

# newsboy

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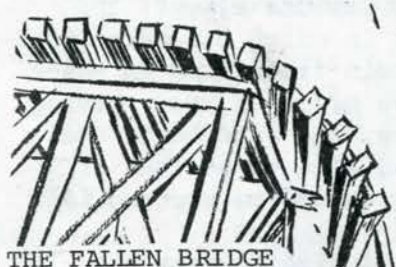
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Monthly Newsletter of  
the HORATIO ALGER  
SOCIETY. The World's  
Only Publication Devoted  
to That Wonderful  
World of Horatio Alger.



Founded 1961 by Forrest Campbell & Kenneth Butler



THE FALLEN BRIDGE

by Horatio Alger, Jr.  
Gleason's Literary Companion,  
January 14, 1860

"I am sorry for you, Mrs. Hall," said the landlord. "I would give you your rent if I felt able; but you know I have a family to support, and it would not be doing right by them."

"Give me three days, Mr. Jones," said the widow, "and perhaps something may turn up during that time which will enable me to pay you."

The landlord reluctantly assented, and left the widow alone with her two children.

It was scarcely a year since she had lost her husband. His income had been small, and, beyond a hundred dollars and the furniture, had left his wife nothing. Yet by sewing, and what odd jobs her son Henry could obtain, she had been enabled to get along and keep her children at school. Her heaviest expense had been the rent, which, however, she was enabled to pay out of the hundred dollars above mentioned.

At the commencement of the second year, however, she had no reserved fund, and found herself quite unable to meet the rent at the close of the first quarter.

After the landlord went out, she gave way for a moment to depression.



"I am afraid," she said, "that we shall have to leave this house. It has been our home so long that it will be very painful; besides, I don't know where we shall go."

"God will provide for us in some way, mother," said Jane, the youngest child.

"That is what you have told me often."

"And I had nearly forgotten it myself," said her mother, taking fresh courage.

"Yes, God will provide; we will not suffer ourselves to despair."

"To-day is Saturday," said Henry; "and as school don't keep, I mean to go out and see if I can't find something to do. Farmer Terry told me that perhaps he would give me a job at raking hay."

"Do so Henry. I hope you will succeed, for with us every little helps."

Henry, who was a stout, handsome boy of twelve, immediately took down his cloth cap from the nail where he usually hung it, and made his way across the fields towards the Terry farm.

The distance was about a mile, and the route by which he went took him across the railroad track. The point at which he crossed it was about a mile from the station, and just above a bridge a hundred feet in length, over which the cars passed. He glanced in the direction of this bridge as he crossed the railroad.

"Why," he exclaimed to himself, "I believe the bridge has given way."

Running to the spot, he found that his suspicions were correct. The bridge, whether because it was badly constructed, or from some other cause not apparent, had partly given way, and must inevitably cause the destruction of any train which should attempt to cross it. That many lives must



## 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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The NEWSBOY is the official organ of THE HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY and is published monthly except January & July and is distributed free to Society members. Membership fee for any twelve month period is \$5.00.

NEWSBOY recognizes Ralph D. Gardner's HORATIO ALGER, or THE AMERICAN HERO ERA, published by the Wayside Press, 1964, as the leading authority on Alger.

Please use membership roster for mailing addresses of our officers and members.



be lost in this event was certain, since the ravine spanned by the bridge was some fifty feet deep. The thought fairly took away Henry's breath.

"What shall I do?" thought he, bewildered. "Shall I have time to get up to the station before the next train gets along? No; that is impossible, for it is about time for it now."

As if to verify his last assertion, he could just begin to hear faintly the sound of the approaching train.

"I must save it if I can," thought he.

After brief thought, he ran along the track in the direction of the advancing cars.

As he ran he waved his hat, and threw up his hands, and in every possible way

endeavored to attract the notice of the engineer. Apparently they did see him, but supposing it was merely a boy's fun, took no notice of it.

"There is only one thing I can do," thought Henry; and he proceeded to do it.

He placed himself between the rails, and continued the same demonstrations.

