



**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 XXVIII

SEPTEMBER - OCTOBER 1990

NUMBER 8

36 West 33d. St. New York  
May 2d., 1888

Gen. Russell A. Alger

Dear Sir,

Last December my attention was drawn to a newspaper paragraph giving an account of your large and generous gift to a thousand poor boys in Detroit. Having devoted a large amount of time, and written fourteen books, illustrating the lives and experiences of the street boys of New York, I confess I felt very proud that one of my name should have accomplished so much in the same field. I shall write in this mail to my publishers to forward you my "Ragged Dick Series," in six volumes, and shall be gratified if you will accept them. The materials were gathered by myself at first hand, and the large sales, amounting to probably 150,000 volumes, show the public interest in the poor boys about whom the stories are written.

I have myself adopted two boys, one a French Canadian boy, the other a Scotch orphan who now lives with me. The first I have provided with a business of his own, the second is learning the business of a photographer - and promises to do credit to himself and me. I have helped other boys to the extent of my means [an author in the present lack of an international copyright law is not likely to have a large income.]

I have often wondered whether you sprang from the same stock with our family. There are so few of our family name that most who have it are more or less nearly connected. President Day of one of your Harlem railways married, I think, the daughter of Lieut. George Reed of Mass. whose wife was an Alger, and a second cousin of my father.

A family record, including the names of the numerous descendents of Thomas Alger of Taunton [Mass] 1668 has been published. If you have not a copy I will send you one.

I believe you were born in Ohio. Did your father remove thither from Massachusetts?

Of course I have noticed the prominent mention of your name for a high national office and should be glad of an opportunity to vote for you. But my chief interest in you, and my excuse for this letter, is, that you have shown yourself a munificent friend of poor boys.

Yours respectfully,

Horatio Alger, Jr.

**HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY**  
**ANNUAL CONVENTION**  
**1991**  
**May 2, 3, 4 & 5**  
**Indianapolis, Indiana**



Only seven months until our next convention. We have some new members who are looking forward to meeting the rest of us old timers. Indianapolis is about as central to all points of the United States as we can get. All of you members in Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Texas, Montana, Oklahoma, Iowa, and the rest of the country who feel that the Atlantic coast is too far away will have no excuse not to come.

I just got back from a book sale which was held in Yellow Springs, Ohio. The event was outdoors, on the school grounds. The day was sunny, about 75 degrees. Not bad for an August day. There were a lot of shade trees, no charge to set up, and unlimited parking. It was a one day event. I got there about 5a.m., about a dozen were already there and had their tables up and unpacking books. By nine o'clock I would say that there were at least 70 or 80 people set up, some with trailers full of books, some with maybe 40 books sitting on the hood of their car. Two book-binders were set up, and I was surprised at the number of people who brought books for them to repair or rebind. One person had maybe 200 books for sale, each autographed by the author. There were a good many boys series books scattered throughout the area, maybe a hundred or more. I was the only one which was exclusively boy's [and girl's] series books, about three thousand, and of course, some ALGER'S.

Sales were sporadic, mostly lookers. The highlight of my day was late in the afternoon when the crowd had thinned down, and I was ready to pack up and head for home. A gentleman and his spouse stopped and said that his father-in-law was a fan of Horatio Alger, and that for his birthday he wanted to give him about a dozen Alger's, and since he didn't know anything about Alger's books would I pick out what I thought would be a good variety. Of course I did.

Now, down to business. Have you asked anyone to join the H.A.S.? If not, why not? All book lovers are welcome. Although Alger is our favorite author, I have found that most everyone collects collects and/or reads many other authors. Being a member of H.A.S. is an excellent way to buy and/or sell books, especially Alger's.

Will Wright  
16826 US 50, Chillicothe, OH 45601.  
[614] 775-3871

## 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 Alger's undaunted heroes--lads whose struggles epitomized the Great American Dream and Flamed hero ideals in countless millions of young Americans.

### OFFICERS

WILLIAM R. WRIGHT	PRESIDENT
ROBERT E. KASPER	VICE-PRESIDENT
ALEX T. SHANER	TREASURER
CARL T. HARTMANN	EXECUTIVE SECRETARY
TRACY CATLEDGE	[1991] DIRECTOR
WILLIAM McCORD	[1991] DIRECTOR
EVELYN GREBEL	[1991] DIRECTOR
HANK GRAVBELLE	[1992] DIRECTOR
DALE THOMAS	[1992] DIRECTOR
BOB EASTLACK	[1992] DIRECTOR
WILLIAM R. GOWEN	[1993] DIRECTOR
JIM THORP	[1993] DIRECTOR
OWEN COBB	[1993] DIRECTOR
GEORGE OWENS	DIRECTOR
LEO "BOB" BENNETT	EMERITUS
RALPH D. GARDNER	EMERITUS

NEWSBOY the official organ of the Horatio Alger Society, is published bimonthly [six issues per year]. Membership fee for any twelve month period is \$15.00, with single issues costing \$3.00. Please make all remittances payable to the Horatio Alger Society. Membership applications, renewals, change of address, and other correspondence should be sent to the Society's Secretary, Carl T. Hartmann-4907 Allison Drive-Lansing, MI 48910.

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

### BOOKS RECOMMENDED BY THE H.A.S.

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

PUBLICATION FORMATS OF THE FIFTY-NINE STORIES BY HORATIO ALGER Jr. as reprinted by the John C. Winston Co. COMPILED BY Bob Sawyer, PF-455 and Jim Thorp, PF-574.

HORATIO ALGER BOOKS, Published by A.L. BURT by Bradford S. Chase.

HORATIO ALGER OR THE AMERICAN HERO ERA by Ralph Gardner.

THE LOST LIFE OF HORATIO ALGER, Jr. by Gary Scharnhorst with Jack Bales.

Newsboy ad rates: 1 page, \$32.00; 1/2 page \$17.00; 1/4 page, \$9.00; per column [1"x3-3/4"] \$2.00. Send ads, with check payable to the Horatio Alger Society, to Carl T. Hartmann, 4907 Allison Drive-Lansing, MI 48910.

**HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY 1991 CONVENTION**  
**HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY 1991 CONVENTION**  
**MAY 2, 3, 4 & 5, 1991**

**BOOK MART**

Bob Sawyer PF-455  
 4473 Janice Marie Blvd.  
 Columbus, OH 43207

**ADVANCE INFORMATION:**

The meeting and motel sites for the 1991 ALGER SOCIETY CONVENTION have been selected and reserved for May 2,3,4 & 5, 1991. The meetings and banquet will be held in JONATHAN BYRD'S Cafeteria [claimed to be the world's largest] in Greenwood, Indiana. H.A.S. member, Bob Born PF-761, suggested we look into these newly-opened facilities [November '88] as a convention site. Greenwood is a part of the Indianapolis Metropolitan area being just 10 minutes south of downtown Indianapolis on Interstate 65. Transportation facilities are readily available from the airport. A block of rooms has been reserved at the adjacent INDIANA MOTOR LODGE where the convention hospitality room will be located. Bob has volunteered his help with the '91 meeting.

Program details are incomplete at this time. However, some activities will be the annual business meeting, live and silent auctions, the traditional Saturday morning book sale and the Saturday evening banquet. Members and spouses should begin planning now for unique hand-crafted items for the auctions. This is a good fund raiser for the Society and enables the Society to meet its goals. Silent bidding was lively and competitive on the hand-crafted stuffed animal at the recent convention in Catskill, NY. We'd like to see a large variety of items for the '91 auction. A successful auction makes for a successful and fun convention.

