



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.

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NOVEMBER-DECEMBER 1995

NUMBER 6

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"ROBBIE."



"PUNK."



"SAVED-OFF."



"JUNBO."



"GOLD."



"PRETTY."



"THE TWINS."



"HUTCH."

Holiday greetings and best wishes for happiness in the coming year

President's column

Preparations for the 1996 convention in Stratford, Ontario May 2-5 are continuing and the convention promises to be a wonderful gathering in a beautiful location. If you are planning to attend, it is not too early to call for your reservation at the Queen's Inn. The telephone number for reservations is 1-519-271-1400. We recommend that you use a credit card when making reservations as the credit card company will automatically calculate the exchange rate.

A complete convention preview by our host, Ivan McClymont (PF-722) will appear next issue, including your registration form. We hope to see everyone there!

When bringing items for our members' auction for this next convention, please remember there is now an auction to raise money for the **Strive and Succeed Award** for a deserving young person; please begin thinking on an item which might be included in this worthwhile auction.

Triumphant note: I have become a minor wizard at putting together bookcases from kits. In the last 30 days, I have put four bookcases together at home for my own use and have put two more large ones together at my stall at the antique mall. I had quite a crowd around me at the mall when I put those together, offering helpful if irritating advice. I now know what a Phillips screwdriver is versus a slotted screwdriver and I am the proud owner of a hammer. I also have, for the first time in close to forever, all of my books out of the boxes and onto shelves.

For those members without mechanical aptitude who are looking for bookcase kits, I recommend the Saunders Company bookcases over the other brands; I have found them the easiest to put together. You won't even need a screwdriver.

I hope you are all having some luck in your own bookhunting during the holidays. What could be a better Christmas gift than finding a long-sought volume for your collection, particularly if we find it for \$3 in excellent condition at a flea market? Let's hope we all find something along those lines; you can never tell.

I wish all members, their families and friends a very happy holiday season and look forward to seeing you all next May!

Your Partic'lar Friend,
Mary Ann Ditch (PF-861)
4567 Mason St.
Omaha, NE 68106

HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY

To further the philosophy of Horatio Alger, Jr. and to encourage the spirit of Strive and Succeed that for half a century guided Alger's undaunted heroes — lads whose struggles epitomized the great American dream and flamed hero ideals in countless millions of young Americans.

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

BOOKS RECOMMENDED BY H.A.S.

- Horatio Alger, Jr., A Comprehensive Bibliography*, by Bob Bennett (PF-265).
- Horatio Alger or, The American Hero Era*, by Ralph D. Gardner (PF-053).
- The Fictional Republic: Horatio Alger and American Political Discourse*, by Carol Nackenoff (PF-921).
- Publication Formats of the 59 Stories by Horatio Alger, Jr. as Reprinted by the John C. Winston Co.*, by Bob Sawyer (PF-455) and Jim Thorp (PF-574).
- Horatio Alger Books Published by A.L. Burt*, by Bradford S. Chase (PF-412).
- Horatio Alger Books Published by M.A. Donohue & Co.*, by Bradford S. Chase (PF-412).
- Horatio Alger Books Published by Whitman Publishing Co.*, by Bradford S. Chase (PF-412).
- The Lost Life of Horatio Alger, Jr.*, by Gary Scharnhorst with Jack Bales (PF-258).

Newsboy ad rates: Full page, \$32.00; one-half page, \$17.00; one-quarter page, \$9.00; per column inch (1 inch deep by approx. 3 1/2 inches wide), \$2.00. Send ads, with check payable to Horatio Alger Society, to Robert E. Kasper, 585 E. St. Andrews Dr., Media, PA 19063. The above rates apply to all want ads, along with ads offering non-Alger books for sale. However, it is the policy of the Horatio Alger Society to promote the exchange of Alger books and related Alger materials by providing space **free of charge** to our members for the **sale only** of such material. Send such ads or "Letters to the Editor" to **Newsboy** editor William R. Gowen (PF-706) at 923 South Lake St., Apt. 6, Mundelein, IL 60060.

The Christmas gift

by Horatio Alger, Jr.

Editor's note: This story, which first appeared in the Dec. 30, 1854 issue of Gleason's Pictorial Drawing Room Companion, is one of the most enduring of Alger's short stories. It was included in Bertha's Christmas Vision (1856) as well as reprinted often in periodicals. Newsboy first published it as a two-parter in its November and December issues in 1964 and it was reprinted here in the November-December 1989 issue. We feel enough time has passed that it is in the holiday spirit to offer it once again. The most comprehensive bibliographic resource for Alger's short stories and poems is The Alger Short Stories, compiled by Victor Berch and Edward T. LeBlanc (1990). For information write to E.T. LeBlanc at 87 School St., Fall River, MA 02720.

Heavily, heavily fell the snow covering the dark brown earth already hardened by the forest, with a pure white covering. As the rain falls alike upon the just and the unjust, so too the snow, God's kindred messenger, knows no distinction of persons, visiting all alike, forgetting none, and passing by none.

In one of the principal streets of New York stood a boy of some twelve years. His clothing was poor, and too scanty to afford a sufficient protection against the inclemency of the season. Through the visor of his cap, which had become detached in the middle, having a connection only at the two extremities, might be seen his rich brown hair. Notwithstanding the drawback of his coarse and ill-fitting attire, it was evident that he possessed a more than ordinary share of boyish beauty. But just at present his brow was overcast with a shade of anxiety, and his frame trembles with the cold, from which he is so insufficiently shielded.

It is a handsome street, that in which he is standing. On either side he beholds the residences of whom fortune has showered her favors. Bright lights gleam from parlor windows, and shouts of mirth and laughter ring out upon the night. All is joy and brightness and festivity within those palace-homes. The snow flakes fall idly against the window panes. They cannot chill the hearts within, nor place a bar upon their enjoyment, for this is Christmas eve, long awaited, at length arrived Christmas eve, around so many youthful anticipations cluster, has enjoyments peculiarly its own, over which the elements, however boisterous, have no control. Yet to some, Christmas eve brings more sorrow than enjoyment, serving only to heighten the contrast between present poverty and discomfort and past affluence.

But all this time we have left our little hero shivering in the street. Cold and uncomfortable as

he was, as well as anxious in mind, for he had lost his way, and knew not how to find it again, he could not help forgetting his situation for the time in witnessing the scene which met his eye, as for a moment he stood in front of a handsome residence on the south side of the street. The curtains were drawn aside, so that by supporting himself on the railing he had an unobstructed view of the scene within. It was a spacious parlor, furnished in a style elegant but not ostentatious. In the center of the apartment was a Christmas tree, brilliant with tapers, which were gleaming from every branch and twig. Gifts of various kinds were hung upon the tree, around which were gathered a group of three children, respectively of eight, six and four years. The eldest was a winsome fairy, with sparkling eyes and dancing feet.

The others were boys, who were making the most of this rare opportunity of sitting up after nine o'clock. At a little distance stood Mr. Dinsmoor and his wife, gazing with unalloyed enjoyment at the happiness of their children. While Lizzie was indulging in expressions of delight at the superb wax doll which St. Nicholas had so generously provided her attention was for a moment drawn to the window, through which she distinctly saw the figure of our hero, who, as we have said, had in his eagerness raised himself upon the railing outside, in order to obtain a better view. She uttered an exclamation of surprise. "Why, mother, there's a boy looking in at the window. Just look at him." Mrs. Dinsmoor looked in the direction indicated, and saw the little boy, without his perceiving that attention had been drawn to him.

"Some poor boy," she remarked to her husband, in a compassionate tone, "who loses for a moment the sensation of his own discomfort in witnessing our happiness. See how eagerly he looks at the tree, which no doubt appears like something marvellous to him."

