

Newsboy

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Monthly publication of the HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY,
a magazine devoted to the study of Horatio Alger, Jr.,
his life, works, and influence on the culture of America.

Horatio Alger, Jr.

1832 - 1899



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ALGER. Abraham Lincoln, the Backwoods Boy; or, How a young rail-splitter became President. By Horatio Alger, Jr., author of "The Boyhood and Manhood of James A. Garfield," "Luck and Pluck," etc., etc. New York: John R. Anderson and Henry S. Allen, 66 and 68 Reade Street. 1883. 12mo, pp 307..... 23

In "Boyhood and Manhood Series of Illustrious Americans."

ALGER. The Backwoods Boy or The Boyhood and Manhood of Abraham Lincoln By Horatio Alger, Jr., author of "The Erie Train Boy," "Luke Walton," "Adrift in New York," "The Store Boy," "The Young Outlaw," etc. Street and Smith, Publishers, 238 William Street, New York [1904] 12mo, pp 307.... 24

No. 78 in "Bound to Win Library." A cheap re print from plates of last above. Issued in this form July 30, 1904.

Two items from Lincoln Bibliography: A List of Books and Pamphlets Relating to Abraham Lincoln. Compiled by Daniel Fish, New York: Francis D. Tandy Company, 1906.

HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY

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

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Newsboy, the official organ of the Horatio Alger Society, is published monthly (bimonthly January-February and June-July) and is distributed to HAS members. Membership fee for any twelve month period is \$10.00. Cost for single issues of Newsboy is \$1.00 apiece.

Please make all remittances payable to the Horatio Alger Society. Membership applications, renewals, changes of address, claims for missing issues, and orders for single copies of current or back numbers of Newsboy should be sent to the Society's Secretary, Carl T. Hartmann, 4907 Allison Drive, Lansing, Michigan 48910.

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

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.

Bob Williman's Alger Convention — "The Capital Caucus" — will soon be here. Remember the dates — May 14-16, 1981, in the Washington, D. C. area.

* * *

NEW MEMBERS REPORTED

PF-613 Kent W. Leach
1309 Algonac
Ann Arbor, Michigan 48103

Kent is a professor of Education at the University of Michigan and has 126 Algers and 71 different titles. He also collects stamps, reads, and is a sports fan — especially baseball. He writes that "I'm rather new at this and am not a collector with a high degree of sophistication. I guess I just like Alger books and want as many as I can afford." Sounds good to me!

PF-614 Janet Tersoff
1528 Foxhall Road, NW
Washington, D. C. 20007

Janet is a student at Dickinson College at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, and learned of HAS through a listing in The People's Almanac. Owner of 17 Algers, she is also interested in pre-1950 films and film trivia.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

119 N. Harper Ave.
Los Angeles, CA 90048
Hallowe'en, 1980

Dear Jack,

Next to being a newspaperman, poet or printer, I'd rather be or have been a librarian, with a little old used book store on the side for eatin' money. Librarians, public, private or collegiate, never have been properly salaried — I hope you're an exception. — Newspapermen also were thrown in that category until very recent years when the ANG (American Newspaper Guild) organized us lads and got us better wages. Whenever a paper had to cut employees or trim salaries, always the first to get it in the neck were the editorial people, without whom no paper could be published. But I remember when first we tried to organize back East we were told we were professionals and therefore should not organize. Our answer was of course, no, sir, we are craftsmen.

January-February

and work for salaries, whereas professionals: doctors, lawyers, etc. set their own fees, and we editorial help do not. At any rate, we finally organized, and today the fellas on the paper where I spent 20 years back East earn more in a day than we earned in a month, and have many other perquisites including a lovely pension plan which was non-existent until a few years ago. Well, we never made much money back in the '20s, '30s or so, but we had a lot of fun, I think...

I've been doing a little writing lately, with some success, and I enclose a copy of a little story I wrote for the Los Angeles Times Book Review section. ["Babbitry and Scroogitude: Art of Unforgettable Names"] Actually, it isn't all book reviews as the BR includes a lot of stuff about writers, publishers, agents, poets and the like, including the kind of thing I write. Any Sunday now they should be running a piece they bought about Ben-Hur and its author, Gen. Lew Wallace. It's 100 years since it was first published, and it's been turned into stage plays, movies, television productions and is even published today in paper backs. I thought it was interesting, and so did the editor. Also, Westways Magazine which has four of my stories waiting publication (but paid for already) also bought my story on the history of the city's oldest high school (still in business) for use during the city's 200th birthday observance now going on and ending in September, 1981.

Otherwise, my wife Erma and I are in reasonably good health, and hoping to enjoy more good years. It pleased me no end last week when our 10 year old granddaughter called me for some help on a piece she had to write about Steven-son's Treasure Island. I am the family's reference librarian as I have hundreds of items and files to boot about the many subjects or interests they may have in school or outside and I'm ready to help. I lose more books this way - and glad of it.

