



Horatio Alger, Jr.

1832 — 1899

THE HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION

NEWSBOY



A magazine devoted to the study of Horatio Alger, Jr.,
his life, works, and influence on the culture of America.

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NUMBER 2

2013 Convention update



The first "Race to Indy" at the soon-to-be-famous Indianapolis Motor Speedway was this motorcycle race in 1909.

'Race to Indy'

* *Registration form*

* *Schedule of events*

* *Hotel information*

-- See Page 3

Another component to the Carl Cantab bibliography:

— the first appearance of 'The Misses Scraggs' in 160 years

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President's column

Indianapolis, here we come!

Many wonderful things happen in the spring. Technically, spring started on Wednesday, March 20th of this year, but we know that's not exactly right. There was plenty of snow, frost, and rain to go around. In fact, spring *officially* starts with the Horatio Alger Society convention May 2-5 in Greenwood, Indiana, just south of Indianapolis.

Arthur Sullivan and W.S. Gilbert (contemporaries of Horatio Alger) said it well in "The Mikado," which opened on March 14, 1885:

Nanki-Poo:

*The Algers that bloom in the spring, Tra la,
Breathe promise of merry sunshine —
As we merrily dance and we sing, Tra la,
We welcome the hope that they bring, Tra la.*

I hope Alger saw the operetta. He was busy that year publishing *Hector's Inheritance; or, The Boys of Smith Institute* through Porter & Coates. Being an enormously popular author and New York sophisticate, it's unlikely that he spent his time at Tony Pastor's Opera House on the Bowery. Alger would be pleased at the sight of die-hard devotees like you and me gathering to celebrate his authorship!

Convention

Register now! There are still bargain rooms available in our block at the Holiday Inn Express (thank you, Bob!). \$93.99 per night, as opposed to the regular rate of \$106 per night. Phone the hotel front desk at **1-317-881-0600**.

Bob has also set up a great schedule of events (see enclosed printout, or visit www.horatioalgersociety.net/215_convention-schedule.pdf), with an excellent banquet venue (Jonathan Byrd's Cafeteria), and a fine keynote speaker. I have friends at the Indianapolis office of John Wiley & Sons (publishers of the *For Dummies* books) who might be present, but they still aren't committed. *Grrr*. That's ironic, since they hold me to tough deadlines all the time.

We've got a good crew already registered, but there's plenty of room for more!

The annual auction

The centerpiece of our convention is the Friday afternoon auction. It's your premier opportunity to improve your collection at relatively low cost. The Horatio Alger

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HORATIO ALGER SOCIETY

To further the philosophy of Horatio Alger, Jr. and to encourage the spirit of Strive & Succeed that for half a century guided Alger's undaunted heroes. Our members conduct research and provide scholarship on the life of Horatio Alger, Jr., his works and influence on the culture of America. The Horatio Alger Society embraces collectors and enthusiasts of all juvenile literature, including boys' and girls' series, pulps and dime novels.

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Newsboy ad rates: Full page, \$32.00; one-half page, \$17.00; one-quarter page, \$9.00; per column inch (1 inch deep by approx. 3 1/2 inches wide), \$2.00. Send ads, with check payable to Horatio Alger Society, 1004 School St., Shelbyville, IN 46176.

The above rates apply to all want ads, along with ads offering non-Alger books for sale. However, it is the policy of the Horatio Alger Society to promote the exchange of Alger books and related Alger materials by providing space **free of charge** to our members for the **sale only** of such material. Send advertisements or "Letters to the Editor" to **Newsboy** editor William R. Gowen (PF-706) at 23726 N. Overhill Dr., Lake Zurich, IL 60047. E-mail: hasnewsboy@aol.com

2013 Convention update

'Race to Indy' is almost here!

By Bob Sipes (PF-1067)

The 48th Horatio Alger Society convention, "Race to Indy," is almost here and Wendy and I are looking forward to seeing everyone on and having a great time. We have received many registrations, including a few new people and some who we have not seen in a while. We have yet to hear from several regular attendees and many other H.A.S. members, so we hope to hear from you soon. Even though the May 2-5 weekend is almost here, there is still time to register!

