

SOCIETY OF AMERICA

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A newsletter

(Non--profit)

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THE MENDOTA AFFAIR - MAY 21-22ND

Members of the Horatio Alger Society of America, more popularly known as Partic'lar Friends of Horatio Alger Jr., and other interested people will meet in the city of Mendota, Illinois on May 21-22nd.

It will be the first gathering of this group, after almost three years of operation on a temporary basis. It will be an historical and memorable occasion. Up to this meeting, appointments have been filled by members willing to serve. The purpose of this affair is to elect officers, formally establish the society, adopt a method of operation, state our objectives, and establish a membership fee.

Mendota is in north central Illinois, and located on highways U.S. 51 & 34. Headquarters will be at the Kakusha Motel in the north end of the city on U.S. 51. The business session and displays will be held in the WAYSIDE PRESS building located on U.S. 34 just west of U.S. 51. Ken Butler's home, 1325 Burlington Road, will be the scene of our entertainment, and the start of the antique car parade. It should be a gala event, since a variety of entertainment has been provided.

Ralph Gardner will be present. He has been asked to bring the NEWSBOY plaque, and his copy of Timothy Crump's Ward. If you will bring your Gardner book, I think Ralph will autograph it for you, and I'm sure Gilbert Westgard will do the same if you bring your copy of ALGER STREET.

A group picture of those present will be taken, and prints will be made available to us, but bring your cameras for pictures of other events. You will be presented with souvenirs from Ken and myself, and a newly designed society membership card will be issued to those who wish to join or renew their membership.

Ken Butler and the WAYSIDE PRESS is providing a meeting place at no expense to us. Ken is providing the entertainment, transportation to Starved Rock Park, and the dinner there. We may never have another event where our host will be as generous as Ken Butler, and there may never be another as convenient to you as this one. Remember, you can't attend them all unless you've attended the first one, where our history will begin. WE HOPE WE'LL SEE YOU IN MENDOTA!

RANDOM NOTES

This spring, our members who are spread all over the U.S.A. have been beset with earthquakes on the west coast, floods in the Mississippi valley, and tornadoes known to have done considerable damage in Indiana, Minnesota and Michigan. We pray that you have been spared. In this case, we hope that no news from you is good news. There was considerable damage in our area, but about 12 miles from us.

Herbert Risteen, PF-104, composer of cross-word puzzles for a number of Sunday Newspapers, visited Horatio Alger's grave in South Natick, Mass., in April. Herb says he has prepared a few Alger puzzles but they are copyrighted and cannot be duplicated. Herb will be in Mendota too.

Milton Salls, PF-020, a 1930 graduate of Syracuse University, attended Gardner's lecture on Horatio Alger there on May 6th. The University has a small collection of Alger books and desires more.

Gardner F. Dalton, PF-045, (inactive) has donated his collection of Alger books to the Milwaukee Public Library & Museum.

A 1942 comic book featuring an Horatio Alger story, was on temporary display at the Kalamazoo Public Museum recently. The publisher was Street & Smith. The title was MAKING HIS WAY, but Cal Noell, PF-082 Registrar of the museum, says the picture-story was not the same as the book version. It may be loaned to us for viewing at our Mendota meeting.

1908 MOTHER'S DAY 1965

On this 57th anniversary of the original Mother's Day created by Anna Jarvis with the first recognition held in West Va., I hope you have carried on the tradition.

Although Mother's Day was not officially celebrated in Horatio Alger's day, he honored them in his own special way in the many novels that he produced. To a child, mothers need not be glamorous and refined; only a mother's love is expected, and then they are the greatest. Perhaps the most difficult time comes to all mothers when they must share their child with another of the opposite sex. Mrs. Alger was spared this frustration in her son Horatio, whose devotion was of the highest degree. Perhaps the greatest tribute he could pay to his mother, and all mothers, was his portrayal of devotion of his heroes in the novels he produced, to their mothers. This devotion, in my humble opinion, predates that of Anna Jarvis in 1908.



NEW SUBSCRIBERS (none)MEMBERSHIP ROSTER

PF-041 (inactive)  
 PF-042 (inactive)

PF-043 Mrs. Jenny Breedveld T-unknown  
 707 Winthrop Avenue, \*(1)  
 Beachmont, Mass. 02151

PF-044 (inactive)  
 PF-045 (inactive)  
 PF-046 (inactive)

PF-047 Mr. Harold Poore T-unknown  
 5116 Jaysue Street \*(2)  
 Anderson, Indiana 46013

PF-048 (inactive)  
 PF-049 (inactive)  
 PF-050 Wilbur M. Claggett T-unknown  
 1636 Pearl Street, \*(3)  
 Jacksonville, Florida 32206

PF-051 Edward Reynolds T-35  
 Quaboag Bookshop, \*(4)  
 47 High Street,  
 Thorndike, Mass. 01079

Will Partic'lar Friends -052 through  
 -053 please furnish me with your title  
 totals before June 1st.