"They'll stop rather than run over me," he thought; yet the feeling of his own personal danger in case they should fail to think him in earnest blanched his cheek.

"Never mind," said he, resolutely; "better risk my own life than let so many perish without warning."

Of course all this took place in much less time than I have taken to record it.

Will the reader picture himself the terrible situation in which our hero stood--in the way of a train travelling at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, waving his hat frantically, and exposed to the hazard of not being able to get out of the way in case he failed to succeed in stopping the cars!

It was, indeed, a time to test the courage of the boy hero. But he maintained his ground firmly.

Meanwhile the engineer perceived him. Even at this time he supposed that it was done in foolish bravado.

"The little fool!" he uttered. "We shall be compelled to stop or run over him."

He hastily issued an order to stop the train. It was done just in time; they were only two rods distant from the boy.

"Now, you little rascal," exclaimed the engineer, "what do you mean by risking your foolish life, and putting us to all this trouble?"

Henry pointed mutely to the broken bridge, and then, overcome by the excitement through which he had passed, he sank back fainting.

His motion was understood.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the engineer, "we have been saved from a terrible fate!"

With remorseful eagerness he now devoted himself to the task of recovering the fainting boy, and, when he had opened his eyes, asked his pardon for his rude address.

"Is the train safe?" exclaimed Henry, eagerly.

"Entirely so--thanks to your noble conduct, my little hero."

Henry found himself the centre of a

Con't on page #7



## WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS....

PF-317 Margaret M. Dahl  
2133 Fox Ave.  
Madison, Wi. 53711  
T-100

Margaret is a research specialist and has rejoined HAS after an absence of a few years. Glad to have you back, Margaret.

\*\*\*\*\*

PF-426 Ruth V. McKee  
2077 Marshall  
St. Paul, Minn. 55104

Ruth is a bookseller and learned of HAS from Dale Thomas.

\*\*\*\*\*

PF-427 Lloyd P. Merrill  
9 Hillcrest Drive  
Rochester, N.Y.  
(Mary) T-75

Besides collecting Alger, Lloyd is interested in Photography, Birds and reading. Lloyd is an Engineer and learned about HAS from Jack Barker.

\*\*\*\*\*

PF-428 Harry L. Lane  
11803 Findlay Ave.  
Detroit, Mi. 48205  
(Charlotte) T-31

Harry retired from the Detroit News in 1961 and keeps busy with his collections of juvenile fiction. He found out about us from the DIME NOVEL ROUND-UP.

\*\*\*\*\*

PF-429 G. Daniel Schindler  
Bartlett Rd. Box 404  
Clinton, Mi. 49236  
(Teddy) T-72

Dan heard about HAS from Dave Kanarr. Dan is director of Guidance at Clinton High School and also collects Currier & Ives prints.

\*\*\*\*\*

PF-430 Daniel R. Small  
2741 Michigan Rd.  
Eaton Rapids, Mi. 48827  
(Karen) T-60

Dan and Karen have collected Alger a year and "have had a lot of fun looking for them." Learned of HAS by seeing a copy of the NEWSBOY on a bulletin board.

PF-430 Lucille Mone  
Box 177  
Spencer, So. Dak. 57374  
(James) T-45

Past President Judson Berry introduced Lucille to the HAS. She collects pottery and likes to garden and hike.

\*\*\*\*\*

PF-432 Melvin P. Morrison  
P.O. Box 174  
Scarboro, Me. 04074  
(Rosemary) T-44

Melvin is a book dealer and heard about HAS from some of his customers.

\*\*\*\*\*

PF-433 Andrew Zerbe  
P.O. Box 6004  
Montgomery, Ala. 36106  
T-4

Andrew is interested in old boys books in general and learned of HAS from Judson Berry.

\*\*\*\*\*

PF-434 Casper Gunneson  
11254 Stebbins Ave. N.W.  
Sparta, Mi. 49345

Casper has had a keen interest in Alger for many years and learned of the HAS from President Bob Bennett's story in the Grand Rapids Press.

