displayed herself in a "bright gingham," Grace's uneasiness lest she should array herself in one for the party, wore away. She therefore gave up her first intention of persuading her to wear one of her own dresses on the occasion.

The eventful evening arrived. Grace made her appearance splendidly dressed, with a circlet of diamonds spanning her really commanding brow, and sparkling through the folds of her raven tresses.

Mary Erving was dressed simply in white, with a single rose-bud in her hair.

"She really looks very pretty!" thought Grace; "what a pity she is so hopelessly countryfied."

"Mr. Fitz Eustance," said Grace, beckoning to him, and speaking in a low tone; "I must introduce you to a cousin of mine, a rustic damsel who has never visited the city before. She is fresh from the woods, and you will conceive the depth of her ignorance, when I tell you that she never saw a piano till within a few days. You will be excessively amused with her. Can you do me the favor to keep her in conversation? There she is, beneath the chandelier."

"What, that beautiful creature! You are surely mistaken, Miss Morrison. Impossible that so fair an exterior should

belong to a country rustic."

"And yet it is all true. She is dressed more tastefully than I gave her credit for. Arcadian simplicity, is it not? But here we are."

"Mr. Fitz Eustace desires the honor of an introduction, Cousin Mary," said Grace aloud, and immediately retired to another part of the room.

Mary Erving bowed gracefully, and without the least show of embarrassment, to Fitz Eustace.

"Have you been long in the city?" he inquired, by way of opening the conversation.

"But a few days," said Mary.

"Are you attached to a country life?" asked the gentleman, desiring to draw her out.

"Exceedingly," was the reply. "I never could content myself within the city limits. City life appears too artificial, too much hedged round with conventionalities, to satisfy me. I believe with the poet, that 'God made the country, and man made the town.'"

"You are enthusiastic," said Fitz Eustace, with scarcely concealed surprise to hear poetry quoted by a rustic maiden; "but you must admit that the city has attractions which you will seek for vainly in the country. The opera, for example."

"Of this loss, I confess," said Mary, "I am unable to judge. It has not been my fortune to hear any of the great foreign singers who have visited this country. Perhaps you will laugh at my country taste, when I tell you that I have often risen at an early hour, and wandered into the woods to hear the singing of birds, and I think I have never enjoyed any human concert better."

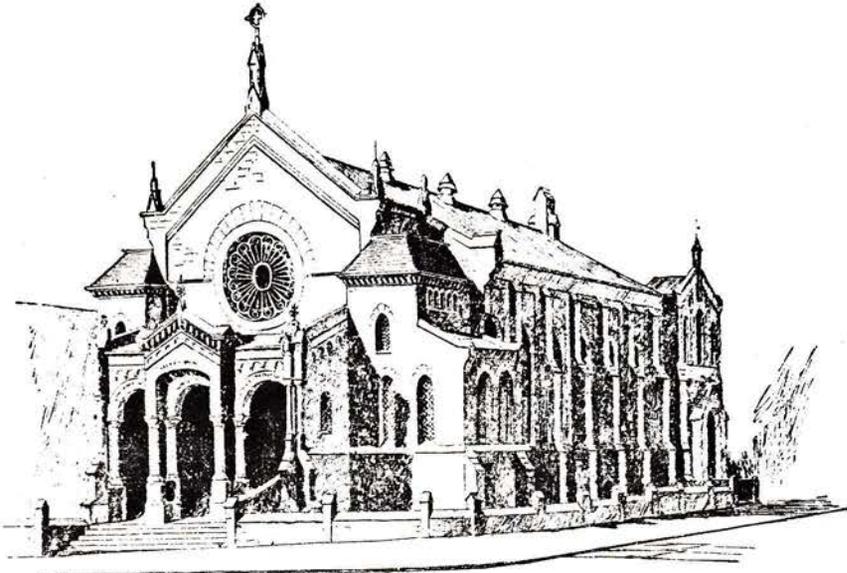
Mr. Fitz Eustace was puzzled. As yet he had been unable to detect any of the rusticity which he had been led to expect. He tried a different tack.

"Are you fond of poetry, Miss Erving?" he inquired.

"Of some kinds, yes."

"Will you favor me so far as to tell me your preference?"

"Most certainly. You will, perhaps, think me singular in my tastes. I will



THE CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH.

The picture at left is from "The Unitarian Church in New York," [Munsey's Magazine, November 1892, vol. VIII, No. 2, p. 133], and was sent in by Gil Westgard. Gil notes that "the Church of the Messiah, the temple of the Second Congregational Unitarian Society, has stood at Park Avenue and East Thirty-Fourth Street, on the crest of Murray Hill since 1867. It is a well proportioned brownstone building in the gothic style, with a large and attractive interior.