"Why can't you let him come in?" asked Lizzie, eagerly, "he must be very cold out there, with snow-flakes falling upon him. Perhaps he would like to see our tree near to."

"Very well and kindly thought of, my little girl," said Mr. Dinsmoor, placing his hand for a moment upon her clustering locks. "I will follow your suggestion, but I must do it carefully, or he may be frightened and run away before he knows what are our intentions."

So speaking, Mr. Dinsmoor moved cautiously to the front door and opened it suddenly. The boy, startled by the sound, turned towards Mr. Dinsmoor

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Editor's notebook

Because this issue is in your hands two weeks later than normal and combined with the fact that the holiday season is upon us, I decided to offer Alger's well-known short story, "The Christmas Gift," which last appeared in these pages six years ago. Its first reprinting in *Newsboy* dates way back to 1964, when our little newsletter was produced in mimeograph by the Society's late co-founder, Forrest Campbell.

As you can read in President Mary Ann Ditch's column, preparations are well under way for our 1996 convention in Stratford, Ontario. Convention host Ivan McClymont (PF-722) will be providing a complete run-down on the big event in the January-February issue. Out tentative agenda, along with the convention registration form, will be included in the package. Also included will be hotel information, in particular our host hotel, the Queen's Inn, which Ivan has touched upon in the past couple of issues. Because it's a small hotel, try to make your reservations early so you're not relegated to another nearby lodging place.

Downtown Stratford is very attractive; a real old-country environment. Ivan will touch upon this next issue, but I want to mention a few things about Canadian-U.S. Customs for those of you who haven't traveled into or through Canada. While you are not liable to have your car pulled aside and thoroughly searched at the checkpoints, customs can do it if there is suspicion of certain items being carried across the border. These include firearms and other weapons (including self-defense tear gas or pepper spray containers) and unregistered alcoholic beverages.

What about books going across the border? After all, we'll all be bringing books to the convention. Ivan and Marg have been going to conventions in the U.S. for years and have reported no problems. Just tell the customs officials you are with the Horatio Alger Society, a book-collectors organization.

The often-complicated topic of monetary exchange rates will be covered by Ivan in his convention preview. My general advice is to use an internationally recognized credit card whenever possible (Visa, American Express, etc.) because the exchange rate will be calculated up-to-the-minute.

This fall I made a quick trip to Maine and Rob Kasper and I met up with Ronald Murch (PF-970), who has since joined the Society. How we met and the story of our mutual interest in books is explained in Ron's wonderful article on Page 11. Ron is a throwback to the kind of

longtime Alger-lovers who got the Society launched more than 30 years ago, people like Forrest Campbell and Ken Butler, who had grown up reading Alger and wanted to continue to honor their favorite author.

I grew up reading Tom Swift and Don Sturdy, while most of the newer H.A.S. members in the generation following me were bred on the Hardy Boys, Nancy Drew, Rick Brant, Ken Holt and Chip Hilton.

Times change, but the Alger heroes remain the best models, in my opinion. That's why I urge all of you, particularly those newer members who have never picked up and read *Ragged Dick*, to read "The Christmas Gift." Maybe you will then become as hooked on Alger as was Ron Murch those many years ago in rural Maine.

A closing note: Because of space limitations I wasn't able to include the fact that the story on Rupert Hughes' *Lakerim Series* (Page 13) was first given as a paper at the 1995 Popular Culture Association/American Culture Association conference in Philadelphia. The 1996 meeting of the PCA/ACA is March 25-28 at the Riviera Hotel in Las Vegas. According to Didi Johnson (PF-596), the area chair for Dime Novels, Pulps and Series Books, our panels look extremely interesting this year. The final agenda and schedule will soon be published by conference organizer Bowling Green State University, and I'll list our area panels and times in the next issue.

Wanted

DESIRE to obtain the following Alger books:

Dan the Detective	Ned Newton
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Forging Ahead	Silas Snobden's Office Boy
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Marie Bertrand	World Before Him

Published by John Winston Co. — *Standing Boy Series ONLY* (boy in knickers and bow tie with suitcase to his right):

Digging for Gold	Paul the Peddler
Frank and Fearless	Strong and Steady
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Only an Irish Boy	

Contact: Bob Kersch (PF-946)
5 Leaside Drive
Great River, NY 11739
(516) 277-0283

The Christmas gift

(Continued from Page 3)

with a frightened air, as if fearing that he would be suspected of some improper motive.

"Indeed, sir," he said earnestly. "I didn't mean any harm, but looked so bright and cheerful inside that I couldn't help looking in."

"You have done nothing wrong, my boy," said Mr. Dinsmoor, kindly. "But you must be cold here; come in, and you will have a chance to see more comfortably than you now do."

The boy looked a little doubtful, for to him, neglected as he had been by the rich and prosperous all his life, it was very difficult to imagine that he was actually invited to enter the imposing mansion before him as a guest. Perhaps Mr. Dinsmoor divined his doubts, for he continued:

"Come, you must not refuse the invitation. There are some little people inside who would be very much disappointed if you should, since it was they who commissioned me to invite you."

"I am sure, sir, I am very much obliged to them and you," said the boy, gratefully, advancing towards Mr. Dinsmoor of whom he had lost whatever little distrust he had at first felt. A moment afterwards and he stepped within the spacious parlor. To him, whose home offered no attractions and few comforts, the scene which spread before him might well seem a scene of enchantment.

"Lizzie, said Mr. Dinsmoor, "come forward and welcome your guest. I would introduce him to you, but unluckily I do not know his name."

"My name is Willie — Willie Grant," was the boy's reply.

"Then, Willie Grant, this is Miss Lizzie Dinsmoor, who is, I am sure, glad to see you, since it was at her request that I invite you to enter."

Willie raised his eyes timidly, and bent them for a moment on the singularly beautiful child, who had come forward and frankly placed her hand in his. There is something irresistible in the witchery of beauty, and Willie felt a warm glow crimsoning his cheeks, as, for a moment, forgetful of everything else, he bent his eyes earnestly upon Lizzie. Then another feeling came over him, and with a look of shame at his scanty and ill-fitting garments, he dropped her hand, and involuntarily shrank back, as if seeking to screen them from sight.

Perceiving the movement, and guessing its cause, Mr. Dinsmoor, with a view to dissipate these feelings, led forward Harry and Charlie, the younger boys, and told them to make acquaintance with Willie. With loud shouts of delight they displayed

the various gifts which St. Nicholas had brought them, and challenged his admiration. Everything was new to Willie. His childhood had not been smiled upon by fortune, and the costly toys which the boys exhibited elicited quite as much admiration as they could desire.

Occupied in this way, his constraint gradually wore off to such a degree that he assisted Charlie and Harry in trying their new toys. Soon, however, the recollection that it was growing late, and that he had yet to find his way home, came to him, and taking his old hat he said to Mr. Dinsmoor, in an embarrassed manner:

"My mother will be expecting me home, and I should already have been there but that I lost my way, and happened to look in at your window, and you were so kind as to let me come in ..."

"Where does your mother live, my little fellow?" asked Mr. Dinsmoor. "On _____ Street."

"O, that is not far off. I will myself show you the way, if you will remain a few minutes longer."

Mr. Dinsmoor rang the bell, and ordered a plate of cake and apples, as he conjectured they would not be unacceptable to his little visitor. Meanwhile, Lizzie crept to her mother's side and whispered:

"Willie is poor, isn't he?"

"Yes, what makes you ask?"

"I thought he must be, because his clothes look so thin and patched. Don't you think he would like a Christmas present, Mother?"

"Yes, my darling. Have you anything to give him?"

