



# THE HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION

# NEWSBOY



*Horatio Alger, Jr.*

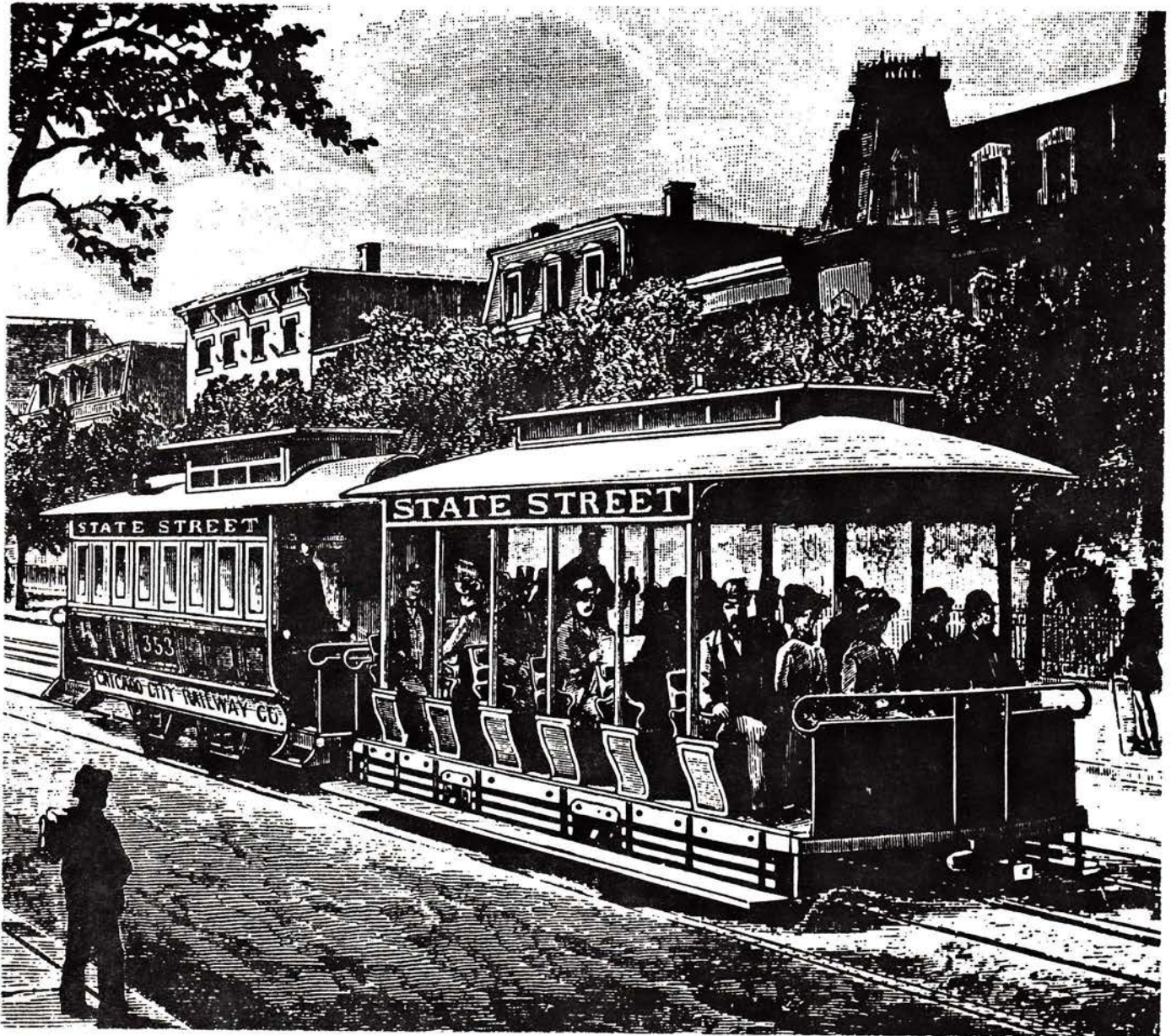
1832 - 1899

A magazine devoted to the study of Horatio Alger, Jr., his life, works, and influence on the culture of America.

Volume XXV

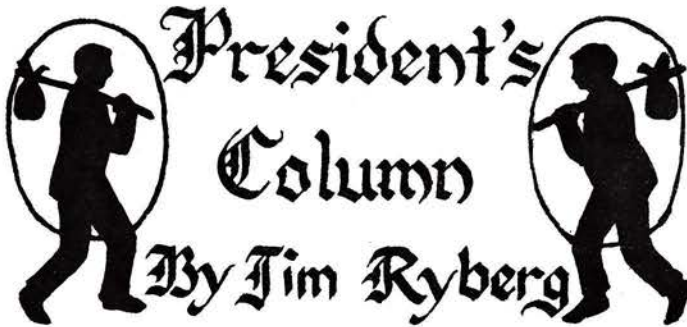
September-October, 1986

Number 2



Chicago's newsboys were forbidden to sell their papers aboard the street-cars in 1889. Newspaper accounts of the event are reprinted in this issue on pages 3-18.





President's  
Column  
By Jim Ryberg

The 1986 Horatio Alger Society Convention is over, and as I put stamps on the final correspondence—over 150 pieces went out—there are some interesting statistics. Of twenty-two conventions, only three have been held west of the Mississippi. The Houston convention had the largest attendance of those three. Members from fourteen states were present among the forty attendees, members and guests inclusive. The auction raised the second largest amount for the society of any auction, topped only by Bob Sawyer's Collected in Columbus. Thanks to those members who sent items for the auction and cash donations even though they were unable to attend themselves. And a special thanks to those in attendance who donated items which helped to bring in \$2,240 which helps to cover the expenses of the society. Putting together the 1986 Horatio Alger Society Convention was one of the most difficult projects I have ever undertaken, and I thank everyone who assisted and/or attended.

If your collecting efforts have proven successful, and you have 100 different titles in your collection, don't forget to inform our Executive Secretary Carl T. Hartmann and request your free brass plate that recognizes your collection as one of

the "100 Club" collections. You may do your own verification using the titles in Bob Bennett's Horatio Alger, Jr.: A Comprehensive Bibliography as your guide, or as several members have done, simply send me a list of your titles, and I will check them for you. After that send Carl Hartmann a self-addressed stamped envelope and a note that you have reached the 100 title category. In the section of Bennett's book entitled "Descriptive Bibliography" there are 210 possible titles, and after you have all of those (I don't think anyone does yet), you can work on the 392 possible variations found in the section "Titles and Variant Titles by Publisher." For the serious first edition collector, there is the "Super 100 Club" brass plate for those who have 100 different first edition titles. Happy collecting!

When I joined the society back in 1978, I had a myriad of questions about Alger's books, life, and collecting books in general. Someone in the Horatio Alger Society always had time to answer my questions. Likewise, feel free to write me with your questions. I may be slow to respond, but I will respond. Address me at 4627 Wild Indigo, Suite 605, Houston, TX 77027. Hope to hear from you soon.

Jim

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FORMER PRESIDENT MAX GOLDBERG

Max Goldberg has decided to sell all of the remaining Alger books in his library. The volumes may be seen at his home by appointment. No sales by mail. Phone 617-655-1856. Alger books \$5.00 each.

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THE 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. OFFICERS: President, Jim Ryberg; Vice-president, George Owens; Executive Secretary, Carl T. Hartmann; Treasurer, Alex T. Shaner; Directors, John Juvinall, Owen Cobb, Bob Sawyer, Edward T. LeBlanc, Glenn Corcoran, Bill Leitner, Bill McCord, Jim Thorp, Gene Hafner; Directors Emeritus, Ralph D. Gardner, Bob Bennett, Max Goldberg. Newsboy, the Official Organ of The Horatio Alger Society, is published six times a year, and is indexed in the Modern Language Association's INTERNATIONAL BIBLIOGRAPHY. Membership Fee for any twelve month period is \$15.00, with single issues costing \$3.00. Please make all your remittances payable to The Horatio Alger Society. Membership applications, renewals, changes of address and other correspondence should be sent to the Society's Executive Secretary, Carl T. Hartmann, 4907 Allison Dr., Lansing, MI 48910. NEWSBOY ADVERTISING RATES: 1 page, \$32.00; half-page, \$17.00; quarter-page \$9.00, column-inch, \$2.00. Send ads, with check payable to The Horatio Alger Society, to Bob Sawyer, 204 Mill St., Gahanna, OH 43230. THE LOST LIFE OF HORATIO ALGER, JR., by Gary Scharnhorst with Jack Bales, is recognized as the definitive biography of Horatio Alger, Jr., and HORATIO ALGER, JR.: A COMPREHENSIVE BIBLIOGRAPHY, by Bob Bennett, is recognized as the most current, definitive authority on Alger's works. Send contributions for NEWSBOY to Gilbert K. Westgard II, Editor, 1001 S. W. 5th Court, Boynton Beach, FL 33435

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## THE NEW YERKES OUTRAGE

Chicago Daily News  
October 29, 1889

Many People Denounce the Baron's Order  
Barring the Newsboys from His Cars

THE PUBLIC SERIOUSLY INCONVENIENCED

An Edict Which Plays Havoc with the  
Earnings of the Little Merchants

In most of the west and north division street cars this morning were posted in conspicuous position the following:

"Notice!—On and after Oct. 31 no newsboys will be allowed to sell papers on this car."

The placard attracted the greatest attention from passengers, who looked upon the prospect of getting no morning or evening papers without considerable annoyance and inconvenience with not a little dissatisfaction. This latest move of the Yerkes syndicate was discussed with great animation, and the universal opinion seemed to be one of condemnation of such a measure. It was declared to be arbitrary, something totally unheard of and uncalled for, and a precedent that would lead to no end of trouble. "Why, I have been in every city of any size in the country," said a traveling man on a Madison Street car, "and I never heard of such a thing before. Well, the people will not stand it. I always get my paper on the car, and I'll head a protest against this scheme."

An Evening News reporter interviewed one of the conductors, who explained the alleged reason for the new order. "The company is liable for damages," he said, "for all injuries boys may receive in getting on or off the cars, and the company doesn't propose to keep paying big sums out. Besides, the boys are a nuisance."

"Do you know of any recent cases in which the company has had to pay damages?"

"N-no, but it runs a big risk."

"If the passengers didn't want the boys to get on and sell papers would they do it?"

"I guess not. The patrons of the road want to buy the papers on the cars all right, and think it an accommodation, but that's the company's business."

It looked today as if it was the people's business, the way the company was condemned. In order to get the general sentiment regarding Yerkes's latest move Evening News reporters were sent out to interview citizens and business men. On the north side the people are just about as disgusted a lot of individuals as could be found. All those interviewed condemned the new order as obnoxious and an outrage both upon the public and the hard-working young newspaper venders. Following are some of the interviews obtained in fifteen minutes:

John Sanders of Sanders Bros. (cigars), 15 Clark Street—"I don't use cars much, but I can see that it would be a great inconvenience to the public to stop the boys from selling their papers on the cars. But Yerkes will do most anything, so it doesn't surprise me."