So, Jack, continue to enjoy your work - that maketh a happy man - and keep on writing and turning out the periodic Newsboy which I enjoy very much, and some day get married, and continue a fruitful and enjoyable life. There ain't none better.

And with all good wishes for your happiness, personally and professionally,

Dave [Soibelman]

P.S. There's a bit left in the Chivas Regal jug so I think I'd better adjourn for our Happy Hour; Erma still sticks to her Dry Sack sherry.

General Delivery
Crozet, VA 22932
November 26, 1980

Dear Jack,

Hope all is well with you. I'm still waiting for you to pay us a visit again so that I can take you over to Walton's Mountain. Anyway, I'm writing to let you know I spent 2 days in Boston in October visiting Morris Olsen and Max Goldberg. Morris was a very gracious host, taking me book hunting all over Boston and vicinity. He took Max and me to South Natick, Mass. where Max gave us a tour of the cemetery where Alger is buried and a tour of other sites in the area.

Hope you have a nice holiday and let me hear from you. I picked up a first edition of Bernard Brook's Adventures this past Sunday at an antique store in Warrenton, Virginia. Paid the fabulous price of \$1.75. Needs some work done on it, however. Take care.

Best regards,

George [Owens]

214 E. 13th St.
The Dalles, Ore. 97058
October 30, 1980

Dear Jack,

Not too far different from Horatio's rags to riches stories has been my own life's struggle for fulfillment of the dream of someday owning our own home. Recently it finally came true, and as a celebration of the event, the wife and I decided to express our joy and gratitude by having a "Mortgage Burning Party." I am enclosing one of the invitations that was sent out to our friends and relations. [at right]. The party was a great success, and we received many comments as to how appropriate the illustration was that we had included in the card. I think you will note that we selected the print from one of Alger's novels, and it seemed most fitting for the occasion!

It is with a great deal of satisfaction that we can now make the testimonial; "The Alger Dream of Struggle and Success can still come true!"

Your partic'lar friend,

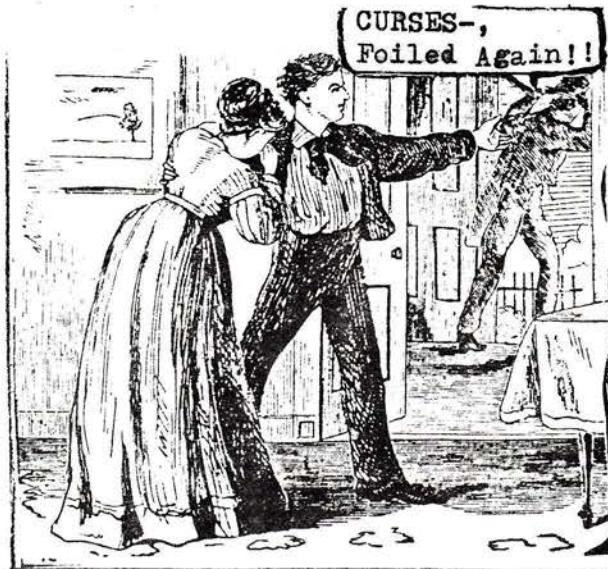
Ralph R. Keeney

[Editor's note: Ralph also has some books for sale: The Store Boy (A. L. Burt), Good, \$3.00; Brave and Bold (Goldsmith), Good, with dust jacket, \$1.50; The Cash Boy, (Donohue), poor, \$1.00; The Errand Boy (A. L. Burt), poor, \$1.00, Ralph also has 11 unused post cards of New York City, 1908-1910. If anyone is interested, write for listings].

10332 Ridgecrest Rd.
Utica, N. Y. 13502
November 25, 1980

Dear Jack,

I owe everyone letters and am writing



WE HAVE PAID OFF THE MORTGAGE AND SAVED OUR HOME!
YOU ARE INVITED TO COME AND HELP US CELEBRATE ON
OCT. 18th- 1980. FOOD AND DRINK TO BE SERVED AND
THE MORTGAGE TO BE BURNED AT APPROXIMATELY 2:P.M.

short ones while I have a chance, to get caught up a bit! Merry Christmas! I don't send cards so this will do.

Thought you would like the enclosed. [Article in the Utica, N. Y. Observer-Dispatch, Nov. 2, 1980, an interview with Jack concerning the influence of books on a child's development. Jack's Tom Swift interest - nay, obsession! - is discussed]. I didn't come out as big a kook as I was afraid I might. Several inaccuracies but better than most interviews. I am inundated with requests for talks and have turned most of them down since they are too much work. Nice to spread the gospel, however.

Things have been unbelievably busy. Spent the summer traveling. Was "out West" for most of July and in Hawaii for most of August. Lots of fun but didn't recuperate from the school year. Then college started and we had more students than we expected and I had to hire adjunct faculty and smooth out the wrinkles as best I could. Am now running the mechanical engineering technology, drafting technology and welding technology and expect to inherit solar, air conditioning and maybe automotive. Cuts into my writing time!