"I thought, Mother, perhaps you would let me give him my five dollar goldpiece. I think that would be better than any playthings. May I give it?"

"Yes, my child, if you are really willing. But are you quite sure you would not regret it afterwards?"

"Yes, Mother," and Lizzie ran lightly to the little box where she kept her treasure, and brought it forth and placed it in Willie's hand.

"This is your Christmas present," she said gaily. Willie looked surprised.

"Do you mean it for me?" he asked, in a half-bewildered tone.

"Yes, if you like it."

"I thank you very much for your kindness," said Willie, earnestly, "and I will always remember it."

There was something in the boy's earnest tone which Lizzie felt was an ample recompense for the little sacrifice she had made. Mr. Dinsmoor fulfilled his promise, and walked with Willie as far as the street in which he lived, when, feeling sure he could no longer mistake his way, he left him.

Mr. Dinsmoor, whom we have introduced to our

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The Christmas gift

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readers, was a prosperous merchant, and counted his wealth by hundreds of thousands. Fortunately his disposition was liberal, and he made the poor sharers with him in the gifts which fortune had so liberally showered upon him. Notwithstanding the good use which he made of his wealth, he was fated to experience reverses — resulting not from his own mismanagement, but from a general panic which all at once involved in ruin many whose fortunes were large and whose credit was long established. In a word, Mr. Dinsmoor failed.

Eleven years rolled by since the Christmas night on which our story opens. Lizzie had not belied the promise of her girlhood, but had developed into a radiantly beautiful girl.

Already her hand had been sought in marriage, but as yet she had seen no one whom she could look with that affection, without which marriage would be a mockery. Charlie and Harry, too. Eleven years had changed them not a little. The boys of four and six had become fine manly youths of fifteen and seventeen. The eldest had entered college. Harry, however, was by no means studious and had entered his father's counting-room. That was a sorrowful night on which Mr. Dinsmoor made known to his afflicted wife the bankruptcy which was inevitable.

Still sadder, if possible, was the sale which it enforced of the house which had become endeared to them by memory and association, and the harsh interruption which loss of fortune put to all their treasured schemes.

"My poor boy," said Mrs. Dinsmoor, sorrowfully, as she placed her hand caressingly on the brown locks of Charlie, the eldest of the two boys. "It will be a hard sacrifice for you to leave the studies to which you are so much attached, and enter a store, as you will be obliged to do."

"Ah I had not thought of that," murmured Charlie. "It will indeed be a sacrifice, but, Mother, I would not care for that if you could only be spared the trials to which you will be exposed from poverty."

"Thank you for your consideration, my child; but do not fear that I shall not accommodate myself to it. It is a heavy trial, but we must try to think that it will ultimately eventuate in our good."

At the auction of Mr. Dinsmoor's house and furniture, the whole property, without exception, was knocked off to a young man, of seemed apparently of twenty two or three years of age. He was able to secure it at a price much beneath its value,

for times were hard and money scarce, so that he had but few competitors. Mr. Dinsmoor did not hear his name, and the pressure of sad thoughts prevented his making the inquiry.

Possession was to be given in one week. Meanwhile Mr. Dinsmoor sought out a small house in an obscure part of town, which in point of elegance and convenience formed a complete contrast to the one he had formerly occupied. He felt, however, that it would be all his scanty salary as a clerk [for he had secured a position in that capacity] would enable him to afford.

Lizzie looked with a rueful face at the piano, as a dear friend, from which he must henceforth be separated, it being quite too costly a piece of furniture to be retained in their reduced circumstances. Her proficiency in music, for which she had great taste, made her regret it doubly, since she might with it have added to the resources of the family by giving music lessons. On the last evening of which they were to remain in the old house, their sad thoughts were broken in upon by a ring at the bell.

"Can they not even leave us to enjoy the last evening in quiet?" said Charles, half petulantly.

Immediately afterwards there entered a young man, in whom Mr. Dinsmoor recognized the purchaser of the house.

"I need not bid you welcome," said he, smiling faintly, "since you have a better right here now than myself. Had I been told three months since that this would be, I would not have believed it, but we cannot always foresee. I shall be prepared to leave tomorrow."

"I shall be better satisfied if you will remain," said the young man, bowing.

"How do you mean?"

"Simply that this house and furniture and now mine to do with as I like to choose to restore you the latter, and offer you the use of the former, rent-free, as long as you choose to occupy it."

"Who then are you," asked Mr. Dinsmoor, in increasing surprise, "who can be so kind to utter strangers with no claim upon you?"

"You are mistaken. You have a claim upon me. Shall I tell you what it is? Eleven years ago tomorrow, for tomorrow is Christmas day, a poor boy who had known none of the luxuries and but a few of the comforts of life, stood in this street. His mind was ill at ease, for he had lost his way. But as he walked on, he beheld a blaze of light issuing from a window, from your window, and aroused by curiosity he looked in. Around a Christmas tree brilliant with light, a happy group were assembled. As he stood

gazing in, he heard the front door open, and a gentleman came out and kindly invited him to enter. He did so, and the words of kindness and the Christmas gift with which he departed have not yet left his remembrance.

"Seven years passed, and the boy's fortune changed. An uncle, long supposed to be dead, found him out, and when he actually died, left him the heir of a large amount of wealth. Need I say that

I am that boy, and my name is Willie Grant?"

The reader's imagination can easily supply the rest. Provided with capital by his young friend, Mr. Dinsmoor again embarked in business, and this time nothing occurred to check his prosperity. Charlie did not leave college, nor did Lizzie lose her piano. She gained a husband, however, and had no reason to regret the chain of events which issued from her CHRISTMAS GIFT.

A remembrance from Cambridge

by Robert E. Kasper (PF-327)

*The first and only appearance of the following biographical sketch of Horatio Alger, Jr. was contained in the little-known volume **Annals of the Harvard Class of 1852**, published privately in 1922 by Grace Williamson Edes (daughter of class member William Cross Williamson).*

Frank Gruber was the first Alger scholar to publicly identify this volume as containing important (and accurate) information about Alger's life and he freely used much of this information for his Alger biography and bibliography published in 1961.

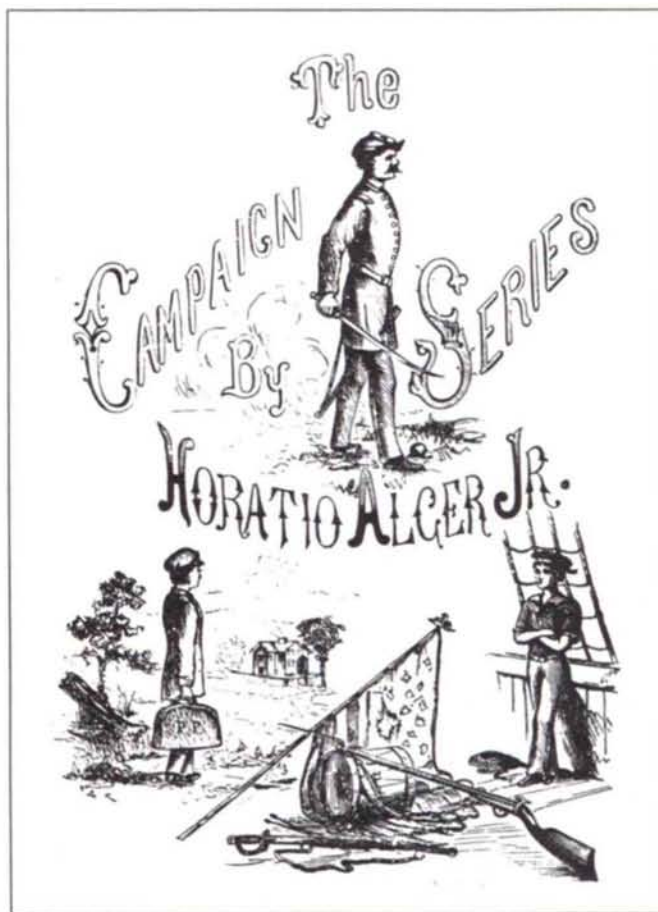
In private correspondence dated January 3, 1954, between Gruber and Society member Stanley Pachon (PF-087), Gruber discusses this book and the information contained therein. Gruber claimed that the total printing did not exceed 50 copies, although I would speculate that this was only a guess. In any event, the demand for this book must have been minuscule since all 88 members of Harvard's class of 1852 were deceased by 1922.