On Friday, May 3, we will be auctioning the Alger collections of Bernie Biberdorf (PF-524) and Alvin Funderburg (PF-1025), which include many fine books. Bernie and Alvin were both title collectors, so between the two collections you will find multiple editions of most titles, along with some first editions. I am hearing rumors that there will be other fine books brought by attendees for the auction, and thanks to Doug Fleming (PF-899) someone will take home a litre of Ontario, Canada, pure maple syrup. There will be plenty of books for everyone and still time for sightseeing.

We will be dining at Panzarotti's Hamilton House Restaurant on Friday evening. The Hamilton House is well-known in Shelbyville and is listed on the National Register of Historic Places. John Hamilton, a retired furniture magnate from Rushville, Indiana, built this Victorian style mansion in 1853 for his family, which included four daughters. In 1932 the Hamilton House was willed to the Presbyterian Church and subsequently became a hotel, hospital annex, and private residence.

It was renovated in 1995 and has since provided an elegant, Victorian environment for fine dining.

While dining, be on the lookout for a young girl in a vintage black Sunday school dress. It is rumored that the Hamilton House is haunted by the benevolent spirit of a young girl. Who knows? Maybe you will see her.

I just spoke last week with John Luther, who will be our keynote speaker at the Saturday evening banquet at Jonathan Byrd's Cafeteria in Greenwood, and he is looking forward to presenting Edgar Allen Poe with unforgettable passion. You will not read *The Raven*, *Annabel Lee*, *The Bells* and *The Tell-Tale Heart* the same again.

Hotel reservations should be made as soon as possible to the Holiday Inn Express in Greenwood.

The hotel phone number is 1-317-881-0600. Please tell the hotel that you are with the Horatio Alger Society to ensure that you receive the special convention rate of \$93.99. This rate includes free wireless Internet,

a newspaper and an excellent breakfast bar (hot and cold food selections, juices and coffee), and will apply for your entire stay, including preceding and following dates. The hotel is only 12 miles from the Indianapolis International Airport. If some of you want to car pool from the airport, contact me and I will help coordinate with other attendees to arrange transportation.

Enclosed with this issue is the convention registration form, along with an updated schedule of events. Additional information regarding area restaurants,

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The historic Victorian-style Hamilton House in Shelbyville, Indiana, is home of Panzarotti's Hamilton House restaurant, which will host the Friday night dinner during the 48th H.A.S. convention.

Editor's notebook

The countdown to "Race to Indy" on May 2-5 is reaching its final days, and we hope to see you there, even if you still haven't registered for the convention or your room at the Holiday Inn Express in Greenwood, Indiana. Copies of the convention registration form and schedule of events are enclosed with this issue in case you misplaced those sent in the previous issue.

The hotel desk number is **1-317-881-0600**. Our host, Bob Sipes, offers a convention update on Page 3.

I hope you enjoyed my article on author A. Hyatt Verrill in the January-February issue. In conjunction with that, I mentioned that Jim Towey (PF-975) has reprinted the 11 scarce Verrill series books (including dust jackets), and I hope you will take this opportunity to add these books to your collection. We are again running Towey's advertisement on Page 16 due to a typo in Jim's email address, which has been corrected and is repeated here: toweyj@cox.net. You can also phone him at 1-860-653-7447.

The Alger plagiarism lawsuit

On Page 6 is a brief article from the **Brooklyn Eagle** of Feb. 13, 1887, discussing the 1889 copyright infringement lawsuit brought against Horatio Alger, Jr., and the publisher of his *From Canal Boy to President*. The litigation was brought by the author of a previously published Garfield biography, James A. Gilmore, who in 1880 wrote *Life of Garfield*, under the pen name "Edmund Kirke," published by Harpers. Alger's *From Canal Boy to President* was published shortly following the president's death Sept. 19, 1881, several weeks after he was shot by an assassin in a Washington, D.C., train station on July 2.