\*\*\*\*\*

PF-435 Harry M. Reynolds  
1410 Spring St.  
Grinnell, Iowa 50112  
(Amy)

Harry is retired and although he doesn't have any Algers now writes, "I am now 70 years old, and I remember as a boy how each Christmas and Birthday was made so exciting by a package of several Alger books.

\*\*\*\*\*

PF-436 Luebert Docter  
3496 Lake Drive S.E.  
Grand Rapids, Mi. 49506  
(Margaret) T-2

Dr. Docter is interested in conservation, Horticulture and Gardening as well as Alger. He also learned of us through the Grand Rapids Press.

Con't on Page #4



Con't from page #3

PF-437 Russell O. Merrifield  
913 - 18 Street N.W.  
Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52405  
(Esther)

Russell learned of HAS through Jack  
Row.

\*\*\*\*\*  
\*\*\*\*\*

Offered by Rohima Walter  
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Erie Train Boy	Sup.	F	\$ 3.00
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\*\*\*\*\*

PLEASE NOTE      PLEASE NOTE

The Address for Raphael Gould, PF-400  
is NEW CITY, NEW YORK 10956. Please  
correct your roster.

\*\*\*\*\*

Founder Forrest Campbell has a  
new address:

Forrest Campbell  
368 Azalea  
Fairhope, Alabama 36532

\*\*\*\*\*

NOTES FROM MEMBERS.....

PF-135, Irv Poznan had a slight  
stoke but he writes it will not keep  
him from the convention May 8, 9, 10  
and 11, 1975 at Geneseo, New York. We  
hope to see you Irv. and many other  
members.

\*\*\*\*\*

Edwin M. Gross, PF-283 writes "In  
the book "Cast Upon the Breakers" I  
find that the bottom illustration  
opposite page 120 (boy laying on ground)  
said from "Jacks Ward" - I have it in  
"Hector's Inheritance" - probably a  
printing error.

\*\*\*\*\*

The following comes from Zella J.  
Fry, PF-390 (Please note spelling of  
first name and correct your roster)  
who received it from a colleague of  
hers, Dr. William R. Evans, English  
Department, Kean College of New  
Jersey.

Through the courtesy of my friend  
Zella Fry I have learned of the many  
activities of the Horatio Alger Soc-  
iety. I was delighted since I am  
currently teaching a course here at  
Kean College of New Jersey entitled  
"Rags to Riches." Needless to say  
the course owes its name and much of  
its contents to Horatio Alger. Let  
me tell you something about what we  
study.

We begin by reading two Alger  
classics that are out in paperback  
Ragged Dick and Mark the Match Boy  
These go over very well with the  
students, although some of them  
admit to incredulity concerning these  
novels. Once the idea of hard work  
bringing in financial results has  
been established via Alger, we go on  
to read such works as The Merchant  
of Venice, Jonson's Volpone, Moliere's  
The Miser, and so on up to modern  
novels like Lady Chatterly's Lover  
and The Good Earth to show the effects  
of money on people.

I have found the course to be very  
stimulating and so have the students.  
The tremendous variety of outlooks  
and concepts as found in the authors  
read as well as those articulated by  
the students is amazing. I never  
thought so much could be said about  
money!

Dr. Evens

\*\*\*\*\*

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\$2.50 and 30¢ postage.



PERSERVERANCE AND BLIND LUCK

by Stephen A. Weeks, PF-425

There seems to be a fine line between perserverance and blind luck for the Alger hunter. On a recent trip to San Francisco, I spent several days searching the city's bookstores for Alger buys. After those days, I was impressed with the fact that the great city appeared to offer nothing but blind alleys as far as my collection was concerned. My hours of searching rewarded me only eight fair reprints.

While waiting in the airport, rather discouraged, I chanced to pick up a copy of a local antiques magazine. In reviewing the "Books Wanted and For Sale" section, I encountered an ad of a San Jose antique dealer offering several Alger first editions. Upon my return to Los Angeles, I called the dealer, Rosemary's Antiques, and found that she was offering, in first edition, "Grand'ther Baldwin's Thanksgiving," "Paul Prescott's Charge", and "From Farm Boy to Senator", the first two books being inscribed by the author. Miss Hamm, the dealer, was asking only \$85.00 for the three. Happy with my change in luck, I purchased the volumes.