January-February

Have picked up some good items on tours through Vermont and New Hampshire this fall. Found a few in the Middle West. Have had some fine visitors recently. Denis Rogers and Eddie LeBlanc stopped in for an evening and Randy Cox was here for several days a week or so later. Peter Walther who is well on the way to becoming the leading authority on Oliver Optic is my music teacher and I see him every Monday.

That's about it. Keep in touch.

Regards,

Jack [Dizer]
Victor Appleton IV¹/₂

* * *
MORE ALGER DISCOVERIES MADE
by Jack Bales

I recently spent a weekend in New York City doing some research on "Our Hero," Horatio Alger, Jr. (Had two delightful dinners - one with Ralph D. Gardner and the other with Helen Gray, Director of the Horatio Alger Awards Committee - as well as a lengthy lunch with Herbert R. Mayes). The purpose of the trip was to verify the existence of some heretofore never read Alger essays, as well as to corroborate the existence of a new Alger pseudonym. Both projects have been researched for some weeks by Alger biographer Gary Scharnhorst and myself, and I am pleased to report that in a forthcoming Newsboy there will be the complete texts of twelve NEW Alger essays, plus details concerning the new Alger pen name. This special article will be co-authored by Gary and me.

I would like to announce now that in March a new Alger work will appear. After months of intensive research, Gary Scharnhorst and I have co-authored Horatio Alger, Jr.: An Annotated Bibliography of Comment and Criticism. This will be published by Scarecrow Press (Metuchen, N. J. and London), a leading publisher of reference books, and the volume is - as the title implies - a bibliography of articles, books, etc. about Alger. It features an introduction by Herbert R. Mayes, followed by

a detailed study of all the Alger letters in the public domain. This latter section is virtually a biographical sketch of the author based on his letters, and it offers some surprising insights into the man as he talks about his adopted sons, his books, and his feelings as his illness in the 1890's saps more and more of his strength.

Subsequent chapters list all types of Alger criticism: reviews of his books, including 19th century reviews; biographies and bibliographies; reviews of biographies; journal articles; articles in local newspapers; articles in hobby magazines; material relating to Alger's sales and popularity; obituaries, etc. etc. etc. Details will appear in a later Newsboy.

One of the items that Gary and I uncovered is printed here - a sketch about Alger in the Boston Daily Advertiser. Alger mentions it in a letter to Irving Blake dated April 11, 1896. He comments that it "contain[s] some errors. It was not Trowbridge that advertised [sic] me to enter the juvenile field, but it was an idea of my own suggested by the popularity of some short juvenile stories in the Student and Schoolmate. Also I was six months in the employ of the Advertiser."

This article is one of the very few 19th century newspaper articles about Alger known, and Gary and I are pleased to have its second printing appear here.

A FAMOUS WRITER

Horatio Alger, Jr., is Taking
a Much-Needed Rest. He Tells
of His Own Work and Speaks of
"Oliver Optic."

(from the Boston Daily Advertiser,
April 10, 1896, p. 9)

--
Yesterday noon I was talking to Mr. Connelly in the Adams House when we were interrupted by a gentleman whom my friend seemed very glad to see. A warm clasp of the hand and a few genuine words of friendship attested the fact

that their pleasure in meeting was entirely mutual.

The gentleman who interrupted us was rather below the medium height. He seemed to be about 5 feet 4 inches. He was dressed plainly in dark clothes, wore a black derby, a dark red tie and a turned down collar. His gray moustache was closely cropped. His complexion was rather florid and this, with his round, cheery face, bespoke a most genial character.

My hastily formed impression of his character was not wrong.

"How is Mr. L——?" asked the gentleman of Mr. Connelly. [Ed. note: Undoubtedly refers to Mr. Loring, Alger's publisher].

"Mr. L—— is about the same, poor fellow. He is still at the same place, working hard trying his best to get along. I have not seen him in about three weeks, but I hear he is about the same. A few of the old boys drop in now and then and leave a dollar or so, poor fellow. Why don't you drop in and see him, now that you are in town? See him today. He would appreciate a visit from you."

And so the deeply laid plot of benevolence was hatched.

When the short gentleman with the cheery, round face, a face in which the pathetic could be plainly seen, however—when he had gone, Mr. Connelly said to me:—

"That is Horatio Alger, jr."

Horatio Alger, jr.: So here before me stood a little man who, with that other philanthropist of juvenile literature, "Oliver Optic," had unwittingly given to me more pleasant hours, more genuine, childish happiness than any other living man.

