

Newsboy

EDITOR

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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



Mutt: "I had to buy two copies of the same Alger, Ben's Nugget, to make one readable book."

Jeff: "Why's that?"

Mutt: "The first copy has about 17 pages missing from the end, and there's about 15 pages torn out of the front of the second book. Oh, well, maybe I can pick up a complete Ben's Nugget at the 'Jacksonville Jamboree,' the fourteenth annual convention of the Horatio Alger Society, to be held from May 4-7, 1978, in Jacksonville, Illinois." (This cartoon was created and drawn by Louis Bodnar, Jr., 1502 Laurel Ave., Chesapeake, Virginia 23325).

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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A subject index to the first ten years of Newsboy (July, 1962 — June, 1972) is available for \$1.50 from Carl Hartmann at the above address.

Manuscripts relating to Horatio Alger's life and works are solicited, but the editor reserves the right to reject submitted material.

* * *

REMEMBER: The HAS Convention — the "Jacksonville Jamboree" — will soon be here!! Don't forget the dates, Thursday, May 4 through Sunday, May 7, in Jacksonville, Illinois.

* * *

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

PF-032 Ernest P. Sanford
Apt. 914
6129 Leesburg Pike
Falls Church, Virginia 22041

PF-463 Richard (Dick) Bales
539 Palace St.
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* * *

NEW MEMBERS REPORTED

PF-516 Edward T. Halpen
P. O. Box 373
Branchport, New York 14418

Antique buff Edward owns forty-five Algers. He is a leather craftsman by occupation.

PF-517 William Edmondson
509 North Colorado St.
Gunnison, Colorado 81230

William read of the Horatio Alger Society in a reference book on American organizations. He is a professor of history at Western State College of Colorado and he owns twenty Algers. His other hobbies include the collecting of American Presidential campaign items.

* * *

BOOK MART

The listing of Alger books in this department is free to HAS members. Please list title, publisher, condition, and price.

Offered by Arthur Hegarty, Box 376, Philmont, New York 12565.

A complete set of the Ragged Dick Series, published by Henry T. Coates and Company. Six volumes included, which are: Ragged Dick; Fame and Fortune; Mark, The Match Boy; Rough and Ready; Ben, The Luggage Boy; Rufus and Rose. All uniform and in very good condition. \$25.00

* * *

The following Alger short story is from the collection of Dick Seddon. It appeared in True Flag, March 31, 1855.

THE FORGED WILL; OR,
THE RIVAL HEIRS
by Horatio Alger, Jr.

It was growing late. Night had drawn its sombre curtain over the great city, and the streets, which but a little while before had been filled with busy passers-by, now echoed but seldom to the footsteps of an occasional way-farer.

Nearly all the shops were closed, the long day assigned to trade being completed. From a small building in a by-street, or rather lane, which, nevertheless, was but little removed from the main thoroughfare, there gleamed a solitary candle, emitting a fitful glare, which served, as far as it went, to give a very unfavorable idea of the immediate vicinity.

Let us enter. A young man, painfully thin, with an expression of low cunning upon a countenance which otherwise would have appeared intellectual, was seated by a low table engrossing a legal document. He wrote with rapidity and at the same time with scrupulous elegance. It was evident that he was a professional copyist.

After bending over his work for a time, during which he was rapidly approaching the termination of his task, he at length threw aside his pen, exclaiming with an air of relief:—

"At length it is finished! Thank Heaven! that is," he added, correcting himself, "if there be one, which I am very much inclined to doubt. Finished! but, after all, what is it but a day's work? Tomorrow the work will begin once more. It is like a treadmill, continually going round, and yet making no progress. I wish," he resumed, after a moment's pause, "there were some way of suddenly growing rich. Why should I be doomed——"

His meditations were interrupted by a knock at the door. Thinking it might be some strolling vagabond, who in his intoxication was wandering he knew not

whither, he didn't respond, but waited to see if it should be repeated.

It was repeated, this time with greater force. The young man approached the door, but still feeling apprehensive that it might prove to be some unwelcome visitor, he paused before drawing the bolt, and called out in a loud voice:—

"Who are you who come hither at such an unseasonable hour? Tell me your name, or I will not open to you."

"Don't be alarmed, Jacob," was the reply; "it's only I, Gerald Aubrey. Open at once, for I come on business which must be dispatched quickly."

Without further parley, and in eager haste, Jacob drew back the bolt and gave admittance to his visitor.

He was a young man of perhaps twenty-two years of age. His countenance was one of which you could not help being distrustful, without being able to assign a satisfactory reason. The features were regular and well chiselled, but there was an undefinable expression about the mouth which gave one the idea that the owner was at heart a bold, bad man, though, for purposes of his own, he might put on the guise of virtue.

"You, Mr. Aubrey, and at this time of night!" said the copyist, in tones of mingled deference and surprise. "It must have been something important that has called you here at an hour when all other men are quietly sleeping in their beds."

"And yet you were up, Jacob, and at work, as I conjecture," said the visitor, pointing to the table on which the completed sheets were still lying.

"True; but I must work while other men sleep, or accept a worse alternative. Poverty is a hard task-master."

"I doubt it not. Possibly the business upon which I come tonight, if

successfully carried through, of which I have strong hopes, through your cooperation, may put a better face upon your affairs."

"Ah!" said the young man, with a suddenly awakening interest, "what may it be? I will gladly lend you all the cooperation in my power."

"Jacob," said the young man, fixing his eyes steadily upon those of his companion, "you know there is an old maxim, 'Nothing venture, nothing have.' In other words, he who aims to become successful in his undertakings, must not scruple to employ the means best calculated to promote that success, even though they may involve the possibility of disaster to himself. Do you comprehend me?"

"Not entirely. At least I do not see what connection what you have said has with our present business."

"Perhaps not, but you shall soon. But first promise me solemnly that what I may say, and any proposition which I may make to you tonight, may rest a secret between us both."

The young man made the required promise, though his wonder was not a little excited by the extraordinary language and significant tone of his companion.

"I promise," said he. "You may proceed. I am ready."

"You are quite alone, are you? asked Aubrey. "There is no fear of eavesdroppers?"

"Not the least," said Jacob, muttering to himself in an undertone. "She must be fast asleep by this time, I think. You need be under no apprehensions," he added. "We are by ourselves."

Satisfied upon this point, Aubrey resumed:—

"You are aware of the position which I hold with regard to my uncle Egerton.