When the books at last arrived, I discovered what a real find I had made. The books were from the library of Daniel Webster Watson, a San Francisco merchant. Daniel Watson is known to Alger collectors as the salesman in "Paul Prescott's Charge" who never stopped at a place without selling something. The anecdote is found at the beginning of Chapter 12, or on page 79, in the first Loring Edition of "Paul Prescott's Charge". The inscription in my edition reads, "Daniel Watson - presented by the author, Horatio Alger, Junior". In "Grand'ther Baldwin's Thanksgiving", the inscription reads, "Mrs. Daniel W. Watson - With the compliments of Horatio Alger, Junior. San Francisco, January 13, 1877". "Ralph Gardner's Horatio Alger" documents Alger visiting San Francisco during this period. Moreover, information from Watson's Estate substantiates the fact that Alger and Watson were close personal friends. During Alger's San Francisco stay, he spent time at the Watson home and presented his host and hostess with these editions of his work.

For those who would like more information on Watson, I refer them to "Biographical Sketches", published 1888. Watson, born in Exeter, New Hampshire, November 5, 1836, came from a family that came over on the Mayflower. Daniel Watson, when old enough to care for himself, and with a spirit of independence

characteristic of his family, went to Boston and became a decorative painter. For 15 years, he followed the business there.

In January, 1867, Watson became a resident of San Francisco. Pursuing the same work, he later became master of a business of his own. His establishment on Market Street supplied shades, hangings, lambrequins, and all that pertained to decorative furnishings. For several years, he conducted this business successfully and profitably. In 1871, deciding on a trip for recreation and pleasure, he returned east and embarking at Boston, visited Europe. His time in Europe was divided between England and France, and he was in Paris during the Franco-Prussian War.

Daniel Watson returned to the United States in November of the same year, bringing with him many momentos of his trip. Early in 1884, Mr. Watson sold his interest in San Francisco, and on April 22 of that year, took possession of his home in the Willow District of San Jose. He there became a successful agriculturalist cultivating ten acres of land, making prunes his leading fruit. Mr. Watson married Miss Fanny Ricker on the thirteenth day of September, 1876. Their marriage produced two children, Gilman and Gertrude. The family, until recently, remained in San Jose and generated some of the leading citizens of that town.

In addition to the Alger discoveries, the Watson Library also yielded such finds as an Audobon First Edition. I am greatly indebted to Miss Hamm, who in liquidating the Watson Estate, encountered these Alger discoveries and thought it more appropriate for them to be placed in the hands of a collector than to be sold to a high priced dealer.

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The convention highlights will be published in the June issue of NEWSBOY - Watch for this issue.

1975 convention will be held at GENESEO, NEW YORK ON MAY 8, 9, 10 & 11 1975. Dr. Poste will be our host. Make your plans now!!!!



## PRESIDENT'S COLUMN

by bob bennett

In this month's column, I would like to address myself to some of the questions I have been asked that may be of interest to readers of Newsboy.

## 1. HOW CAN I TELL A FIRST EDITION?

A - The majority of Alger first editions are difficult to identify without the aid of a reference source listing points of identification. The only reliable source in print is Gardner's Road to Success, 1971. This volume is essential to Alger collectors and gives complete descriptive information for each of the Alger titles. A few copies are still available from The Wayside Press, Book Dep't, Mendota, Illinois 61342 at a special price of \$6.50 to HAS Members.

## 2. I HAVE AN ALGER BOOK WHICH HAS A WINSTON CO. COVER BUT THE TITLE PAGE LISTS HENRY T. COATES, CO. AS THE PUBLISHER. IS THIS A FREAK?

A - This is what some collectors call a hybrid edition. These curiosities arose when one company succeeded another and existing stocks of texts and covers were not of equal quantity. Your book was published by Winston (who succeeded H.T. Coates) and the Winston firm undoubtedly chose to exhaust their supply of texts before printing their own title page.