Then my mind went back to the winter nights before the fire-place, when 8 was my bed time, when I had not coned through my fourth reader in the irksome hours of

study, and the faces of Ragged Dick and Tattered Tom smiled upon my memory; far more realistically than the faces of Dickens' Cheeryble brothers in Nicholas Nickleby, to whom, by the way, Mr. Alger himself might be compared in appearance.

I could not resist the temptation of thanking him in person, as my parents had once advised me to do by letter, for those many golden hours by the hearth-stone.

Since those days I have schooled in many schools, and one of them was the college. There it was my fortune to join the same fraternity that Mr. Alger remembers so fondly, and so it was that a certain peculiar way in which we shook hands tore down the reserve that perhaps months of acquaintance could not have done.

In the course of a most interesting conversation, he told me that at one time, for about three or four months, he had been on the staff of the Boston Daily Advertiser under the editorship of Mr. Hale.

"But to make a confession," he said, "I must tell you that when I left, they did not urge me to remain. I do not think I was adapted for newspaper work."

Not long after this he began writing for the magazines, and was attached to Harper Bros. corps of writers. This was about 30 years ago, at a time, Mr. Alger said, when literary competition was keen, for there were more able writers in those days than there are now.

Later on, he did considerable work for the Yankee Blade, of which Prof. William Matthews, now of Chicago University, was then editor. Mr. Moulton, husband of Louise Chandler Moulton, was editor of the True Flag, and Mr. Alger was identified with this paper during Mr. Moulton's management.

It was while he was connected with the True Flag that Mr. Trowbridge, another

benefactor of the child reader, suggested to Mr. Alger that he try juvenile work. Acting upon the suggestion, Mr. Alger's articles began to appear in the Student's School Mate [sic] and his widely read stories then insured him the enviable reputation that he has always possessed.

W. S. [sic] Adams, the peerless "Oliver Optic," was already well known. Soon after, Ragged Dick and his whole noble company began to work their way through the publishing house to the young reading public.

"I have been working very hard," said Mr. Alger, "and it is a pleasure to be able to rest a little. I am staying out at Natick with relatives now. Until recently I have been in New York engaged in magazine work.

"But I do not feel as energetic as I used to. Ah! How I admire the enterprise of Oliver Optic! Mr. Adams is older than I am, and he has just made a trip around the world. How he could be so enterprising is more than I can understand. I could not do it."

And then the breadth and generosity of the man found expression in one of the warmest tributes to the character and work of Mr. Adams that even that man has ever received in the unspoken devotion of his many child readers.

Pen sketches of Mr. Alger and of Mr. Adams would be the most appropriate introductions to their work that an enterprising publisher could possibly insert into his productions. The children would love the men no less than their works. Mr. Alger is one of the most lovable men whom I have had the honor to know.

* * *

NEWSBOY "BOOK MART" POPULAR WITH MEMBERS
by Bob Williman

In the September, 1980 Newsboy was a list of 47 Algers which were duplicates from my collection. I had put off sending in my price list of duplicates since they were mostly Hursts, Winstons and Burts, and none were firsts. I

supposed that maybe some members would want a few of these books and I'd still be left with 40 or so. Was I in for a surprise!!! Three weeks after the ad appeared, I was left with only nine books from the original list. None were returned, although I did send out one with the last page of the story missing. I received an urgent plea to tell the buyer how the story ended. I Xeroxed the last page of the story and sent it along with a full refund for the book, inviting the member to keep it with my apologies.

The purpose of my writing is to encourage other HAS members to use the free Book Mart. I got a good feeling from providing titles to our members which they needed plus some very friendly and interesting letters. There were several telephone calls asking me to hold certain books until the check arrived. My experience that Algers are not easy to find seems to be the same experience that other Alger collectors have. They seem to get just as excited as I do when I see the opportunity to obtain a needed volume for my collection. I'd urge our members to spread their duplicates around and send in their lists to our editor. Book Mart really works! Now.....if I can just remember which one of those boxes in my attic contains the other duplicate Algers.....???



"Street Boys" -sent in by Ralph Gardner



The west side of 7th Ave., with the intersection of 43rd and 44th Streets, 1925, showing the Putnam Building and the Hotel Astor.

knocker and sounded a summons, which was speedily answered by the widow in person—a woman of fifty or thereabout, with a kind, motherly face. She looked with a little surprise at her unexpected visitor.

"Mrs. Hawkins, I believe?" he said, inquiringly.

She nodded assent.

"I have come to Snowdon with the intention of spending a few months. As I am a student, I desire to obtain lodgings where I shall be quiet and undisturbed. The landlord recommended me to come here. He said, I believe, that you used to board the minister."

"Yes," said Mrs. Hawkins, "he boarded with me most a year and a half; but I expect," she added, with a smile, "he's got a pleasanter home now. He got married to Lucy Ann Perkins, and now they keep house."

"Would you object to receiving me in the minister's place?"

"I don't know as my living would suit you," said the widow, doubtfully. "The minister never complained; but then he wasn't a bit particular. I raily believe he didn't half the time know what he was eating."