Much of this information was provided by Alger himself, first in his autobiographical sketch in the Class Book and the rest from information provided to Class Secretary Henry Gardner Denny. Denny was Alger's close friend and was Class Secretary from 1862 to 1907.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES HORATIO ALGER, JUNIOR

"Nothing so difficult as the beginning" is the apt quotation from "Don Juan," with which Horatio Alger prefaces his short biographical sketch in the Class Book of the first twenty years of his life. He proceeds with a brief dissertation on the advantages and disadvantages of being the first scholar, alphabetically speaking, of his class, and although his rhetoric is in slightly pompous, schoolboy vein, it shows promise of his pleasant later style as a popular story writer.

Horatio Alger, Jr. was born 13 January 1862, in Chelsea, Massachusetts. His parents were Horatio and Olive Augusta (Fenno) Alger, his father graduating



The Campaign Series, which began with *Frank's Campaign* in 1864, launched Alger's long career as a writer of books for boys.

from Harvard College in the distinguished Class of 1825 and from the Harvard Divinity School in 1829. He was a Unitarian clergyman, and at the time of Horatio's birth was settled over the old church in the part of Chelsea which is now Revere, and is known as the First Unitarian Church of Revere.

Horatio was a delicate boy, and was not taught even

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A remembrance from Cambridge

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the alphabet until he was six years old, but once started on the path of learning he made rapid progress and began to study Latin and algebra at the age of eight; for two years the greater part of his education was conducted at home and he browsed at will through the paternal library, his selection of books varying from Josephus's "History of the Jews" and works on theology to the "Arabian Nights Entertainment" and "Jack the Giant-Killer." He was sent to the Chelsea Grammar School when he was ten, and he gives a rather graphic picture of that seat of learning:

I remember the schoolhouse, a square brick building, whose walls the storms of more than a century had beaten without producing any decided effect. Through panes encrusted with the accumulated dirt of many years, the light streamed in upon a scene which might have furnished enjoyment for the pencil of Hogarth —

The room displayed

Long rows of desk and bench: the former stained
And streaked with blots and trickles of dried ink,

Lumbered with maps and slates, and well-thumbed books,

And carved with rough initials.

His studies at the grammar school were chiefly in English, and he remained there about eighteen months. When he was thirteen, his father left Chelsea and in December, 1844, the family moved to Marlborough. There, at the Gates Academy, of which Obadiah Wheelock Albee, a graduate of Brown University in 1832 was then principal, Alger was fitted for college. He finished his preparatory studies in 1847 and passed the intervening year before he entered in somewhat desultory reading and the study of modern languages.

He and Denny underwent the ordeal of the entrance examinations together and Alger was selected to fill the office of President's Freshman. Horatio received a Detur in his Sophomore year and in his Junior year he took the first Bowdoin prize of forty dollars for a Dissertation on "Athens in the Time of Sophocles," the Bowdoin prize of fifteen dollars for a Greek prize composition, and again in the Senior year a prize for Greek composition. In the Exhibition of October, 1850, he gave a Greek version from "Lacy's Address in Behalf of the Greeks," and in the Exhibition of October, 1857, a Dissertation on "The Poetry of the Troubadors." He was Class Odist on Class Day, graduated eighth in his class, and was awarded the English Oration at Commencement. He was also a

member of the Phi Beta Kappa and while in college belonged to the Institute of 1770, and the Natural History Society.

During the ensuing year he lived with his parents at Marlborough, teaching and writing. In the Boston Evening Transcript of April, 1853, he published a short poem called "A Chant of Life" which shows deep religious feeling. He entered the Cambridge Divinity School in September, 1853, but left in the following November to become Assistant Editor of the Boston Daily Advertiser, then under the management of the Messrs. Hale. He remained there until May; in June he assumed the position of teacher in E.W. Green's Boarding School for Boys at East Greenwich, Rhode Island, and was there for nearly two years, until 1856, when he took charge of the Academy at Deerfield, Massachusetts, and was principal there during the summer; on leaving there he was a private tutor in Boston until September, 1857, when he once more entered the Divinity School, graduating in 1860. In the meantime he had published two small volumes, one anonymously, and had been a regular contributor to one weekly Boston paper for seven years and to another for nine months. His writings consisted chiefly of poems and stories which appeared in *Harper's* and *Putnam's* magazines, and in less well-known periodicals.

On the fifth of September, 1860, with a cousin and his classmate Vinal, Mr. Alger sailed for Europe. They took a hurried trip through Great Britain and Ireland, and passed five of six weeks on the Continent, and while there Mr. Alger was selected by the United States Government for the honor of bearing despatches from Rome to Naples. During his absence he contributed a series of European letters to the *New York Daily Sun* and sent several letters also to *The Transcript* and other newspapers.

In April, 1861, he came home, and thereafter preached regularly, supplying the pulpit at Dover until December, when he established himself at Cambridge as a private tutor, declining a call which he received, in 1862, to take charge of the Unitarian Society at Alton, Illinois. In December, 1864, he was settled over the Unitarian parish at Brewster, Massachusetts, and remained there for two years, but meanwhile he continued his literary work, writing stirring war songs which achieved popularity, and in 1864 publishing *Frank's Campaign*, a book for boys, the first of the long series of juvenile stories which were to make him the idol of the boys of his day. *Frank's Campaign* was followed by *Paul Prescott's Charge*, published like its predecessor by A.K. Loring of Boston.

On resigning from his pastorate at Brewster, in 1866, Mr. Alger moved to New York. There he continued to fit young men for college, his chief interest lying always in the classical courses, and there he also became increas-



MEETING OF PHIL AND LUCIA.

"Phil the Fiddler," Alger's story of a young Italian street musician, exposed the cruelties of Italian *padrones*, or patrons, against young immigrants in New York and other large cities.

ingly absorbed in studying the habits and customs of street Arabs. His genial manner, ready sympathy, and generous aid made him beloved by all the ragged urchins to whom he soon became a familiar and favorite figure, as he sauntered along the docks and through their especial haunts. One of his proteges once said, "Mr. Alger could raise a regiment of boys in New York alone who would fight for him to the death."

As a result of his experiences among the young ragamuffins of the city, Mr. Alger, in 1869, brought out as a serial, in a magazine, *The Student and Schoolmate*, a story called "Ragged Dick." He had no expectation of publishing it in book form, but his vivid portrayal of life among the poor and friendless touched every heart and

created a sensation throughout the entire country. A.K. Loring, the publisher, immediately made him a liberal offer for a series of six volumes on a similar subject, and the *Ragged Dick Series* was the result. The popularity of the books far exceeded all expectation, for the simple stories appealed not to children only, but to the lovers of children as well. The *Tattered Tom Series* followed, then came *Brave and Bold*, and after Alger's trip to the Pacific coast, in 1877, *The Pacific Series*.