P. Minogue, 13 Clark Street—"Seems to me that is a foolish thing to do, but the street-car company is a monopoly, and will brook no interference from anybody, and if the people make a protest they are told to go to the devil. I can't see why the company wants to keep the boys off the cars. If I were on a jury and there came before me the case of a newsboy who had received injuries on the cars I wouldn't hold the company liable 1 cent. I believe the people will protest against the order, because it certainly is not a very pleasant thing for a man to get on a car and ride down-town without having a paper to read."

P. O. Callaghan, 9 Clark Street—"I live in Lake View and my newsboy jumps on the cars, gives me my paper, and hops off again, and I am benefited a great deal



thereby. I do not believe anyone is injured by the boys selling papers on the cars. I don't want to be looking out for a newsboy all along the walk from my home to the cars, and I don't care about yelling after him. The people demand that the boys be allowed to sell papers wherever they please, and such an order will do great injustice. Newsboys have got good sense and know better than we do how to keep out of danger, and there is no reason, to my mind, in keeping them off the cars."

An employee in the Riverside Fruit Store, 7 Clark Street—"Yerkes ought to be muzzled and chained up. The boss is out, but you know what his opinion is. He's agin Yerkes."

H. Friedlander of Friedlander Bros. (tailors), South Water and Clark Streets—"That scheme will not work here. I never heard of any such scheme. The public won't have it."

Sheriff Matson—"For my own part I like to read the papers on my way down-town, and for that reason I always ride on the cars. My papers I always buy while on the street cars, and this new order will cause me a good deal of vexation."

Attorney Forrest—"It's a good thing for the company, that order, but will cause the people who love their morning papers much annoyance."

Officer John Collins—"Don't like the order at all. Don't think any more boys will get hurt by jumping on the cars than by staying off, and the people won't get their papers—that's all."

Justice Martin R. M. Wallace—"It certainly is a very unjust move. When I ride in a street car I generally want a newspaper to occupy my attention. The little boys never bothered me. One stepped on my corns once, but I forgave him when he sold me a paper. I do not think the public will stand this inconvenience. Nearly everybody wants to read, and they can't get papers in the residence districts at every corner."

D. D. Drew—"There is no doubt about it. The newspapers are wanted on street cars, and it would raise an awful storm if the public was not able to get them on the cars. As far as accidents are concerned, not one boy in 10,000 is injured. They must make their living. The council should pass an ordinance providing that when these boys ride they do so at their own risk."

Justice K. K. Prindiville—"It will inconvenience the public a great deal, but what the boys lose in that way they can perhaps make up in 'customers.' In the event of it becoming impossible to obtain papers before boarding the cars many people will be very much exasperated."

W. R. Meech—"Nobody can deprive the traveling public of papers on the street cars. When a person wants a paper to read during perhaps the only leisure time he has all day he wants it badly, and will have it. I for one will get them, and I don't think anybody will try to prevent me. If they do, then it is becoming quite time that people stop riding in the cars."

A. S. Beamish—"The poor little boys bother nobody, except perhaps a few cold-blooded old maids in winter, and must make their living. I say let them sell their papers on the cars. Everybody that reads likes to see the little newsboy when he is on his way down-town. Just let the boys disappear for a few days, and hear the howls of dissatisfaction from the travelers. If the boys have the right sort of pluck they will continue to sell papers on the cars. I am with them."

Willis Ligenfelter—"To be able to get a paper while riding to my office in the morning is a privilege and a good thing. I do not want to see this privilege interfered with, and I guess the public has much the same sentiment. We can't afford to lose that spare time in moping about and criticising our fellow-passengers' dress. No, the newsboy has come to stay."

Rensaelaer Stone, Collector—"Of course I appreciate the perusal of a paper while



I am in a street car. I want to see the little newsboys board the cars and sell their papers. It is their livelihood, and a boon to travelers. To stop them would be to throw many of them starving into the streets and dependent upon charity. They like their life. Why deny them this privilege when it pleases the public and keeps them out of mischief? I do not think the public will allow them to stop this."

Paul Gores—"We must have the newsboys to give us our papers. I could not bear to sit in a car without a paper. Let the boys sell their papers. I guess that if a person wants a paper he will get a boy to sell him one on the cars."

Col. J. A. Sexton, Postmaster—"It is a base injustice to the public and the newsboys to attempt to keep the boys from selling their papers on the cars. It will not be tolerated. Why, going and coming on the cars is about the only leisure time I have to read the papers, and certainly a man does not wish to walk from his home until he meets a newsboy before he boards a car. The scheme will not do."

J. W. Ward—"I feel in this matter just like many others who ride even once in a while in a street car. That is, I want a paper. In fact, my mind is so set upon glancing over one that I can hardly rest until the newsboy appears. If an attempt is made to keep the boys off the cars there will be a great deal of opening windows and losing of hats, etc. in the attempt to buy papers while the boys run alongside of the cars."

Police Capt. Lloyd—"The boys are enough to send cold shivers chasing down your spine, they are so reckless in 'flipping on,' as they call it. The public wants their papers, but the boys should only get on while the cars are stopped."

Charles Kern—"I think the order hard on the newsboys and equally hard on Mr. Yerkes's patrons."

Mr. Alvord, the Clark Street Hatter—"The order will prove very annoying to those who are in the habit of enjoying their papers on the cars. However, I think it would be well if the very small boys could be kept off the cars. The big boys ought not to be excluded."

Mr. Rose of Rose's Clark Street Merchant Tailoring House—"I had not heard of the order, but I regard it as certain to work an unnecessary hardship on the public and seriously injure the newsboys."

C. M. Babbitt (manager for the Putnam Clothing House)—"When I get on a car I want a paper, and I don't see how I'm to get it if the boys are not allowed to get on the cars to sell to me. I certainly can't go running around four or five blocks chasing a newsboy before taking a car."

"I think the order a big outrage," said a north-sider, with some heat. "Why, if I can't buy a paper on the car I'm left to the maddening alternative of reading those yellow advertising cards, and that beautiful legend in colored glass which assures passengers that 'This car is fitted with double-back-action springs contributing comfort and ease.' The boys must be permitted to serve their customers, whether Mr. Yerkes likes it or not; and if he doesn't want to pay damages on account of accidents, let him hire men who will not knock the little boys off the cars."

Assistant State's Attorney Gilman—"I suppose Mr. Yerkes has a right to do as he pleases—or, at least he will do it, whether he has a right or not—but that doesn't change the situation. In my opinion his order about the newsboys is a nuisance to the public."

E. E. Lee, Deputy Clerk of the Criminal Court—"I can easily see the motive of the north side cable company, but I don't see any use in the order. It is another of Mr. Yerkes's bright ideas. If he is going to try to save the lives of his fellow-citizens he had better stop the



cable, for stopping the newsboys from selling the papers on the cars won't keep them from under the wheels. It is often difficult to get a paper at the particular corner where a man boards a car, and for my part I generally depend on the boys on my way down-town."

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 THE NEWSBOYS INDIGNANT  
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Yerkes's New Order Will Greatly Cut  
 Into Their Earnings

The newsboys themselves are very much wrought up over the order, and they held a continuous indignation meeting in the Daily News alley today.

"Is it going to hurt your business much?" one of them was asked.

"'Course it will," was the response. "I can't sell no papers less'n I kin get where the people is."

"How many papers do you usually sell in each car?"

"'Bout four or five."

Phil O'Connor, the young man in charge of the Daily News boys, thought the order would seriously injure the business of the little fellows who are so alert in getting to their customers.

"You see," said he, "a majority of the people who ride in the cars want to read to while away the time, and most of them buy papers after getting on the cars simply because they can't wait to hunt up a newsboy. It is frequently the case that the man hurries from his house to the car, catching it in the nick of time, and he has no chance at all to look around for someone to sell him the paper. And even if a boy were right there the car wouldn't wait for the making of change, and so it is necessary for the boy to climb on the car and attend to that part of the transaction, else he

loses the sale. There are from 800 to a thousand boys under me, and this order will prove an injury to every one of them."

Officer Dewey, the well-known policeman who looks after the Daily News boys, said he didn't know just what the law was, but he was inclined to think the boys couldn't be kept off the cars altogether. "They will jump on, and if the conductor tells them to get off I reckon they will do it—after selling to their customers."

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 MR. YERKES'S POOR DEFENSE  
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Assistant Corporation Counsel Darrow  
 Exposed the Baron's Weak Claim

The company claims in defense of its action in barring the newsboys from its cars that it had to take this step in order to protect itself, as the Supreme court had decided that street cars were liable to damages for injuries sustained by newsboys jumping on and off cars. This is a very flimsy defense, according to Assistant Corporation Counsel Darrow.

That gentleman said, referring to the order of the Yerkes system excluding newsboys from the street cars, that he regarded it as an outrage.

"When I leave home in the morning," said he, "I want a paper, and I don't want to skirmish around over the suburbs looking for a newsboy. It is a great convenience to buy a paper on the car, and I am sure the public at large appreciates it.

"Mr. Yerkes has issued the order because he has to pay \$3,000 damages on account of the injury of a newsboy, but the accident must have been due to the gross negligence of one of Mr. Yerkes's employes; otherwise there would have been no liability. I take it that Mr. Yerkes should 'fire' careless conductors rather than the little newsboys, whose enter-



prise is stimulated by a popular demand for the service they render in supplying everybody with a paper who wants one."

Chief Hubbard said the police had nothing whatever to do with the order excluding newsboys from the cars.

"It was issued at the discretion of the company," he remarked, "as a measure of self-protection. It will undoubtedly prove an inconvenience to the public."

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YERKES'S GREAT SCHEME

Chicago Daily News  
October 30, 1889

He Will Transfer the Privilege  
of Selling Papers on His Cars to  
a News Company

A BIG PROFIT TO BE REAPED THEREBY

The Baron's Order Against the Little  
Newsboys Condemned in All Quarters

The Evening News is able today to lay bare to its readers the purpose of Mr. Yerkes's latest scheme to make the newsboys go hungry by preventing them from selling papers on the street cars after tomorrow.

It is on the line of all of Yerkes's enterprises, and is, of course, imported from the east, having the Yerkes label blown into it as a guaranty of its hoodoo qualities. Yerkes's plan is, in short, nothing less than selling to a news company the exclusive privilege of vending papers on the street cars. The scheme was outlined by one of the West Madison Street conductors to an Evening News reporter last night. All of the boys are to be uniformed, carrying badges pinned to their coats which conductors will readily recognize. These boys are to be no less than 13 and no more than 18 years of age, and will be stationed at intervals along the different routes. Thus Mr. Yerkes will be in the newspaper business, as well as that of attempting to be

a street-car company president. The company which has already secured the contract from Yerkes for furnishing street-car patrons with papers, it is understood, has paid a big sum for the privilege, but it is subject to the control of the would-be dictator of the west and north sides.