More information will follow in future issues of THE NEWSBOY.

Bob & Marcy Biberdorf, PF-524  
 H.A.S. Convention '91 Hosts  
 5739 Winston DR.  
 Indianapolis, IN 46226  
 [317] 546-7393

**WANTED ≠ WANTED ≠ WANTED**

WHO ARE YOU?...WHY DID YOU JOIN HAS?...WHAT ABOUT YOUR COLLECTION?...INQUIRING MINDS WANT TO KNOW?... WRITE AND TELL US...WE ARE SURE YOUR FELLOW MEMBERS WOULD LIKE TO KNOW....ALSO WE NEED THE MATERIAL FOR THE NEWSBOY. STORIES AND ARTICLES BY AND ABOUT OUR MEMBERS MAKES INTERESTING READING.

SEND TO: CARL HARTMANN  
 4907 ALLISON DRIVE  
 LANSING, MICHIGAN 48910

The following are 1st. Edition Algers. Please add \$2.00 for shipping on 3 or less. 4 or more are shipped Postage Paid:

Abraham Lincoln-The Backwoods Boy-Anderson & Allen-Good to Fair Condition.....\$40.00

Ben's Nugget-Porter & Coates-Ex. Condition....50.00

Ben Logan's Triumph-Coupples & Leon-Good Cond.40.00

Ben the Luggage Boy-Loring-Fair Condition Repaired by Schott.....35.00

Bernard Brooks Adventure-Burt-Ex. Condition...50.00

Jack's Ward-Loring-Solid but some shaken.....75.00

Bob Burton-Porter & Coates-Fair-Shaken but solid.....25.00

A Boy's Fortune-Porter & Coates-Good-Replaced frontispiece.....50.00

Brave & Bold-Loring-Good-Repaired by Schott...50.00

Cast upon the Breakers-Doubleday-Ex.w/D.J.....15.00

A Debt of Honor-Burt-Excellent.....50.00

Digging for Gold-Porter & Coates-Good Cond....65.00

Facing the World-Porter & Coates-Good Cond....60.00

Falling In With Fortune-Mershon-Ex. Cond.....75.00

Frank Fowler the Cash Boy-Burt-Ex. Cond.....25.00

Frank Hunter's Peril-H.T.Coates-Ex. Cond.....80.00

From Canal Boy to President-Anderson-Ex.[no eratum slip] With Blue, Brown or Green Cover.....ea.25.00

From Farm Boy to Senator-Ogilvie-Ex.to Good...75.00

From Farm to Fortune-Stitt-Ex. Cond.....50.00

Hector's Inheritance-orter & Coates-Good.....75.00

Helen Ford-Loring-Good to Ex. Condition.....75.00

Helping Himself-Porter & Coates-Fair-Tight....50.00

Grand'ther Baldwin's Thanksgiving-Loring-some repair.....150.00

I have all 104 titles of the Alger Series Street and Smith paperbacks. 104 different Alger Titles. These have been bound in hard covers ny Frank Schott with original covers and backs intact-- I will sell the complete set for \$1,500.00 and ship prepaid.

## INTRODUCTION TO NEWSBOY

In Victor Berch's "Additions and Corrections" list in the August 1989 The Roundup he had for Item No. 105: "Newsboy, The. A Sketch of Boston, by a New Contributor" [Alger??], True Flag, May 21, 1853 [Vol.2, No. 30]." He also added, "Just about the time that Alger began to contribute to True Flag. This would be the first sketch to be contributed to that paper."

After considerable effort, I found that the American Antiquarian Society in Worcester, Mass. had the story and, thanks to some very nice people, I obtained a readable copy made by a "Copy-Jack" scanner. This is a difficult and time consuming scanning job and I don't blame them when they wrote me that they would do no more in this manner.

As well as I can determine, "The Newsboy" is not only Alger's first story in True Flag, but is very likely his first commercially published story. After he came home from his June 25, 1852 Harvard graduation, I find no evidence of anything by Alger being published for the remainder of that year, and only nine poems were published up to May 7, 1853. One of the poems, "To an Absent Friend" was published in True Flag in March of 1853, but the "Newsboy" sketch is his first story in True Flag. However, his story, "Aunt Dorothy's Visit" did appear in American Union in its May 21, 1853 issue so whether it or the "Newsboy" story is Alger's first published story is a toss-up.

There is no doubt in my mind the "By a New Contributor" story is by Alger. It is too typical of the Alger which came to life in the boys' era some 14 years later to be otherwise, but please let me know if you find it doubtful after reading it. Either way, it should provide some reader participation.

Sincerely,

Jack Barker, PF-186

## MEMBERSHIP

### ADDRESS CHANGED

Liane Houghtalin PF-699  
P.O. BOX 9561 April  
Hollins College  
Roanoke, VA 24020

John R. Juvinall PF-537  
820 N. County Line Rd. March  
Hinsdale, IL 60521  
T-123 [9] [708] 323-6112

## BOSTON PROBABLY HOME OF ALGER'S NEW YORK NEWSBOY SCENARIO

By Jack Barker

Victor A. Berch suggested in his article, "Further Additions and Corrections to Horatio Alger's Short Stories and Poetry" in the August 1989 Roundup that the author of the story in the May 1853 True Flag published below could be Alger.

The story itself seems to verify this possibility.

Nick Lawson's attire matches that of Ragged Dick; the ever-trustworthy, hard-working seamstress mother is typical; unlikely coincidences such as Edward Ashleigh finding Mr. Gregory's bill-fold on his way into the tenement area of Boston; plus the ethic of honesty-brings-success -- all call out "Alger!"

Even more amazing is that this syndrome appearing in an adult weekly surfaced over 14 years later to start Alger on the road to fame in the juvenile field.

This significant and scarce early Alger story was made available Courtesy of the American Antiquarian Society.

## A Story from Real Life.

[Written for the True Flag.]

## THE NEWSBOY.

A SKETCH OF BOSTON LIFE.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

"Here's the Boston Traveller and Journal! Latest news from California! Won't you have the Traveller, sir? Only two cents."

It was late in the afternoon, and the evening papers were just issued. Several newsboys were standing near the head of State street, each vaunting with a fluency and strength of lungs which could hardly be anticipated from boys so

From Page 4

young, the merits of the various papers which they had to sell. None of them probably exceeded twelve years of age, but the expression of sharpness and cunning which marked the features of most, gave them the appearance of being several years older.

"Look out for Number One!" seemed to be the general motto, for competition was no less active among these traders in miniature than among those of a larger growth. If a passer-by showed any inclination to purchase, he was at once accosted by three or four, each eager to anticipate the rest.

One of the most successful of these newsboys was Nick Lawson, a stout boy with a freckled face and quick, restless eyes, which seemed to read at a glance the intentions of those who passed. Nick had on a dress-coat, much too large for him, which, to judge from appearances, had already seen several owners and many years of service. The tails reached within an inch or two of the ground, while the sleeves were tucked up to accommodate the size of the wearer. Nick had been more successful than his companions, so that the large pile of papers which he had in the early part of the afternoon had dwindled down to one, which he was very anxious to dispose of, that he might retire from the field, and supply himself with supper from the proceeds of his afternoon's sales.

