

Published monthly for the benefit of people interested in Horatio Alger Jr., Edited and published by Forrest Campbell. Research by Max Goldberg and Gilbert Westgard, II. Kenneth B. Butler, Ragged Dick Fund Trustee. Organized July 1962. A non-profit Organ.

Wonderful things have happened through the acquaintance of the readers these past two years; and great things are in store for us in the future. It gives me great pleasure to announce that a new name has been selected for our group, and one of our group has accepted the chairmanship of this newly named organization;

Mr. Edward G. Levy, Chairman
THE HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY OF AMERICA
Pleasant Hill, Woodbridge,
New Haven 15, Conn.

Mr. Levy will more or less introduce his own interests in our activities to the readers of the newsletter from time to time. Present functions will continue to operate as in the past.

Our recent trip through the east was somewhat of a success, though not as complete as we would liked for it to have been, since we did not find the time nor the convenience to stop at the homes of all subscribers. We tried for seven and made six new personal acquaintances. In Silver Spring, Md., we met Mr. & Mrs. Ernest Sanford. Ernest took us out to lunch at the Flagship Inn on the Potomac and then escorted us to Kennedy's grave. In suburban Baltimore we visited Mr. & Mrs. Edward Mattson. Ed is making a fast come-back in restocking his shelves with Alger books since the destruction of his previous 86 book collection. In Quakertown, Pa. we were treated like 'Kings & Queens' for-a-day, as guests of George & Marjorie Setman who virtually dropped what they were doing and altered their plans to entertain us. They have a little gold mine in treasures of 'yesterday'; we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves and my wife Rachel is already making plans for our return, some day in the future. With telephoning ahead and actually stopping at the house, we were unable to locate our good friend Stanley A. Pachon in Bethlehem, Pa. We were late in arriving in New Haven and were overdue, however we were graciously received by Mrs. Levy until Ed was free from a previous engagement. Ed's interest in collecting is mostly for the challenge of the hunt after which he donates the completed collection to a worthy Library of his choice. The Brandeis University Rare Book Library is the recipient of his current gifts. Brandeis U. is located in Waltham, Mass. The Levy's have a beautiful home in suburban New Haven, not far from exit 59 of the Wilbur Cross Parkway as the crow flies, but a little difficult to locate. When in this vicinity, we can recommend the POND LILY MOTEL near exit No. 59.

From New Haven we traveled easterly and across Connecticut through the center and passed through Providence, the city of bridges, elevated expressways and a maze of exits and entrances, on our way to the Cape. We wanted to see the interesting places along the south shore, so we took route 28, and all we saw was a high growth of wild brush until we turned off and visited each individual village. Near Hyannis we were held up at an intersection to let a police escort pass. It may have been Mrs. Kennedy. It is so easy to get off the route and once again we found ourselves on a dead end road, headed for the swamps and berry bogs. I must say that the swamps and bogs on the Cape are no more romantic than those around home. We arrived in Provincetown in the late afternoon and traveled the full length of Commercial Street looking for a parking place and finally found plenty of room in a metered parking lot just off Beatnik Square. We ate a hurried meal in the most likely of respectable places and asked the one and only officer on the Square to the quickest way out of town, It so happened that he had a relative in North Truro in the motel business and gave us minute directions to get there. Although the motels in the area were advertising off-season rates, we fared better in other places. It was cold that night and fortunately we enjoyed an overheated room. Our experiences the following day were much more enjoyable. Near Orleans we visited Peter Hunt's Studio (a famous nationally known decorator, and author of Peter Hunt's How-to-do-it book, Prentice-Hall 1952) Peter Hunt has lived on the cape (once in Provincetown) for most of his seventy years, and proudly recalled that he had read most of the 'Alger books' when he was a boy. In Brewster we visited the grounds of the Unitarian Church where Horatio (the author) preached (1864-1866) The church we learned had a current deficit of \$1,600.00 and ironically is the exact amount of Horatio's salary for the two years that he served them. Peter Hunt incidentally, was attracted to chapter 19 (Cape Cod Days) in Gardner's biography of Horatio Alger. After talking with some of Brewster's older citizens (none of course were old enough to personally know Horatio) I am convinced that Ralph has sized up the local situation quite accurately, discounting the ever-present handed-down gossip and we are reminded of the old adage 'prophets are without honor in their native land' and this I find is still practiced today--in my town--and perhaps in yours. Brewster prefers not to forget.

Behind the Unitarian church in Brewster is the old burying ground; some of the graves are perhaps more than two hundred years old. These can be identified with the thin slabs of slate which are fashioned into a head stone, from four to five feet tall and from 18-24 inches in width. Before we leave Brewster, please bear in mind that Horatio was only 22 years old when he took the church and even today, church congregations (mine included) rebel at the thought of student ministers.