"I have no right to be particular," said the young man, "since I can not afford to pay a high price. One object I had in view in coming to Snowdon was to live more economically than I can do in the city. May I inquire your terms?"

"The minister paid me three dollars a week."

That is very reasonable. What room did he have?"

"Walk in and I will show you."

The widow opened the door to the left of the front entry and displayed a room of good size but low studded. There was a comfortable carpet on the floor, a few cane chairs, a square table in the centre of the room, another small table under the mirror between the front windows; an angular, straight-backed sofa, covered with striped gingham, and an easy-chair on rockers. There was no stove in the room, but a fire-place of generous size, with brass andirons, scoured till you could see your face in them. The window-panes were small, but through them a pleasant prospect was visible. Facing the east, the sun found them out early in the morning, and irradiated the room with its glorious presence. A small bedroom opened out of the larger room.

The young man looked about him with an air of satisfaction.

"This is just what I like," he said. "Do you think you can take me, Mrs. Hawkins?"

"Well," said the widow cautiously, "I always calc'lated to take a boarder in place of the minister, and I don't know but you may come. I s'pose it would be convenient for you to pay every month?"

Do not accuse the widow of undue worldly anxiety. The addition to her income afforded by her one boarder was of importance to her, and the young man's allusion to his limited means made her caution only natural.

"I will pay you every week in advance," said he, promptly, "and thank you besides for consenting to take me. When may I come?"

"If you could put off coming till after dinner it would be an accommodation," said the widow. "I had some work to do to-day, and, being alone, I have got a picked-up dinner. You can come to supper at five, if you like."

"I will have my trunks brought here in the course of the afternoon. As you will naturally wish to know who is to

board with you, let me give you this card."

After her visitor had gone the widow drew from her pocket a pair of iron-bowed spectacles, and read the name "Ralph Farnham."

"I like the looks of the young man," she said to herself. "He looks quiet and well-behaved. He's about the age that my Thomas would have been if he had lived, poor fellow!" She furtively wiped her eye with the corner of her apron.

"I wonder whether he's got a mother living. I don't believe he has, or he wouldn't come to this out-of-the-way place to live alone. I'll try to make him comfortable."

In the course of the afternoon Ralph established himself in the widow's front-room. One of his trunks was filled with books. These he unpacked and stored in a small hanging book-case. Some few he laid on the table. A capacious ink-stand and a couple of pens were placed in the centre. Then he drew up the arm-chair, and looked about him with an air of satisfaction. He was already beginning to feel at home.

He had scarcely completed the arrangement of his room when the widow called him out to tea. Home-made bread, sweet butter, squash pie, and a small dish of preserves, furnished a very acceptable meal. Ralph congratulated himself anew on securing so desirable a boarding-place.

This was the way in which Ralph Farnham came to board in Snowdon. Weeks passed; the visitors from the city had all returned, but the young man still lingered. His life was very regular and monotonous. He was in the habit of taking a long walk in the morning directly after breakfast, after which he wrote and read till dinner. In the afternoon he resumed his studies, which he continued in the evening, with the interruption of another walk after supper.

"He's the most studious young man I ever see," said the widow to one of her neighbors. "I can't make out what he's studying for. I asked him once if he was going to be a minister, but he only laughed and asked what put that into my head. He writes a good deal, and I shouldn't wonder if he was at work upon a book. I hope it will bring him in some money, for he told me that he had to be economical."

Leaving our hero for a while, let us cross the street to the Judge's mansion opposite. His family is small, consisting only of his daughter and himself. He has been a leading practitioner at the New York bar; but now, having accumulated a fortune, he has withdrawn from his profession, and made himself a home in this quiet New England village. His daughter is never without visitors from the city, and is thus able to supply her own society. Otherwise she would find it dull living in the country.

The Judge is a portly, dignified-looking man of sixty, or thereabouts. His gray hair is carefully brushed away from a massive, judicial-looking brow, and he has the air of a gentleman of the old school.

His daughter, not yet twenty, has but recently returned from boarding-school, where, fortunately, her natural good sense has saved her from having her good qualities overlaid with a stratum of sentimentality and girlish conceit. As she sits on an ottoman at her father's feet, in the luxuriously comfortable library, you will have no difficulty in discovering why it is that the old lawyer's judicial features are softened into a look of tenderness as he meets the glance of those sweet eyes, reminding him of the brief season of romance in his own youth when he wooed and won the mother. Ellen was the last and much the youngest of their children. The two eldest were sons, and had died—one of disease, the other of wounds received in the Mexican war. Ellen alone was left, and on her the Judge had lavished the tenderness which would otherwise have been divided among three. No indulgence

which money could purchase was denied her. Costly engravings and books in profusion, for both of which she had a special taste, were purchased for her without regard to expense. The Judge, too, liked to see his daughter's rare beauty fitly adorned, and for this purpose made a munificent allowance, which was oftentimes bestowed in part on those whose needs awakened her compassion. Not that she was indifferent to dress. Her artistic taste was gratified by harmony of colors, and she took pleasure in seeing herself arrayed in costly fabrics from distant countries. But dress was not the chief end of her existence, as it appears to be with many young ladies of the present day, nor was her dress-maker the most important person in the list of her visitors.