A few steps from Nick Lawson was stationed another newsboy, whose appearance I must stop to describe. A boy of eleven, small for his age, and neatly, though scantily dressed, Edward Ashleigh presented a strong contrast to his companions. His face was thoughtful and intellectual, but now it wore an anxious expression. Naturally timid and retiring, he could not emulate the loud cries of his companions, nor, like them, thrust himself and his papers before the attention of every passer-by. Of course all got the start of him. The consequence was, that it was not six o'clock, and as yet he had not sold a single paper.

Grown desperate by his want of success, he resolved to push himself forward, and address the next passenger. An old gentleman was seen coming round

the corner, leaning heavily upon a cane. This was the signal of attack.

"Here's the Traveller, sir," said Nick Lawson, offering his last remaining paper; "best paper in the city--latest news from Californy--all about the great fire--lots of lives lost; and property burnt up--besides many other things too numerous to mention!"

"Won't you buy the Transcript, sir?" asked Edward Ashleigh, timidly. "It contains all the news, and costs only two cents."

The old gentleman in question had no particular choice between the two papers, but there was something in the anxious expression with which Edward proffered his request, as well as the large pile of unsold papers which he still carried which determined him in his preference.

"I think," said he, smiling, "that I will take the Transcript; here is the money," he added, placing a ten-cent piece in Edward's hand; "no matter about the change."

Edward's anxious face brightened up as he thanked the old gentleman both for his patronage and liberality.

Not so with Nick Lawson. He was not only disappointed at not selling his last paper, but angry that he had lost this chance through Edward, for whose timidity and want of spirit, as he called it, he entertained the most sovereign contempt. He waited a moment till the old gentleman was out of sight, and then, turning wrathfully to Edward, exclaimed:--

"I should like to know what business you've got to interfere with me when I'm sellin' papers to gentlemen. If it hadn't been for you, I should be on my way home before now. Jest try it again, little baby-face. Oh, you'd better, that's all!"

"I didn't interfere with you," said Edward, shrinking instinctively from his companion. "The gentleman said he wanted the Transcript, and you only had the Traveller."

Nick could not help feeling that this was true. So, finding no other answer ready, he worked himself up into a passion, and, striking Edward with

From Page 5

great force on his arm, caused him to drop the remainder of his papers into the mud.

"Jest try it again, and you'll get some more of the same sort," said he, as he darted round the corner.

As soon as he had recovered from the pain of the blow, Edward began with tears in his eyes, to pick up his papers which lay scattered about in the street. But they were all so besmeared with mud that it would be impossible to sell them.

Leaving them where they were, he prepared, sorrowfully, to return home. While he is on his way, let us go back a little, and give the reader a further insight in his history.

Mr. Ashleigh, Edward's father, was formerly a merchant in prosperous circumstances. Edward, whose taste for books and study was manifested at an early age, was designed by his father for a collegiate education, and had already commenced the preparatory course, when, through some unforeseen circumstances, his father failed in business, and shortly afterwards died. Mrs. Ashleigh and Edward were thus thrown on their own resources. Edward, as we have seen, finding no better employment, was obliged to enter the ranks of newsboys, while his mother, though in delicate health, took in plain sewing, by which at best she could earn but a small sum. They hired a small room in the third story of an old house in one of the narrow alleys so common in Boston. and conveyed thither the scanty furniture which they were allowed to retain.

Let us return to Edward, who is sadly wending his way homeward, with the mortifying consciousness that the loss which he has suffered in the destruction of his papers will more than balance the liberality of the old gentleman, so that his day's labor has amounted to worse than nothing. As he walked on, plunged in sorrowful reflections, the light of the street-lamp revealed to him a small dark object lying upon the sidewalk. Picking it up eagerly, he discovered it to be a pocket-book. Without stopping to examine it, he flew

rather than walked till he reached home, intending to let his mother open it for him.

Mrs. Ashleigh had had a severe headache, so that she had been unable to work all day. Sorrowful thoughts, which came unbidden, filled her heart as she sat alone in her cheerless apartment; and as the vision of her past happiness presented itself in vivid contrast with her present destitution, she could not help murmuring a little at the dispensation of Providence.

She had brought out the little table, and spread it with a clean cloth, in anticipation of Edward's return. On it she placed a cup of milk, and part of a loaf of bread, and then sat down to wait for him.

She soon heard him bounding up the rickety staircase, in a manner quite unusual for him.

"Oh, mother," said he, opening the door quickly, "just see what I've found. I want you to open it and see how much there is in it. You won't have to sit here sewing, day after day, and I shan' be obliged to go and sell papers, shall I? Nick Lawson tipped mine all over in the mud this afternoon, so that I didn't sell but one, though I got ten cents for that from a kind old gentleman."

Edward stopped for want of breath, while his mother, taking the pocket-book, said, quietly: --

"I am afraid you are anticipating too much, my dear boy. Remember that this money, whether little or much, does not belong to us, but to the loser."

Edward's countenance fell.

"I know it is not ours," he said, "but we can keep it if nobody calls for it, can't we, mother?"

"But it is our duty to advertise it, if we cannot find the owner in any other way. It would not be honest to conceal that we have found it."

So saying, she opened the pocket-book, and found it to contain a roll of bills amounting to one hundred dollars, beside some private papers. Edward's eyes sparkled as he saw the money, and he could not help saying --

"I hope we shall not find the owner. I am sure it would not do him so much good as it will us."

From Page 6

"That may be," said Mrs. Ashleigh; "but it is wrong to indulge such feelings. We will wait a day or two and, if we learn nothing of the owner, we will advertise it."

The pocket-book was safely put away, and Edward sat down to his frugal meal.

The next day he went as usual to get a bundle of morning papers for the day's sale. As he glanced over one of them, his eyes rested on the following advertisement: --

"Lost -- Last evening, somewhere between the Old State House and S----- street, a pocket-book containing a roll of bills amounting to one hundred dollars, besides several papers of no value to any one but the owner. The finder will be suitably rewarded by calling at No. 15 S----- street."

The minuteness with which the contents of the pocket-book were enumerated left no doubt in Edward's mind as to its identity with the one he had found. Hastily running home he procured it, and then hastened to the place indicated in the advertisement.

The servant looked rather curiously at Edward, as she demanded his errand.

"I wish to see Mr. Gregory," said Edward, for the door-plate had informed him that this was the name of the gentleman who resided here.

After some hesitation the servant admitted Edward and ushered him to a handsome apartment, where she left him and went to call her master. Edward had to wait but a few moments, when the door opened, and, to his great surprise, the old gentleman who had purchased the paper of him the evening before, walked into the room.

The recognition was mutual.

"Ah, my little friend," said Mr. Gregory, "so you have found me out. Perhaps you have come to give me back the change for what I paid you!" he added, smiling.

"No, sir," said Edward, modestly; "but I saw in this morning's paper an advertisement of yours, about a lost pocket-book. I have found one which answers the description, and if it is yours, I will restore it to you."

With these words Edward produced

the pocket-book he had found the evening previous.

"You are right," said Mr. Gregory, examining it. "It is mine. But tell me" he continued, smiling, "were you not tempted to keep it?"

"Yes," said Edward, blushing; "I am sorry to say I was; but my mother is sick and we are very poor, or I should never have thought of it."