\*(1) Mrs. Breedveld is a feature writer  
 for the Revere Journal, and is extremely  
 interested in our activities primarily  
 for the news value, and is not necessar-  
 ily a collector.

\*(2) Harold is a collector of hero  
 fiction of all types, including Horatio  
 Alger, but primarily that of Edward  
 Stratemeyer. He and his wife plan to at-  
 tend the Mendota Affair.

\*(3) Wilbur, more popularly known as  
 Bill, is a dealer in books of all kinds.  
 He issues a catalog perhaps twice a year.

\*(4) Ed is also a dealer, but has taken  
 an active interest in our affairs. He'll  
 sell any Alger duplicates he might ac-  
 quire, but is building a collection for  
 his own enjoyment. As a merchant, it will  
 not be possible for him to attend the  
 Mendota Affair, but wishes his State Rep-  
 resentative to vote for him in all de-  
 cisions we make. Thank you, Ed.

Our Chairman, Edward G. Levy has now  
 returned home to New Haven, Conn. Mr. and  
 Mrs. Levy have spent the winter in the  
 sunny south, including Mexico, but for  
his health. Ed has been suffering with  
 arthritic pains in his hands, and the  
 health resorts in the south have given  
 him some relief. The extent of his suf-  
 fering had not been realized until re-  
 cently. Our apologies, Ed. Our sympathy,  
 and our best wishes for your good health.

ALGER MEMORIAL SERVICE 1965

Balance \$10.00  
BOOKS FOR REVERE (none)

RAGGED DICK FUND

## Contributions

Previous balance reported	\$194.81
Item (I) \$1.65 Item #83 \$2.00	
#81 2.00 84 3.00	
82 1.00	9.65
(I) April interest	
New balance:	\$204.46

We have reached the coveted quota be-  
 fore our Mendota meeting. We shall with-  
 draw \$100.00 for the 1965 award to be  
 paid to the recipient named at our Men-  
 dota meeting, and over \$100.00 to be  
 turned over to the newly elected trustees  
 of this fund.

Irene Gurman, owner of Michigan's  
 largest Alger collection in titles and  
 over 500 books, will soon be leaving for  
 a tour of Europe. She hopes she will run  
 across some English editions and collect  
 some comments regarding our Partic'lar  
 Friend, Horatio Alger. Bon Voyage, Irene!

Ever hear of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson?  
 More popularly known by his pen-name,  
 Lewis Carroll, the author of Alice in  
 Wonderland, and Through the Looking Glass.  
 Oh, yes; of course you have. An item of  
 interest about Lewis Carroll is the fact  
 that his life span was almost identical  
 with Horatio Alger Jr. Lewis was an Eng-  
 lish mathematician at Oxford University.  
 Perhaps the paths of the two gentlemen  
 crossed somewhere, sometime. Who knows.

My wife and I will not be going east  
 this summer as planned, it is a great  
 disappointment to us, perhaps a great  
 relief to you. Unexpected expenses have  
 come up, and our little nest egg has gone  
 down the drain. We have decided to stay  
 at home and rebuild for next year. To  
 those of you who have been searching for  
 Joseph C. Lincoln books for my collection,  
 the search has ended. I now have all 46  
 novels, and a complete collection. I have  
 been informed that JOE THE HOTEL BOY is  
 on his way to me, although he has not yet  
 arrived. This will make 119 titles for me  
 in case you are keeping score.

Offers from the east coast and the west  
 coast have provided me with enough Alger  
 short story material to last for the bal-  
 ance of this year.

My wife and I hereby express our ap-  
 preciation and thanks for your special  
 remembrances on our 35th anniversary.  
 Among them was an oil painting by Ken  
 Butler of a covered bridge located near  
 Princeton, Illinois. The office walls of  
 WAYSIDE PRESS, are adorned with more than  
 twenty of Ken's oil paintings. Ask to see  
 them while you are in Mendota. Max and  
 Ida Goldberg talked with us on the phone  
 recently, A pleasant surprise. They will  
 be our guests before and after the Men-  
 dota Affair. We will be on Direct Dis-  
 tance Dialing before the end of this year,  
 but for the present our number is still  
 Area code 616 Phone 343-7362. Our vaca-  
 tion period is May 16th - June 6th, and  
 July 11th - July 25th. If you are driving  
 along I-94 stop off at exit 80, please.