"Yerkes knows that the public will not submit to be deprived of the right to buy a newspaper whenever and wherever it pleases," said the conductor who outlined the above scheme, "and the company will put its uniformed boys on in a few days. The idea was borrowed from the east, where, in Boston and Providence, I believe, the street-car companies allow no boys except those in their employ to sell papers on the cars.

"But, say! won't there be a row when the new boys are put at work. You've seen a newsboy drive another from certain corners, haven't you? Well, that wasn't a circumstance to the trouble that will result. A newsboy wearing a uniform will be like a red flag thrown in a bull's face to the lads who are shut out of the opportunity to dispose of their wares, and it will be mighty uncomfortable for him. In my opinion, which I daren't express any too loudly, the uniformed-newsboy scheme will not be a success."

The exposure of the plot in the Evening News last night set people to thinking, and when the Evening News reporters sought to obtain further interviews on the subject the citizens were ready with new arguments against the scheme. A very good point showing the inconvenience patrons would be compelled to submit to was brought out by William M. Dun, a brick manufacturer. Mr. Dun said: "I get through at my yards about 5 o'clock, and board an Archer Avenue car at Brighton for down-town, a distance of four miles and over. Now there are no newsboys where the car starts, and am I to be compelled to ride down-town, over an hour's ride, without getting my Evening News? There I am in the car and no boys are allowed on, and so I must wait and just look out of the windows and gaze at the



Archer Avenue landscape, which of course is very beautiful. I can if I choose, of course, get out on the platform, and when I see a newsboy hail him, and he can run alongside or at the rear of the car till I buy a paper, but the chances are that I haven't always got a penny, and change is required to be made. Now anybody knows that a boy can't run behind that car and make change, too. I suppose, though, that I might get off myself and chase after a boy, but that plan has its disadvantages, too. No, sir, I'll be hanged if I'll stand such an outrage, and I'm ready to do anything in reason to bring the company to terms."

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 CLERGYMEN DENOUNCE THE ORDER  
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A General Expression of Sympathy  
 With the Newsboys

Several protestant ministers and catholic clergymen were interviewed. The priests were rather reticent, believing that the subject was outside their sphere. Father Gallagher, the chief instructor at St. Patrick's school for boys on Des Plaines Street, believed that the smallest of the newsboys should be kept off the cars, but he could not see how it could be legally done. "The street car is a public conveyance," he said, "and I don't see what right the company has to prevent newsboys from selling papers on the cars. I never heard of an ordinance covering the point."

The Rev. William Fossett, 867 West Jackson Street—"I never found that a newsboy was in my way in my life, and I consider it quite an accommodation for the little fellows to serve me with my morning or evening paper when I go to and come from down-town. The lads earn all the money they make, and I do not think it fair for Yerkes or anybody else to put any obstacles in their way. I cannot think what the company can gain by such a move. Let the newsboys sell all the

papers on the street cars they wish."

The Rev. J. M. Henkley of the Illinois Methodist Alliance—"I have just been reading about this new order. In my opinion it will do no particular good, while a great deal of injustice will be done. I can see wherein a large number of newsboys will lose considerable by the order, saying nothing of the inconvenience to the public. My newsboy serves me with a paper on the car every morning, and knows just what one I want. He has at least seventy-five customers who live quite a ways from where he conducts his base of operations, as it were, and they always wait until they get to him before purchasing, because he is such a bright and neat-looking lad. Now, if he is not allowed to sell on the cars his trade, or the greater part—which has, perhaps, taken a year or two to build up—will be lost. If I could see any good to come out of this scheme I would endorse it, but I can't. Newsboys can take care of themselves a great deal better than the ordinary passengers, and the company might as well make a rule preventing passengers from riding because there is danger of their getting hurt. The same thing holds good with newsboys, for the company is liable for injuries to passengers as well as newsboys."

"What is Mr. Yerkes's reason for making such an order?" said Father Murphy of the Holy Family parish. "Is it the recent decision of the Supreme court making street railway companies liable for damages to boys jumping on and off the cars? It seems to me that to keep them off altogether will be a great inconvenience to the public. As I understand it the company takes no risk except in the case of passengers who pay fare, unless the boys are treated roughly, and there is no excuse for that. It is true there are little fellows who jump on the cars who are too young for such work, but a boy of 12 years or more is able to take care of himself. The boys ought to be given a chance.

"When you are sitting in a railroad depot or riding on a train there is some-



body to offer you fruit for your refreshment or reading matter to enable you to pass away the time. It seems to me that the same necessity, as regards the newspapers, exists on the street cars. People want to buy the papers, and should have an opportunity to do so. It is simply an accommodation to the traveling public."

Father O'Neill of the same parish expressed similar views.

"Such an order is not right," he said. "The newsboys are industrious and hard-working, and they should be treated kindly. To exclude them from the cars is unjust, when the people want the papers as they are riding to their homes or to work. It is as much of an injury to the public as it is to the boys."

The Rev. P. O'Connor of St. Jarlath's church said: "It seems to me there ought to be some discrimination as to the age of the boys who are allowed to board the cars. Little fellows, so young that they endanger their lives, should not be given the same freedom as older boys. To keep the boys off the cars altogether is an entirely different matter. There ought to be some way of discriminating as to age in such a way that the street-railway companies would be protected and the public accommodated at the same time."

The Rev. John H. Barrows—"There is no doubt in my mind that the order of the north side railroad company regarding the newsboys is not only unjust to the boys, but is a decided nuisance and an inconvenience to the patrons of the road. I suppose those boys sell three times as many papers on the cars as they do on the street. Some of the poor lads have no other means of support, and it is an outrage to deprive them of the privilege of selling papers on the cars. I am with the little fellows every time, and am against anything that tends to hold them back or stand in their way as far as making a living goes. Of course there is danger to anybody who rides on the cars, and I have seen those chaps do some lively jumping to sell a paper; but I

never saw one hurt. As to the order, I don't think it can be put into effect, for both boys and the public, if I am not mistaken, will defy the rule."

The Rev. P.S. Henson—"I have no sympathy with Mr. Yerkes's methods, as a rule, and I don't think he would subject himself or any of his men to a little inconvenience just because it would aid the newsboys to get a living by selling their papers on his cars. His is a despotic rule, indeed. Boys get hurt; oh, bosh! I don't believe there is one in a hundred ever seriously injured. The boys, as far as I can see, are just as able to take care of them. Forbidding the boys to jump on the cars is not going to keep them off, and I think it will be found that it will not diminish the number of accidents either. In truth, if the conductors attempt to keep the boys off I am inclined to think that it will increase the number of accidents. The only difference I suppose will be that a conductor can kick a boy off and perhaps hurt him and the company, owing to the rule, will not be responsible for the injuries sustained in that way. I consider myself a lucky man that I live on the south side, where all things regarding transportation are founded on the principles of our country, free and equal."

Bishop Cheney—"I am not willing to be quoted as saying very much concerning this order, because I am talking of something I know nothing about, having merely heard of it."

The reporter for the Evening News to whom Bishop Cheney was talking explained the situation to him. "That being the case," said the bishop, after listening carefully to the reporter's explanation, "you may quote me as saying that I am with the newsboys and am in favor of everything that is to their interest and against all that tends to oppress them or stands in their way in an endeavor to make a living. The boys must have all the advantages the public can give them, for the world owes them a living."

The Rev. Dr. Lorimer—"I'll take the



part of the boys every time when I think they are in the right, and in this case I think it is only just that the patrons of the north and west side roads should do all they can to secure for the boys their rights. It is to my mind all nonsense to talk about the number of injuries received by newsboys. I suppose there is not a class of boys in the world so capable of taking care of themselves as the Chicago newsboys.

"No, Mr. Yerkes's new idea doesn't seem to me to be just the thing, as I understand it, nor does it seem to be just to either newsboys or patrons of the road. I should think the public who ride to and from their daily toil would do away with this rule. I don't know how the officers of the road look at it, but it doesn't appear to me that the number of accidents to the newsboys would call forth such an order. I am inclined to think it is a rather uncalled-for step on the part of the company. If the boys must sell papers for a living they should be protected, and if people must ride on the cars they too should not be without certain accommodations."

The Rev. F. M. Bristol—"It looks to me as though that order was a great drawback to the newsboys and a nuisance to the traveling public. When I go out in the morning I want a paper, and I don't want to tramp all over town to get one. I expect the boys to bring me one when I get on the car. However, as far as I am concerned, it won't trouble me, for I don't think the south side road is going to bring out any new scheme of the kind. But for the little fellows who depend for a living on selling the papers I am sorry. I have no doubt they sell ten papers to people on the cars to every one sold to the persons walking. The fact is, when a man is walking, he doesn't want anything to read, but when he gets on a car and has a mile or two to ride he nearly always wants something to read. The newsboys furnish this reading matter in the form of papers, and the order of Mr. Yerkes will do away with this convenience to the patrons of his roads and the advantage thus gained by the boys. As to

the boys injured, I don't think that alone can be the motive of the company, and as for the damage suits if a boy gets hurt by his own carelessness, the company, I don't think, is responsible. To sum up my remarks, I think the order was entirely uncalled for, and is not justice to the boys or courtesy to the patrons of the road."

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BUSINESS MEN EXPRESS THEMSELVES  
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Universal Condemnation of the Latest  
Yerkes Scheme

I. Woolf, the clothier at West Madison and Halsted Streets, said: "It is an outrage. It is an injustice to the boys as well as the public. If the man had any feeling he wouldn't make such an order. I have always considered it an accommodation to get a paper on the cars, and I believe everybody else that travels on the cars looks at it in the same way. In every city in the country the newsboys have access to the street cars to make their sales, and it is strange if it cannot be done here. The public will feel the loss more than the boys will."

J. E. Moore of Moore Bros., West Madison Street (furniture dealers)—"It is another indication of the character and disposition of that man Yerkes. It shows what he will do in spite of the public. I regard the exclusion of the boys from the cars as a small piece of business that will inconvenience the public and make it harder for the little fellows to earn a living."

Frank Payatt (druggist) said: "I don't approve the idea at all, and don't see the necessity for such a move on the part of a street-railway company. Boys who are so young and so small that getting on and off the cars is dangerous for them should be kept off, but that is no reason why the public should be deprived of the privilege of buying newspapers on the cars. It's a move that'll not be popular."



"I don't buy papers on the cars as a rule," said J. Grenamier, another West Madison Street druggist, "as I ride but a short distance, comparatively, and have the papers left at my store, but it seems to me that a great many people will be inconvenienced if the boys are not allowed to sell on the cars."