Though I have managed to get into his good graces, and am treated to all intents and purposes with the same degree of indulgence as his son and my cousin Edgar, I am well aware that such a state of things cannot long continue. My uncle is an old man. He is even now feeble, and will not, in all probability, at least, so the physicians report, live many days. Upon his death, his property, or the great bulk of it, goes to his son Edgar. For me there will be a trifling legacy, not enough even to support me, far less to enable me to live in the style in which I have lived, and which, I may add, habit has made essential to my comfort. My cousin Edgar would, I doubt not, invite me to make my home at the lodge, as I have hitherto done, and as my uncle would doubtless wish him to do. But my spirit is not that of a dependent. I cannot stoop to receive favors of any one, much less," he continued rapidly and bitterly, "of one who, though my own cousin, has become odious to me. Why, it boots not the present matter. You perceive, then, that my prospects are not of the most encouraging character."

"So it would seem," said Jacob, after a moment's pause. "But, if I may venture to inquire, what assurance have you that the property will be distributed as you have said?"

"A knowledge of my uncle's peculiar prejudices would be sufficient assurance, if there were no other," was Gerald's reply. "You must know he has a strong family pride, and has a great desire that the estate shall be handed down from generation to generation. In other words, he is a strong advocate of the doctrine of primogeniture, as it prevails in England, and, as you will easily believe, entertaining such ideas would be far from despoiling the son to enrich the nephew."

"That is certainly a strong ground of apprehension," said the copyist.

"But," said Gerald, "I have here something still more convincing."

Jacksonville Courier, Jacksonville, Ill., May 5, 1977

Jacksonville Journal, Jacksonville, Ill., May 6, 1977

He took from a side pocket a parchment tied with a blue ribbon, and leisurely unrolled it. Jacob watched his movements with curiosity.

"This," said he, bending a searching glance upon Jacob, as if to test his fidelity, "this is my uncle's will."

The copyist started in undisguised amazement.

"His will?" echoed he: "how did you obtain possession of it?"

Gerald smiled darkly.

"It was for my interest," said he, "to know the contents of this document, and I therefore made it my business to find it. You see I have been successful. Listen while I read the contents. You will see how good a right I have to feel satisfied with its tenor."

Drawing the lamp nearer, he commenced, as follows:—

"'Know all Men by these Presents, that I, Allan Aubrey, being of sound mind, do devise and bequeathe my estate as follows:—

"'To my nephew Gerald, for whom I have a fatherly regard, the sum of two hundred dollars annually, to be paid from the estate.

"'To my son Edgar, the whole of my possessions, of whatever character, subject only to the annual deduction as above.

"'It is my wish that my nephew Gerald,



ST. LOUIS — A shoeshine may be the last affordable luxury in these days of no-nonsense spending. Using a water hydrant for his chair, Billy Terrett gets an ego boost of a shoeshine while Paul Flieger earns a dollar, for his efforts on a south St. Louis street corner. (UPI)

above mentioned, should enjoy, as heretofore, a home at the lodge; and I have sufficient confidence in my son's cousinly esteem, as well as his regard for my wishes, to believe that he will carry out to the full my intentions in this respect.

"Allan Aubrey."

"Very considerate, is it not?" said Gerald, with a sneer, as he finished reading the document. "My good uncle must think I have but a mean spirit to settle down in contented obscurity as a dependent on my own cousin."

"Of what nature," ventured the copyist, "is the service I am to do you?"

"You are skillful at the pen, exceedingly skillful," said Gerald, meaningly. "Indeed there have been times when this faculty came near standing you in good stead, though it might also have turned to you harm." The young man winced. "Ah! I see you remember a little occurrence in the past, when, but for my intervention, you would have been convicted of—shall I say it?—forgery. You need not thank me. The idea struck me at the time that I might at some future period have need of you."

"I am ready."

"What I want you to do, is this: You must draw up for me another will, a perfect facsimile of this, except that my name shall be substituted for my cousin's and his for mine, so that our relative positions shall be changed, and he, not I, be the dependent. Well, man, what means that look of horror?"

"It will be very dangerous to both of us," faltered the copyist.

"It will be a forgery, I admit," said Gerald, calmly, "but what is there in that little word forgery that should so discompose you? Are you thinking that the old charge might be brought against you once more, when no intervention on my part would serve?"

Jacob perceived the threat implied in these words, and hastened to propitiate his visitor.

"Nay," said he, submissively, "you know best the danger."

"And I tell you there is none at all. You are so cunning at the pen that you can easily challenge detection, and for the rest I will take the hazard."

"And what will be the recompense?" inquired Jacob.

"Fifty dollars now," was the prompt reply; "five hundred when the success of the plan is assured and the estate has fallen into my hands."

Jacob's eyes sparkled.

"I consent," said he. "Give me the will; I must study it for a time in order to become familiar with the handwriting."

He drew the lamp beside him, and began to pore earnestly over the manuscript, occasionally scrawling with the pen which he held in one hand an imitation of some of the characters. It was a study for a painter—those two men—each resolved upon a wrong deed for the sake of personal advantage—Gerald, with his cool, self-possessed manner, and the copyist with his nervous eagerness, divided between the desire of gain and the fear of detection.

It was at this moment that a woman's eye might have been seen peering through a half-open door, and regarding with a quick glance all that the room contained.

The two men were so intent upon other things, that they thought there was no fear of detection.

"Oh-ho!" said she to herself, "there shall be a third in the secret which you fancy confine to you two. Who knows but I may find it for my advantage some day. I will stay and hear the whole." She drew back her head silently, and took a position just behind the door where nothing that was said could escape her.

Meanwhile Jacob, having satisfied himself that he could without difficulty imitate the handwriting of the will, commenced the task of copying. Half an hour elapsed, during which both parties preserved a strict silence. At the end of that time Jacob handed Gerald with a satisfied air the manuscript he had made. The latter compared the two with a critical eye. Everything, even to the names of the witnesses, was wonderfully alike. It was extremely difficult to say which was the original, and which the copy.

You have done your work well," said

he, with a satisfied air, "and deserve much credit. You are wonderfully skillful with the pen."

Jacob rubbed his hands complacently.

"With this I think I can defy detection. Here are the fifty dollars. You have richly earned them. The other is contingent on my getting the estate."

Jacob bowed.

"It must be very late," said Aubrey, drawing out his watch. "Bless me! it is two o'clock; I must hasten away."

Gerald buttoned up his coat and went forth into the street. Perfect quiet reigned in the city where so many thousands were resting peacefully. The stars were shining in tranquil beauty upon the scene. But Gerald had no eye for the beautiful. He was wrapt up in the exultant dreams of the probable success of his plans. Not a shadow of compunction came over him as he thought of the means he had employed. He made his way to a more frequented part of the city, and, it being too late to return home, passed the night at a hotel.