"And why did you not do it?" inquired Mr. Gregory, pleased with his frankness.

"Because my mother told me it would be wrong."

"I am glad to find that your mother instructs you so well in your duty. But tell me, for I am interested in you, were you always so poor? You appeared so different from your companions, that I could not help thinking you must have seen better days. Is it not so?"

"It is true, sir. Until my father failed, we were thought to be rich; but when he failed, and, worse than all, soon after died, we were forced to leave our pleasant home, and I, who have always liked study so much, was obliged to leave school, where I had just commenced preparing for college, and do all I could to help mother. But I could find nothing to do but to sell papers, which is better than doing nothing, though the other boys get the start of me, so that I cannot earn much by it."

Mr. Gregory listened with evident attention to Edward's simple narrative. At its conclusion, he said: --

"I offered a reward to the finder of this pocket-book. If you will give me your mother's address, I will call there this afternoon and see what I can do for you."

Edward did as he was requested, and then, bowing respectfully, withdrew.

Mr. Gregory was a wealthy man, and, as we have seen, he was disposed to be benevolent and charitable. He already felt a strong interest in Edward, whose appearance had at one prepossessed him in his favor.

In accordance with his promise, he visited Mrs. Ashleigh in the afternoon. He was prepared to like her from the account given of her by her son. His anticipations were not disappointed. At

**GARDINER WILLING TO ADOPT IRVING'S MYTHICAL SLEEPER**

By Laura Nicholson, Staff Writer  
Unknown Newspaper in N.Y.

GARDINER - Like a tall tale told round the campfire, the story of Rip Van Winkle gets better with each telling.

Washington Irving's whimsical tale of the man who was cast into a deep slumber by the ghost of Henry Hudson has spawned a host of theories and opinions on just who Rip was and where he wandered.

Now Steven Press of Poughquag has added yet another twist to the legend. Press says the real Rip was a drunkard born in the Ulster County Town of Gardiner who abandoned his family for the pleasures of New York City.

"If someone wants to give him to Gardiner, we'll take him," said Peggy Lotvin director of the community's library. But she notes, "I don't see any historical markers going up on Route 208 or Route 44/55."

"Oh, really?" said Sue Bain, publicity coordinator for Green County. She added, "Starting from Myth, he becomes a reality. It gets better as you go along."

Over the years, Bain has met many people who believe Rip was real and want to see the places he frequented Irving's story includes a reference to the Kaaterskill Falls, which is in the county.

And it is in Haines Falls that a replica of Rip's retreat was built as a tourist attraction, and a man named Hiram "Hype" Hoyt wandered 30 years ago, dressed in Rip's cloths, complete with a Rip-like dog named "Wolf" and telling Rip-like tall tales.

The replica of a Dutch yillage was demolished after the state bought the land on which it stood.

"It's a good myth and it's a lot of fun, but please, let's not take it seriously folks," Bain said. "The fact that little men were bowling in the woods is what makes me somewhat suspicious."

Woodstock historian Alf Evers noted that people have found echoes of the legend Rip in communities throughout the Catskills including Stone Ridge, Esopus, the Rondout and Shandaken.



"Everyone's free to speculate," he said, but, "it [Press' theory] sounds suspicious."

Evers said a more popular theory is that Irving fashioned his caricature out of a humorous conversation between the writer and his brother-in-law concerning the oddballs of Sleepy Hollow.

Part of the Rip Van Winkle mystique can be traced to Irving himself.

"When you write, you base your ideas on reality but you alter it with the dictates of your imagination," Evers said. "It was partly that Irving himself enjoyed mystifying people."

Evers noted Irving wouldn't disclose the source of his story. He was even accused of plagiarism, not because a real Rip existed, but because of a German folk tale he acknowledged knowing.

In that story, a goatherd named Peter Klaus followed his flock into a cave where he bowled with a group of strangers. Drinking from their jug of wine, he fell into a deep sleep for 20 years, awakening to find no one knew him.

Evers said there's no evidence Irving set foot in the Catskills until 1832, when he traveled in the Ulster County area.

Nevertheless, Gardiner Supervisor Michael Moran would like to claim Rip as a native son. There's been some talk about capitalizing on Rip's relationship to the town, although it has not gone very far. A town gathering in September could carry a Rip Van Winkle theme, Moran suggested.

"I find it believable," he said of Press's tale. "It certainly would upset all those towns upstate. Maybe we'll unearth a letter from Irving that says 'I knew it all the time.'"

**HORATIO ALGER, Jr. - MARLBOROITE**

By Bob White, PF-833

We have been informed that Carroll Holt, PF-380 has passed away. Carroll was a member of the H.A.S. since 1973.

According to an article in the Marlboro paper, written by Ed Bridges, Carroll's collection of 173 volumes and 150 different titles has been willed to the Marlboro Public Library. The Library has been authorized to give the books to the Friends of the Library or to the Parents Council for the Children's room, or they may be sold, with the proceeds to be used to further develop the collection and services of the Marlboro Public Library.

Lillian Giuliano, the librarian, says it has not yet been decided what will be done with the collection. She acknowledges it is certainly a most significant gift that is much appreciated by the library and deserves recognition by the city. Especially since it comes at an appropriate time, during Marlboro's Centennial.



The article by Ed Bridges, although not entirely complimentary to Alger, mentioned that Alger spent the formative years of his life in Marlboro. His father was a member of the school committee and a local clergyman. Also Ed Bridges states "This is a veritable treasure trove of Alger and it includes many first editions, which are worth literally thousands of dollars".

Ed Bridges also writes, "There are places where books by Horatio Alger, Jr., have been banned, and for that reason some of them will be on display at the Marlboro Public Library next month, when 'Ban the Book Month' is being staged at the library."

We were saddened by the news of Carroll's death and express our condolences to his family and friends.

### Time has arrived for DCC teacher's play

By Jim Haviland, Journal Staff  
Another Eastern Newspaper

Although he has been active for 20 years as a teacher at Dutchess Community College, Steve Press [PF-167] still finds himself hooked on the theater.

He started out as an actor in productions Broadway and off Broadway, including "The Diary of Anne Frank," but now confines his theatrical pursuits to writing plays.

One of his children's plays, "The Spider and the Bee" has just been accepted for publication by Samuel French Inc., a leading New York City play publishing firm.

"I'm really thrilled about this accomplishment," said Press, "because the French firm's catalog is one that you really want to get into with your play. I've written 20 children's plays but this is the first one French has taken."

The 55-year-old Press feels the time really has arrived for his play because it focuses on the conflict between the sciences and the arts receiving increased attention today. In the play, the spider represents the sciences and the bee symbolizes the arts.

"The conflict between the two makes for a funny and lively play," he explains, "and the big scene is the trial where the audience serves as the jury."



The audience composed of children is asked to decide which is most important--the spider or the bee.

"The children argue about the outcome," says Press. "The ultimate decision is that the spider [the sciences] and the bee [the arts] must work together."

He reports that the American Medical Ass. recently looked at the undergraduate training of doctors and decided they should have less science and more reading of the great novels and a study of the theater

"The AMA apparently feels that doctors shouldn't just be technicians with no feeling for life" Press says, "but should be complete human beings."

He added that Harvard and MIT are emphasizing the arts more in their programs. "People aspiring to be engineers now are studying the arts more and delving into the humanities," Press explains, "which I think is good."