KATHLEEN'S TRIALS By Horatio Alger Jr.  
(continued from the April Issue)

"You Lord Ellenborough!" exclaimed William, letting the spade fall from his hands in amazement. "Why, you ain't so well dressed as the steward."

"I dare say not. The fact is, I am here in disguise."

"The steward doesn't know you are here?"

"Not a word of it; and it's chiefly on his account that I have come so disguised. While in London, representations were brought to me which led me to doubt whether he was, in all respects, trustworthy, and I have come down to see for myself, not being willing to trust anybody's else report."

"And it's a happy day, my lord, for all of us, that you have come."

"Now about this pretty Kathleen of yours; when do you expect Mr. Martin, the steward, will proceed to turn her family out?"

"To-morrow morning at nine o'clock."

"Very well; I will take care to be present. Meanwhile, I will investigate other charges in relation to the steward. But I must caution you to say nothing about my presence in the village. The steward will not recognize me, as I was quite a lad when he last saw me."

"I will be very careful, my lord, not to breathe a word."

"Then begin, now, and call me Mr. Landers, instead of my lord."

"Yes, Mr. Landers."

"That's right. By the way, I should like to have you present to-morrow morning at Kathleen's cabin."

The next morning the steward might have been seen in a cart, with two attendants, approaching the cabin of Mr. Clare. The cabin, though in no respect superior, originally, to the rest of the estate, looked more inviting; partly, no doubt, because Kathleen's taste had surrounded it with flowers, and her mother's neatness had taken care that the yard should be kept in perfect order, and should be free from those unsightly piles of rubbish which are often found disfiguring an Irish cabin.

"I'll humble their pride," muttered the steward, between his teeth. "The beggar, to reject my alliance! Why, she ought to have jumped at the chance."

By this time the wagon had stopped in front of the door, and the steward jumped out. "Stay there," said he to the men; "I may have need of your assistance."

He entered the cabin. The whole family was present. Kathleen had been weeping, and her eyes even now showed traces of tears; her father sat on the settee by the fire, looking gloomy and depressed; her mother was engaged in some household occupation.

"Well, Mr. Clare," said the steward, entering, "did you receive the notice I sent yesterday?"

The cotter nodded; he felt too depressed to speak.

"You mayn't think I am in earnest, but if you'll just look out of the door, you'll see the men that have orders to turn you out."

"Spare them--spare my parents!" said Kathleen, rising from her seat and looking with tearful eyes towards the steward.

"There is only one condition on which I can grant your request," he replied, fixing his cold gray eyes upon her.

"And what is that?" she asked, with instinctive foreboding.

"That you will marry me."

"Then Heaven help us all," said Kathleen, sinking back into her seat, "for I can't do it."

"Then it's time for me to act," said Martin. He went to the door to summon the men he had brought with him. To his surprise, he saw two other persons approaching. One he recognized as William Donovan; the other he did not know. He looked at the former with a look of gratified malice; then turning to his men, said "Do your duty."

"Hold!" said William's companion, calmly, "What is it you are about to do?"

"I conceive that that is none of your business," said the steward, in a surly tone. "If you insist on an answer, I shall do as I please."

"That you will not," said the young man.

"Insolent!" exclaimed Martin, his eyes flashing, "Who are you that pretends to dictate to me?"

"Who am I? I am your master."

"Lord Ellenborough!" faltered Martin, recoiling in horror.

"You are right," was the reply. "If you ask, further, why I am here, I tell you plainly it is to inquire into your proceedings. Although I have been here less than twenty-four hours, I have heard enough of your exactions and acts of oppressions to satisfy me that you are not fit for your post. I discharge you from my service."

"My Lord," said Martin, humbly, "if I have been in fault I will endeavor to do better in future, if you will only retain me in your employ."

"That is impossible," said Lord Ellenborough, "as I have already nominated your successor. Henceforth William Donovan will have the charge of my estates."

With a subdued curse and a glance of fierce hatred at William, Martin left the cabin. Need I say how happy were the hearts that he left behind him. William entered immediately upon the duties of his office, and Lord Ellenborough had no cause to regret his choice. And Kathleen--on Michaelmas day became what she had so much dreaded--the steward's wife; but there was no fear now. I need not say that Mr. Clare has no fear of being turned out of his cabin by the present steward. As for Mr. Martin, he left the country, but not before he had been compelled to disgorge a large portion of his ill-gotten gains.