Jack Bales sent me the **Brooklyn Eagle** article, which he found on the Internet, along with a note saying that although it was familiar material, it might be of interest to readers of **Newsboy**.

Mention of the case can be found in Bales and Gary Scharnhorst's book, *The Lost Life of Horatio Alger* (Indiana University Press, 1985), which in turn pointed me to a detailed article by the late Stanley A. Pachon (PF-087), titled "The Strange Case of Horatio Alger," in the June 1984 issue of **Dime Novel Round-Up**. I won't recite everything Pachon wrote; the article includes transcripts from the *Gilmore v. Anderson et al* case before the Circuit Court for the Southern District of New York, dated May 15, 1889, and May 5, 1890. Please go to Pachon's article

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President's column

(Continued from Page 2)

Society gets a portion of the proceeds, and we certainly need the money. So bid, bid high, and bid often!

Bob has in hand the Alvin Funderburg and Bernie Biberdorf collections, which he reports to be "nice collections of very good quality reprints and a few first editions." He also says that there are a few items that are not common. That amounts to about 250 books in about 170 lots, and more books (as many as 150 more lots) are flowing in. This is a super opportunity to get excellent books.

Auction tip: If you want a book, please bid it up. Your fellow members don't want to spend all day waiting for one-dollar advances on what was already a bargain. When you advance the price seriously (say \$5 or \$10) you're telling the membership you really want it.

Food bargains

The hotel has a complimentary breakfast. Is this great marketing copy? "You can sit in the morning sunlight or relax on a couch by the TV and enjoy a cinnamon roll, fresh fruit, cheese omelet, bacon or sausage, gravy and biscuits from the Express Start Breakfast Bar, featuring a complimentary spread of hot and cold items."

And for other meals "on our own," is this the best bargain in town, or what? The editor of this fine journal and the Holiday Inn Express staff confirm to me that we can get a 15 percent (!!!) discount at The Fireside Brewhouse in Greenwood, located near the hotel. Their menu isn't online at their website yet, but visit Yelp for details: www.yelp.com/menu/fireside-brewhouse-greenwood

Indianapolis sights

There are great things to do in Indianapolis. Bob Sipes, Convention Host and Executive Director, has a fine rundown of local sights, including historic monuments and a giant antique mall. Please visit www.horatioalgersociety.net/204_convention.html. More information will be included with your registration packet.

And in my last column, I mentioned the Indiana Medical History Museum and Hook's American Drugstore Museum. If you want a snapshot of late 19th century America, go to museums like these. We have one in Sacramento, and it's filled with glass eyes, old wheelchairs, and other instruments of "healing."

So that's the news for now. See you in Indy!

Your Partic'lar Friend,
Barry Schoenborn (PF-1087)
552 Brock Road
Nevada City, CA 95959
(530) 265-4705
E-mail: barry@wvswrite.com

Horatio Alger interviews Dave Yarrington (PF-1050)



Editor's note: On the 114th anniversary of Horatio Alger's death and his 181st birth year (he was born Jan. 13, 1832), Horatio Alger returns to earth to interview H.A.S. members regarding their Alger collections. This is the sixth in a series written by an anonymous author posing as Horatio Alger.

Horatio Alger here. Is this Dave Yarrington?

D.Y.: Yes, it is. What a surprise. I heard you were talking to Alger collectors. What an honor, sir.

H.A.: Well, I just celebrated my 181st birthday and I'm talking to random collectors. Tell me about your collection. How did you get started?