We must go back for a moment and give some account of the Aubrey family, of which we have already learned something from the conversation of Gerald.

Allan Aubrey, Gerald's uncle, was the eldest of two sons, and as such received the patrimonial estate as his portion of the inheritance, while to his younger brother was given an equivalent sum in money. The latter, with the capital thus acquired, went to the Indies in the hope of greatly increasing it by successful speculation. But what had proved a mine of wealth to some, turned only to his disadvantage. His speculations were uniformly unfortunate, and at the end of ten years he died, leaving behind him a son of eight years, the Gerald of whom we have spoken, and barely enough money to enable him to reach his uncle, to whose kindness he entrusted him. Under the care of a friend of his father's, Gerald reached

his destination, and received a warm welcome from his uncle, who was of a generous, hospitable nature. The latter was the more pleased to see him because his similarity of age would render him an acceptable companion to his own son Edgar, who, like Gerald, had the misfortune to be deprived of a mother's care. His anticipations, however, were not fully realized. The little Gerald soon exhibited indications of a headstrong disposition, and a desire to domineer over his companion, which his cousin, with the sturdy independence peculiar to boys, manfully resisted. Thus, instead of companions they proved antagonists, and the father was often called upon to assume the office of peacemaker.

Both boys were sent to the same school, one which offered high advantages to those desirous to learn. Gerald, however, showed little inclination to study, being much more disposed to join in mischievous schemes designed to disturb the tranquility of the school, or bring ridicule upon the teacher, than in his legitimate studies. At length, to such a pitch did Gerald carry his mischievous propensities, formal complaint was made to his uncle by the teacher of the school with which he was connected, with the intimation that if he persevered in his course it would be necessary to resort to expulsion.

His uncle summoned Gerald to an interview, in the course of which he took occasion to divulge what had until now been kept from him, that his father left nothing, and that he was dependent for his education, even for his daily food, to his uncle.

This communication came like a sudden and unforeseen stroke upon Gerald, turning the current of his childish thoughts (for he was as yet but fourteen) into the calculating channel of premature manhood. Once taught to believe that he must carve out his fortune with his own hand, there came to him, not the spirit of manly enterprise and determination to be and to do something,

which, perhaps, his uncle had hoped would follow, but, first, a feeling of envy amounting to hatred towards his cousin Edgar, whose fortunes were to be so much greater than his own: and, secondly, a fixed resolve to achieve wealth and power for himself. How, was as yet undefined. His uncle's remonstrance had at least one good effect—Gerald afforded no more occasion for complaint at school. He stood purposely aloof from the companions with whom he had formerly linked himself. He was already pondering on the problem of his own future. He applied himself to study, which he had heretofore neglected, partly because he had learned that knowledge was one of the main requisites to that which he coveted; partly, also, to conciliate the favor of his uncle, in whose good graces he thought fit to ingratiate himself. Possibly the feeling of jealousy which he had already begun to entertain towards his cousin, prompted him in some measure, since this feeling could receive a degree of gratification from superiority in scholarship. In this he was successful. He was by nature gifted with a quicker insight into things, and a more retentive memory than Edgar, and was enabled to outstrip him in his studies.

Meanwhile, Edgar, who was of a generous disposition, far from being displeased with his cousin's success, was gratified by it, and did not fail to inform his father, who was equally pleased. In course of time, therefore, Gerald acquired no small ascendancy over his uncle and cousin, who, frank and open themselves, could not suspect that Gerald's professions of affection were prompted by no nobler motive than his own interest.

At the distance of a mile, on the estate contiguous to that of Mr. Aubrey, lived a gentleman, who, after a lapse of five years, had not recovered from the grief with which he had been overwhelmed at the death of his wife. Henceforth his affections were centered in his daughter, a lively brunette of nineteen, whose face and manners recalled most vividly the image of his

lost wife. Helen Allonby was in truth gifted with no ordinary attractions. This neither Gerald nor Edgar were long in discovering. But the former forebore to give any indications of his love. He bided his time. Sometimes, however, when he observed his cousin walking with Helen, a dark frown would pass over his brow, and he would bite his lips fiercely. Edgar took no note of this. He was too much occupied with his own feelings, and the thought that he had a rival in his own cousin never once crossed his mind.

"Death with impartial hand knocks alike at the palaces of the rich and the cabins of the poor."

On a stately bed, around which depended hangings of crimson velvet, lay Allan Aubrey.

His disease had suddenly gained in strength, and he was rapidly sinking. Around him were gathered the members of his family and the chief servants, some of whom had been with him for many years, and were now watching with mingled sorrow and awe the last great struggle, and to bid an eternal farewell to him who had so long occupied to them the place of a kind master and a faithful friend.

Edgar stood with his head bowed down upon the mantel, giving way to a passion of grief, which he seemed wholly unable to restrain.

Nearby stood Gerald; his face buried in his handkerchief, apparently profoundly affected.—But no tear found its way from his eyes. An exultant gleam flashed from their cold depths, as he thought to himself—"It will soon be over, and then—"

Did not the remembrance of his treachery overwhelm him as he stood in presence of the fearful messenger from whom he, too, was one day to receive a summons?

There are some hearts which constant familiarity with vice has rendered so

callous that the most solemn monitions have no effect upon them.

Suddenly the sick man, by an unwonted exertion of strength, beckoned to the two cousins, who came to his bedside. He made signs for them to join hands.

"Live in harmony, my children," he said, faintly. "Let not the spirit of discord find its way into your hearts. So shall you merit my blessing. May it rest upon you!"

Exhausted with the effort, he fell back. These were the last words he uttered. Half an hour and the shadow of death rested upon his pale features. The portals of earth had forever closed upon the unconscious sleeper.

Edgar took one long, lingering look at his father's face, and retired to his apartment to indulge unobserved and unmolested in sorrow for his great loss.

Gerald retired to his room also, but for a far different purpose. He paced up and down the apartment with hasty steps, pondering on the results of his unscrupulous act. With a hurried hand he threw open the casement. The setting sun was pouring his last beams upon fields and meadows, stretching out in long perspective—Full of promise were they for the harvest, repaying a hundred fold the trust which months before had been consigned to their charge. In the background a dark forest, full of primeval trees, stately tenants of the soil, bounded the view. With a swelling heart, Gerald repeated to himself, as his eyes rested thoughtfully upon the scene which lay outstretched at his feet:—

"And this—this is all mine! Oh, there is something in this possession—this control even over the inanimate earth—that lifts a man above himself, and makes him greater and more commanding."