The DCC faculty member also is encouraged about another of his plays, "We Need Another Man." The work may be made into a screen play. This play, which he wrote several years ago, is set in the 1940s during World War II.

"They have just celebrated the start of World War II," says Press, "and I feel the time may also have come for this play."

An agent in Hollywood has just accepted this play and currently is circulating it among movie studios

Press says he has also shown the script to Ken Topolski, a former DCC student, who now is a Hollywood producer looking for good properties. "I feel I have come full circle," he reports, "in being able to work in the theater with former students."

Topolski is the producer of "The Wonder Years," a TV hit, according to Press, and is coming out in the spring with a new movie, "The Wizard," starring Bo Bridges.

Press also is working on adapting his story, "The Big Sleep," the tale of Rip Van Winkle, into a musical.

When Press graduated from New York University at the age of 21, he immediately got involved in the New York Theater by appearing in Broadway and Off-Broadway shows. He played Peter Van Daan in the Broadway and road company of "The Diary of Anne Frank," which won the Pulitzer Prize and New York Drama Critic's award.

Press also acted in television productions during the so-called "Golden Age" of television, appearing in such live anthology shows as Studio One, U.S. Steel Hour, Philco TV Playhouse. He also performed in the live TV soap opera "Valiant Lady."

From Page 7

the close of the interview he promised to bear Edward's expenses, allowing him to pursue the same course which he would have done had his father lived and continued wealthy. He offered, at the same time, to provide comfortably for Mrs. Ashleigh till Edward was placed in a situation to support her.

It is needless to say that this offer was gratefully accepted, and that Mrs. Ashleigh and her son at once removed to a more comfortable dwelling, while Edward resumed his studies which for a few months had been interrupted.

Do any of my readers doubt that Edward made good use of the advantages which the kindness of Mr. Gregory placed within his reach? I think not. I will add, however, that he became a successful lawyer, and that he always felt grateful to his mother for persuading him to that act of honesty to which he rightfully attributed all his after-prosperity.

A word more and my story is ended. Mr. Gregory had a grand-daughter, Fannie, the heiress of all his wealth, between whom and Edward Ashleigh a mutual attachment sprang up. Mr. Gregory wisely let matters take their course, and so, for once, the course of true love did run smooth -- Shakspeare to the contrary, notwithstanding. In proof of which I have only to transcribe a paragraph which just caught my eye in the True Flag of -- no matter what date:

"Married, 16th inst. by Rev. Dr. \_\_\_\_\_, Edward Ashleigh, Esq., to Miss Fannie, grand-daughter of Henry Gregory, Esq."

And so, friendly reader, my story ends, as all stories of right should end -- with a happy marriage.

---

You know you're getting older when all the names in your little black book end with M.D.

\*

Diplomacy is to do and say the nastiest thing in the nicest way.

\*

Kindness is a language which the blind can read and the deaf can understand.

From Page 9

When he became 30 and was too old for youthful roles, Press went into producing and directing one-act plays off-Broadway. He also worked on TV productions involving Johnny Carson, Merv Griffin and Stu Billett, who now produces the "Peoples Court."

When concentrating on play writing, he decided to also enter teaching. He taught in Williamsport, Pa. where he produced a couple of plays, then he came to DCC in 1970 because Poughkeepsie was closer to New York.

Press resides with his wife, Alice, and two daughters in Poughhquag. His wife a bookbinder, now has a show in New York, one daughter, Sara, is an art major at SUNY at Oneonta, while the other Rebecca, is an Arlington High School senior who plans to go to college next year as a premed major.

In addition to the pleasures of play writing, Press also enjoys teaching theatre and communications at DCC.

One of his former students Brian Williams now produces the New York Rangers telecasts for the Madison Square Garden TV Network, and Press worked with him last year while on a sabbatical leave from DCC.

"It's really wonderful to see the success some of my former students have achieved," says Press. "That really makes teaching a very satisfying profession."

---

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Carl,

Thanks for putting "The Newsboy" in line for the next edition of Newsboy.

I note in the May - June 1990 Newsboy that "Interim Editor" title is minor compared to "Executive Secretary" to whom practically everything is to be addressed, so please use the enclosed check for extra copies of Newsboy in which "The Newsboy" appears. At least, one of these should result in a new Has member.

It has not rained here in many weeks so I am now about to take my 1942 [original MB Model] Jeep and six gallons of water from our 180-foot well to deposit at the base of each of three trees I was cajoled into planting on the lawn area fronting on Jett Ferry Road, just before the dry spell and county water restrictions began.

Retirement living sometimes gets a little trying!

With best wishes,

Jack Barker, PF-186

\* \* \* \*

## HORATIO ALGER AND THE HAPPY ACCIDENT: or, Don't Take it Too Seriously

by Gil O'Gara, PF-627

Horatio Alger, I think, realized that, in this world, it's not what you know, but who you know that counts. With a few exceptions, the boy heroes of his books, despite their honesty and application to hard work, would probably never have risen far without the help of a kind benefactor. Of course, being clean and manly in character is what impresses the kindly gentleman or beneficent lady in the first place, but good intentions are simply not enough -- and never were. [Some day I'm going to write a thesis on the real core of the Alger novels: not that hard work and honesty is the key to the tales, but that, in a harsh world, there are still a few "good" people who take pains to help out those less fortunate than themselves, and, more particularly, to aid those who appear destined to make something of themselves if given a generous boost in the right direction].

Let's face it: so many of Alger's boys are destitute or homeless, or cast adrift, making their way in a large, bustling metropolis with no friends or relatives to give them a hand. Even those with steady jobs are stuck in dead-end employment, with little chance of advancement, and no chance of wealth. Along comes an older person, usually well-endowed with lucre, or, at least, influential enough to give our Hero a helping hand. There you have an Alger story.

In our late-20th century smugness, we sometimes, I think, live in the mistaken belief that our ancestors were simpletons. They couldn't split atoms, program computers, or travel across the country in a day. Stupid, weren't they? Nevertheless, despite their primitive society, they really didn't believe everything they read. Unfortunately, we read an Alger book and fall into the trap of believing that this type of literature was accepted without question -- forgetting, perhaps, that the "lucky circumstance" of an Alger novel [or many another tale of the boy hero] -- was really a standard plot device which figured, and was expected, in this type of literature.

The western outlaw has to wear black. We expect it in our horse operas, although we know "it ain't necessarily so. "Alger's boys had to win out in the end, they had to overcome their own personal obstacles as well as the hurdles set before them by their foes. How did they win? Through pluck and luck, through determination and the right breaks. Coincidence and deus ex machina moved along an unlikely plot when, in reality, the most fortunate, most talented, most determined youth would have probably failed despite his attributes and his luck. The reader knew it, but he didn't care. This is not real life; the reader is holding a book of escapist fiction, a tale of adventure which besides whiling away the hours, might, perhaps, boost morale. That's all. Follow the formula, keep the

young reader happy. Give him what he wants, what he expects. He knows it's make-believe, even if it does, possibly, inspire him towards great things in his own life. It may be fantasy, but he doesn't care. The hero, the plot, the villains are old hat, in a nice warm, familiar sort of way. He's read it all before, and he'll read it again and again. It isn't complex but it sells books.