A West Madison Street conductor, who did not know that he was talking to a reporter, expressed himself freely concerning Mr. Yerkes's latest eccentricity.

"I have always made it a rule," he said, "to treat the boys right. When one of them jumps on the car and there are passengers who want to buy papers I have always given the boys every chance to get to them. I have often called boys from the sidewalk, simply because I saw there was a man or woman in my car who wanted a paper and was looking for a boy. Even if they annoy some people, pushing their way through a crowded car, they are more of an accommodation than a nuisance. I never knew of one of them in my experience to get hurt, but I have cautioned many a little fellow and advised him to be careful. I don't see any sense in keeping them off the cars, and lots of people will be mad when the order goes into effect."

George W. McHenry—"This is the first time I ever gave this matter any thought. Why, if the attempt is made it will prove a terrible inconvenience to the public and a blow to the boys. It is dead wrong, and I hope the boys beat Yerkes at his own game. They certainly do not harm anybody who does not want to purchase, and if they are not pushed off the cars by the conductors they will rarely ever get hurt."

Charles Albertson—"My feelings are entirely with the boys. While such a move may cause the passengers a great deal of annoyance I fear that it will also cut off the pennies from the boys. Winter is coming on and these boys want beds to sleep in and good, warm meals. If they are not allowed to sell papers on the cars a great part of their revenue will

be lost and many of the smaller capitalists will be frozen out altogether. It is a bad move."

Frank Mooney—"Do you really mean to say that Yerkes intends to try such a scheme? He will never succeed. I have ridden in the street cars for fifteen years, without missing my little newsboys, and I will continue to get my paper every time I want it. It will be a hardship on the boys, which I do not think they will stand. The public too demands the papers."

Bert King—"Yes, you can put me down as a friend of the boys. I think it a hard blow to them and an inconvenience to the public. If everybody was like me they would want a paper to read and would not hesitate to call a boy upon the car to purchase one. I don't think the scheme will last long."

G.W. Schrack—"I certainly think Yerkes has bitten off more than he can chew in this matter. He has the public to encounter as well as the poor newsboys. People who want newspapers and cannot get them in time at their homes will read going on the cars, and of course they will purchase of the boys. I know I would."

John Lupton—"Oh, Yerkes makes me sick with his would-be autocratic edicts. If I had time I would give you a column on what I think of barring the newsboys from the cars. Why, how is he going to help it if you or I should call a lad into the car? I always purchase a paper when riding on the cars, no matter what time of the day it is, as I like to occupy my mind. Thousands of others feel the same way. Now, what is going to prevent us from buying the coveted paper? Yerkes! No, sir, not if I know myself."

James Dolan (Tocoma Building)—"From what I have observed as to how these little boys make their living I would judge that this order would seriously affect them. I do not think the public will stand this piece of arrogance on the part of Yerkes. Most people who purchase



papers on the street cars are of the class that think they need them, and will have papers at any price. The boys will win, I think."

Randall Hughes—"The boys are in the right. Yerkes is in the wrong. I anticipate a speedy withdrawal of that order."

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 BOUND TO SELL PAPERS

Chicago Tribune  
 October 31, 1889

Newsboys Scheming to Get Around  
 Mr. Yerkes' Order

They Say They Will Pay Their Fare  
 On The Cars and Ride As  
 Far as They Please

"Here! Get off this car!"

"Wot's de matter wid you? I pays my fare."

The newsboy sat down in a limits car with a bundle of papers in his lap, after giving the conductor a nickel.

"Have you a paper?" asked a passenger a moment later.

"Yep," replied the boy.

"Give me a Tribune."

The boy brought forth the desired paper, pocketed his two cents, and asked:

"Any one else want a paper?"

A number responded and got their favorite sheets, and by the time the boy had gotten down-town about all of his papers were gone.

This isn't a scene that has already occurred, but the prospects are that it will as soon as Mr. Yerkes' rule barring newsboys from his cars is enforced.

"If I pays my fare," said one of them

yesterday, "I kin ride clear t'roo', and sell my papers to anybody as gets on. Dey can't stop dat, can dey?"

They can't so far as can be learned, and the boys seem to be in earnest in the matter.

Another danger threatens the proposed order, and that is a combination of men who buy papers on the cars.

"I live in Lake View," said a gentleman yesterday. "I get the Tribune at the house, but I am compelled to leave it at home before I have finished it, because my wife insists upon having it to read later in the day. Therefore I want another to read coming down-town. I always get it from the same boy, and there are several others who come down on the car I do who buy their Tribunes from him. Do you know what we will do? No? Well, I'll tell you. We'll form a combination, because we've a sort of interest in the boy, you know, and we'll pay his fare so as to get our papers. We'll pay him a cent more than the price of the paper. He needn't ride more than a block or two or he may come all the way down. At any rate we will see that his fare is paid. If necessary I'll give him a nickel a morning myself in addition to paying for my paper, just for a flyer to see if we can't best Yerkes.

A newsboy on the corner of Madison and Dearborn Streets announced that Mr. Yerkes had, in vulgar parlance, bitten off more than he could chew. The boys, he said, would get on one end when the conductor was at the other, and would make it interesting for the employees of one C. T. Yerkes.

In the words of the trapper's wife, "Go it, husband; go it, bear." Go it, newsboys; go it, Yerkes. It is going to be a pretty fight.

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 THEY DEFY BARON YERKES

Chicago Daily News



October 31, 1889

Newsboys Sell Papers on the Magnate's Cars Today, in Spite of His Recent Edict

MANY CONDUCTORS FAIL TO ENFORCE IT

They Are in Sympathy With the Lads—  
Talks With the Little Merchants  
—A Pathetic Appeal

Mr. Yerkes's edict refusing newsboys the privilege of selling papers on the street cars went partially into effect this morning. Partially, because the order was not generally obeyed.

At the different barns last night the superintendents issued verbal orders to all conductors apprising them that today and hereafter the newsboys should be kept off the cars at all hazards. There was to be no half-way business about it—the boys were to be taught they had no right on the cars, and if they got on were to be put off with alacrity.

There is scarcely a news vender on the different street-car routes but is personally known to all the conductors, who have often been given papers for nothing. Many friendships were formed, and consequently it went directly against the grain for Yerkes's employees to bounce the lads, and it was noticed this morning that many a conductor was very busily engaged in looking in an opposite direction when a boy with a bundle of papers boarded the car. There is none so blind as he who won't see, and not a few conductors were thus affected today. "I don't like to see a newsboy's business injured," said a Madison Street conductor, and if I can do it I'll be out of the way when any of the lads get around."

An enterprising little fellow, about 13 years of age and dressed very neatly, boarded a Madison Street car. He had a bundle of morning papers under his arm. The car was crowded, but not one man in five had a paper.

"Get off there," shouted the conductor, who wasn't one of the blind ones; "you

can't sell papers here."

"Is that so, smarty?" retorted the boy, "I'll sell papers here if I don't make a cent. Here's your old nickel for car-fare, and much good may it do Yerkes. Now put me off, if you want to," and the boy laughed derisively. The passengers, struck with the courage of the lad, bought right and left, and didn't always demand change. "I can't do that on every car," said the young merchant, "but I just wanted to show these people that they couldn't keep me from sellin' papers just where I wanted to. Five cents fare, though, knocks a big hole in profits pretty quick."

Some of the boys, more venturesome than the rest, jumped on the front platforms and sold what they could. Most of those who have what they call "car customers" lost heavily this morning, but expect to get it back in new customers as the people get tired of objecting and purchase papers on the street.

On the north side this morning Mr. Yerkes's conductors were generally looking the other way when enterprising newsboys boarded the cars to cry their wares.

"I ain't got no time to go a-chasin' the kids," said a Clybourn Avenue nickeltaker. "It keeps me a hustlin' to tend to my reg'lar work. Besides, it's purty tough on the little fellers and I ain't a-goin' to break my neck to keep 'em from gettin' a livin'."

"Have you made any of the boys get off your car this morning?"

"Yes. I've made several jump off; but I couldn't keep 'em from jumpin' on agin." He said this in a way that led the reporter to think that this particular conductor might have been a newsboy once himself.

"Hello! Johnny. Selling any papers on the cars today?" This inquiry was addressed to a bright-faced boy at Madison and Dearborn Streets.



"No," said the little fellow, eying the reporter inquiringly. "Dey won't leave us."

At that instant a limits grip rolled by and the boy ran out and nimbly hopped aboard, calling back:

"But we do, jest the same!"

It was noticed that the boy sold a paper and jumped off before the conductor could get through the car. A Garfield Avenue conductor was asked how he was getting along with the newsboys. "I'm not having any trouble. I've made a few boys get off, but they haven't bothered much. Some of the other men, though, have had to kick a good many of the little rascals off their cars."

"Suppose a boy gets on your car. What do you do?"

"I tell him to get off."

"Suppose he doesn't obey, then what? Do you kick him off?"

"No; I'm not going to kick anybody off. That's the way the boys have been hurt."

A Wells Street grip was passing around out of Monroe Street into Dearborn, when a lad with curly hair and bright eyes ran out and climbed into the smokers' compartment, selling two papers. The conductor, a German with a stubby mustache, stepped briskly through the car from the rear platform and told the intruder to clear off. The boy did so, but immediately hopped on again, reappearing at the rear door and selling another paper before the conductor could reach him. The boy left the grip-car only to catch the trailer, the conductor of the latter paying no attention to the boy's presence on the car.

A Lincoln Avenue grip conductor was asked if any of the boys had offered to pay fare.

"No," said he, "not to me."

"Have you made any of the boys get off?"

"A few; not many."

"Suppose they should offer to pay fare?"

"Well, I couldn't refuse to take it, of course, but that wouldn't do the boys any good. I wouldn't let them sell papers on the cars."

"Do you mean to say that if a boy paid his fare he would not be permitted to sell his papers to the passengers?"

"That's exactly what I mean. That's the orders."

The reporter watched the north side cars for an hour and very few of them got by without invasion by a newsboy or two. Very few of the conductors seemed to be worrying themselves much in regard to the matter, and only the more timid newsboys showed any respect for the latest ukase of the north side tsar.

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#### HE SOLD 150 PAPERS

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#### A Blue Island Avenue Newsboy Tells How He Outwitted Baron Yerkes

"Ye can bet Yerkes didn't get ahead o' me none," said Dan Dowling, a newsboy, who sells papers on the line of the Blue Island cars, this morning.

"I sold 150 papers—eighty of dem Newses—dough I must say I had a tough time of it. See me pants," and the lad exhibited to a reporter for the Evening News a pair of trousers that were literally plastered with mud. "Ye see de way of it was dis. Some of de conductors would let me get on de cars and sell my papers, but most of dem wouldn't. When I struck a car dat I couldn't get aboard, I run troo de mud along side and de passengers would raise de winders, and den I would sell 'em de papers. But it was mighty muddy work, ye can bet your life



on dat."