Does it also make him better—nobler in his aims, more generous in his views—more excellent in virtue? Gerald did

not ask this. What had he to do with such things?

Meanwhile the sun, which was fast sinking in the horizon, became entirely obscured. Darkness came on apace. Gerald closed the window, and, drawing up a table, leaned thoughtfully upon it.

"Everything has been so well arranged that it can't miscarry now," thought he. "I have taken care that this will should be deposited in the very place where I found the other. As for Jacob, his skill is so consummate that there won't be a shadow of suspicion as to the genuineness of the document, however much surprise may be occasioned by its contents. Then, my good cousin Edgar, it will be my turn!" He snapped his fingers exultingly, as if success were already in his grasp.

The last sad offices were performed, the solemn burial service was read, and Allan Aubrey slept with his fathers.

During the interval preceding the funeral, Edgar and Gerald had not met. The heart of Edgar was wrapt up in grief for the loss of his father, and the thought of the estate which he had left behind him never once crossed his mind.

Two days after the funeral, the late Mr. Aubrey's solicitor summoned the cousins to meet him for the purpose of hearing the will read.

"Of course," said he, "it is very easy to guess in what manner the property has been disposed of, but this is a necessary form." So saying, he deliberately broke the seals of the instrument, and cast his eye over it before he read it. He uttered a half exclamation of surprise, and, as if he could hardly believe the testimony of his senses, rubbed the glasses of his spectacles, thinking they might have played him false.

"Singular! Unaccountable!" he muttered, half to himself, when he was thoroughly convinced that his first

impression was the right one. "I do not understand it at all."

"Do not understand what?" said Edgar, rousing from his listlessness at this demonstration of surprise on the part of the solicitor; "do not understand what? Anything in my father's will?"

Gerald remained silent, and apparently unmoved, though his heart was beating rapidly.

"Listen," said the solicitor, and he commenced reading the will:—

"'Know all Men by these Presents, that I, Allan Aubrey, being of sound mind, do devise and bequeathe my estate as follows:—

"To my son Edgar the sum of two hundred dollars annually to be paid from the estate. To my nephew Gerald, the whole of my possessions, of whatever character, subject only to the annual deduction as above."

The remainder was couched in the same form as the original, with which we are already acquainted.

Edgar started violently, and a red flush overspread his features. "Have you read aright? Are you quite sure?" said he, placing his hand heavily on the solicitor's shoulder.

"Look for yourself. I have read it, every word as it is here."

The young man cast his eye hastily over the will. It was as the lawyer had said. "There is some villainy here," said he, in a deep tone. "My father never made that will! I am just as sure of it as that the sun rose this morning. Perhaps you," he continued, looking towards his cousin, "know something of it."

Gerald had expected such an appeal, or rather accusation, and he had summoned to his aid all the firmness and dissimulation which on occasion he could muster, and in a tone which appeared to

be genuine, he replied—"Edgar, I solemnly declare that you wrong me with your suspicions. You cannot be more overwhelmed with surprise at the contents of that will than myself. Permit me to look at it."

The will was handed to him, and Edgar watched him narrowly as he scanned it. But not the quivering of an eyelash, not the moving of a muscle, betrayed that he had ever laid eyes upon it before. "It seems genuine," he at length remarked, returning it to the solicitor, "and I am more puzzled than ever. What is your opinion of it?"

"I do not know what to think," was the reply. "That the late Mr. Aubrey was of sound mind when this instrument was drawn up, I entertain not the least doubt. Then this will bears every mark of genuineness. The signature of Mr. Aubrey is perfect, even to the peculiar flourish with which he was in the habit of ending his name. I know not what to think."

When the solicitor spoke of the perfect signature, a momentary gleam of exultation shot from the eyes of Gerald. He at once quelled it, and cast down his eyes upon the floor.

But he was too late! That gleam, though lasting scarcely a second, was revealed to the searching glance of Edgar, and served to strengthen the opinion which had already taken firm hold of his mind, that there was some villainy at the bottom of all this, and that his cousin was cognizant of it, at least, and most probably the chief instigator of it.

At the same time the conviction came to him that if he would succeed in ferretting out the fraud, he must, for a while, condescend to put on the veil of dissimulation, which his cousin habitually employed, and thus divert attention from the investigation which he resolved to institute forthwith.

"It is true," said he, after a moment's pause. "However strange the

contents of this will may appear, the signature too closely resembles that of my father to be a counterfeit. What hard thoughts of me may have instigated him to this step, I know not. Until the last I perceived in him nothing but the kindest feelings towards myself."

"Nor has he at any time within my hearing," corroborated the solicitor, "breathed a word in your dispraise."

"But in the face of all this," said Edgar, deliberately, "we have—this will. That, at least, is plain, and not to be misunderstood. Cousin," he continued, advancing to the mantel-piece beside which Gerald stood, "I have to congratulate you on your newly acquired estate—a stroke of good fortune for which I imagine you were as little prepared as myself."

"Thank you, cousin," returned Gerald, a little surprised at the quiet manner in which his cousin appeared to take this sudden reverse. "I thank you, for your congratulations, and cannot sufficiently regret that my good fortune, as you deem it, should be at your expense. I need not say that the recommendation of my late uncle, as contained in the last clause of his will, will be most scrupulously carried out by me, the unworthy recipient of his bounty, and that, while I live, you will always find a home at the lodge. I shall also cheerfully double the annual provision which, with all due respect to my uncle's memory, I consider too small for your necessities."

"I thank you," said Edgar, hastily, making a powerful effort to control his emotion, "I thank you for your offer, but shall not accept it. I will not exceed my father's allowance. While I remain in the neighborhood, which probably will not be long, I will continue at the lodge, according to your invitation. Good-night."

With a hasty step he passed out of the door. Gerald gazed after him thoughtfully.

"I thought for a moment," he mused, "that he suspected me. I believe, however, that I carried it out in such a manner as to disarm suspicion. In fact, I rather pride myself upon my nerve on such occasions. Faith, I needed it all tonight. I'm glad it's all over, and the murder out. I am devoutly thankful for the intimation that he will not remain here long. Not that I should fear exposing myself, but it would be a source of uneasiness, and I could not feel quite myself."

Two months have passed. Edgar is no longer at the lodge. He cannot brook the thought of daily meeting his cousin occupying a position to which he could not but feel that he himself had a superior claim.

Previous to his departure, he sought an interview with Helen Allonby, whose favored suitor he had long been, and to whom, but for the unexpected event which had overturned all his plans, he was expecting soon to be united.