## 3. HOW DO YOU DIFFERENTIATE BETWEEN A HARD COVER BOOK AND A PAPERBACK?

A - The term "hardcover" generally applies to cloth-bound books. However, the pictorial cardboard-bound bindings used by Donohue and Whitman are also considered hardcover editions. A true paperback is a book bound in paper covers. These are generally issued in series and the series number is indicated on the spine and/or cover. M.A. Donohue did issue fifty Alger titles in paperback editions and they clearly differ from their cardboard-bound volumes. The Donohue paperbacks are identifiable by the spine which carries the series number and indicates that they are part of the "Boys' Alert Series". Dust Jackets, although rarely found on Alger books, are not to be considered covers.

## 4. What is the most money ever paid for an Alger book?

## 4. WHAT IS THE MOST MONEY EVER PAID FOR AN ALGER BOOK?

A - I'm not sure I can answer this one but I know of a couple of instances where an Alger has brought the seller \$500. Just last month, I received a notice from International Bookfinders, Inc., of Pacific Palisades, Calif. offering a first edition of Ragged Dick for \$750.00. I do not know whether or not they were successful in obtaining their asking price. I am quite sure that is a first edition of Timothy Crump's Ward were made available that it would bring in excess of \$1,000.00 in today's market. A first edition of Seeking His Fortune was auctioned off this past year and brought bids ranging from \$200.00 to \$450.00.

In future issues of NEWSBOY I will answer other questions that come up.

\*\*\*\*\*

*Harvard Class of 1852*

As we turn our last gaze on the time-honored courts  
That have echoed our footsteps for years,  
That have witnessed full many a scene in the Past  
Which fond recollection endears,  
A shadow of sadness we cannot dispel  
O'er the prospect will silently steal,  
And the sigh and the tear which unbidden escape  
The heart's deep emotions reveal.

Once more, Alma Mater, our voices unite,  
Hand in hand as we circle thy shrine,  
And the song of our farewell we mournfully breathe  
To the friends and the joys of Lang Syne.  
To these scenes of past pleasure we ne'er may return,  
But, though guided by Destiny far,  
Our hearts shall be gladdened, our pathway be cheered,  
By the pale light of Memory's star.

O, soft be the sunlight that warms this fair scene,  
When the dream of our youth shall have flown,  
When the counselling voice and the arm that sustained  
Shall have left us to struggle alone.  
May the wreath of fresh flowers which our hands have entwined  
And lovingly placed on thy brow,  
When the twilight of years darkly shadows our life,  
Be as fresh and unfading as now.

Poem by Horatio Alger Jr. - from the collection of PF-324, Dick Seddon.



group of passengers, who were profoundly shocked at the danger from which they had just escaped, and proportionately thankful to their preserver.

"Gentlemen," said one of the number, a fine-looking man, calling them aside, "you perceive how narrow has been our escape, and you must be aware that it is solely owing to the courage of this noble little fellow. He had displayed a degree of nerve which I doubt whether any one of us is capable of. I believe that I shall only meet the wishes of many present when I suggest that nothing could be more fitting than a pecuniary testimonial of our gratitude."

So saying, he took off his hat, and dropped a ten dollar gold piece into it. His example was speedily, and even eagerly followed.

It chanced that the train was a very long one, and contained an unusually large number of passengers. To this fact may be attributed the large amount of the contribution which was taken up.

"Gentlemen," said the first spokesman, after counting the money, "you will be gratified to learn that I have in my hat three hundred dollars, the result of our united contributions, which in your name have the pleasure of presenting to our young friend for his courageous conduct."

So saying he placed the money in his own purse, which he emptied for that purpose, and amid cheers of the crowd presented it to Henry.

"What, is it all mine?" asked our hero, bewildered with his excessive hoy.

"Fully and entirely. We have no doubt that a boy who has done himself so much credit as you have this morning, will dispose of it in a suitable manner."

"I shall give it to my mother," said Henry, his eyes sparkling with joy. "I am glad--she needs it so much."