"And dangerous, too," suggested the reporter.

"Yes, sir, an' dangerous, too. Ye see, while yer running alongside de car poking papers troo de winders, yer liable to get struck by anudder car coming in de opposite direction. Two or tree times I come pretty near getting run over."

"Some of the conductors didn't put you off?"

"No, dems dat was friends of us newsboys. Ye see dey'd tip us de wink to jump on de cars, and den dey would go up front and collect a fare, and before dey could see us again, we'd a' sold a half a dozen papers. Oh! we're goin' to make a big fight on Yerkes, and I bet we'll win, too."

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#### A Newsboy's Pathetic Appeal

"Chicago, Oct. 31.—To the Editor: As one of the newsboys of Chicago I wish to write about the injustice of Baron Yerkes's order in not allowing newsboys to sell papers on the cars.

"I know where, in several instances, it will bring poverty to some families in this city. I will tell you how that poverty will be caused. There are several boys who have mothers to support or perhaps have brothers depending upon them. For instance, there is a boy who supports his mother and two brothers and two sisters by selling papers. He is earning on an average, \$2 a day, which he could never earn if he was working in a factory or store. You will find him still selling papers on the Van Buren Street cars near Robey Street. Now, think of the loss his mother will suffer through Baron Yerkes's order.

"Here is another instance where the baron's order will make someone suffer. There is a boy on the north side who is the only support of his mother. He sells

his papers on Yerkes's cable cars along Clark Street. I could tell you of many such instances where his order, instead of making a few suffer, will make hundreds of us newsboys suffer, to say nothing of the inconvenience to his own patrons.

"If Baron Yerkes happens to see these few words let him think and ponder, and then let him reverse his order as soon as possible. Yours truly,  
YORKIE,  
the Newsboy.

"P. S.—Perhaps Baron Yerkes was once on a time a newsboy himself. If he ever was let him think of that time and not the present, for then everything was adversity and now he has nothing but prosperity. Let him think a little. His order may be the means of sending some of these boys to the penitentiary. Then would he not have something to answer for when the judgment day comes."

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#### NEWSBOYS IN BATTLE ARRAY

Chicago Tribune  
November 1, 1889

#### Several Assaults on Yerkes' Conductors and Gripmen Are Reported

The war between the Yerkes street-car system and the newsboys of Chicago has fairly opened. Tuesday night it was only a stray picket here and there martyred to the sacred cause of liberty. Wednesday night there was a brisk musketry fire at intervals, but last night the cannonading was continuous all along the line. Repeated assaults were made on the cars and valiantly repulsed by the conductors and drivers. The loss on both sides was heavy. At midnight a straggling but ineffective fire was still sounding from all corners. The gray dawn creeps in this morning on a city prepared for scenes of pale horror. What will be the outcome? Who can tell?

The newsboys are well organized and their plan of assault is simple. One boy



climbs on the front of the car loaded down with papers. Another boy climbs on the back of the car with a supplement and a brick. The conductor seeks to hurl the second boy from the platform. The second boy resists. There is a struggle, during the process of which the first boy sells papers to everybody in the car, because nowadays everybody buys a paper whether he wants it or not. Having done this, if the car have a clock register he rapidly rings up ten fares and slips out. The conductor releases the second boy and runs for the first boy. The second boy hits him on the head with the brick and drops off. So the battle is waged.

"Av this thing kapes up," said Conductor Herman Schroeder of the North Clark Street line last night, "Oi'll be bruk. The divils wroong up two dallers 'n a half an me alriddy and woon av 'em shtook a darnin' needle into me lig so dape that Oi cude pule it out iv thuther soide."

The newsboys are more numerous than ever before. Many pampered sons of wealthy parents have volunteered for service, and it is not a strange thing to see a boy in a Little Lord Fauntleroy suit, with a Tribune under his arm, leap aboard a car, howl "Ere's yer mornin' Tribune," let fly at the conductor with a turnip, and leap off again into the mud. These volunteers have been of great assistance to the regular army. Scarcely less valuable are the mild, insinuating youths who jump on silently, and when ordered off gaze innocently into the conductor's eyes and smile seraphically as they say:

"O, please let me sell my papers."

Of course the passengers are sympathetic.

"Poor little dear," all the women say fumbling in their handbags for the coin.

"It's a shame to let these monopolists crush these little chaps," all the men cry, showering nickels on the infant. In the meantime Modoc scouts, taking advantage of the conductor's occupation, are

reaping coin in other parts of the train. The poor little dear with the seraphic smile sells out before the conductor can say: "Well, it's orders. Get a go on you, young feller." Then the sweet infant moves tearfully to the door, yells "Tararum" at the conductor, and skips blithely away.

It is understood that the rebels are to be armed with soft coal; and the other side refuses to budge. Many of the conductors are in sympathy with the boys and allow them to sell their papers in spite of the order. All the passengers are, even to the "skeery" old gentleman who is on every car and is repeatedly wondering that "more of those boys are not killed."

Some of the North Side grip cars had trouble yesterday. The newsboys had nothing to do with it, of course, but there were certain little obstructions that caused a good deal of inconvenience. Just about 5:30 o'clock, when the rush for home is the greatest, pieces of brick mysteriously appeared on the tracks. No one saw them put there, but they were there just the same. The newsboys had nothing to do with it—O, dare, no!—but they stood on the sidewalk and laughed a good deal. One car was nearly derailed. A passenger on it said:

"I noticed that we bumped a good deal after turning on to Clark Street, and I saw pieces of brick at the side of the track, but I didn't pay any attention to it until there came a most horrible bumping. I asked the conductor what the trouble was, and he said a piece of brick had thrown a wheel off. At Chicago Avenue we got it fixed.

"But I wouldn't for a moment think that the boys had anything to do with the bricks. No, indeed!"

Of course not.

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YERKES AND THE NEWSBOYS

Chicago Daily News



November 1, 1889  
3 pm edition

A Committee of "Hustlers" Fails to  
Obtain an Interview with the Baron

President Yerkes did not have the courage yesterday to meet a committee of three newsboys who called upon him to discuss his conduct in issuing the prescription against their selling papers on his street cars. The plucky penny merchants were determined to learn whether the street-railroad king would have the nerve to tell them to their faces that they could no longer furnish their customers with papers on his cars. But he wouldn't see them. His guards would not permit them to enter his ante-room. He sent a man out in the hall to hear what they had to say and then sent his decision. The story is better told in the language of "Yorky," one of the committee.

"We made up our minds," said this embryo orator, "ter go an' see his 'nibs' about de order. So dis morning de kids held a meetin'."

"A reglar 'camp 20' meetin'," put in one; "wasn't it, 'Yorky'?"

"That's whut 'twas. 'Fatty' Connelly, 'Ossified' Golorney, 'Monk' Lyman, and 'Yorky' (that's me) wuz 'pointed a committee. About 11 o'clock we went over to see Parsons, an' he sez we's hev ter see Yerks. He said Yerks would be in de office at 2 o'clock, so we comes back and gits our 12 o'clocks.

"Dis afternoon we went back, and Yerks didn't show up, so 'Fatty,' meself, and 'Humpy' Larsen, whut sells at de corner Canal and Madison, we gets on a grip, pays our nickel ter de conductor, and starts for de north side office. I had a bunch o' 12 o'clocks dat I got stuck with, 'cause I wuz chasin' 'round to find Yerks, and de passengers sised me up an' 'gin ter call fer papers. I told 'em dey wuz 12 o'clocks an' dey sez, 'Don't make no differ'nce; we'll buy,' an' dey come near buyin' me out. De conductor he

looked troo de door like he like to t'row us off, but he didn't say nothin'. When we got to de office I sez to de feller: 'We's news hustlers an' wants ter see Yerks.

"He kep' us standin' in de hall, an' when he comes out he sez Mr. 'Yerks' wuz busy talking to a gentleman.

"'Well,' I sez, 'what's he goin' ter do 'bout dis keepin' de boys off der cars?'

"'If yer goin' ter make dat order good,' I sez, 'I won't be able ter send my brother ter school, and den what will de udder lads do dat has ter s'port mothers?'"

The speaker paused to collect his thoughts and give his crude eloquence a chance to be fully comprehended.

"What did the man say to that?" queried the reporter.

"Well, he weakened an' sez dat s' many of us had been up there dat he guessed Mr. Yerks wuz goin' ter do sompin'.

"I said dat's whut we come ter find out, and den he went in where Yerks wuz talkin' to de gentleman. When he comes out he sez Mr. Yerks is goin' ter write a letter ter all de newspapers and have a confer'nce and have a 'rangement so he would know just whut lads would sell on de cars and dem lads would be all dat could sell on de cars."

The report that Mr. Yerkes would withdraw the ban quickly spread from lip to lip in newsboys' alley and created a hubbub of cheers that could be heard a block distant. Three rousing cheers for "Yorky," accompanied by a "tiger," attracted a reporter, who heard the above story repeated. "Yorky" said it would go very hard with the west side lads unless they were permitted to sell on the cars.

"Now, I has my reg'lars an' dey tap on de winders fer me when de cars go past on rainy mornin's," said he, "an' dat's de way wid de udders. I sells 150 on de cars every mornin'."



Frank Crosby said that he also sold 150 on the cars every morning. The 900 boys are now anxiously waiting for "Mr. Yerkes's confer'nce."

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THE NEWSBOYS' WAR

Chicago Daily News  
November 1, 1889  
5 pm edition

A Plan Under Consideration Giving  
The Larger Boys The Car Trade

The newsboys continue to make war on the conductors, thinking, in their ignorance, that Mr. Yerkes's employees are themselves responsible for the order keeping the boys off the cars.

There was a change in the eyesight of the conductors this morning. At times the optic nerve seemed totally destroyed and useless, while at others there was a look about the conductors which plainly showed that they could see anything within a big radius. The affection of the eyes came along about the time some of the big boys ventured to get on the cars. It was laughable to see the conductors then. Despite the mud, they jumped off and ran forward to the front platform to get the fare of an imaginary passenger, and staid there until money and papers changed hands. The bigger the boy the more passengers on the front platform was the rule, and this gave rise to the report that the company had quietly notified the conductors to be lenient with the older lads, but to adhere strictly to the order in convincing the small fellows that they positively could not transact any business on the cars.

The conductors denied that they had been ordered to show any partiality and said that all were treated alike. It was said, however, that some sort of a compromise was under consideration, one plan being to give the large boys the car trade and the little fellows the street-corner sales. If such a scheme could be

made practicable it was thought it would be adopted. There might be some friction at first, and a few disputes, but this, it was thought, would wear away as the new plan developed. It was plain to the management that the public was being greatly inconvenienced, and Mr. Yerkes was said to be heartily in favor of any scheme that would lessen the effect of the order, but would not consent that any of the small boys be allowed to sell on the cars, and he could not see his way clear about giving some boys privileges that the others would not enjoy.