Helen met him with the same warm welcome to which he had been accustomed. This reassured him, for though he had entertained full confidence in the strength of Helen's love, it was gratifying to have his confidence sustained.

"A great change has come over my prospects, Helen," said he, smiling faintly, since I saw you last. Heaven grant that I may suffer from no other change."

"What do you mean, Edgar?" inquired Helen, with a look of quick alarm.

"Nothing, dearest, except when this shock first overwhelmed me, I was led to view all things darkly; and, forgive me, Helen, but the thought came to me how utterly desolate the world would be if you too should fail me with my failing fortunes."

"And did you," said Helen, reproachfully, "did you for an instant allow yourself to think of me so unworthily? Have you no more confidence in me?"

"Your love is so infinitely precious to me, my darling, and the loss of it would be ruin so irreparable, that, like the miser's hoarded treasure, it fills me with alarm lest by any mischance I might lose it. I have every confidence in your warm affection, Helen, yet I know not whether I, a penniless suitor, with my own energies alone to depend upon, ought to ask of you so great a sacrifice, as it must be, to unite yourself with my poverty."

"There is no sacrifice where love is," said Helen, softly. "When you seek to be released, Edgar, it will be time to think of it. When I promised you my love, I thought not of your wealth, and its loss is of no importance to me, save as it brings you unhappiness."

"My own," said Edgar, with a bright smile lighting up his face, "how shall I repay such love?"

Long and confidently the lovers talked of the future—of their future—and of the happiness which it would bring them.

"But what are your present plans, Edgar?" asked Helen.

"I have already applied to an old friend of my father's—who is a merchant in the city—for admission into his counting-room. He has kindly accorded it, and, moreover, promised to do his utmost to advance my fortunes. With such a motive for exertion as you will be, dearest Helen, I doubt not that my efforts will win success."

So they parted. The next day Edgar left for the city, where he embarked with a zeal which could have hardly been anticipated from one unaccustomed to labor, in the path he had marked out.

The reader will remember that Gerald, as well as his cousin, loved Helen. As well as a thoroughly selfish man can love any one, Gerald loved her; and when his heart beat first with exultation at the success of his schemes, it was not alone for the princely fortune which he had secured to himself, but also for the

THE
SWIFT
WRITER
Edward
Stratemeyer
AUTHOR OF THE
"TOM SWIFT" BOOKS,
WROTE MORE
THAN 800
BOOKS UNDER
HIS OWN NAME
AND 62
PSEUDONYMS



The above is from "Ripley's Believe It Or Not," which appeared in the August 21, 1977 issue of the Chicago Tribune.

bride whom he hoped to obtain—judging others by his own mercenary standard, he decided that the loss of Edgar's fortune would bring about an estrangement between the lovers, of which he might take advantage. He did not doubt his own success. At least, he had few apprehensions of failure. It is so difficult for a base spirit to appreciate true nobility of sentiment, that perhaps his sanguine hopes were not to be wondered at.

Three months after the events narrated above, he attired himself with more than ordinary care, and wended his way to Mr. Allonby's residence. To the servant who answered the bell, he intimated a wish to see Miss Allonby.

Though surprised at this intimation, Helen did not for a moment dream the object of the visit. Though she had every reason to dislike Gerald, since she believed Edgar's loss of fortune in some way traceable to him, she could not well refuse to see him.

With an air of calm composure she entered the room, and gave Gerald as cool a greeting as politeness would permit. Though somewhat daunted, Gerald did not allow himself to be taken aback. Judging that it was best to plunge at once in medias res, he commenced abruptly:—

"We have been long acquainted, Miss Allonby, and I trust that will make what

I am about to say to you appear less abrupt. I have long loved you, and, had my circumstances been such as to enable me to do it with propriety, I should ere this have made it known. Now, however, that I am freed from the suspicion of mercenary motives, I can venture. May I hope," said he, taking her hand in his, "that my passion is reciprocated?"

Snatching away her hand indignantly, Helen replied with as much composure as she could muster:—

"There is an insuperable barrier between us."

"Of what nature?" demanded Gerald, eagerly.

"I love another."

There was silence for a moment. Then Gerald, with a voice of mingled anger and mortification, said:—

"I understand you. I presume my cousin Edgar is the favored man. I give you joy of your beggarly choice!"

"Sir!" said Helen, rising to her feet, while the hot blood mantled her cheeks, "beware how you speak thus of one who is your superior in every respect. For your sake, grant that my suspicion may not be true—that you had a hand in the beggary wherewith you taunt him. Begone, and never more insult me with your presence!"

Gerald quailed before her indignation, and at her allusion to his secret crime, he could not repress a guilty blush. With a muttered imprecation he strode out of the door. For him, retribution had commenced in the disappointment of one of his most cherished hopes.

A year later. Let us look into the little room occupied by the copyist, whom we introduced to our readers in the first chapter.

The room is as dark and dismal as it used to be. The same scanty furniture was ranged along the walls. In a chair

beside the table sat Jacob. The pen had fallen from his hand, and he was evidently thinking intently upon some subject. He was dressed better than when we first saw him. This was doubtless the result of his improved fortunes, for Gerald had paid him the sum which he had promised in the event of his success. The woman whom we have mentioned was sitting moodily by the fire, her head resting upon her knees.

"Jacob," said she, at length, advancing towards him, and laying her hand upon his arm, "I wish you would let me have some money."

"Money! What for?" he asked, turning suddenly round.

"To procure me suitable clothing. With these rags I am ashamed to venture out into the streets."

"I have no money," said the copyist, coldly turning away. "Besides, it is best for such as you to keep aloof from the sight of men."

"Jacob," said the woman, "it is very well for you, who have made me what I am, to speak of my degradation. Money I know you have, and I demand a share of it."

"Demand! Know I have money! What do you mean?" asked Jacob startled.

"No matter; I want some."

"And you can't have it."

"Beare of refusing me. It may be the worse for you."

He looked searchingly into her face as if to learn whether she had reason to speak thus, but, in a moment, deciding it to be mere womanly bravado, he resumed his look of composure, and replied:—

"Your conduct of late, Margaret, has led me to hasten a step which I have long had in contemplation. We have lived together long enough. Our tempers

are incompatible, and we had better part. You may go your way, and I will go mine!"

The woman turned pale, and caught convulsively at the table for support.

"Do you mean what you say?" she inquired, in an unsteady voice.

"I do, most positively."

"And you wish me to leave you?"

"I do," said Jacob, composedly.