He twice visited Colorado in search of material, and in addition to his many stories and two volumes of poetry in published biographies of Garfield, Webster and Lincoln. The "Life of Garfield" was written in thirteen days to satisfy the haste of the publishers. Mr. Casali, the editor of *L'Eco d'Italia*, the organ of the New York Italians, asked Alger to write a story dealing with the nefarious traffic of the Italian *padrones*, who were accustomed to lease boys from their parents in southern Italy and subject them to cruel treatment in their desire for gain. Mr. Casali having furnished him with full details Alger wrote *Phil the Fiddler*, the tale of an Italian musician, and no greater proof of his power as a writer can be given than the fact that within six months from the time the book appeared, the cruelties of the *padrones* had been exposed by the leading New York papers and the system had been effectually abolished not only in New York but in all the large cities of America.

The following poem was published in the *Golden Argosy* of October, 1885, and gives a pleasant touch of the heartfelt patriotism which was one of his chief characteristics:

THE PRIMARY SCHOOL

Again each morning as we pass
The city's streets along,
We'll hear the voices of the class
Ring out the nation's song.

The small boys' treble piping clear.
The bigger boys' low growl,
And from the boy who has no ear
A weird discordant howl.

With swelling hearts we hear them sing
"My country 'tis of thee,"
From childish throats the anthem ring,
"Sweet land of liberty!"

Their little hearts aglow with pride,
Each with exultant tongue
Proclaims: "From every mountain side
Let freedom's song be sung."

(Continued on Page 10)

A remembrance from Cambridge

(Continued from Page 9)

Let him who'd criticize the time,
Or scout the harmony,
Betake him to some other clime, —
No patriot is he!

From scenes like these our grandeur springs,
And we shall be e'er be strong
While o'er the land the schoolhouse rings
Each day with Freedom's song.

This is not the place for a criticism of Mr. Alger's literary ability, nor for questioning the permanence of his fame, but of the topographical value of his work as regards the New York of his day there can be no question. In the *New York Tribune* for 28 January, 1917, there appeared an interesting article wherein the author, Mr. Harold M. Harvey, touches gently and somewhat sadly on the fact that the Alger books which the former generation loved so well are no longer to be found in the library catalogues, and goes on to enumerate some of the true and graphic descriptions which Mr. Alger gave of New York landmarks, streets and houses as they existed in 1866 and for many years thereafter, in the days when *Ragged Dick* was considered an undying book, and its

successors were at the height of their popularity.

Alger revisited Europe in 1873, accompanied by his family, and in 1879 made the journey to the Pacific coast and the two later trips to Colorado, which have already been mentioned. He never married, but although he was not to know the joy of fatherhood he found much happiness in the constant society of boys of all ages by whom he loved to be surrounded. Two, especially, he looked upon as almost his own, and a favorite niece he considered his adopted daughter.

His generosity and kindness toward his young friends were untiring. In one of his letters we find a casual mention of some fortunate lad whom he was taking on a trip through the mountains and again we learn of two young fellows whom he had been establishing in business in a Maine town. The genial warmheartedness which endeared him to his boyish friends made him equally loved among his contemporaries, and his sunny nature and youthful sympathies kept him perennially young, so much so, indeed, that even members of his own family when asked his age were apt in good faith to deny him the full measure of his years, and to credit him with a decade less than was his by right.

The homely loves and joys and friendships
Thy genial nature ever clung;
And so the shadow on the dial
Ran back and left thee ever young

All hearts grew warmer in the presence
Of one who, seeking not his own,
Gave freely for the love of giving,
Nor reaped for self the harvest sown.

Thy greeting smile was pledge and prelude
Of generous deeds and kindly words;
In thy large heart were fair guest chambers,
Open to sunrise the birds.

When Mr. Alger graduated from college at the mature age of twenty he wrote in the Class Book that his four years in Cambridge had been the happiest of his life. His letters to the Class Secretary, Mr. Denny, show that his interest and affection for his classmates never waned.

For the fortieth anniversary he wrote a poem which may be found in the account of the reunion of 1892. He was accustomed to pass three quarters of the year in New York, but during the summer months he was usually to be found at the family home in South Natick. He had been in failing health for several years, but was able to continue his usual avocations until about eighteen months before his death. He died at the house of his sister, Mrs. O.A. Cheney, in South Natick, July eighteenth, 1899.

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Horatio Alger Books, Ltd.

by Ronald A. Murch (PF-970)

July 6, 1937.

We piled into a Central Maine Power Company truck which was already laden with all our goods and chattels, and Johnny Clough drove us from South Paris, Maine, to Bridgton, where Dad was the new operator of a 5,000-watt hydroelectric power station.

There was a lot of exploring to do, as our new abode was out in the woods, with a dammed mill pond to the west of the house, Stevens Brook to the north, and Long Lake to the east. Dad controlled the flow of water from the mill pond by gates and flash boards at the dam, during the day diverting the flow from the brook to the flume, or penstock, as we called it.

My reading skills had progressed to the "funny papers," and one day as we were unpacking, I found Dad's copy of *Tarzan of the Apes*, and decided to try and read the whole book. It was the first time I ever read a book all the way through. From then on, I was a dedicated reader.

Later in the summer we spent a two-week vacation at my grandmother's farm in St. George. My uncle Clarence lived there with Auntie Ruth and my cousins Patty and Kay. Since Patty was my sister's age, and they played together, and Kay was my little brother's age, I didn't feel I had anybody to play with, so I went exploring.

Uncle Clarence had a small book case full of boys' books, 10 or a dozen by Horatio Alger, Jr., all in the cheap New York Book Company editions. I had found my niche: That summer I read *Paul the Peddler*, *Grit the Young Boatman* and *Bound to Rise*.

My enthusiasm for these books, though I was only nine years old, reminded Dad that he had several Algers and other boys' books at his parents' home in Livermore Falls. The next time my grandparents came to visit, they brought more books with them. I was now the proud owner of another copy of *Paul the Peddler* and *Grit the Young Boatman*, and also of *Facing the World*, *Hector's Inheritance* and *Helping Himself*.

Over the next few years I gathered many books, many of which I read over and over until they fell apart and went the way of all flesh and good books. The ones I still have from those years are few and in unbelievably bad condition, but I won't let them go! I was always on the lookout for another Alger.

Through my college years and my early years as a Christian minister and school teacher my interest was not diminished, but my busyness precluded any active search for new titles. I still picked them up whenever I saw them, and never let one go, but by the time I retired in 1983 I had only 19 titles remaining, with a few



New H.A.S. member Ronald Murch and his Alger books, which are on display in Lewiston, Maine.

duplicates. Some had been destroyed accidentally and some had simply worn out.

Since then I have collected avidly, trying to find all the titles I did not have and reading every one. If I saw a copy in better condition than I already had, I bought it. Then I started buying all the Algers the bookstores had, whether I already had them or not; seven in Portsmouth, New Hampshire; three in Portland, Maine; 77 in Norridgewock, 26 in Houlton, 10 in North Edgecomb; wherever I could find them.

Recently I organized my lists to find out how many Algers I had and how many I still needed to fill out a complete collection of all the different books published under the Alger name and pseudonyms. I found I had as many as seven of some titles and more than 300 volumes.

Then things started to pop. In September of this year I got a call from Rob Kasper. He and Bill Gowen were in Lewiston. He had learned from dealer Joyce Keeler in North Monmouth that I had bought her copy of *Bertha's Christmas Vision*, and he wanted to know if I would be interested in selling it for a substantial profit. I wasn't, but the upshot of it was that we got together that evening and made arrangements for me to join the Society. Rob and Bill urged me to get into the antiquarian book business and specialize in Algers, which was something I have really wanted to do for some years now.

The next day Rob and I went book hunting in Brunswick, Edgecomb, Wiscasset and Round Pond, and had a delightful lunch at the Sea Basket in Wiscasset. He

(Continued on Page 12)

Horatio Alger Books, Ltd.