The newsboys, particularly those of the west side, are feeling the effects of the hampered market, for their wares and sales are falling off, and the confectionary and stationery stores where papers are sold are reaping the benefit, sales in most of these places having doubled. A number of the small boys have stopped selling altogether, but their trade is undisturbed among the shopmen.

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A summary of Baron Yerkes's life may be had in the following article from the pages of The Encyclopaedia Britannica, 11th Edition, 1911.

**YERKES, CHARLES TYSON** (1837-1905), American capitalist, was born of Quaker parentage, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on the 25th of June 1837. He was a clerk in a grain-commission house, an exchange broker (1853-61) and a banker (1861-86). When he failed in 1871 he refused to give any preference to the city of Philadelphia for bonds sold on its account, and was convicted of "misappropriating city funds," and sentenced to two years and nine months in the penitentiary. After serving seven months of this sentence he was pardoned, and the City Council afterward passed an ordinance cancelling the municipality's claim against him. He established a banking business in Chicago in 1881; in 1886 got control of the Chicago City Railway Company; and within the next twelve years organized a virtual monopoly of the surface and elevated railway service of Chicago. He disposed of his street railway interests in Chicago, and removed to London (1900). There he acquired in 1901 a controlling interest in the Metropolitan District railway, and by organizing the finances of the Underground Electric Railways Company he took an important initiative in extending the system of London electric railways. Yerkes gave to the university of Chicago the great telescope installed in the Yerkes Observatory at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, and gathered in his New York residence a remarkable collection of paintings, tapestries and rugs, which were sold at auction in April 1910 for \$2,034,450. He died in New York on the 29th of December 1905.

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## THE COUSINS

by Horatio Alger, Jr.

On the beautiful green lawn front of the old mansion house belonging to Judge Eaton, might be seen walking with slow and measured step his youthful grandson. It was a glorious morning in bright June, and earth was wreathed in her gladdest smiles. Grass and leaf were glittering with diamonds, yet young Harry walked on, wholly unconscious of all external beauties. Thoughts of the past and future occupied his entire soul. From this abstracted state he was aroused by his cousin George, who, coming hastily towards him, exclaimed:

"How happens this, cousin Harry, that you so early left your mother and Anna? I remained at home until the last moment. You are a better child than I, everybody knows; and yet you left your mother and sister earlier than was necessary, to promenade here on this damp ground. Pray tell me how long you have been here?"

"Perhaps thirty minutes. The sadness of an expected long separation pressed so heavily upon the hearts of mother and Anna, as well as my own, that we found no pleasure in the last few moments; so as soon as my trunk was already, and my breakfast eaten, I said the painful good-bye, and I have been waiting here for you. Now let us hasten in, to take the last look of grandfather and receive his blessing."

The cousins were soon by the side of the venerable Judge, who requested them both to be seated very near him, and then he said: "My dear boys, I understand the meaning of this early call, and my heart is pained at the thought of the coming separation. You are bound to try your fortunes in large cities. One goes north and the other south. I wish your homes were to be the same, but so an all-wise Providence has not ordered it. Yes, my dear boys, I understand, you are here thus early to bid your old grandfather a last good-bye—an old man you leave him—his hair is white as the winter's snow,

his face wrinkled with many of time's furrows, and his natural sight dim. This is our last parting, my dear children, I am fast leaving this shadowy land for one of eternal realities. A few days more in this feeble body and then I pass to my better and final home. And there again we meet. These earthly coverings which serve us a good purpose while we remain in this lower world, will then be thrown aside: your grandfather's grey hair, his wrinkled face and dim eyes he will leave in the ground. They have fulfilled the purpose for which they were taken from their kindred dust, and to dust again they will return. A new body I shall receive, and again be blest with the strength and elasticity of youth. This glad change will come in our Heavenly Father's good time, I will wait patiently for it. But this change, my dear boys, does not always stay for a wrinkled face and grey hair. Your fathers passed through it before they had seen forty years, and their sons may meet it before they attain even that age. You have now youth and health, but you have no lease of life for even a day or an hour on earth. I use the few moments left me in talking thus, not to bring to your hearts sadness, for it is not a sad theme, but a very happy one. 'Tis of life I would speak—my boys, we shall never die. But earth and things of earth will pass from us, and 'tis folly to spend all the energies of our being in amassing earthly wealth, and in seeking to satisfy the soul with earthly pleasures. But love and wisdom, goodness and truth never pass from the souls of those who gain them. These are the heavenly riches, and these are the only riches that we can carry with us to our final home. But, my dear boys, time is on the wing. The busy clock tells us, in fifteen minutes the car whistle will sound. I have wished to give you some little parting memento, and I have selected for you these two plain gold rings. May they remind you of your grandfather's love, and lead you to strive earnestly after that true life of which you have often heard me speak; you will find inside of them a motto which I wish you to make yours."



The cousins received the rings with grateful pleasure, and Harry read on his, "I'll be a man." "And mine is the same," said George.

"And will you take these words for your motto through life, my boys?" said the Judge.

Harry grasped warmly his grandfather's hand, and answered, with much feeling and earnestness, "Yes, dear grandfather, I'll be a man."

George made no reply, but slowly, and with a doubting expression on his face, placed his ring on his finger. The old gentleman, rising from his chair, laid his hands upon the head of each of his grandchildren and said: "May the Lord bless thee, my boys and keep thee from evil! Into his fatherly arms do I commend thee. Good-bye, we meet no more until hidden things are brought to light; then thy manhood will stand revealed. May it be like the angels, pure and untarnished by sin! Again, good-bye."

The cousins commenced their journey, they travelled for the first few miles in company. When they were seated side by side in the car, George examined his ring. He found it contained beside the motto the initials of his name. "What do you understand by grandfather's strange motto, Harry?" he said, and then added, "I suppose you understand its meaning, as you so solemnly promised to make it yours."

"Yes, for I have so often heard grandfather talk of true manhood, that I could not mistake his meaning. And I did not hesitate in accepting as mine what you call his strange motto, for I had thought much on this subject before, and had seriously resolved to strive first in all things to be a man."

"And did you ever think of becoming any thing else, Harry? One would suppose, by the mighty resolve on your face that the determined expression there, that it had cost you something of an effort to take this stand. Is not every boy that is

suffered to live here until he is twenty-one years old a man?"

"No, George, half of them are only dwarfs. They do not know as much as some of our school boys of ten years, and they seem, besides being so ignorant, to have lost all love for the innocent days of childhood. What do you call Nathan Lear? He has lived on this earth thirty years."

"I call him a man; and he smokes as good a cigar as any person in our town."

"Not much of true manhood do we see in Nat Lear. All his energy of character is gone. And 'tis this same cigar that he holds between his teeth that helps to make him the stupid, idle boy he is. I believe all our experienced cigar-holders acknowledge that the principal charm of smoking consists in its quieting and soothing influence, and it has made Nat Lear so quiet that nothing but actual necessity can rouse him to exertion. And I do hope, cousin George, that you will never learn this useless and injurious habit of smoking, for you know it is not a natural love one has for tobacco; this habit must be learned, and comes through many a wry face and sick stomach. All medical writers that I have read agree in this, that it weakens the energy of a man's character, and energy you know is the great motive power to success in whatever we undertake. And then there is the nervous system—the protracted and free use of tobacco completely prostrates that."

"What a parting speech, cousin Harry! But I fear it has reached my ears too late, for I have already passed the painful ordeal of wry faces and sick stomachs, that initiates one into the fine art of puffing. But do not be anxious for me, I never pain my mother with the sight of a cigar. But when one is in a club of gentry, and on a spree, one likes to smoke, 'tis very convenient sometimes, and I advise you—now hear me, 'tis my parting advice—learn this fine and fashionable accomplishment."

"Never, never, George, will I deliber-



ately form a habit that I believe injurious both to the physical and mental development of character. 'I'll be a man,' George."

"And so will I, dear Harry, I will keep cash in my pocket, be able to smoke a good cigar, and take when I choose its accompaniment, a glass of wine. I'll wear a gentleman's coat, and swing a fascinating cane. Now, don't look so serious, cousin Harry. When we meet in the bright future, be sure cousin George will present himself (if not what you and grandfather call a man) he will present himself the world's dashing gentleman. And what shall I find you, my dear coz?"

"A man. I hope no apple shall fall in my pathway that I will not count its every seed."

"Away with your figures, Harry, and speak in plain English; we have not a moment to lose, we are almost there, speak quick and in plain words."

"Well, then, I will lose no opportunity for gaining knowledge. I will keep my heart ever alive with kindly sympathy for all I meet, and my eye single to the right in storm and sunshine."

"Well, Harry, my platform is unlike yours; I will lose no opportunity for gaining pleasure; I will laugh at all the fun abroad, and keep my eye to what business men call the main chance."

An old gentleman, who had been a listener to the cousins' conversation, earnestly said, "My young friends, your course in life, as it regards each other, will be like the diverging lines of an angle, onward you go, the distance between you constantly increasing. A bright day dawns for one, while mist and darkness meet the other."

The way-station is announced—'tis the parting line—a warm pressure of the hand, and the cousins are wending their way, the one north and the other south. A few letters were exchanged, then years rolled on and they were lost to each

other.

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Thirty years were numbered with the past, and in an elegant house on one of the pleasant streets of an easterly city, were grouped for their pleasant evening chat a happy family. Harry Eaton, the mayor of the city, occupied the arm-chair in the centre, and on his knees sat the baby (the angel of the household), playing with her own feet and cooing her song of gladness.

"Father," said the oldest son, "tell us something of your boyhood days. Did you have such pleasant evenings as we have now?" "And," added little Earnest, "had you six brothers and two sisters like as me has?"

"No, my dear boy, I had not the pleasure of one brother's society—my dear mother and sister Anna, with myself, composed our evening circle. I had a cousin that I loved much, but he was seldom with us; and my good grandfather I loved as you love me; but I very early in life lost the society of all these."

"Did they die, father?" said Earnest.

"I do not know what became of my cousin George, I have not heard from him for a great many years."

At this moment the servant announced a poor man at the door, who sought a night's lodging. "What shall we do?" said Mr. Eaton to his wife, "shall we open our doors to a stranger?"

"Do, do," said little Benjamin, "do papa, let the poor man sleep here, I suppose he has no home."

"I think," said Mrs. Eaton, "you had better give Peter money, and let him take him to a public house and find him a lodging."

"Very well." And Mr. Eaton gave Peter the money and he left the room, but soon returned, saying, "The poor man seemed very tired, and that he was a very old



man, and he did not think he could travel any further. He had seated himself upon the door step, and refused to make any attempt to move on."

"Take him round to the kitchen, then," said Mr. Eaton, "and tell Betty to give him some supper, and make him a comfortable bed."