That night, June 20th found us at the home of Max & Ida Goldberg in Natick and we discovered that we had crashed their 20th Anniversary party; we were made to feel at home and we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. Their Pink Spinning Wheel shop is mostly glass and china items. Max's personal interest besides books is oriental furniture of which he has an extremely large collection. In his library I was right at home amongst many Alger items including just about every reference book on the subject of Alger that was ever published and some that were not. Max himself has done considerable research on the subject and has been one of our important sources of information for use in this newsletter. On Sunday, we were escorted to South Natick, the last home and resting places of the Alger family. This was the climax of our trip. We trod the paths where once Horatio walked in search of peace and quiet and relaxation from the noise of the city. It is a pleasant little village nestled in the shade of sturdy trees along the north bank of the Charles River. The one and only church is on the village Square and not far away on Pleasant St., is the parsonage, and nearby but across the street is the waterfall where much water has passed on but the peaceful serenity remains for us all to enjoy and meditate. We saw the former site of the Bailey Hotel (recently burned and never rebuilt) where Horatio sometimes spent the night. We saw the old burying ground in back of the church where Horatio's father and mother are buried and also his sister Annie and his brother Francis. We noted that the Masonic emblem had been attached to his father's head stone. We did not visit Horatio's resting place in Glenwood Cemetery which is not far away but arrangements are being made to place a wreath on his grave on July 18th, the next Anniversary of his death. Max provided us with certain memoirs of the village which have some connection with our hero and provided us with the names of local people who might be useful in obtaining other memoirs pertaining to our hero. We sadly left the village, much like the parting of old friends. South Natick should be a must in your future travels. The Goldbergs also took us to the nearby Wayside Inn which was made famous by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. We are extremely grateful for the hospitality extended to us by the Goldbergs. On our return trip, we (with some effort) were able to find Herkimer Home, (eight miles east of Little Falls, N.Y.) where Milton Salls is the Building Superinten-

dent. The home is in the process of restoration, and at this time only the shell of the building remains. It is a tourist attraction and Milton is kept quite busy with guided tours. The building is perhaps over 200 years old. I believe Milton would gladly send you a picture. The only original access to the home was via the Mohawk river. In Milton's spare time I am convinced that he reads and re-reads Alger stories from his extensive library.

We have two new subscribers to add to our growing list:

Mrs. N.L. Meaghers, (S-98)
Box 306
Stevenson, Washington

Mr. Paul L. House, (S-99)
3516 North Chester,
Indianapolis, Indiana 46218

Mrs. Meaghers and Mr. House heard of us after having communicated with Ralph.

Four of our subscribers have ordered the new Gardner book since last month: Paul Liner, Gilbert Westgard, Mrs. Meaghers, and Mr. House. Gilbert's new volume of Alger's poetry entitled ALGER STREET is not yet ready for distribution and I have no new information to report.

The RAGGED DICK FUND has received two recent donations:

Donation No. 35	\$3.00	Total \$86.34
Donation No. 36	2.00	Total \$88.34

Donations are accepted and identified only by number, without embarrassment or fanfare. The fund is designed to assist some worthy boy of our choice, who in our opinion qualifies as a typical Horatio Alger hero. The first grant was for \$10.00 last November and issued to Mrs. Marie Tippitt of Dallas Texas for her 14 year old son Allen. Other inquiries have been made, but no other grants have actually been authorized.

The story supplement is now on the home stretch, since it is now half way through the equivalent of a full length novel. There is still plenty of excitement to be recorded and only 17 more chapters in which to do it. To those of you who are not reading it, I trust you have saved your copies for I am reducing the printing of surplus copies to a minimum. To those of you who have not reported in since your request of extension of your subscription, it will be well to do so; let me know of your continued interest, so I will know that my efforts are not in vain.

The Alger short stories for reprinting in the newsletter are coming in from all directions and we shall be supplied for some time to come. My sincere thanks to the contributors. I cannot always reprint a complete story in the space allotted, therefore, the ending of the current story BEN'S ATONEMENT will be printed in the next issue, and accompanied by the short story TOMMY'S ADVENTURE, complete I hope.

THE DOUBLE ELOPEMENT by Horatio Alger Jr.
(continued from the June issue)

"O, lor, Mr. Manson," said Miss Preston, in some perturbation, "how you talk!"

Five minutes afterwards Miss Preston had accepted the proposal of Philip, and the two were, to all intents and purposes, engaged.