"So you have declined the Thurstons' invitation, Ellen?" said her father.

"Yes, papa."

"And it is quite four months since you have been in New York. I thought Snowdon might have become a little monotonous to you, so that you would gladly welcome the gayety of the city."

"I am getting wonderfully used to our quiet life here. Besides, I get more time for reading."

"Quite possible; but there is one important question to be considered," said the Judge, with mock gravity. "How am I ever to find a husband for you in this quiet village, unless, indeed, some one of the young farmers in the neighborhood should take compassion on you?"

Ellen laughed. "I am afraid we should prove very uncongenial companions," she said. "Do you know, I happened to speak of Tennyson the other day in presence of James Hodges, and he asked me if he was a New York man. Besides, I am afraid I should come to disgrace if I undertook to make butter or cheese. However, papa, I don't feel in any great hurry about marrying. Ten years hence, when I am twenty-nine, I shall make desperate efforts, if I am

still unmarried. Like my historical teacher Miss Pinkham, I shall sigh for some 'congenial spirit.'"

"Did she succeed in finding one?"

"There is little chance of it, I am afraid. She has a very small share of the perishable gift of beauty. Her sal-low face and cork-screw curls are not likely to attract any one who looks forward to matrimony in any other way than as a penance."

"By-the-way," said the Judge, suddenly, "who is the young man that boards in the house just across the street?"

"I believe his name is Farnham. I supposed him at first to be a summer visitor, but I hear that he has come for purposes of study."

"He has a good face—a face that indicates culture and refinement. I have occasionally met him in the street, and could not help contrasting his expression with that of most of the young men in the village."

Until then Ellen's attention had not been particularly drawn to Ralph. Now she was resolved to observe him more carefully when she had an opportunity.

It came earlier than she anticipated.

Toward the close of the afternoon Ellen walked out alone, taking with her sketching materials. There was a picturesque old rock, with trees growing about it, which she had selected for her subject. In order to obtain a good point of view it was necessary to open a gate and cross a pasture. A few cows were browsing there, but Ellen had lived long enough in the country to have lost her first dread of them. But unfortunately all cows are not mild or pacific. The Judge's daughter had thrown over her shoulders a crimson scarf, unconscious of the peculiar antipathy entertained by the whole bovine tribe for this color. She had proceeded but a hundred yards when, turning her head, she saw a cow with lowered

horns and a very inimical expression making for her at an alarming rate of speed. Physically Ellen was no heroine; and without considering that retreat was inglorious, dropped her sketching materials and, with a loud shriek, ran with trembling steps toward the gate by which she had entered. Perhaps, if she had perceived the advance of the foe in time, her escape would have been easily effected. But the cow had already got within a few rods, and two feet were no match for four.

With white face and suspended breath Ellen continued to run. She dared not stop to look behind her, but she could hear the panting of the excited animal. The gate was only a few feet distant—but would her strength, which she felt to be failing, suffice to carry her to a place of safety?

But in that crisis of peril the deliverer came. A young man, whom in her fright she did not recognize, had seen her danger. Already he was over the bars. With hasty hands he snatched a rail from the fence, and undauntedly ran to meet the foe. Looking up the cow saw her new antagonist, and stopped short. In that moment Ellen, with a last effort of strength, succeeded in getting through the gate, and fell in a swoon on the other side. Meanwhile her deliverer, brandishing the rail in a determined manner, made a fierce onslaught on the late triumphant pursuer, accompanying the charge with a shout which had its effect. In the most cowardly manner the animal faced about and bent a pusillanimous retreat.

Ralph Farnham—for, of course, the reader has surmised that it was he—did not attempt to overtake the flying and "demoralized" foe. He ran hastily to the gate, and found, to his great joy, that the young lady was recovering consciousness. She looked about her in a startled manner.

"The danger is over. Quiet yourself, I entreat," said Ralph, earnestly. "Allow me to assist you to your feet."

"That dreadful cow!" shuddered Ellen. "I gave myself up for lost!"

"She was probably incensed by your scarf," said Ralph. "You know cows have an antipathy to red."

"How can I ever thank you?" said Ellen, with emotion. "I feel that I have been rescued from serious peril by your means."

As she looked up she saw, for the first time that it was the young man of whom her father had spoken to whom she was indebted. It was this thought, perhaps, that heightened her color a little.

"Do not think of it," said Ralph, quietly. "It affords me great pleasure to feel that I have been of service to you, Miss Henderson."