In the morning, Mr. Eaton inquired of Betty for the stranger.

"O, he is a very sorrowful old man," she replied. "His clothes are in tatters, and his hair is as white as snow. He ate no supper last night, and I just offered him some coffee and bread and butter, but he shook his head and said, 'No, no appetite in the morning,' then he took a cigar from his pocket and tried to smoke. He could not smoke much—I think he is a very sorrowful old man."

After breakfast Louisa (the eldest daughter) asked if she might see if she could do anything to comfort the poor stranger. She readily obtained her mother's consent, and inquired kindly concerning his health, and trying to tempt him to take some breakfast.

"No appetite for anything but a cigar in the morning," he said.

"But if you do not take your cigar, perhaps you might feel some appetite for something else," she answered.

The old man shook his head faintly and sadly—she then questioned him concerning himself—he gave her some broken sketches of a sad history. He spoke with much feeling of his mother, said he loved her, but had not obeyed her, and that she had long since slept her last sleep; and tears streamed down his sunken cheeks. He drew from his pocket the miniature of a beautiful babe.

"Ah, my angel!" said he, in tones of bitter anguish, "thou wert all that was left to me, and thou hast long been gone. My good lady," he continued, gazing earnestly into Louisa's face, "I am a lone

man, scarce an inch above the ground. I would I were sleeping there now, life is a burden, my manhood is gone, and I fear I shall never find my grandfather's bright world. My baby has gone there, and my mother, but poor George Eaton cannot breathe their pure atmosphere; he is very sad; he cannot smile again."

"Is your name Eaton?" said Louisa.

"My name was George Eaton, I don't know what it is now, I am a broken man. My wife fled from me—but, my good lady, it was not her fault, I drank too much wine, and then I lost my name, and my Mary, and my baby too. Ah, I have had a sorrowful life; I started in my early days in search of pleasure, and I have found little but sorrow. The world to me is dark, very dark; but grandfather in his old age saw nothing but bright sunshine, and he talked of life and true manhood, and bade me seek for it; I cannot find it now, 'tis too late. Yes, my name was George Eaton. My young lady, have you a name?"

"Yes, my name is Louisa Eaton."

"Louisa Eaton, Louisa Eaton," repeated the old man, "that was my grandmother's name," and he fixed his eyes intently on her face. "Strange, strange," he said, "I am almost blind, and yet I see you are like my cousin Harry. Yes, yes, cousin Harry, he was a good boy, we started life together, but our course in life was like the diverging lines of an angle—the prophecy has been fulfilled—a glad day has dawned for him, but poor George is in darkness. Cousin Harry! his earnest tones are now sounding in my ears, I hear his voice, 'I'll never, never smoke a cigar,' well, I shall never smoke many more. 'I'll be a man,' he said; I should like to see him once more, though I am no gentleman."

Louisa ran for her father, and related to him the words of the poor traveller. Mr. Eaton was much agitated, and immediately followed his daughter into the kitchen. There his eyes rested upon his cousin George, so changed that but for his own words he could not have been made



to believe it was the same beloved cousin, whose hand he felt warmly pressing his as they parted at the railway station. And, indeed, it was not the same, for today never finds the child of yesterday; we are passing on, each day leaving its seal upon our character, and it is either the bright seal of an angel of light, or it is the black stamp of the spirits of darkness.

Mr. Eaton gazed sadly and silently into the face of his fallen cousin, he took his hand and pressed it warmly, his heart was too full for utterance in words; a tear stole over his cheek, and fell upon the thin and emaciated hand he still held in his own. The old man looked up in surprise, and then languidly said,

"You weep! I thought all tears were mine, and mine are all shed, I cannot weep now, and 'tis folly to weep, 'tis no use, 'tis all over now, tears will not recall the past, my strength is gone. I ask a grave, sir; bury the dead out of sight; when I fall asleep, let me rest there. I cannot go to grandfather's world, it would break his heart to see his poor George; and I have lost his ring and the motto, all are gone, and my days are gone too, and that is the saddest part of my story, my days are lost. But please give me a grave, sir, my limbs would not carry me from your door last night, and they are more dead now than then."

Here the poor old man seemed exhausted, and he remained silent a moment, then suddenly raising his eyes, he fixed them full upon the face of Mr. Eaton, who still retained his hand within his own, and faintly said, "But who are you, kind sir, that look upon me with so much pity?"

"I am your cousin, Harry Eaton. Do you remember me?"

The old man's frame shook, he breathed a heart rending groan, and then faintly said, "God liveth." He gasped for breath, his lips moved once more, and he breathed the name of Harry; his head fell upon his shoulders, and his breath departed while

his hand was still grasped warmly in that of his cousin.

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MABEL PARKER

Reviewed by Gilbert K. Westgard II

In recent years we have been treated to several "new" Alger books. Most of these volumes have consisted of previously published material that appeared in various ephemeral journals of Alger's day. Their "newness" was simply a matter of making the previously difficult-to-obtain items accessible in the convenient format of a book.

However, Mabel Parker is something different. Alger enthusiasts have known of the existence of the manuscript of this adult Alger novel since 1964. At that time Ralph D. Gardner described it in his Horatio Alger or The American Hero Era. A decade passed before the discovery was made at the 10th Annual Convention of The Horatio Alger Society that Mabel Parker was the basis of Jerry, The Backwoods Boy. (See: Newsboy, January-February, 1975, p. 13-15, for the account of just how this discovery was made.)

As the years passed, at least two unsuccessful efforts were made to find a publisher for Mabel Parker. To Alger expert Gary Scharnhorst, who contributed a six-page Preface, goes the well-deserved credit for bringing to fruition this too-long-deferred project.

Here, at last, is the vintage pure Alger story, stripped of its Stratemeyer changes and additions. It belongs in every Alger collection, and is presented in a rather attractive green binding, with a pictorial dust-jacket showing the silhouette of a pine-covered promontory reflected in a mountain lake. This wilderness theme is carried into the book by a neat design of pine-cones and branches at the head of each chapter. Arcon Books, publisher.

Copies may be ordered from The Horatio Alger Society's Executive Secretary at a discount. Use the enclosed order form.



## SOPHOMORES

From Student-Life at Harvard  
By George Henry Tripp, A.B., 1867  
1876

(From the Collection of Gilbert K. Westgard II)

The Sophomore witnesses the same eruptive appearances about the doors of the college dormitories, that excited his attention the year before, with this difference of feeling, that now he views them with impatience rather than wonder. There is the same moving from old quarters into new ones, the same flurry and confusion, and fitting of carpets and arranging of furniture in the rooms. There is the same dusty appearance to the buildings and the neglected and sun-scorched grass-plats. There is the enthusiastic meeting of friends, the eager shaking of hands, the joyous faces,—familiar now for the most part,—with here and there a group of awkward, nervous Freshmen: how young, and different in every way, they are from the other students! The Sophomore sleeps uneasily in the unfamiliar room; the bell wakes him half-rested in the early morning; he forgets for an instant where he is; then, after a hasty toilet, he rushes down stairs to the chapel, and off to breakfast. He realizes that he is at last a Sophomore.

Huntingdon was president of the Institute, the one Sophomore society of those days, into which he had been chosen with the first ten, perhaps the very foremost of that advanced guard. The Institute dated its origin way back to 1770, and was a very pleasant society indeed. About one-half the number of each Sophomore class were admitted. The meetings were holden each week, on Friday night, in a lower room in Massachusetts Hall; and the entertainment was of a literary character, consisting of debates not always too eloquent or brilliant, a lecture, usually a fair Sophomoric production, and a paper made up of original contributions, which perhaps compared favorably with similar affairs at young ladies' seminaries. It was not so much the entertainment that was enjoyed by the young fellows, as the meeting together and getting acquainted, the freedom of the hour, and the sense of proprietorship. This used to be the only opportunity afforded a class to form an estimate of the talents of the different men, until the Senior societies were entered; so that the Institute was valuable as well as pleasant. To be sure, the janitor used to come around at ten o'clock with his lantern and his big bunch of keys, turn off the gas, and lock the door; and the "Institute" was expected to disperse. They used frequently to disperse by repairing to the steps of the old church in the square, and for an hour, in the mellow moonlight, make night melodious.

At the close of the year there was the annual oration and poem, after which the election of ten members from the Freshman class was in order,—the ten most popular Freshmen, they were supposed to be, who filled up the number allowed from their class when they in turn became Sophomores. The election was an event of great honor for the Freshmen who were so fortunate as to secure it, besides affording the Sophomores a great deal of fun. The session, often protracted and stormy, once over, the members of the Institute formed a procession, headed by the president, and visited, in turn, each one of the new members elect, cheered them, and received them into their ranks, after which the entire company marched off to Kent's, where they entered and took possession; and oysters, cobbles, and cigars were provided without stint. The Freshmen settled the score, always a long one, for the intention was to exhaust Kent's supplies; and Kent, understanding this, was sure to lay in a bountiful store.

A favorite Sophomore recreation of smashing Freshmen's windows must not be forgotten, for it used to be one of the prescriptive customs of the college. The Freshmen for the most part occupied rooms on the ground-floor in Stoughton, Hollis, and Old Massachusetts; and every Sophomore class, however well disposed or well



behaved in other respects, used to break their windows not only once, but a score of times. The student returning late to his room, across the college grounds, would hear crash after crash, and see shadowy forms flitting around the old halls; and in the morning it would appear that every Freshman's window had been broken. And this would happen again and again, as has been said, too often to be entertaining to the unfortunate occupants of the rooms, for in cold weather it was, of course, a very serious annoyance. The glazier would come in due time with a knowing smirk on his face, perhaps bringing one assistant with him, and go leisurely to work: it was all gain to him, for there was no competition. The Sophomores used to break, and the college at large to pay. It appeared on the bill thus,—

To special repairs by general average.....\$5.00.

That was the student's share of the window-smashing. He must pay, at all events: if he had not broken any, whose fault?

For the most part, the Sophomores used to be a steady, industrious set of men, perhaps the hardest-worked of any in the college. Hazing died away after the first few weeks. The jolly fellows who in the former year were accustomed to cut recitations and prayers with so much indifference, and to provoke a smile even on the stoical-visaged instructor, by the nonchalance with which they answered, "Not prepared," were for the most part dropped to tread the mazes of Freshman year over again, or were rustivating in some pleasant though retired retreat; and the class was fairly in working order, while hard tasks were doled out in abundance. What an endless amount it seemed, to look at it in the lump!—mathematics, chemical physics and chemistry, Greek and Latin, Anglo-Saxon, themes, elocution and lectures: there was enough to keep the most inveterate dig busy, and to create in the mind of a man of fair ability and average ambition a disgust for study that would endure long after the faint smattering he acquired had passed away. At least it used to be so under the "old regime."