"And after all that I have been to you," said Margaret, "you would let me go thus?"

"As to what you have been to me," said Jacob, shrugging his shoulders, and smiling slightly, "the least said about that the better. You needn't go till tomorrow, however."

"Jacob Wynne," said the woman, in a tone of suppressed violence, "you have heaped insults upon me till I can no longer bear them. Not an hour longer will I stay beneath this roof, but mark my words, ere a week passes, you shall feel my revenge."

She passed to the door and walked out into the night. Jacob, after a momentary uncomfortable sensation produced by the words, secured the door, muttering to himself:—

"Well, she's well rid of, at all events."

That night, as Edgar Aubrey sat in his room, a knock was heard, and in obedience to his loudly uttered "Come in," a woman, pale and haggard, and in disordered attire, entered.

"Have you business with me?" inquired Edgar, startled at the apparition.

"I have, and I must be brief in telling it. You have lost an estate. You see I know your story. What shall be my reward if I succeed in regaining it for

you?"

"Forgiveness, if you were a guilty agent in wresting it from me, and a comfortable provision for yourself."

"It is enough," said the woman, waving her hand. "I had no part in taking it from you, but I am in want, and a comfortable provision is what I need. About a year since, a young man brought to the room of a copyist a will, which, by promise of a large reward, he caused to be copied, with a substitution of names, thus causing himself to be declared heir to a large estate. The parties thought they were unperceived—but they were mistaken. Through a crevice in the door, behind which I was concealed, I saw everything. Need I say that the young man was—"

"Gerald Aubrey!" exclaimed Edgar, starting to his feet.

"You are right," said the woman.

"And the copyist?"

"He was something to me—he is nothing now."

"You shall not repent this act of kindness," said Edgar, pressing a piece of gold into her hand. "Come to me tomorrow morning, and this matter shall be sifted to the bottom. I have from the first suspected there was villainy perpetrated in this affair, and now I am determined it shall be fully brought to light."

The next day, at the woman's suggestion, Edgar visited Jacob, and frightened him into a confession, promising that on that condition only would he be allowed to go free. Then, procuring a carriage, accompanied by Jacob, he drove out to his former residence, where he confronted his cousin.

Gerald's limbs trembled with conscious guilt. He felt that the evidence against him was overwhelming and without a show of resistance threw himself upon Edgar's mercy.

Edgar promised him the same allowance originally designed for him by Mr. Aubrey, on condition that he would quit the country forever. To this he willingly assented. When last heard from he was at the head of a gambling saloon in California.

Jacob Wynne, in an evil hour for himself, committed another forgery. This time the lynx-eye of the law was upon him, and he was caught in its toils. He is expiating his crime within the walls of a prison.

Edgar's promise to Margaret was faithfully carried out, and she has in a measure redeemed the past by her exemplary character.

But what shall I say of the happiness of Edgar and Helen. Passed through the furnace of affliction and temporary loss of fortune, their love has been purified and chastened. Surrounded by all that wealth can procure, and loving each other with a love that knows no shadow of changing, life is for them a garden of flowers, ever presenting some new attraction. Long may they enjoy the happiness which they so well deserved.

* * *

THE HORATIO ALGER AWARDS

(Editor's note: The material in the following piece was sent to me by Helen Gray, Executive Director of the Horatio Alger Awards Committee).

This issue of Newsboy is being edited on August 21, 1977. Next month, on September 16, the thirtieth annual Horatio Alger Awards presentation will take place in Chicago's Continental Plaza Hotel. Your editor will be on hand for this event, and a report on the proceedings will appear in a subsequent Newsboy.

The Horatio Alger Awards program, launched in 1947 by the American Schools and Colleges Association, was conceived to encourage young people to realize that success in this country can be achieved by any man or woman regardless

of origin, creed, or color. Past winners have included presidents, war heroes, athletes, and representatives of every field of endeavor.

The 1976 awards were presented in the Empire Room of the Waldorf Astoria Hotel in New York City by Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, the preacher, writer, and lecturer, who was a 1952 recipient of the honor. The award winners are pictured on the following page — Dr. Peale and Horatio Alger Committee President George Shinn are in bottom row center. The thirteen recipients were:

(Bottom row seated) Francine I. Neff of Washington D. C., Treasurer of the United States and National Director of the U. S. Savings Bonds Division; Loren M. Berry of Dayton, Ohio, founder of L. M. Berry & Company. (Second row left to right) Art Linkletter of Beverly Hills, California, television and radio star and Chairman of Linkletter Enterprises; Carlos J. Arboleya of Miami, Florida, President of Barnett Banks of Miami; Joseph H. Hirshhorn of Greenwich, Connecticut, art collector and founder of the Joseph H. Hirshhorn Museum and Sculpture Garden. (Third row) Douglas Wilkinson accepting for Dr. Ernest L. Wilkinson of Provo, Utah, President Emeritus of Brigham Young University; George M. Mardikian of San Francisco, California, owner of Omar Khayyam's Restaurants; J. M. Hagggar, Sr. of Dallas Texas, founder and honorary Chairman of Hagggar Company; Robert E. Farrell of Portland, Oregon, Co-founder and President of Farrell's Ice Cream Parlour Restaurants. (Top row) Rod McKuen of Beverly Hills, California, poet, composer, author, singer, and classical composer; General Daniel James, Jr. of Colorado, Commander-in-Chief of North American Air Defense Command; William E. Dearden of Hershey, Penn., Vice Chairman of the Hershey Foods Corporation; Roy J. Carver of Muscatine, Iowa, Founder and Chairman of Bandag, Inc.; and John Milano of Garland, Texas, President of Byer-Rolnick Company. Congratulations to these individuals, whose lives and careers are similar to that of a Horatio Alger hero.



Above are pictured the 1976 winners of the Horatio Alger Awards. (See page 15 for details).

HORATIO IN JAPAN

In the August, 1974 issue (Vol. 13, No. 1) of the NEWSBOY, a new Alger title was announced. "The Secret Small Box", a Japanese edition of *STRUGGLING UPWARD*. It was published in 1960 by the Kodansha Press, translated by Professor Motoji Karita. The book was sent to me by PF-447, Professor Masaaki Kishi. Professor Kishi is a teacher of English in Japan, a member of the Kyushu American Literature Society and has attended annual conventions of the Association for American Studies. He has written many papers on American Literature including "Great Gatsby or the Career of an Unsuccessful Alger Hero" and "Images of Americans in Japanese Popular Literature". Professor Kishi visited with us while in the states on a grant to study Horatio Alger. We were honored and thrilled to have Professor Kishi visit us.