"The only thing I think of," said the gentleman, after a pause, "is, that my sister Esther is a decided enemy to marriages, and I hardly dare to tell her that I am about to marry. If we only go away and have the ceremony performed it would be pleasanter."

"Suppose we go to New York," suggested the bride-elect.

"A good idea. We'll go. When can you be ready?"

"Next Monday morning."

So next Monday morning was agreed upon.

It so happened that Esther was to start on Monday afternoon for the same place, with the same purpose in view—but of this coincidence neither party was aware.

The reader will please go forward a week. By this time the respective parties have reached New York, been united in the holy bonds of matrimony, and are now legally husband and wife. They were located at hotels situated on the same street, and even on the same side of the way, but were far from being aware of the propinquity. On the morning succeeding the two marriages, for by a singular chance they happened on the same day, Mr. Bigelow and Esther started out for a walk down street. It so happened that Philip and his wife were at the same moment walking up street. The natural consequence was that the two parties met.

"Good Heavens! My sister!" exclaimed Philip.

"Merciful goodness! My brother!" returned Esther.

"What brings you here with Mr. Bigelow?"

"Nay, how happens it that you are here with Miss Preston?"

"Miss Preston is now my wife!"

"And Mr. Bigelow is my husband!"

"But I thought you were opposed to matrimony."

"And I thought you were equally so."

"My friends," interposed Mr. Bigelow, "this is a day of surprises—but I trust of such a nature that we shall all be made the happier thereby. My regret, Mr. Manson, at robbing you of your house-keeper is quite dissipated by the knowledge that you have so soon supplied her place."

The sensation excited in the village by the return of the two brides with their two respective husbands may be better imagined than described. It gives us pleasure to state that neither Philip nor his sister ever had the occasion to regret THE DOUBLE ELOPEMENT.

The end.

(Taken from Gleason's Pictorial Drawing Room Companion, issue of April 29, 1854)

An Alger short story contributed from the collection of Stanley A. Pachon, (S-87)

BEN'S ATONEMENT

by Horatio Alger Jr.

"I will never forgive him, never!" said Deacon Gray, bringing down his large hand with emphasis on the table at which he was sitting.

"Don't be hasty, Ebenezer!" expostulated Mrs. Gray, with an expression of pain. "Do not forget that he is our own son."

"I don't forget it," said the deacon, bitterly, "That is what makes it worse than all. Two hundred years have the Grays lived in New England, and in all that time, till now, there has never been a dishonest one among them. They have been poor hard-working farmers, living honestly, but always sustaining an honorable reputation. And now, my son has stooped to become a thief!"

He leaned forward, and fixed his stern, sorrowful eyes on the logs that burned and crackled in the fireplace, and his wife felt her heart sink as she saw the dogged resolution in her husband's face.

"Ebenezer!" she said, "you know I have a hundred dollars in the Savings Bank. I will draw from it enough to pay what Benjamin has taken, if you will only pass it over."

"Martha, you insult me!" said the deacon, angrily, "Do you suppose it is the loss of the money that I grieve for? No, the loss of thirty dollars, though something to a poor man, I could easily get over. It is the thought that my own son has taken it that hardens my heart against him."

"Ebenezer," said his old wife with unwonted spirit, "have you never sinned yourself that you are so hard upon the offences of another. 'Judge not that ye be not judged,' we read in Holy Writ. I warn you that you may yourself be judged as severely as you judge and condemn your own son."

Deacon Gray suffered a minute to elapse before he answered. His wife's bold speech was not without effect, and gave him something to think of. But he quickly recovered himself.

"I am not without sin, Martha," he said, "nor is anyone among men; but one thing I can say," and here he straightened up with a look of pride, "I have never taken a cent that belonged to another."

"That is not the only form of sin, Ebenezer."

"No, but with me it's unpardonable."

Mrs. Gray sighed, and making an excuse left the room. Up the back stairs she went, till in the little room over the back kitchen she found her son, the black sheep who had aroused his father's wrath. He was a strong, sturdy young fellow of seventeen, with a face that indicated strength, and had something winning in his expression.

"Well, mother?" he said, inquiringly.

Mrs. Gray sighed.

"I can do nothing with your father, Ben, she said, "He is very bitter against you."

"But I will make up the money, no matter how hard I have to work."

"It isn't the loss of the money that troubles him, it is that you took it. I offered to pay it out of my money at the Savings Bank, but he wouldn't hear of it."

"Nor would I, mother. Your little stock of money must not be touched by me."

Alger short story continued from page -3-

"But you could pay me back, Ben?"

"I could, but you say he won't hear of it."

"No," answered Mrs. Gray, with a sigh.

"Then, mother, there is only one thing for me to do--I must leave home."