"I think I am speaking to Mr. Farnham?" she returned.

Ralph bowed.

"My father has spoken of seeing you in the street. He will feel obliged to you for giving him an opportunity of adding his thanks to mine."

Ralph's face lighted up with pleasure. "I shall be most happy to call," he said, "not, indeed, to receive thanks which I do not require, but I shall esteem it a privilege to make the acquaintance of one who has won so honorable a reputation as Judge Henderson."

Ellen was neither sentimental nor romantic, but it is certain that the circumstances under which she had made the acquaintance of our hero heightened the interest with which she regarded him. He left her at her own door, and then with a promise to call the next day.

The cordial warmth with which he was greeted when he did call was most flattering and agreeable. Until now he had made scarcely an acquaintance since coming to Snowdon. His pecuniary circumstances and devotion to his literary labors made him shy of making

friends, and there were none of the young men in the village who would have sympathized in his pursuits. Now, however, a delightful intercourse was open to him. With the Judge he felt himself in the presence of an intellectual superior, while the occasional remarks of the daughter unconsciously revealed a rich culture.

They talked of books, art, authors. Seldom had either of them passed a pleasanter evening. When Ralph rose to go he was pressed to call again, in a manner which showed him that he would indeed be a welcome visitor. He returned to his room little disposed to study.

"She is, indeed, a beautiful girl," he said, half aloud, after sitting thoughtfully for an hour, gazing into the blazing embers.

"A most intelligent and agreeable young man," said the Judge, standing with his back to the fire. "Evidently a fine mind. I wonder what he is studying. If he should follow my profession I would do what I could to help him."

Ellen did not reply, but sat with her eyes fastened meditatively upon her work.

As the reader may share the Judge's wonder as to the character of Ralph's studies, I have thought it well to introduce a paragraph or two from a letter written by the young man the succeeding day. It was addressed to his only sister, who, for several months, had been acting as governess in a family on Long Island:

"I have nearly completed the romance upon which I have been for some months engaged. I had commenced it, as you know, before coming to Snowdon. The quiet life which I have led, entirely free from interruption, for I have scarcely had an acquaintance, has been very favorable to progress in my work. Yet there are times when my sanguine hope of success deserts me, and I throw aside my pen, feeling that perhaps I

have made a dreadful mistake in my estimate of my own abilities. I have hazarded much upon it. If I should fail—but I try to drive away ill forebodings. For myself I do not so much dread poverty and its necessary privations, but I can not bear to see you, my darling sister, reared in affluence, a dependent among strangers. If I could only provide a home for you, however humble, so that we might be again united, I should feel happy. I sometimes think that it was my duty to accept the clerkship offered me by Messrs. Fogg and Dodson. Though it would bind me to a life I detest, it would have given me a secure income, while now I may only experience mortifying failure. But I try to drive away desponding thoughts. I must succeed! A fortnight hence I shall forward the manuscript of my romance to the eminent New York publishers, Messrs. — and —, and shall await their decision with as much composure as I can.

"I have made to-day, by the merest accident, some most agreeable acquaintances. This afternoon I was enabled, most fortunately, to rescue from a position of considerable peril the only daughter of Judge Henderson, of whose legal eminence you have heard. This has secured me the entree of their house. It is so long since I have associated with people of culture that my call proved a delightful one. I shall call again; but sparingly. The uncertainty of my position makes me a little shy of returning to that world from which my father's loss of property has exiled me."

For the next fortnight Ralph was busy with his romance. Once during that time he called at the house opposite, where he met with a cordial welcome. In the kindest manner Judge Henderson invited him to make free use of his large and well-selected library. This offer was gratefully accepted.

In due time the manuscript was dispatched. Free from the task which had engrossed his time and thoughts for so long, the young writer found the days

of double length. He could settle his mind upon nothing new while the fate of his first venture remained undecided. He was tortured by suspense. If an unfavorable answer should be received what should he, what could he do? Must he look upon it as all a mistake, and, abandoning that life which had the greatest charm for him, bind himself apprentice to traffic which he found so uncongenial? He spent most of the time in purposeless wandering about the fields. He had nothing to wean his mind from the one subject which kept him in a state of feverish suspense. He might have renewed his call upon the Judge's family, but in his uncertainty he preferred solitude to society.