(Reprinted from a typewritten copy; the origin of Gilbert's copy is unknown. Appeared first in Gleason's Weekly Line-of-Battle Ship, January 15, 1859.)



An Alger short story contributed from the collection of Ernest P. Sanford, PF-032.

# HOW JOHNNY BOUGHT A SEWING-MACHINE

By Horatio Alger Jr.

Just across the street from the Methodist Church, in the principal street of Benton, is a small one-story house, consisting of three rooms only. This is occupied by Mrs. Cooper, a widow, and her only son Johnny, with whom it is our purpose to become further acquainted. When the great Rebellion broke out, Johnny's father was one of the first to enlist. It was a great trial to him to leave behind his wife and son, but he felt it his duty to go. For more than a year he wrote cheerful letters home; but one dark day there came over the wires tidings of the disastrous battle of Fredericksburg, and in the list of killed was the name of James Cooper.

It was a sad day for Mrs. Cooper; but she had little time to mourn. The death of her husband threw the burden of maintaining herself and Johnny upon her shoulders. After a while she obtained a pension of eight dollars a month, which helped her considerably. One half of it paid her rent, and the other half paid for her fuel and lights. But it costs a good deal to buy food and clothes for two persons, and she was obliged to toil early and late with her needle to make up the requisite sum. Johnny was now eleven years old, and might have obtained a chance to peg shoes in some of the shoe-shops in the village, as indeed he wanted to do; but Mrs. Cooper felt that he ought to be kept at school. As she would not be able to leave him money, she was resolved at least to give him as good an education as the village schools would allow.

One evening, just after tea, Mrs. Cooper laid down her work, with a little sigh. "Johnny," said she, "I will get you to run over to Squire Baker's, and say that I shall not be able to finish his shirts to-night, but I will try to send them over in the morning before he goes."

"You don't feel well, mother, do you?"

"No, I have a bad headache. I think I shall go to bed early, and see if I can't sleep it off."

"I don't believe it agrees with you to sew so much," said Johnny.

"I sometimes wish I had a sewing-machine," said his mother. "That would enable me to do three times as much work with less fatigue."

"How much does a sewing-machine cost?"

"I suppose a good one would cost not far from a hundred dollars."

"A hundred dollars! That is a good deal of money," said Johnny.

"Yes, quite too much for our means. Of course there is no chance of my being able to purchase one."

As Johnny went across the field to Squire Baker's, he could not help thinking of what his mother had said.

He had hoped the cost of a machine would not exceed twenty dollars, for in that case there might be some chance of his earning the amount in time. Occasionally the neighbors called upon him to do odd jobs, and paid him small sums. These in time might amount to twenty dollars. But a hundred seemed quite too large for him to think of accumulating.

"Still," thought Johnny, "I've a good mind to try. I won't wait for jobs to come to me; I'll look for them. I have a good deal of time out of school when I might be doing something. If I don't get enough to buy a sewing-machine, I may get something else that mother will like."

The next day was Saturday, and school did not keep. It was about the first of October. In the town where Johnny lived there were many swamps planted with cranberries, which were now ripe and ready for gathering. It was necessary to pick them before a frost, since this fruit, if touched with the frost, will decay rapidly. As Johnny was coming home from the store, he met a school companion, who seemed to be in a hurry.

"Where are you going, Frank?" he inquired.

"I'm going to pick cranberries for Squire Baker."

"How much does he pay?"

"Two cents a quart."

"Do you think he would hire me?" asked Johnny, with a sudden thought.

"Yes, and be glad to get you. He's got a good many cranberries on the vines, and he's afraid there will be a frost to-night."

"Then I'll go ask mother if I can go. Just hold on a minute."

"All right."

Having obtained permission, Johnny rejoined his companion, and proceeded at once to the swamp. The fruit was abundant; for the crop this year was unusually good, and Johnny found that he could pick quite rapidly. When noon came, he found that he had picked twenty quarts.

"Can you come again this afternoon?" asked the Squire.

"Yes, sir," said Johnny, promptly.

"I shall be very glad to have you, for the hands are scarce."

Johnny had already earned forty cents, and hoped to earn as much more in the afternoon. He was so excited by his success that he hurried through his dinner with great rapidity, and was off once more to the swamp. He worked till late, and found at the end of the day that he had gathered fifty quarts. He felt very rich when the Squire handed him a one-dollar greenback in return for his services. He felt pretty tired in consequence of stooping so much, but the thought that he had earned a whole dollar in one day fully repaid him.

"Mother," said Johnny when he got home, "if you are willing, I will keep this money. There is something very particular I want it for."

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE JUNE ISSUE)