(Continued from Page 11)

gave me more encouragement, and it occurred to me that I have a friend who had an empty store which his business had outgrown. Perhaps...

The next business day found me at Wee Treasures from New England, where Stan and Nancy Hinds were preparing to open their vacant store as a video store. They just knew someone would come along to run it for them. We made a deal — a partnership where their videos, antiquarian books, paperbacks and doll houses and furniture will be available, and where I can have space for my antiquarian books, specializing in Algers, and from where my computer service business can

operate. I run the store eight hours a day and six days a week and Stan and Nancy come in for two hours a day plus Sundays.

I have 270 books here, five out for repair at a time, and at this writing about 50 more books coming from other dealers. I am just getting organized. My personal collection is separated out from the books for sale, and those in need of repair or restoration in their respective categories. My minimum price needs have been set but retail prices are not marked in the books as yet.

I am always on the lookout for more Algers, especially the 25 or so titles I do not yet have. Books for sale are at least in good condition, as those in fair or poor condition are to be professionally repaired to make them more attractive to those who collect by publisher.

MEMBERSHIP

New members

Rev. Ronald A. Murch (PF-970)
135 Lisbon Rd.
P.O. Box 36
Lisbon, ME 04250-0036 (207)

Ronald is a retired clergyman and teacher whose interest in Alger is centered around first editions, collecting different titles and publishers. He currently has 90 different titles and approximately 400 volumes total. He has a business in Lewiston, Maine, devoted to the selling of Alger books (see advertisement elsewhere in this issue). He learned about the Society from Rob Kasper and Bill Gowen.

Jim Cox (PF-971)
P.O. Box 854
Liberty, MO 64068 (816) 792-1803

Jim is a collector and dealer of juvenile series books who advertises regularly in **Yellowback Library**. He was given a membership in the Society by a friend, Robert W. Finnan (PF-947).

Fred C. Walker (PF-972)
2780 Monte Mar Terrace
Los Angeles, CA 90064

Fred is a collector of series books who has also just been introduced to H.A.S. by Bob Finnan.

Change of address

Daniel M. Petersen (PF-200)
11700 Wall St., Apt. 18104
San Antonio, TX 78230-1881

Change of address

E. Christian Mattson (PF-067)
Four Turtleneck Court
Baltimore, MD 21234
(410) 668-4730
(410) 882-9137 (FAX)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Bill:

I would really like to attend one more convention but at age approaching (85) we'll have to see how things go.

Meanwhile, other than my own personal set, I have one set of **The Sun Series**, first edition Algers. This consists of nine titles reprinted by myself from early Alger stories serialized in **The New York Sun**. I had them bound into hard covers and they were declared true first editions by the Horatio Alger Society. I had many requests and eventually sold about 100 sets to members of the Society at \$100 at set — a few dollars over cost.

The titles are:

"Madeleine the Temptress"	"The Gipsy Nurse"
"The Secret Drawer"	"The Discarded Son"
"The Cooper's Ward"	"The Mad Heiress"
"Herbert Selden"	"Marie Bertrand"
"Manson the Miser"	

I will send them post prepaid to the first request for \$100.

Sincerely,
Bob Sawyer (PF-455)
5031 Beacon Hill Rd.
Columbus, OH 43228
(614) 870-2170

Hoo-ray! ri! ro! row! roo! rah!

Rupert Hughes and his 'dozen'

by William R. Gowen (PF-706)

Authors of boys' books have a reputation of long, productive writing careers. Many of the top names in the field—Horatio Alger, Jr., William Taylor Adams ("Oliver Optic"), Edward S. Ellis, James Otis Kaler, Ralph Henry Barbour, Howard Garis and Gilbert Patten, to name just a few—have incredible lists of credits.

At the other end of the spectrum are those authors that dabbled in boys' or girls' books with no less quality of the final product, what little there was of it.

One such name is Rupert Hughes (1872-1956) who has only one series to his credit, and a brief three-volume series at that. The series is the **Lakerim Athletic Series** (1898-1910), published by The Century Company. These books are little-known among collectors. In fact, Hughes himself is largely forgotten today, although he was an extremely prolific writer who wasn't afraid to tackle a wide range of genres.

Hughes was born January 31, 1872 in Lancaster, Missouri, the son of a railroad attorney. His mother's maiden name was Jean Amelia Summerlin.

When Rupert was a young child the family moved to Keokuk, Iowa, a Mississippi River town. He went away to St. Charles, Missouri to attend boarding school and moved on to Adelbert College in Ohio (now part of

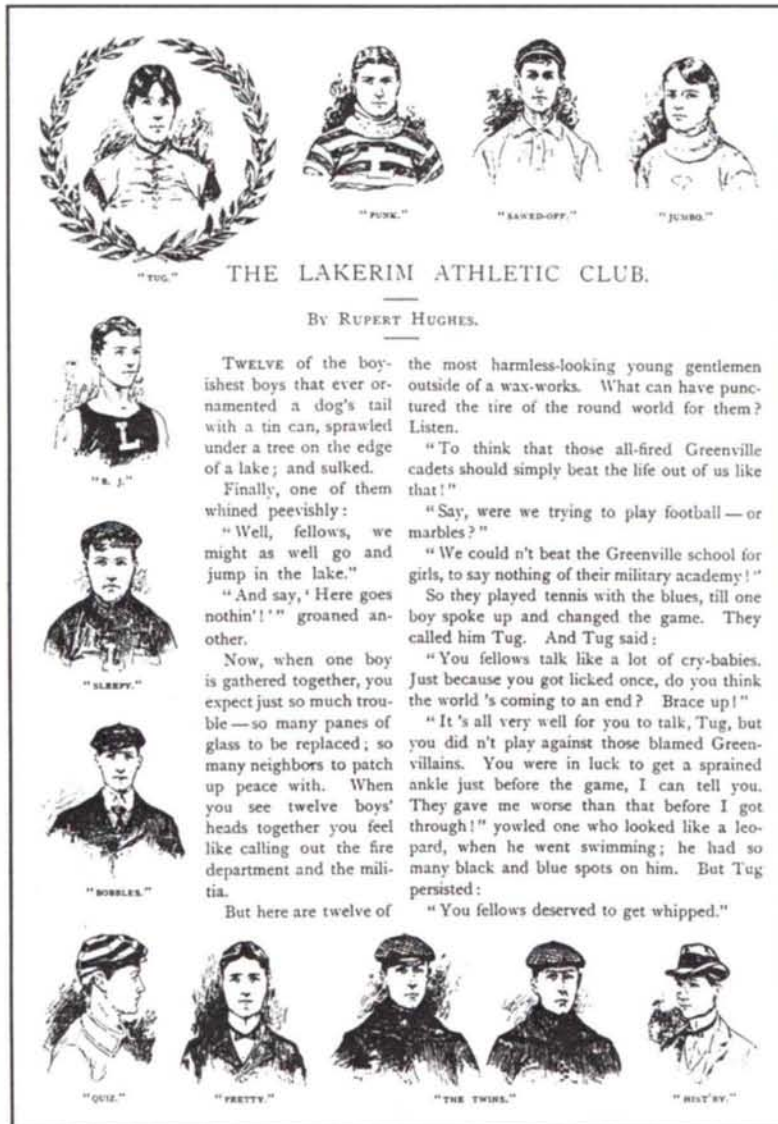
Case-Western Reserve University in Cleveland) from where he earned his bachelor's degree in 1892 and a master's in 1894. Hughes then went to Yale where he completed another master's in 1899.

While at school, his serious study habits earned Hughes the nickname "History." Apparently he liked it so much that one of the main characters in the Lakerim Series was given this same nickname.