Mary Noel, in her book, Villains Galore, made a good point on page 218:

Now Alger has been taken much too seriously by modern critics. It is very doubtful if the Small Boy of America, delighting in each of the several clever and exciting adventures which were strung along "our Hero's" path to success, proceeded to form any general conclusions there from on the structure of society or the chances of success for the underprivileged. Alger's only fault was a total lack of literary ability: but then, he was also without literary pretense.

Alger himself realized the unlikelyhood of the happy accident resulting in riches and subsequent success. [Not that it stopped him from using the device in his tales -- but let us begin to understand that even Horatio knew he was writing fantasy]. An example of this periodic nod to reality appears in Chapter X of The Cash Boy. Frank Fowler's friend, Jasper Wheelock, is making suggestions as to how Frank can improve his financial status:

"So if you want to make some more [money], I am afraid you will have to look for it outside. Here's a very simple way of doing it. Suppose you pick up in the street a pocketbook full of bills, nobly resist the temptation of appropriating a thousand dollars odd to your own use, seek out the owner and throw them at his feet, exclaiming proudly, 'I am poor, but honest.' Of course he would be affected to tears would draw out five one hundred bills compel you to take them as a reward for your honesty. The curtain falls over an affecting tableau. How would that suit you?"

"I should like it very well," said Frank laughing, "but where am I to pick up the lucky pocketbook."

"I can't exactly tell you at present" said Jasper. "If I knew I should most probably be selfish enough to make tracks for it myself. I don't suppose it would pay to give up your situation and explore the streets in the hope of finding it. You might be as lucky as the bootblack, who found a wallet the other day and received two cents from the liberal owner." "Did he accept it?"

"Oh yes, he accepted it informing the generous giver that he was going down to Wall Street to invest it in Erie Stock."

"On the whole, Jasper I think I must think of something else."

From Page 11

Frank Munsey, who, Stanley Pachon felt, was held by Alger to be a living example of the kind of rags-to riches success he was detailing in his novels, took an even tougher look at the absurdity of the happy accident in children's literature. Munsey, working his way up the ladder of life, had gone to New York to be a success, but found it tough going -- much like the Alger boy from the country. Perhaps, because of this, Frank Munsey had a more caustic outlook when he wrote the following dialogue in his own novel, The Boy Broker. As Chapter III opens, Herbert Randolph seeks out a newsboy he has made friends with after spending the entire day fruitlessly seeking employment in New York City:

"Didn't strike it rich today, did you?" said he, with a smile. "No," replied Herbert sadly.

"Didn't find no benevolent old gentleman-- them as is always looking for poor boys to help along and give'em money and a bang up time?"

"I did not see any such philanthropist looking for me," answered Herbert slightly puzzled, for the newsboy's face was seriousness itself.

"Well, that is all fired strange. I don't know how he missed you for they take right to country boys."

"I did not start out very early," remarked Herbert doubtfully. and with heightened color.

"Then that's how it happened I guess" said Bob, with a very thoughtful air

"But you must have found somebody's pocket book --"

"What do mean?" interrupted Herbert suspiciously.

"Mean -- why what could I mean? Wasn't it plain what I said? Wasn't I speaking good English, I'd like to know said Bob, apparently injured.

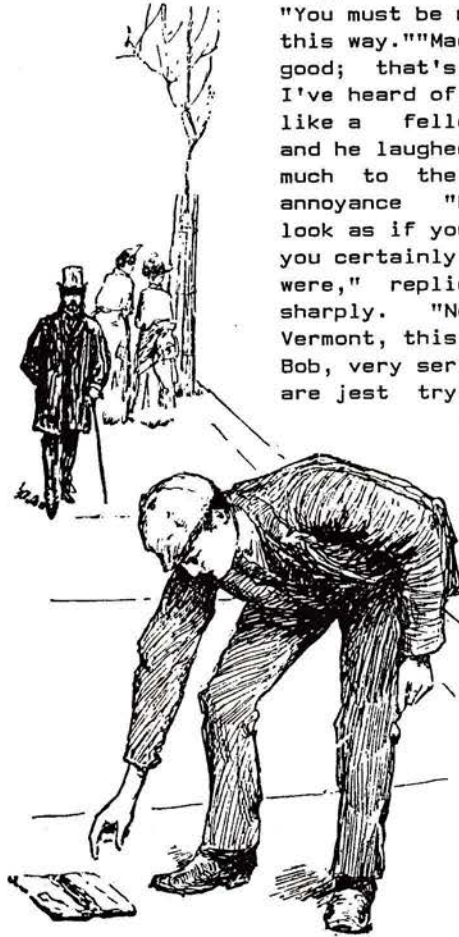
"Your language was plain, to be sure, and you English was good enough," apologized Herbert; "but I can't see why I should find anybody's pocket book."

"Jest what I thought but you see you don't know the ways of New York. You will learn though, and you will be surprised to see how easy it is to pick up a pocket book full of greenbacks and bonds -- perhaps a hundred thousand dollars in any one of'em and then you will take it to the man what lost it, and he will give you a lots of money, maby a thousand dollars or so -- 'twouldn't be much of a man as would do less than a thousand. What do you think?"

"I don't know what to think. I cannot understand you, Bob Hunter."



THE BENEVOLENT OLD GENTLEMAN  
PRESSES MONEY ON THE  
COUNTRY BOY.



THE COUNTRY BOY FINDS A WELL FILLED POCKET BOOK.

"That's 'cause you don't know me and ain't posted on what I'm saying. Maybe I am springin' it on you kinder fresh for the first day, though I guess you will stand it. But tell me, Vermont, about the runaway horse that you stopped."

"The runaway horse that I stopped!" exclaimed Herbert. "You must be mad to talk in this way." "Mad! Well, that's good; that's the best thing I've heard of yet! Do I look like a fellow that's mad?" and he laughed convulsively much to the country lad's annoyance. "No, you do not look as if you were mad, but you certainly act as if you were," replied the latter sharply. "Now look a here, Vermont, this won't do," said Bob, very serious again. "You are jest tryin' to fool me,

but you can't do it, Vermont I'll tell you that straight. Of course I don't blame you for wantin' to be kinder modest about it, for s'pose it seems to you like puttin' on airs to admit you saved their lives. But then t'ain't puttin' on no airs at all. Ef I was you I'd be proud to own it other boys

always owns it, and they don't show no modesty about it the same as what you do, either. And I don't know why they should, for it's something to be proud of; and you know, Vermont, the funniest thing about it is that them runaways is always stopped by boys from the country jest like you. Don't ask me why it happens so, for I don't know myself; but all the books will tell you that it is so. And jest think, Vermont how many lives they save! You know the coachman gets paralyzed, and the horses runs away and he tumbles off his box, and a rich lady and her daughter -- they are always rich, and the daughter is always in the carriage, too -- funny, ain't it, but it's as true as I'm alive; and the boy rushes at the horses when they are going like a cyclone, and stops 'em jest as the carriage is going to be dashed to pieces. And then the lady cries and throws arms round the boy, and kisses him, and puts a hundred dollars in his hands, and he refuses it.



THE COUNTRY BOY TO THE RESCUE.