The parish was formed in 1825." Gil also writes that William R. Alger was the minister of the Church of the Messiah (see New York Times, December 22, 1874, page 5, column 3 for his reception as the new pastor), and as Gary Scharnhorst notes on page 37 of his Horatio Alger, Jr. published by Twayne Company of Boston, "Horatio Alger, Jr. was among the first new members enrolled in the church after his cousin's appointment, and until William left New York in 1878, the two men frequently fraternized." Gil pointed out a sentence in the article which said that this church was "the successor of a large granite edifice that had stood on Broadway, near Washington Place, for another quarter of a century, . . ." and beneath a picture of this church he asks the question, "Did Horatio Alger, Jr. possibly attend here when he first came to New York?"

own, then, that I do not like Byron, though I am told that he is a great favorite with the young ladies generally. He is a great poet, beautiful at times, but I cannot find in him the genial nature, the fresh outpouring of the heart, which is so observable in Wordsworth, for example. The quiet beauty of Tennyson makes him a favorite of mine. I consider 'Oenone' one of the most graceful little poems in the English language. But you must excuse me," said Mary Erving, smiling; "I did not intend to give you a lecture."

Mr. Fitz Eustace became every moment more and more embarrassed. He found that Mary was carrying him out of his depth and that his purpose of quizzing her was essentially a failure.

Excusing himself for a moment, he sought Grace. "Did you not tell me,"

he inquired, "that your cousin was a complete rustic?"

"Certainly. What have you been conversing about so long? I warrant me, she has given you a detailed account of butter-making."

"On the contrary, she has been speaking of English poetry with a discrimination and apparent knowledge for which I was quite unprepared. I confess I have been unable to detect any of the rusticity which you attributed to her."

"You astonish me, Mr. Fitz Eustace. I do not understand it at all. But come with me, and I will draw her out. I told you that she never saw a piano till a few days since. Now, if you will invite her to play, I will second your endeavors."

"Agreed," said Fitz Eustace.

"I am come," said he, advancing to the couch on which Mary was seated, "to beg a favor of you. There is a pause in the conversation, and music is called for. Allow me to lead you to the piano."

"Do, Cousin Mary," said Grace, quizzically.

"I cannot refuse your united request," said Mary, rising, and to Grace's infinite astonishment, allowing Fitz Eustace to conduct her to the instrument. She seated herself and played a short prelude. The attention of the company was instantly arrested, and looks of surprise were cast upon the young performer. In a low voice, which the presence of a large company at first made tremulous, Mary sang, with admirable taste and feeling, the song which follows:--

A COUNTRY LIFE FOR ME.

I do not love the crowded street,
With all its varied show,
Through which a sea of human forms
Keeps heaving to and fro.
My spirit yearns for fairer scenes,
For bird and flower and tree;
I cannot bid farewell to these;
A country life for me!

The bird has sought his last year's nest,
Within the fairy dell;
The squirrel in the greenwood hides--
His haunts I know full well;
Along the meadows flower-bestrown,
I hear the humming bee;
I cannot live apart from these;
A country life for me!

'Twas there I roamed in years gone by,
With careless step and fleet,
And scarcely deigned to pluck the flowers
That blossomed at my feet.
Oh, golden time of childhood's prime,
When life was blithe and free,
Thy memory lingers in my heart;
A country life for me!

I love to climb the steep hill-side,
And catch the sun's first glow,
When, rising from his watery couch,
He gilds the waves below.
My spirit yearns for fairer scenes,

For bird, and flower, and tree;
I cannot live apart from these;
A country life for me!

The rich and tremulous tones of the singer died gradually away, and she rose from the instrument. The breathless silence with which she had been heard was broken by low murmurs of "Who is she?" "Is she not beautiful?" "What a magnificent voice!" etc.

Mary's triumph was complete. She resisted all entreaties to sing again, and retired to an out-of-the-way corner, hoping to screen herself from observation. But she was not successful. For the next half-hour, Grace was fully employed in introducing those who desired it "to her beautiful cousin."

Grace was in a perfect fever of astonishment and curiosity. Matters had turned out as differently as could be imagined from what she anticipated. To crown all, Fitz Eustace accused her of making him the subject of a practical joke, and, she being wholly unable to give an explanation, led him to believe that such was the fact.

Mary Erving, it need not be said, received those who sought an introduction to her, with the most perfect propriety and politeness. Grace herself could not have done it better.

At length the evening wore away, and the company departed---Grace and Mary were left alone.

"For heaven's sake, Mary," said Grace, "explain this mystery. I thought you couldn't play or sing. I have been dying of curiosity all the evening."

"I can easily imagine it," said Mary, smiling. "Now confess the truth, Grace. You thought me a perfect rustic--ignorant and countrified to the last degree. Tell me, did you not?"

"I confess it, but have I not had reason? Did you not say that you had never seen a 'monarch of the forest,' mistake the opera for a caravan, and a hundred other blunders? What in the world made you take upon yourself such a character?"