"On leaving Yale I spent a few months as a reporter on a New York daily paper, and I learned a good deal about the city," Hughes later recalled. "My first theatrical production was a terrific failure, lasting one night in New York. I was 22 at the time."

That flop, in 1894, was titled "The Bathing girl," which was produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

Hughes decided to try something else, and his first real published work was "The Lakerim Athletic Club," for Century's **St. Nicholas Magazine** in December 1897. Just a few months later, Century picked up the story for publication in its own line of hard-cover books. Published under the same title, *The Lakerim Athletic Club*, was subsequently listed in *Peter Parley to Penrod*. A 1994 catalog



The first page of "The Lakerim Athletic Club" in its first installment in the December, 1897 issue of *St. Nicholas*.

from a prominent New England antiquarian book dealer offered the first edition for \$150, an inflated price, perhaps, but indicative of the significance of this book.

Even though he was a failed playwright, Hughes wasn't afraid to keep trying to get published. The second

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Rupert Hughes and his 'dozen'

(Continued from Page 13)

and third Lakerim stories were also published in hard-cover by Century. They are *The Dozen from Lakerim* (1899) and *The Lakerim Cruise* (1910).

But by this time, Hughes' writing career was going in many directions. His last listed book, *War of the Mayan King*, was published by John C. Winston (Winston Adventure series) in 1952, just four years before his death. During this long span, more than 70 titles appeared, and aside from one other title, *The Fairy Detective* (1919), he apparently never wrote another juvenile book

But boy, did he write!

The majority of Hughes' books in the teens, 1920s, 1930s and 1940s could be classified as adult romances, published by such well-known houses as Century, Harpers, Appleton, and Moffat, many reissued by the big reprint publishers, Grosset & Dunlap and A.L. Burt. At least one title appeared in a Photoplay Edition, *The Patent Leather Kid and Several Others*, a 1927 compilation of four earlier Hughes screenplays from 1917-1926.

Other examples of Hughes' early romances are *Clipped Wings* (Harper & Brothers, 1914), *The Cup of Fury* (Harper & Brothers, 1919) and *The Lovely Ducklings*, a story for *Red Book* magazine (1927-28), readily available in an A.L. Burt hard-cover reprint.

Other early Hughes romances included *Ladies' Man* (Harpers, 1930), *We Live But Once* (Harpers, 1927), *True Lovers' Knot* (1937) and *Thousandth Girl* (no date listed), the latter two published in England by Jarrolds. There were more than 30 romances in all.

But Hughes really earned his reputation in another field, that of musicologist.

Most prominent were his early books on music appreciation. He was the original compiler/editor of *Music Lovers' Encyclopedia* (McClure, Phillips, 1903) which was reprinted numerous times over the years in recopyrighted editions by Doubleday, Doran and Garden City. Later editions enlisted the noted musicologist Deems Taylor to update and expand Hughes' earlier compilation. Hughes' name remains prominent on the title page, however.

Hughes' wide range of books about music included a fascinating early effort, *Love Affairs of Great Musicians* (L.C. Page, 1903), which covered this tantalizing subject from ancient times through the turn of the century. Chapter headings include "Bach the Patriarch," "Papa and Momma Haydn," "Beethoven: The Great Bumblebee," "The Felicities of Mendelssohn," "Tchaikovsky, the Woman-Dreader" (now, of course, we know he was

gay) and two of the great womanizers of all, Richard Wagner and Robert Schumann, the latter covering his wandering wife Clara (Wieck) Schumann. All in all, it's a fascinating view of a fascinating subject.

Other music appreciation books by Hughes include *Contemporary American Composers* (L.C. Page, 1900), and, 40 years later, *Biographical Dictionary of Musicians* (Blue Ribbon).

He even wrote songs, having published by G. Schirmer, cycles titled *Book of Homely Songs* and *Free Verse Songs*, and a musical work (undoubtedly based on the Old Testament), *Cain*, also by Schirmer.

Hughes took time out from his writing to serve his country. In 1897, the time he was writing about the exploits of the dozen from Lakerim High School, he enlisted in the New York National Guard and was promoted to captain by 1908. He served with the U.S. Army's Mexican Border Service in 1916 and received a regular infantry promotion to major in September 1918. Following the end of World War I he remained active in the reserves, becoming a Lieutenant Colonel in 1928.

Hughes used his military experience to good advantage when he wrote perhaps his best-known nonfiction book, *George Washington: The Human Being and The Hero* (Morrow, 1926). The inspiration for this book was a speech Hughes gave to a banquet of the Sons of the Revolution in Washington, D.C. earlier that year.

In 1893, Hughes married Agnes Wheeler of Syracuse, N.Y., but they were divorced 10 years later. In 1908 he married Adelaide Mould, an actress with the stage name of Adelaide Manola, who died in 1923, leaving behind a son and daughter.

In 1924 Hughes married another actress, Elizabeth Patterson Dial. Throughout this period he wrote numerous plays and adapted other peoples' works for the stage. One of his most prominent plays was *Miss 318*, earlier published by the Fleming Revell Co. in 1911.

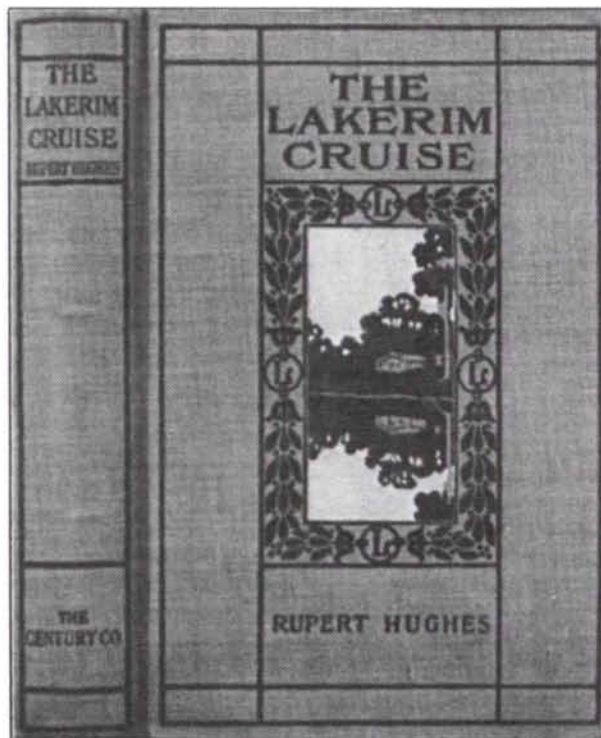
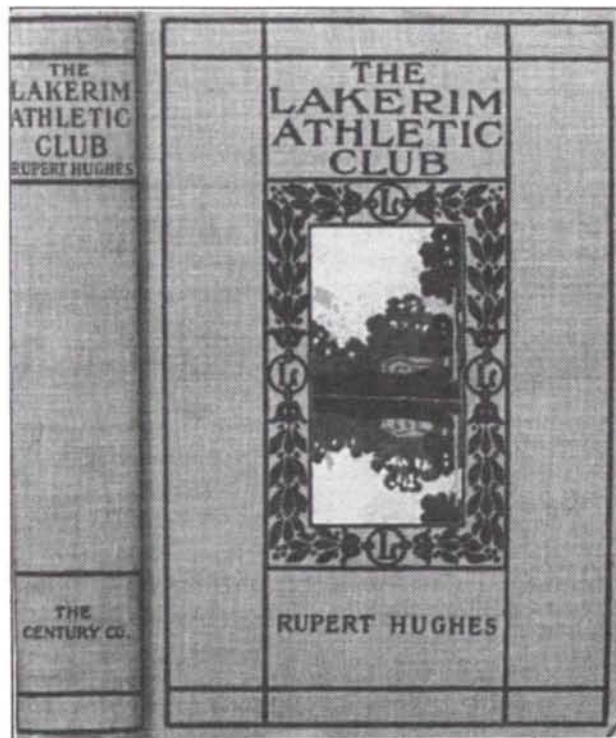
Hughes continued to write throughout his adult life, and he died in Los Angeles on Sept. 9, 1956.