Over the years I have received many letters from Professor Kishi and I would like to share some of the highlights.

8/21/74 "...I wonder if you or members of your society have ever read or noticed the following book. "The Liberal Tradition in America" by Louis Hartz. The book was published in 1955 by Harcourt, Brace & World with the subtitle of "An interpretation of American Political thought since the Revolution." The author devotes one chapter to the analysis of the influence Alger philosophy had on American Political ideologies, giving the chapter the title "THE AMERICAN WORLD OF HORATIO ALGER". The book seems to explain why Socialism did not get rooted in America. Books on Alger are either literary, mainly biographical or sociological. His is the only book dealing with Alger from political or ideological points of view. I think the book deserves the careful perusal of the Alger Society members."

From another friend in Japan:

"Thank you very much for your letter of November 20, 1974 and the recent issue of NEWSBOY.

I was pleasantly surprised to see the cover of the new letter, because the translator of *Struggling Upward* visited this college a few weeks ago and gave a lecture entitled "ON HORATIO ALGER MYTH." Professor Motoji Karita is Chairman of the English Department, Sophi University, Tokyo, and I studied under him in the late 1950's. So far as I (and for that matter, Professor Karita, too) know, he is the only translator of Horatio Alger in Japan."

Sincerely yours,
Yuji Nakata
Konan Women's College
Kobe, Japan

Another from Mr. Kishi:

5/12/75 "...You may be interested to know that Horatio Alger has become a topic of academic discussion lately. Most recently, on April 4, 1975 at the 9th annual convention of the Association for American Studies held at Kyoto University of Foreign Languages, Alger became one of the topics at a seminar on "IMAGES OF AMERICAN HEROES". Mr. Karita also gave a lecture under the title of "THE ALGER MYTH" at the local convention of scholars of English literature held at Ehime University on October 20th last year. Budd Schulberg's "WHAT MAKES SAMMY RUN", the translation of which has recently appeared here, is introduced as a parody of the Alger novel. The name Horatio Alger also appears, though briefly, in a panel discussion entitled "PAPERBACK AMERICAN", appearing in the November 1974 issue of the *CENTRAL REVIEW* (Chao Koron) the Japanese equivalent of the *HARPER'S*. The name Horatio Alger seems to be becoming gradually familiar to the Japanese people

8/25/76 "...Another edition of the Japanese version of Horatio Alger has appeared. I am enclosing a copy of it for you. If you want another copy, please contact or order from the publisher, Taiyo-Sha.

The book is intended not for children but for young scholars interested in American Literature or American Studies. It is a pity that there is no introduction to the novel or of the author. Its blurb briefly mentions that all American novels began not with Mark Twain but with Horatio Alger, adding that this is a complete translation of a prototype of the famous American dream. Its Japanese title is "SUCCESS STORY RAGGED DICK". (Gilbert Westgard had a friend translate the title - literally it means "Dirty Clothes Dick").

7/18/77 "...I am sending, by another mail, a surprise for you and the Alger Society. This time it is the first Alger novel to appear as a college text book in Japan. I am of the view that the earlier book (RAGGED DICK) was intended as a companion guide to this text book. The publisher is the same Taiyo-sha."

As you can see, Alger is still very much alive, at least in Japan. I ordered 20 copies of the hard cover "RAGGED DICK" in Japanese and have a few left - cost is \$8.00 post paid. I have also ordered 25 copies of the paper back "RAGGED DICK" printed in English. Won't know the cost until I receive the bill from Taiyo-Sha. If you are interested let me know and I will save you a copy.

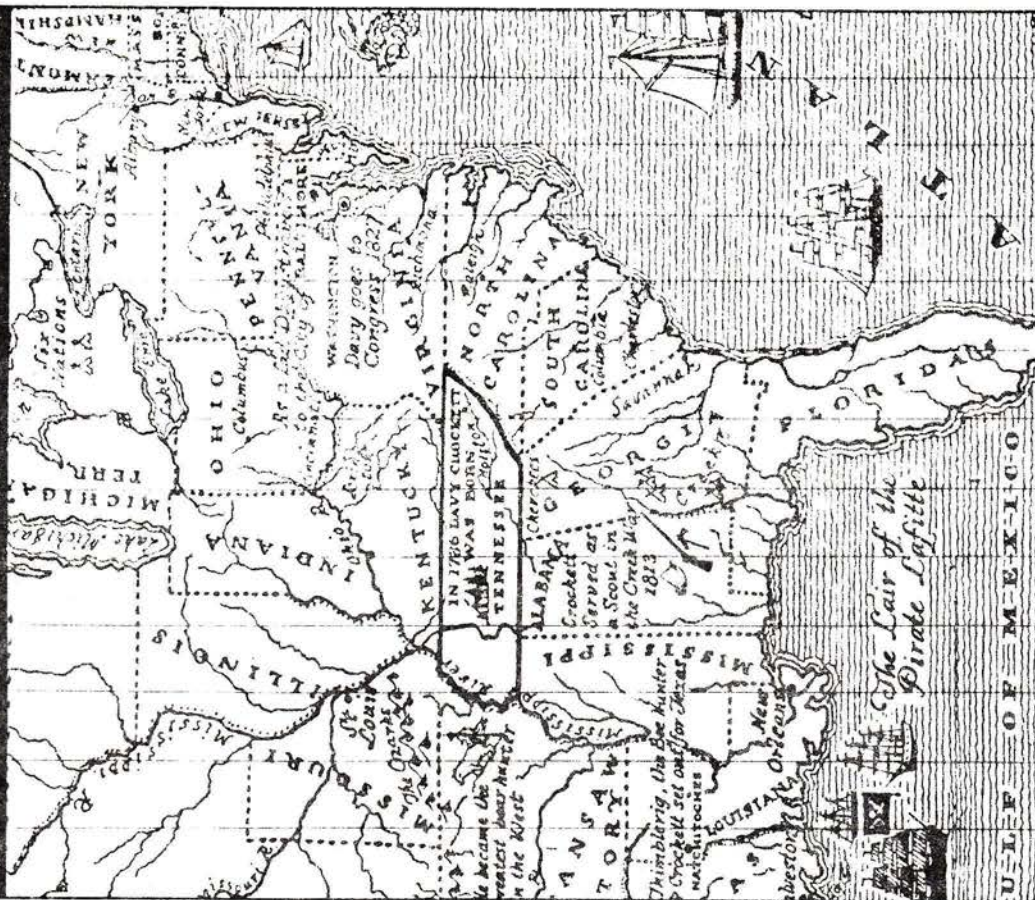
On the following pages I have reproduced pertinent pages from the above mentioned books.