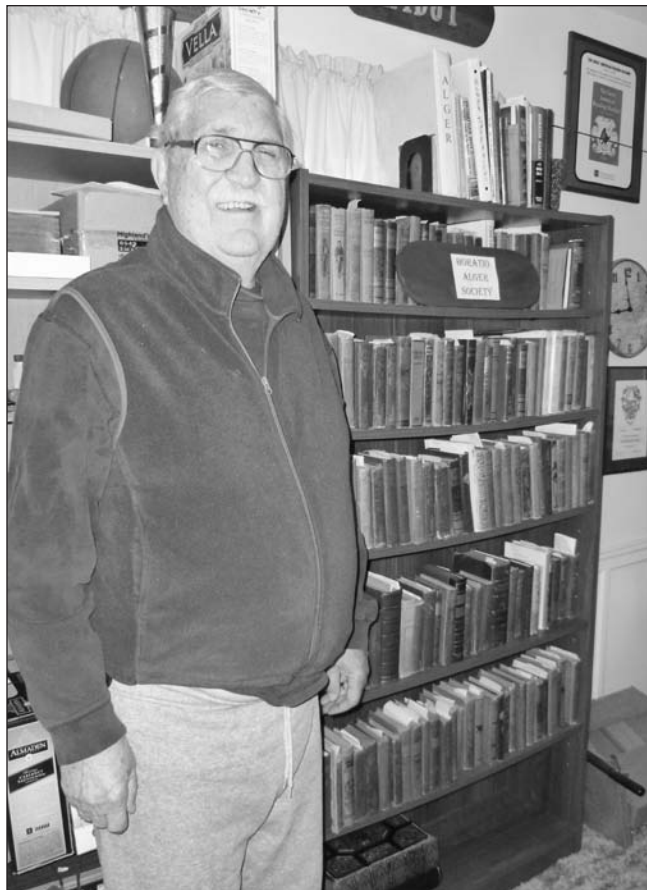
D.Y.: Well, I'm a relatively new collector of your books. In the year 2000, I sold two old Alger books on eBay for my brother-in-law. Shortly after that, I went to the Michigan Book Fair in Lansing, Michigan. I asked a bookseller if he sold any Algers, and standing right behind me was the late Bob Routhier. He asked me if I was collecting Horatio Alger — your books. I said I was thinking about it. Bob Routhier was an enthusiastic promoter of you, Mr. Alger. He took me back to his booth, showed me a copy of Bob Bennett's bibliography of your books, which he called "the bible," told me all about the Horatio Alger Society and I was hooked. I bought 16 books that day and decided to collect them all. I've been a book collector for about 40 years.

H.A.: What do you collect?

D.Y.: I've been collecting Noah Webster, New England Primers and McGuffey readers for a long time. Only recently, I've been collecting modern first editions. All my collections are listed on my website, www.Yarrington.com. I collect a lot of spy thrillers, which I like to read as well. I'm what they call a completist, which means I collect everything an author has written. So I'm always trying to complete my collections. And, of course, your books. After I joined the Horatio Alger Society, I decided to collect all your books, but when I had about 300 of them, I still needed several first editions and it started getting very expensive. So I decided to sell everything but the first editions. So I sold many books at the Society's annual convention where they have an auction every year. Now I have about 100 or so of your first editions, but I know I'll never get them all — too expensive. One of your books sold a while back, for I think over \$20,000.

H.A.: You don't say; my word! Do you have any unusual items?

D.Y.: Well, I have the first **Student and Schoolmate** serializations of *Ragged Dick*, *Rough and Ready* and *Rufus and Rose*. They were published before the books were published. I have an inscribed Noah Webster from 1834. I have a copy



Michigan resident Dave Yarrington has numerous book-collecting interests. He was introduced to the Horatio Alger Society by the late Bob Routhier.

of Pike's arithmetic, the first published in the U.S. I also have two copies of Webster's first dictionary from 1806 and the first grammar published in the U.S. I'm retired now, so I'm selling all my books on my website. My entire library is listed on Librarything.com. I have close to 2,000 books.

H.A.: What's your favorite book of mine?

D.Y.: *Ragged Dick* has to be right up there. I liked the follow-up books as well. I wrote an article about speed reading your books for the **Newsboy** and I used *Ragged Dick* as a practice book.

H.A.: What in the world is speed reading?

D.Y.: It would take too long to explain. Let's just say trying to read fast and still understand what you are reading. Your eyes might be getting too old for that.