There was one never-failing cause for joy, however; and that was that the Freshman year was passed. The Sophomores still looked up with admiration and respect to the dignified Seniors, whose very air seemed to say, "We are the college;" but they did not appear so very far removed as they had seemed a year ago. There was the long, pleasant vista of Junior year with its easy electives, and days calling for perhaps but a single hour in the recitation-room, drawing steadily nearer. The professors, whom the Sophomores met for the first time, were different men from the tutors who had had charge of the class. There was Mr. Chubby, who presided over Anglo-Saxon and themes,—a genial, cultivated, high-toned gentleman, whose very presence was an inspiration, and whom anyone might know intimately, or at least pleasantly, if he cared to take the trouble. There was the "Philosopher," who infused the very breath of life into the Latin which had hitherto been so dry and inanimate, clothed it with real interest, and made it almost a living reality, so that one wondered at the revelation,—a philosopher in very truth. There was almost a feeling of regard for him as though he were a personal friend; for he took a deep interest in boating, stopped many a time to watch the ball-players on the Delta, applauding enthusiastically every piece of brilliant play, and was the well-wisher of every student and his concerns. There was the Greek professor, too, learned and kindly and most diffident withal, yet of so upright and thorough-going integrity that it was a disadvantage almost to be acquainted with him; for, through fear of showing something like favoritism, he was likely to err in the opposite direction; who, though at first not quite appreciated, was remembered as a noble man. At the termination of the Sophomore year, Sam would have modified very much his statements regarding the instructors, and the feeling with which they were regarded. (He had once remarked, "I can't truly say that any of the professors we have had to do with yet are popular. Perhaps the reason is, that we never meet them except as instructors, and then they are our natural enemies.")



There was a great revolution in the rank-list during this year, as well as in the popularity and standing of many of the men. It was not that those persevering, industrious students, poorly fitted perhaps, who had been working at a disadvantage, began to gain ground, as the years of preparation told less and less in favor of each man; while many a faint heart gave up the fight, and disappeared from the list altogether.

The rolling year brought around the Cambridge assemblies once more, and Sam was one of the favored students honored with a card. Now came our friends' first introduction to Cambridge society. Cambridge society! how can it be described? Cambridge society! That immaculate company, that conglomeration of youth and age, of frisky students, grave professors and their families, and the scanty sprinkling of townspeople. Cambridge society! where girlhood is unknown, and where ladies never grow passée; where, in spite of the thousand young men, an engagement is a rarity, and marriage an event almost unknown; where the girls cloy of young men before they are out of their teens, and manifest a degree of prudery and fastidiousness that is alarming; where—but no: the task is too severe for my humble pen, and I leave the work to a more gifted and a more aspiring chronicler.

Thus the year glided on with its gayeties, its humdrum routine, and its tragedies, for each class is a little world within itself; and I should give a very wrong impression if I led anyone to believe that the sum of college life consisted of successful study or easy affluence, or falling in love with pretty girls, and brilliant social pleasure. Many men there were, of excellent families, who forgot what a social gathering was like before the four-years' course of study was finished; for it was only to a very few favored ones that the Cambridge hospitalities were extended.

At the class supper at Taft's a right royal time was enjoyed by the fifty or sixty Sophomores who attended the occasion, with the good cheer, ringing songs and choruses, and the good-fellowship.

When the second term of the Sophomore year had drawn nearly to its close, the class had passed over half of the curriculum. It had been a prosperous year for this company of students, replete with earnest work; and though this had been sometimes grumbled at a good deal, there was not a man but felt that he had been improved. It had been a year productive of great changes on the rank-list; many who had stood high falling ignominiously; while slow, steady-working, painstaking men had climbed into their places. It had been a year bringing changes in the class leadership. The time for fighting Sophomores and hazing Freshmen had passed by. For the most part, the members of the class had lost their boyish looks, and had grown mature and manly. When the last Sophomore annual (these annuals were the severest tests of the entire four years) was finished, and the men came from the ordeal Juniors, there was a feeling of complacency quite indescribable pervading their cheerful faces.

If Cambridge is ever charming, it is during these early weeks in June. The college grounds with the breezy elms, nicely kept walks and drives, and fresh green turf, are then the centre of attraction to visitors and friends of the students. There was ample opportunity to inspect everything,—Harvard Hall, with its pictures and sanded floor, and its trophies of bat and oar; the chapel, and the old chapel; the museum in Boylston Hall, and the other museum "down by Divinity;" Gore Hall the library, with its jocund custodian, equally an object of interest with the stores of books and pictures; the Botanical Gardens, a mile away. Everywhere the ladies received the kindest attention; and even gained permission to visit the observatory, and look through the big telescope.

It was a season of the freshest pleasure, pleasure as delightful as the season. Escorts were never wanting.



Then there were croquet parties (the game was at that time just at its greatest popularity) for morning, afternoon, and evening; and one evening serenade. It was the last evening; and the music very much delighted their girl friends. The evening for the Glee Club concert brought a pouring rain; but the little Lyceum Hall, always too small for these entertainments, was crammed full of youth and beauty; and the delight at the songs was, as usual, most enthusiastic.

BOSTON EVENING TRANSCRIPT, TUESDAY, JULY 18, 1939

## Harvard Likes Alger, But Newsboys Do Not

**Author, Born in  
Chelsea, Died 40  
Years Ago Today**

By Mary Elizabeth Prim

Harvard men seem to be the only ones around Boston who still read the stories of Horatio Alger, Jr.

The newsboys, about whom Alger used to write, are little interested. At Burroughs Newsboys Foundation, the members prefer Tarzan.

Alger, who died 40 years ago today at Natick, at the age of 67, was graduated from Harvard in 1852. The Harvard Library has about 25 titles, many the gift of the author. They circulate, too, and are slowly gaining in popularity. Records show that the books seldom went out in the 1920's, but have been in demand during the last few years.

The librarians can't figure out whether this is due to loyalty to a fellow alumnus or a belated interest in the methods of the newsboys and others in the street trades about whom Alger wrote with such gusto. All of Alger's lads had one thing in common. They made a lot of money and made it quickly.

### Double Barrel Titles

The Alger heroes were honest and eager, but they certainly got the breaks. There was invariably a rich, kindly old gentleman who lived on Madison avenue to make them junior partners. Maybe the Harvard boys feel he is still about, and now known as Uncle Sam.

Most of the favorite Harvard titles are double-barreled, such as Phil the Fiddler, or the Story of a Young Street Musician; and Paul the Pedlar, or the Fortunes of a Young Street Merchant.

There are a number of Alger's books in the Boston Public Li-



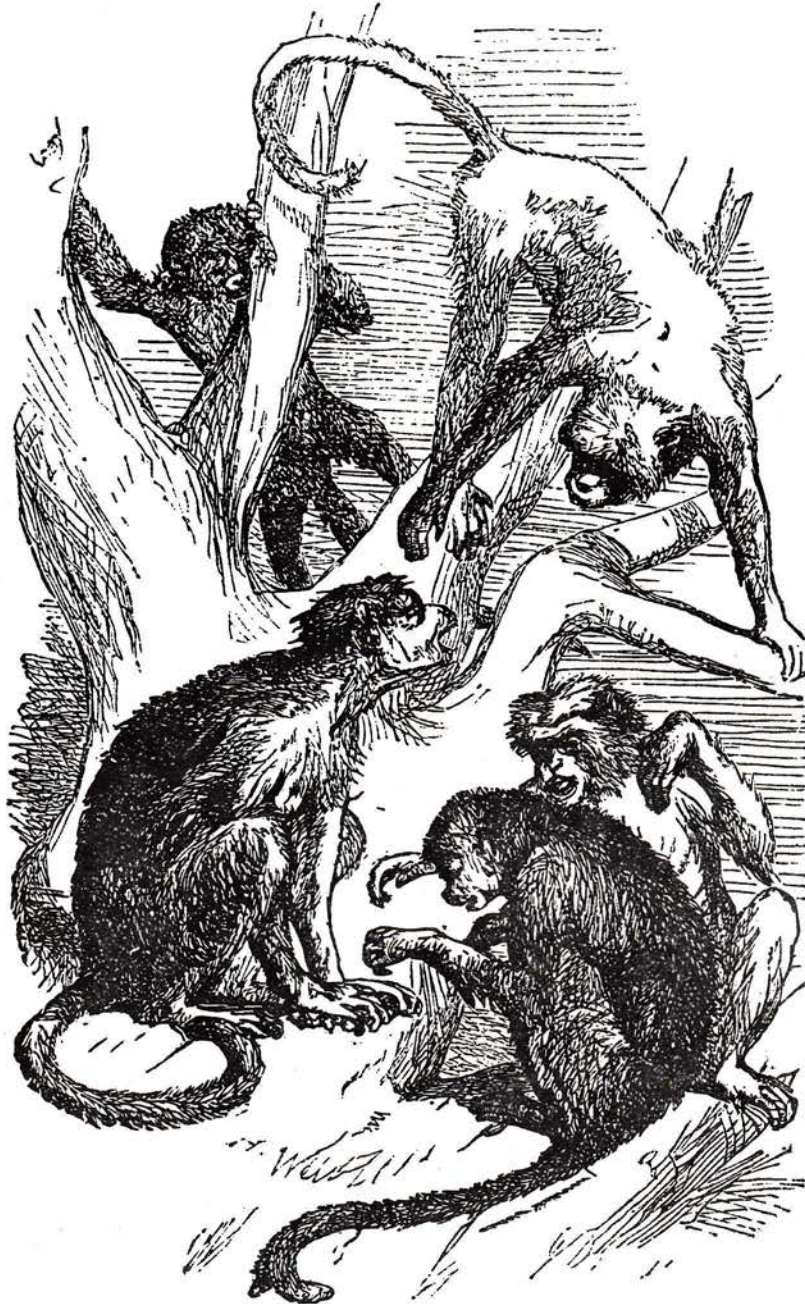
HORATIO ALGER, JR.

brary, including his Harvard class ode, but none of them circulate. Several are in the rare book collection.

The public library in Chelsea, where Alger was born, has not a single title of his on their shelves. In Natick, the children's department has 14 titles and they are out all the time.

Alger was an early trustee of the Natick Library and officials have always kept his books in stock. The younger generation—girls as well as boys—can't seem to get enough of them, the children's librarian says. She thinks parents reread them when they get the chance. There never were books that opened such a beautiful dream world, peopled by brave and high-principled boys, lucky enough to meet up with millionaires who put them in the way of making a fortune, too.





THERE'S ALWAYS A LOT TO TALK ABOUT AT EVERY CONVENTION OF THE HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY, AND EVER SO MANY FRIENDS, JUST LIKE YOURSELF, WITH SIMILAR COLLECTING INTERESTS. BE SURE YOU DON'T MISS THE MONTICELLO MEETING, OUR 23RD CONVENTION AND THE BIGGEST YET! For more information, or to send your contributions to the annual auction, write to:

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