Preparations were now made to reverse the cars and go back to the last station. The gentleman who had been the means of benefitting Henry so essentially did not go back with the train.

"If you are willing,": said he, addressing our hero, "I will go back with you to your mother. I begin to feel a strong interest in you, and may have it in my power to be of service to you."

One the way he asked various questions, to all which Henry answered frankly.

"There is my mother's house," he said at length. "She will be very glad to get this money, for she has not been able to pay her rent for the last quarter, and now she can do it without any trouble."

"You must introduce me to your mother, Henry. To do this you must know my name, which is Gordon."

Mrs. Hall heard the story of her son's bravery with mingled pride and terror. Her cheek blanched when she thought of the peril which he had incurred.

"Madam," said Mr. Gordon, at length, "I am a merchant doing business in the city. I want a lad for my counting-room. I have taken a fancy to your son, and if you will entrust him to me I will take care to advance his interests as far as may be in my power."

Mrs. Hall hesitated a moment. The offer was an advantageous one, but she did not wish Henry to leave school. When, however, Mr. Gordon promised to give him several hours a day to devote to study, and to take him into his family, she accepted with earnest gratitude.

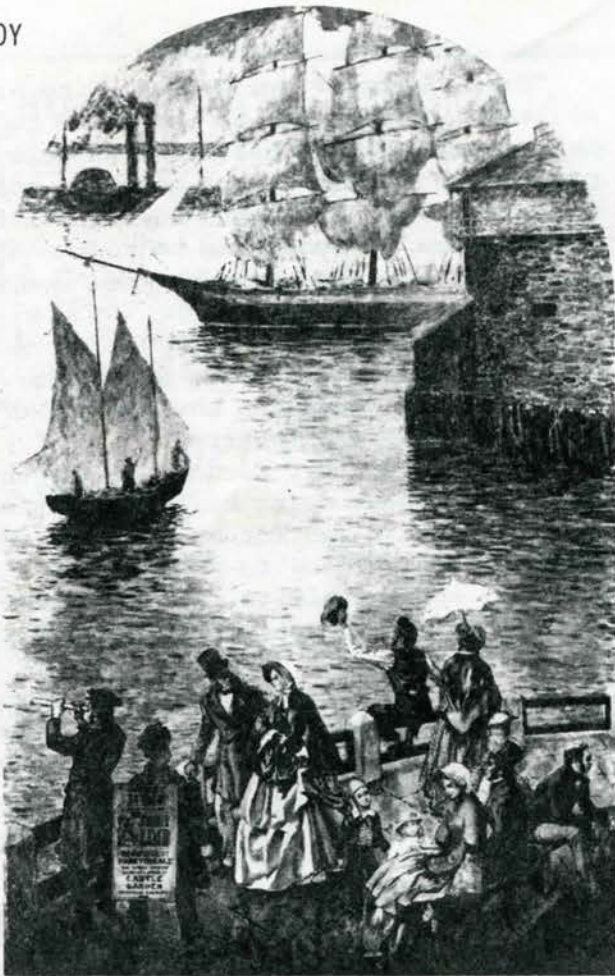
Henry is at this moment junior partner in the firm, and his mother and sister are raised far above want. Mrs. Hall is justly proud of the son to whose boyish intrepidity all their present prosperity is due.

#### ITEMS FOR SALE BY HAS

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The above may be ordered from the Secretary.	

Vol. 12, No. 6 & 7 - Special MAYES issue is still available. Send .50¢ for extra copy.



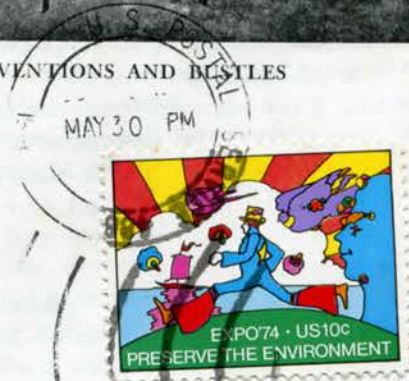


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