This wide-ranging career may not have been possible if not for his earliest writing effort, *The Lakerim Athletic Club*. This was a typical boys' school story of the period, filled with competitive, on-the-playing-field excitement with plenty of off-the-field plot twists thrown in.

One of the interesting features of the *Lakerim Athletic Club* and its two successor volumes is the large main cast of characters (12 in all, hence the "dozen from Lakerim"). Following tradition of the day each character had a nickname, with the twins called naturally, "The Twins." The character "Hist'ry" may or may not be a fictionalized extension of Hughes himself, who, as we mentioned, carried that same nickname throughout his life.

With such a large cast of characters, Hughes had to keep his young lads busy in sports, and there were

Other authors...
...other books



For its three-volume Lakerim Series, The Century Company used a common cover design reflecting the outdoors setting of the stories. This is the only boys' series Hughes had in hard-cover, although ironically his long writing career was concluded with a juvenile book, *War of the Mayan King*, in 1952 (title page below).

sports aplenty, such as traditional team sports like football, baseball, track and cross country, to golf, canoeing, sledding, cycling, sailing and many others. In the third volume, *The Lakerim Cruise*, the storyline leaves the school campus for the great outdoors with all its attendant adventures. This was a formula used with great success by many other authors, in particular Edward Stratemeyer with his *Rover Boys Series*.

And like Stratemeyer and most other boys' authors, sportsmanship and fair play were the benchmarks of Rupert Hughes' *Lakerim Series*. The closing pages of *The Lakerim Athletic Club* illustrates this philosophy:

The club-house was, in fact, an ideal home for an ideal club of boys who were not altogether ideal themselves, perhaps, and yet were very decent fellows and thorough sportsmen, who had learned in a year of association with one another and a year of contests with rivals at least these four virtues, which are, after all, not so common as they might well be:

To do zealously and with all power of mind and body whatever task comes to hand or can be found by search.

To dare much and yet be cautious and thoroughly honest withal.

To take victory modestly and defeat pluckily, determined to improve every success and repeat no mistake.

And, above all, to be a true sportsman, not a crybaby or a sneak.

War of the Mayan King

A Story of Yucatan

By RUPERT HUGHES

Illustrated by Edward J. Smith



CECILE MATSCHAT, Editor

CARL GARMER, Consulting Editor

THE JOHN G. WINSTON COMPANY

Philadelphia • Toronto

The books of Rupert Hughes (1872-1956)

The Lakerim Athletic Club; Century, 1898
 The Dozen from Lakerim; Century, 1899
 Contemporary American Composers; Page, 1900
 Gyges Ring (poems); Russell, 1901
 Love Affairs of Great Musicians; Page, 1904
 The Real New York; Smart Set Publishing Co., 1904
 Riley Album: 10 Songs by J.W. Riley Set to Music
 by Rupert Hughes; E. Schuberth (no date)
 Songs for 30 Americans; (ed.) Ditson, 1904
 Whirlwind: A Novel; Lothrop, 1902
 Zal: An International Romance; Century, 1905
 Col. Crockett's Cooperative Christmas; Jacobs, 1906
 The Lakerim Cruise; Century, 1910
 The Gift-Wife; Moffat, 1910
 Miss 318; Revell, 1911
 Excuse Me!; Fly, 1911
 Musical Guide; Doubleday (no date)
 Mrs. Budlong's Christmas Presents; Appleton, 1912
 Old Nest; Century, 1912
 Amiable Crimes of Dick Memling; Appleton, 1913
 The Lady Who Smoked Cigars; Fitzgerald, 1913
 Music Lovers Cyclopedic; (ed.) Doubleday, 1913
 Last Rose of Summer; Harpers, 1914
 What Will People Say?; Harpers, 1914
 Empty Pockets; Harpers, 1915
 Clipped Wings; Harpers, 1916
 13th Commandment; Harpers, 1916

In a Little Town; Harpers, 1917
 We Can't Have Everything; Harpers, 1917
 Long Ever Ago; Harpers, 1918
 Unpardonable Sin; Harpers, 1918
 Cup of Fury; Harpers, 1919
 The Fairy Detective; Harpers, 1919
 Momma & Other Unimportant People; Harpers, 1920
 What's the World Coming To?; Harpers, 1920
 Beauty; Harpers, 1921
 Souls for Sale; Harpers, 1922
 Within These Walls; Harpers, 1923
 The Golden Ladder; Harpers, 1924
 Why I Quit Going to Church; Truth Seeker, 1925
 Destiny; Harpers, 1925
 George Washington: The Human Being
 and The Hero; Morrow, 1926
 The Patent Leather Kid; G&D Photoplay Ed., 1927
 Book of Homely Songs: A Cycle; Schirmer (n.d.)
 Cain; Schirmer (no date)
 For Love of Jim; Fitzgerald (no date)
 Free Verse Songs; Schirmer (no date)
 Lovely Ducklings; Harpers, 1928
 Crooked Wheel; Harpers, 1929
 She Goes to War; G&D Photoplay Ed., 1929
 Ladies' Man; Harpers, 1930
 Static; Harpers, 1932
 The Art of Hope; Private Printing, 1933

Woman Accused (w/other stories); Smith, 1933
 Love Song; Harpers, 1934
 No One Man; Jarrolds (England), 1934
 Man Without a Home; Harpers, 1935
 On the Razor Edge; paper (France) no date
 President's Mystery Story (propounded by F. D.
 Roosevelt, solved by Hughes & others); Farrar, 1935
 Thousandth Girl; Jarrolds (England) no date
 True Lovers' Knot; Jarrolds (England) no date
 Uphill Road; Jarrolds (England) 1937
 Double Exposure; Jarrolds (England) no date
 Stately Timber; Scribner's, 1939
 Attorney for the People: The Story of Thomas E.
 Dewey; Houghton, 1940
 Biog. Dictionary of Musicians; Blue Ribbon, 1940
 City of Angels; Scribner's, 1941
 His Fabulous Fortune; Jarrolds (England) 1943
 In a Blaze of Glory; Jarrolds (England) 1945
 The Complete Detective; Sheridan, 1950
 Giant Wakes; Borden, 1950
 Triumphant Clay; House-Warven, 1951
 War of the Mayan King; Winston, 1952

*Editor's note: Biographical information for this article
 is from Twentieth Century Authors; New York: W.W.
 Wilson Company, 1942. Book listings are from the
 United States Catalogue and Cumulative Book Index.*

WANTED:

The following Horatio Alger books.

Must be in good condition. Need not be original publications.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. The Young Circus Rider | 8. Ben The Luggage Boy, or - Among the Wharves |
| 2. Do and Dare | 9. Rufus and Rose, or - The Fortunes of Rough and Ready |
| 3. Jacks Ward, or - The Boy Guardian | 10. Tattered Tom, or - The Story of the Street Arab |
| 4. Luck and Pluck, or - John Oakley's Inheritance | 11. Slow and Sure, or - From the Sidewalk to the Shop |
| 5. Digging for Gold | 12. The District Telegraph Boy |
| 6. Ben's Nugget | 13. Struggling Upward, or - Luke Larkin's Luck |
| 7. Mark the Match boy, or - Richard Hunter's Ward | |

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