Then the lady and her daughter ask him to come to their house, and the next day her husband gets a bang up position for him, where he can make any amount of money? "Now I call that somethin' to be proud of, as I said before, and I don't see no sense in your tryin' to seem ignorant about it. Why, I wouldn't be surprised a bit ef you would try to make out that you wasn't a near any fire today. But that wouldn't do Vermont-- I'll give you a pointer on that now, so you won't attempt no such tomfoolery with me, for no boy like you ever comes into a town like New York is and don't save somebody from burning up rescue 'em from a tall building when nobody else can get to 'em. And of course for doing this they get pushed right ahead into something fine, while us city fellows have to shin around lively for a livin'. "I don't know ef you saved anybody from drowning or not; I won't say that you did, but ef you didn't you ain't in luck that's all I've got to say about it So you see 'taint much use for you to try to deceive me, Vermont, for I know jest what's a fair day's work for a boy from the country -- jest what's expected of him on his first day here. Why ef you don't believe me [and I know you don't by the way you look] jest get all the books that tells about country boys coming to New York and read what they say, that's all I ask of you Vermont. Now come, own up and tell it straight." "Bob, you are altogether too funny," laughed Herbert, now that the drift of his friend's seemingly crazy remarks was plain to him. "How can you manage to joke so seriously, and why do you make fun of me? Because I am from the country, I suppose." "I hope I didn't hurt your feelings, Vermont," replied Bob, enjoying greatly his own good natured satire. "No, not at all, Bob Hunter but until I saw your joke I thought surely you were insane."

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Carl,

I am new member PF-863 and a personal growth Holistic teacher interested in networking with others for the purpose of Sharing Anything on Horatio Alger's optimism! Alger's charisma and blazing optimism lured me into membership! Charisma, its invention and power is my always entertaining, academic and professional pursuit!

As a teacher, I study always to share with others!

Orison Swett Marden ["Pushing to the Front or Success Under Difficulties" 1894] also fascinates me!

Best Wishes,

Rob Curtiss, BA, EM  
965 Wendell Ave.  
Schenectady, NY 12308

\* \* \* \*

Dear Carl,

I'm sorry I missed the meeting in the Catskills. I was only a few miles away putting on a play at Mohonk Mountain House. The Rip Van Winkle thing has been keeping me very busy. [See enclosed starting on page 8] I have just finished writing a musical about Rip. It's titled, Let Mirth Abound!

Steve Press  
PF-164

\* \* \* \*

CHANGE OF ADDRESS  
FOR IMMEDIATE ACTION PLEASE

Please note an IMMEDIATE change of address to the below:

Dr. Paul Rich, FRSA FRGS  
Department of Education  
The University of Western Australia  
Nedlands, Western Australia 6009

I would appreciate the names of any members in Western Australia. Many thanks and please expedite.

Yours Sincerely,  
Paul Rich  
PF-837

---

Did you hear about the politician who was willing to do anything on earth for the working people, except become one of them?

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Carl:

Am sending this clipping from the Abilene, Tx., Reporter News, written by Kim Hope - [Must be a "Gentleman Reporter" not many ladies know of Horatio Alger] he or she seems to think the readers will know who Alger is [or was].

"...Although several years apart, the men's story is straight out of Horatio Alger..."

I enjoy every issue of the Newsboy. Have them all filed. It is interesting to go back to a 1970 - or even a 1980 - now that we have a 1990!

By the way the Vol 9, No.5, Dec, 1970 Has your name on the cover as Guest Editor! What a fine job you have done over the years.

Evelyn Grebel  
PF-318

\* \* \* \*

I seem to have no record of having paid our dues in April as we usually do.

Sorry to have missed the convention. We didn't go last year so that we might go to Catskill this year. Then I managed to have a cataract operation May 3 and the second eye done week before last. So that takes care of this summer right here! But eyes are great. Implants are a miracle.

Regards to you.  
Harold & Arlene Yerty  
PF-599 & PF-817

\* \* \* \*

---

## MEMBERSHIP

### NEW MEMBERS

Arthur T. Seybert            PF-850  
6061 No. Northcott            Jan  
Chicago, IL 60631

Catherine L.    [312] 775-2223  
[Sorry Arthur! But this got lost in our mail.]

Mike Koury                    PF-862  
P.O. BOX 446                    July  
Peoria, AZ 85380  
T-59                            [602] 878-1298

Rob Curtiss                    PF-863  
965 Wendell Ave.  
Schenectady, NY 12308  
T-9                              [518] 374-5967

Mila Novak                    PF-864  
2300 Lake Street                July  
Melrose PK., IL 60160  
Daniel                         [708] 343-9119

With our thanks to Gil and his BOOTBLACK Magazine.

### THE LITTLE OUTCAST

By  
HORATIO ALGER, JR.

"May'nt I stay, ma'am? I'll do anything you wish - cut wood, go after water, and do all your errands."

The troubled eye of the speaker filled with tears. It was a lad that stood at the outer door, pleading with a kind looking woman, who still seemed to doubt his good intentions.

The cottage sat by itself on a bleak moor, or what in Scotland would have been called such. The time was near the end of November, a fierce wind rattled the boughs of the only naked tree near the house, and fled with a shivering sound into the narrow doorway, as if seeking for the warmth at the blazing fire within.

Now and then a snowflake touched, with its soft chill, the cheek of the listener, or whitened the angry redness of the poor boy's benumbed hands.

The woman was evidently loth to grant the boy's request, and the peculiar look stamped upon his features would have suggested to any mind an idea of depravity far beyond his years.

But her mother's heart could not resist the sorrow in those large, but not handsome gray eyes.

"Come in, at any rate, till the gudeman comes home; there, sit down by the fire, you look perishing with the cold." And she drew a rude chair to the warmest corner, then suspiciously glancing at the child from the corners of her eyes, she continued setting the table for supper.

Presently came the tramp of heavy shoes, the door swung open with a quick jerk, and the "gudeman" presented himself, weary with labor.

A look of intelligence passed between his wife and himself - he, too, scanned the boy's face with an expression not evincing satisfaction, but, nevertheless, made him come to the table, and then enjoyed the zest with which he dispatched his supper.

Day after day passed, and yet the boy begged to be kept "only till to-morrow;" so the good couple, after due consideration, concluded that so long as he was docile and worked so heartily, they would retain him.

One day, in the middle of winter, a peddler long accustomed to trade at the cottage, made his appearance, and disposed of his goods readily, as he had been waited for.

"You have a boy out there splitting wood, I see," he said, pointing to the yard.

From Page 14

"Yes, do you know him?"

"I have seen him," replied the peddler, evasively.

"And where? - who is he? - what is he?"

"A jail bird!" and the peddler swang his pack over his shoulder; "that boy, young as he looks, I saw in the court myself, and heard his sentence - ten months; he's a hard one - you'd do well to look keeful after him."

There was something so horrible in the word "jail," the poor woman trembled as she laid away her purchases, nor could she be easy till she had called the boy in and assured him that she knew the dark part of his history.

Ashamed and distresses, the child hung down his head; his cheeks seemed bursting with his hot blood; his lips quivered, and anguish was painted vividly upon his forehead as if the words were branded in his flesh.

"Well," he muttered, his whole frame relaxing as if a burden of guilt or joy had suddenly rolled off, "I may as well go to ruin at once - there's no use in my trying to do better - everybody hates and despises me - nobody cares about me. I may as well go to ruin at once!"