"No, Ben, you won't do that!" exclaimed his mother in quick alarm.

"It will be better, I can't stay here with father looking upon me as a thief. I will leave home, and before I return I will redeem myself."

"But, Ben, suppose you suffer for food? Suppose you can't get employment?"

"I am not afraid of that. In fact, I have a chance to work in a shoe-shop at Lynn, and can make enough to keep me from suffering."

It was some time before Ben could persuade his mother that this was a wise step, but he succeeded at length.

"You must go down and bid your father good by!" said Mrs. Gray.

Ben hesitated.

"Well, if you say so, mother, but there will be no satisfaction in it."

"It is your duty."

Ben went downstairs and entered the kitchen. Deacon Gray never turned his head.

"Father," said Ben, "I am going away."

His father made no sign.

"I am sorry you feel so hardly against me. I mean to redeem myself if I can. I have come to bid you bid you good by."

What passed in the heart of the stern deacon who shall say? He was not demonstrative, and his face did not change.

"Good by!" he said sternly.

Ben gazed at him sadly, but made no further attempt to melt his sternness. So echoing the "Good by!" he turned and left the room.

It was many a long day before Benjamin Gray stood again beneath the roof of the old farmhouse; many a long day before he saw again the father and mother whom he had seen daily from his birth.

And many things happened meanwhile.

Ten years later Deacon Gray and his wife both grown old and worn, sat once more before the fire. Their faces were sad, for it was their last day in the old farmhouse. Soon after Ben left home his father lost a valuable cow, and this was but the first piece of bad luck. He worked as hard as ever, but he seemed to have lost heart in his work. He never mentioned his absent son, but there were few days in which Ben was wholly absent from his thoughts.

At first Mrs. Gray heard from Ben occasionally, but at the time now mentioned two years had elapsed without any communication.

The crowning stroke of bad luck, and the threatened loss of the farm, resulted from the deacon's indorsing a note for a large amount for a cousin who was engaged in business in a neighboring town. This man was far from possessing the simple honesty and strict integrity of his kinsman. When the note came due--it was for two thousand dollars--he coolly notified the deacon that he should be unable to meet it, but promised someday to reimburse him for the

heavy payment he would be called upon to make. To the deacon this was a crushing blow. His farm was worth not over three thousand dollars, and if sold at auction, at a forced sale, would probably not realize more than the face of the note.

Absolute ruin and destitution stared him in the face. A man of middle age might have borne up against even this blow, but Deacon Gray was now sixty-five, and his gentle wife was sixty-one.

"It's hard, mother," said the deacon briefly, breaking a long silence. "It's very hard to be turned out in our old age, and see the old farm pass into the hands of strangers."

"Yes, Ebenezer, I think you are tight. It was a cruel blow. But, if he pays us back the money after a time, though it won't bring back the farm it will help us to live."

"He will never pay back the money! Such men never do. They are ready enough with their promises, but they are worth nothing. Yet after all it is my fault, Martha. I needn't have endorsed. And you must suffer for it."

"Don't think of me, Ebenezer. I could bear it cheerfully if Ben were only back again."

She had not dared hitherto to mention Ben's name, but took courage from her husband's softened mood.

"I am afraid I was over-hasty with Benjamin," said the deacon slowly. "I see it now--but in my pride I failed to make allowances for him. My pride has had a fall."

"I thank God that you are willing to say so much, Ebenezer. May I say so to Ben if I ever have a chance to write to him?"

"Yes, wife, tell him to come home. I am old and feeble, and I would like to have a son to lean upon."

Another hour passed. Then there was an unwonted sound--a knock at the door.

She saw before her a stout, bronzed young man of twenty-seven.

"Will you come in, sir?" she said.

"Don't you know me, mother?" said the newcomer.

"It's Ben!" exclaimed his mother full of joy, and in a second he was in her embrace.

"Come in, Ben!" she said, half laughing and half crying. "It's a joyful day after all."

"But father--"

"He will be glad to see you."

And the deacon was glad to see the returning prodigal. Yet more, it was not without pride that he surveyed the frank, handsome face, the stalwart form, of his boy.

"You are welcome, Benjamin," he said.

"It is well that you came tonight for tomorrow I should have had no place in which to receive you."

"What do you mean, father?"

"I mean that I was fool enough to endorse for a scoundrel in the sum of two thousand dollars, and I must pay the note. The farm is to be sold, and your mother and I will be turned out in our old age."

"And the sum is two thousand dollars?"

"Yes."

"If you pay that you can keep the farm?"

"Yes, but it is impossible."

"No, it isn't, father," said Ben, with a glad smile.