TO BE CONTINUED

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RANDOM REPORTS FROM ALGERLAND

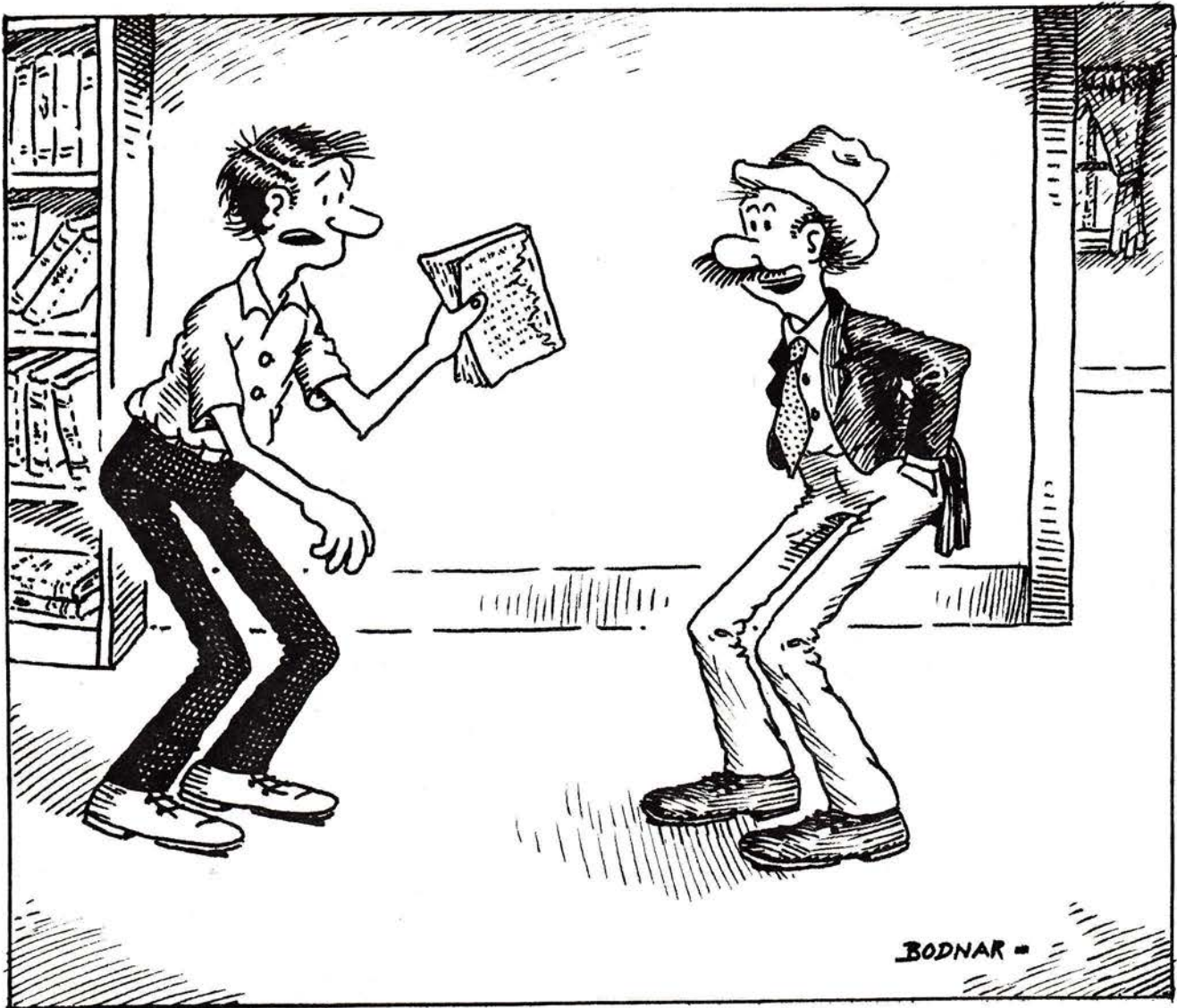
by Jack Bales

Ralph Gardner tells me that "Ralph Gardner's Bookshelf," the one hour author interview radio show broadcast in the Metro New York area Sunday evenings over WVNJ (AM and FM), now is also featured on WDCX, Buffalo; WVOR, Rochester and WYRD, Syracuse.

Gary Scharnhorst reports that his biography, Horatio Alger, Jr., is selling well; however, he regrets that he may be a little slow in filling requests for it. Since he is using his author's discount to purchase the books, he is simply ordering about a dozen copies at one time. Thus, it may take him 4-6 weeks to fill orders, but he adds that he will not deposit checks until the books are sent out.

George Holmes says that he saw a book list from a dealer with rather fancy prices on it. He advertised a Donohue Joe's Luck for sale at \$24.75 and a Hurst Risen from the Ranks at that price.

I talk to Bob Williman every once in awhile, and it looks like this coming convention may have the biggest turnout yet, if registration figures are any indicator. Hope to see all of you at THE CAPITAL CAUCUS, May 14-16, 1981!!



"WAS THE FARM SAVED?"

"About six pages are missing from the back of this paperback copy of Andy Grant's Pluck. Now I won't be able to find out if Andy saved the farm or not!"

"Why don't you go to the "Capital Caucus" Convention, where you might be able to buy a good copy?"

(Original cartoon created and drawn by Louis Bodnar, Jr., amateur cartoonist, 1502 Laurel Ave., Chesapeake, Virginia 23325).