"Tell me," said the woman, who stood off far enough for flight, if that should be necessary, "how came you to go so young to that awful place? Where was your mother?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the boy, with a rush of grief that was terrible to behold. "Oh! I haint had no mother ever since I was a baby. If I'd only a mother," he continued, his anguish growing vehement, and the tears gushing out of his strange-looking gray eyes, "I wouldn't 'a been bound out and kicked, and cuf fed, and laid on to with whips; I wouldn't 'a got knocked down, and then run away, and stole because I was hungry. Oh! I haint got no mother since I was a baby."

The strength was all gone from the poor boy, and he sank on his knees sobbing great choking sobs, and rubbing the hot tears with his knuckles. And did that woman stand there unmoved? Did she boldly bid him pack up and be off - jail bird?

No, no - she had been a mother, and although all her children slept under the cold sod in the churchyard, was a mother still.

She went up to that poor boy, not to hasten him away, but to lay her fingers kindly, softly, on his head - to tell him to look up and from henceforth find in her a mother. Yes, she even put her arm around the neck of that forsaken, deserted child - she poured from her mother's heart sweet, womanly words, words of counsel and tenderness.

Oh! how sweet was her sleep that night - how soft was her pillow! She had linked a poor suffering heart to hers by the most silken, the strongest bands of love. She had plucked some thorns from the path of a little sinning but striving mortal. None but Angels could witness her joy, and not envy.

Did the boy leave her?

Never - he is with her still; a vigorous, manly, promising youth. The low character of his countenance has given place to an open, pleasing expression, with depth enough to make it an interesting study. His foster-father is dead; his foster-mother - aged and sickly - but she knows no want. The once poor outcast is her only dependence, and nobly does he repay the trust. "He that saveth a soul from death, hideth a multitude of sins."

-Gleason's Literary Companion, January 19, 1861

**BOOK MART**  
**HORATIO ALGER FIRST EDITIONS FOR SALE**

DAVID THORNTON

% TRW

2001 CENTER STREET  
BERKELEY, CALIF 94704

Work: [415] 548-8572 Home: [415] 689-7039

VALIDATION: BENNETT

TITLE	PUBLISHER	DATE & COND	Price
Ben's Nugget	Porter & Coates	1882 VG	\$40
Bound To Rise	Loring	1873 VG	70
Chester Rand	Henry T. Coate	1903 EX	65
Debt Of Honor	Burt	1900 EX	25
		Later state/correct cover	
Digging For Gold	Porter & Coates	1892 G	35
Fame & Fortune	Loring	1868 EX	60
		Later state	
Forging Ahead	Penn Publishing	1903 G	75
		Tight copy-blemish on spine	
Frank & Fearless	Henry T. Coates	1897 G	25
		Later state	
From Canal Boy To Pres	John Anderson	1881 VG	25
From Canal Boy To Pres	John Anderson	1881 VG	+25
In A New World	Porter & Coates	1893 G-	40
In Search Of Treasure	Burt	1907 VG	100
Jed The Poor House Boy	Henry T Coates	1899	60
Joe The Hotel Boy	Cupples & Leon	1906 G	25
		Later state [Circle]	
Julius	Loring	1874 EX	+75
		Later State	
Mark Masons Victory	Burt	1899 EX	25
		Later state/Correct cover	
Mark the Match boy	Loring	1869 G-	25
		Later state	
Rough & Ready	Loring	1869 G	40
		Later state	
Shifting For Himself	Loring	1876 VG	+75
Slow & Sure	Loring	1872 G	30
Telegraph Boy	Loring	1879 G-	35
Victor Vane	Porter & Coates	1894 VG	85
Wait & Win	Burt	1908 VG-EX	125
Young Salesman	Henry T. Coates	1896 G-VG	50

ALSO HAVE 250 ALGER TITLES FOR SALE

CONTACT ME WITH YOUR WANT LIST.

## JOSEPH ALTSHELER BOOKS FOR SALE

MAIL TO:

DAVID THORNTON

% TRW

2001 CENTER ST.

BERKELEY, CALIF. 94704

TELEPHONE

WORK: [415] 548-8572

HOME: [415] 689-7039

TITLE	PUBLISHER	YEAR	COND.	PRICE	COMMENTS
Texan Star	1st.Ed. Appleton	1912	VG	75.	
Lost Hunters	1st.Ed. Appleton	1918	VG	60.	
Hosts Of The Air	1st.Ed. Appleton	1915	G	30.	Spine Stained
My Captive	1st.Ed. Appleton	1902	G	25.	Back Cover Stained
Border Watch	Appleton	1923	EX	20.	
Forest Runners	Appleton	1920	EX	20.	Dark brown cover
Forest Runners	Appleton	1923	EX	20.	Light brown cover
Forest of Swords	Appleton	1927	G	10.	Library copy
Forest of Swords	Appleton-Century	1934	G	10.	Library copy
In Hostile Red	Intl Association	1901	G+	10.	
Free Rangers	Appleton	1928	G	25.	
Great Sioux Trail	Appleton-Century	1942	G	10.	Library copy
Guns of Bull Run	Appleton	1927	G+	15.	
Guns of Europe	Appleton-Century	1943	EX	10.	
Guns of Europe	Gosset & Dunlap		G+	15.	Boy Scout Ed.
Guns of Europe	Appleton	1924	EX	25.	
Keepers of the Trail	Appleton-Century	1937	G+	15.	
Keepers of the Trail	Appleton	1924	EX+	25.	
Horsemen of the Plains	Gosset & Dunlap		P	10.	Boy Scout Ed.
Horsemen of the Plains	Gosset & Dunlap		EX	15.	Stain on cover
Hosts of the Air	Appleton	1937	P	10.	Library copy
Hunters of the Hills	Appleton		EX	20.	Tight copy-spin fade
In Hostile Red	Doubleday	1904	EX	15.	
Last of the Chiefs	Appleton	1912	EX	20.	
Last of the Chiefs	Appleton-Century	1937	EX	20.	
Last of the Chiefs	Gosset & Dunlap		EX	20.	With dust jacket
Last of the Chiefs	Appleton	1920	P	10.	
Last of the Chiefs	Gosset & Dunlap		EX	10.	
Lords of the Wild	Appleton	1926	EX	25.	
Lost Hunters	Harrap	1934	EX	25.	
Masters of the Peaks	Appleton-Century	1946	Mint	50.	With dust jacket
Queen of the Four	Appleton-Century	1939	EX	25.	With dust jacket
Rulers of the Lakes	Appleton	1918	VG	25.	Spine faded
Scout of the Valley	Appleton-Century	1938	EX	25.	
Scouts of the Valley	Appleton-Century	1938	VG	15.	Library copy
Scouts of Stonewall	Appleton-Century	1942	VG	20.	
Soldier of Manhattan	Appleton	1929	G	20.	Ink stain on copy
Star of Gettsbury	Appleton	1932	P	20.	Library copy
Sun of Saratoga	Appleton Library	1899	EX	40.	Page edges gilded
Sun of Quebec	Appleton	1920	G	25.	2nd Ed.
Sun of Quebec	Appleton	1924	EX	20.	
Texan Star	Appleton	1920	G	10.	Tear on spine
Texas Triumph	Appleton	1936	P	10.	Library Copy
Tree of Appomattox	Appleton-Century	1944	VG	50.	
Young Trailers	Appleton-Century	1939	G	15.	Spine faded
Young Trailers	Appleton-Century	1934	EX	20.	
Young Trailers	Appleton-Century	1933	VG	15.	Library copy