CARL HARTMANN
PF 102

Horatio Alger

RAGGED DICK

edited with notes by
Akiko Sonobe



Horatio Alger RAGGED DICK

TAIYOSHA (A-18)

English textbooks
for Universities



本書「サクセス・ストリー、ボロ藩のディック」に関連して、資料的な意味からいっても貴重な H. アルジャーの作品のうち、今日でも比較的入手しやすいものをつぎに列挙すると、

Alger Street: The Collected Poetry of Horatio Alger, Jr. Westgard, Gilbert K.

Cast Upon the Breakers, Doubleday, 1973.

In a New World, Media, 1972.

Phil the Fiddler or the Story of a Young Street Musician, Nautilus Bks.

Risen from the Ranks, Media, 1972.

Silas Snobden's Office Boy, Doubleday.

Strive & Succeed or Luke Larkin's Luck, Nautilus Bks.

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Cover and back of the paperback RAGGED DICK with one page of the introduction showing PR-024, Gilbert Westgard's ALGER company as one of the source material.

H. アルジャー

成功物語

—ボロ着のディック—



太陽選書 27



ホレイショ・アルジャー

成功物語

ボロ着のディック

大呂義雄 訳
島村 馨 監

すべてのアメリカ小説はマーク・トウェインに始まるのではない、すべてのアメリカ小説はホレイショ・アルジャーに始まる、というべきである。あまりにも有名な「アメリカの夢」の原型の完訳。

The front cover of RAGGED DICK
printed in Japanese.

- 20 greatly as their style and dress exceeded his: though their style and dress greatly exceeded his.
- 21~22 Where they went: ほんなことに使ったか。they: his ings.
- 25 Tony Pastor's: Tony Pastor's Opera House. Tony Pastor (1837~1908) アメリカの俳優、劇場支配人。1865 年には、Tony Pastor's の共同経営者になる。Bowery 通りは、かつて、このような安樂業所が多かった。
- 17 grows upon them: grow upon a person [習慣などが] 次第に昂じてくる。
- 18 to be out of his mother's sight: 母親の目のとどかないところにいる。
- 3 played with the rest: the rest=the rest of his money.
- 20 even if his means had admitted of paying ~ charged: 高級レストラン、デ尔蒙ニコでの高い食事を払えるだけのお金を持っていたとしても。
- 19 stand treat: おごる。
- 12 hunky: excellent.
- 4 Mr. Taylor's: Mr. Taylor's Saloon.
- 12~13 he might as well have been without one: 父親なぞむしろないのも同然だった。cf. You might as well throw a stone at the sun as try to injure him. かれを害そうとするのは、太陽に石を投げつけようとするのと同じだ。
- 13~14 a confirmed drunkard: のんだくれ。
- 15 potations: tippling.
- 16 work him up: work a person up 徐々に興奮させる。
- 25 on his own account: 独立して。
- 6 as the case might be: 場合により、事情に応じて。
- 12 I couldn't go: if I were like him を補ってみる。
- 16 scratch: どうかややつて暮していく。
- 12 wanted 'em to: 次に buy them を補ってみる。
- 12~13 I was stuck on: he stuck on [船などが] 洲に乗りあげて動きがとれなくなっていること。ここでは、売れない新聞の山にどうにもならない状態を言っている。
- 17 what got sold: who were deceived. sold: tricked.
- 22 That don't make it any better: だからと言って、ちょっともいいことにはならないよ。
- 6 had just laid in a stock: lay in a stock of goods 買い込む。
- 1 blimey: by-and-by.
- 7~8 to last three months: 三カ月分の。
- 13~14 not ~ on any account: 決して~せぬ。
- 7 sticker: 証。ちゃんかんぶん。
- 15~16 I did not know but you had come for some: I did not know that you had come for some money. 打消しに続いて無意味の but, but that は、フランス語からの習慣と思われる。not think, not say, not know, not tell, doubt, deny, make no question などといった語のあとによくみられる。cf. I don't doubt but you will succeed. I do not deny but that he is diligent. Who knows but it may so? I am not sure but that there is a state of facts by which the Constitution would be in some danger.
- From the paperback RAGGED DICK,
showing the translation of Dick's

In and Around or Notes
on American Literature

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アルジャー神話の成立とその性格

だ。それらのおおむねとして浮浪の少年の生涯をなぞったホレー・オ・アルジャーが、それに取材して『ヒスのト
 シク』(Ragged Dick) という小説を『学生と学友』誌 (Students and Schoolmates) に掲載した。これが、
不幸な少年たちの境遇に同情して一八五三年「新聞配達少年会館」(Newsboy's Lodging House) を創立し、その
に浮浪の少年たちを收容して新しい職業につかせようと尽力していった同僚のチャールズ・オコナーが、アルジャー
の小説に注目した。このような小説こそ非運の少年たちの意気を昂揚し、人生の目標をあたえるものであると
考えたからである。アルジャーとオコナーの生涯の友誼は、このようにして始まった。アルジャーは『ヒスのトシク』

- (1) Leslie A. Fiedler, "Hiss, Chambers, and the Age of Innocence," *An End to Innocence: Essays on Culture and Politics* (1955), p. 41.
- (2) *Literary History of the United States*, vol. 2, p. 801.
- (3) 刊行された伝記は Herbert R. Mayes, *Alger: A Biography without a Hero* (1928) のみ。本書の伝記的事実はほとんど
 正確であると見られる。
- (4) Russel Crouse, ed., *Struggling Upward and Other Works by Horatio Alger, Jr.* (New York, Crown Publishers, 1945)
 に *Struggling Upward*; or, *Luke Larkin's Luck*, *Ragged Dick*; or, *Street Life in New York*, *Phil the Fiddler*; or, *the Young
 Street Musician*, *Ted, the Poorhouse Boy* の七部作を収めたアンソロジーがある。他に現在市販されているのは
 『小田政雄訳 Do and Dare, Brave and Bold, The Young Adventurer』の四部作のみである。これらの以外に
 入手不可得。クーパー大衆図書館の全作品の目録をみると正確である。
- (5) Susanne K. Langer, *Philosophy in a New Key: A Study in Symbolism, Rite, and Art* (1942) の「生命の象徴」章

From the book IN AND AROUND OR NOTES ON AMERICAN LITERATURE. Notice that
Herbert R. Mayes, PF-469, (*Alger; A Biography without a Hero* (1928) is
listed as source material.