"Because I was afraid of disappointing you."

(continued on page 16)



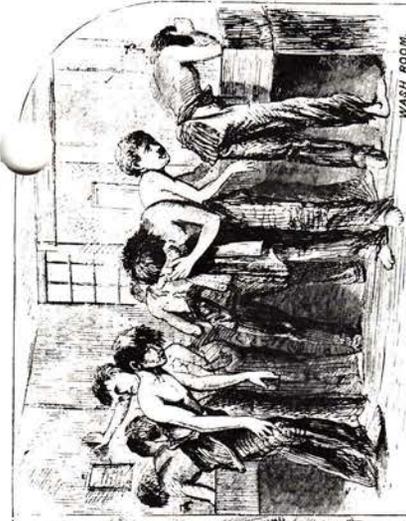
THE THEATRE—WHERE THEY SPEND THEIR MONEY.



WAITING FOR THE PAPER.



THEIR VOCATION.



WASH ROOM.



SUPPER.



THE BARBER.



EVENING SCHOOL.



GYMNASIUM.



SAVINGS BANK.—MAKING DEPOSITS.



HOW THEY SLEEP.

THE NEWSBOYS' LODGING-HOUSE, 1867. There were thousands of newsboys in New York in the nineteenth century, a great many of whom were homeless orphans, and one of the city's most notable charities was the Newsboys' Lodging-House above the Sun offices in Fulton Street. The Lodging-House was established by the Children's Aid Society in 1854 and

provided a place where newsboys could live while they pursued their trade and received, in the evenings, a rudimentary education. As the newsboys earned money during the day, they were charged a nominal amount for their upkeep—four cents a meal and five cents a night for a bed in 1867. (*Harper's Weekly*; May 18, 1867; C. G. Bush.)

"Disappointing me!"

"Yes." Here Mary explained in what manner she had unintentionally heard the conversation between Grace and her mother relative to herself, and the determination she had instantly formed to turn the tables upon them. "And now," added she, in conclusion, "Cousin Grace, are you willing to forgive me the part which I have assumed? I assure you it is my first and last appearance in private theatricals."

"I could not do otherwise than forgive so charming an actress, even if the fault were not, as I know it to be, on my own side."

"Enough, cousin Grace; and you will be ready to admit that one who lives in the country is not necessarily countrified?"

"Most willingly."

Mary prolonged her visit, at the request of her uncle's family, considerably beyond the time she had first proposed.

When she left the city, she was accompanied by a gentleman, Mr. Seymour, who very opportunely had business in that direction. Strangely enough, his business in this quarter constantly increased until--in short, until Mary consented to become Mrs. Seymour. Grace consented to honor Mr. Fitz Eustace with her hand, and the two marriages took place at her father's residence on the same day.

* * *

RANDOM REPORTS FROM ALGERLAND by Jack Bales

Having long been interested in Alger and the Newsboys' Lodging House, I have long searched for a copy of the May 18, 1867 issue of Harper's Weekly, as I knew it to have a series of engravings on the Lodge and its inhabitants. (John Tebbel includes some of them in his "biography" of Alger). I finally found what I was looking for--see page 15. This is from New York in the 19th Century: 317 Engravings from Harper's Weekly and Other Contemporary Sources, published by Dover in 1977--with the second edition published in 1980. Ralph Gardner told me of this volume.

Jack Row's new address is 4445 Vieux Carre, Tampa, Florida 33613.

I have mentioned before about the Great Newsboy Celebration in Great Barrington, Massachusetts. NOTE THE TIME CHANGE--it is 11:00, not 1:00, as previously reported. For details, write Gary Leveille, 128 Williams Ave., Winstead, Conn. 06098.



HORATIO ALGER (1834-1899)

We nominate Horatio Alger to our Benefactor's Hall of Fame because he was such a source of inspiration to our youth.

He was a benefactor in truth.

He started his career as a dental assistant (Horatio Held the Bridge) but this soon palled upon him, so in desperation

He turned to a literary vocation.

He wrote "From Farm Boy to Senator" and vice versa, "The Do and Dare," "Pluck and Luck" series and hundreds of others.

His heroes were always good to their mothers.

They all started out poor but proud and when faced with adversity and when success seemed beyond reach, his heroes just smiled

And married the banker's only child.

This book can be a success story, too: "How to be Successful in Gift Giving" or "You can Shop at Kimball's with Never a Care"

And you needn't leave your easy chair.

The above ad from the Miles Kimball catalog was sent in by Gary Leveille, Gil O'Gara, Stanley Pachon, and Roy Wendell. Kimball's is a mail order house.

And lastly, best wishes to Gary Leveille as he honors newsboys everywhere with his "Great Newsboy Celebration," held at 11:00 on Saturday, August 10, in Great Barrington, Massachusetts, at the site of the newsboy statue.