H.A.: Do you have any questions for me?

D.Y.: What's the secret to your longevity?

H.A.: Well, good question. I chew my food very well and I

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Editor's notebook

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if you want full details. The lawsuit was brought before the U.S. Circuit Court on Jan. 25, 1889.

Of course, history shows Alger and his publisher never paid any actual civil damages. In his preface dated Oct. 8, 1881, Alger (who was writing under an extremely tight deadline) freely admits to using the previously published work of others: "In this story, which I have made as attractive as I am able, I make no claim to originality. I have made free use of such materials as came within my reach, including incidents and reminiscences made public during last summer ... I take pleasure in acknowledging my obligations to two Lives of Garfield, one by Edmund Kirke, the other by Major J.M. Bundy. Such of my readers as desire a more extended account of the later life of Gen. Garfield, I refer to those well-written and instructive works."

Pachon concludes: "It is true Alger used a good deal of material from 'Kirke's' work, but he cannot be called a plagiarist; the only thing one can impute him with was using very poor judgment and not securing permission of the author for the more extensive use of the material."

Pachon also notes that the author, James A. Gilmore, brought the litigation under the name of his wife, Laura E. Gilmore, as the owner of the copyright and the injured party, which Pachon strikes as odd in that James Gilmore himself "decided to back away from filing this suit." Also, Gilmore's publisher, Harpers, is not listed among the plaintiffs, unusual in a copyright infringement lawsuit, implying Harpers felt the suit had little merit.

A federal Master appointed by the court examined the "accounting for profits" by publisher John Anderson and found that *From Canal Boy to President* netted very little in remuneration to Alger or the publisher. He ruled this "failed to show a profit" finding as legal reason for not proceeding with the case. A final note: the plaintiff is named in the **Brooklyn Eagle** article (at right) as "Gilmour." That spelling is incorrect.

ACCUSED OF PLAGIARISM.

A Lawsuit Growing Out of the Similarity of Two Biographies of Garfield.

In July, 1880, James R. Gilmour, who was at that time living at Bolton, Warren County, N. Y., wrote a life of President Garfield, which was published in the "Franklin Square Library" by Harper & Bros., under the nom de plume of "Edmund Kirk." Gilmour was an intimate friend of the deceased President, and before his nomination he obtained from him facts and documents which he used in his book. The book was published at the commencement of the Presidential canvass and had a large circulation, owing to the fact that it was used as a campaign document. In 1881 John R. Anderson, the publisher, who was issuing at that time a number of juvenile books, made a contract with Horatio Alger, Jr., to write a boys' life of James A. Garfield. Mr. Alger is a popular boys' author, and when "From Canal Boy to President" was published about Christmas it had an extensive sale. In his preface Mr. Alger stated that he had drawn largely for his information from "Edmund Kirk's" "Life of President Garfield" and an extensive campaign sketch written by Major Bundy, editor of the *Mail and Express*.

Two years ago Mr. Gilmour was in Knoxville, Tenn., and one day when he went into a bookstore he saw Mr. Alger's book and bought a copy. To his surprise he discovered that a large portion of his book had been taken bodily and inserted word for word in Mr. Alger's life of the President, although in some instances due credit was given. About a year ago, when Mr. Gilmour went to Lake George to live, he wrote a letter to publisher John R. Anderson, notifying him that the boys' life of Garfield was an infringement on his copyright. Mr. Anderson replied that inasmuch as Mr. Alger had given Mr. Gilmour credit, and as one book was for juveniles and the other for adults, he did not see that the "Canal Boy" was an infringement upon any of his rights. After the exchange of considerable correspondence Mr. Gilmour commenced suit in the United States Circuit Court for an injunction to restrain Mr. Anderson from publishing the book and for damages. United States Commissioner Shields was appointed master to take testimony and yesterday morning the hearing was commenced.

Horatio Alger interviews Dave Yarrington (PF-1050)

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only drink wine when I'm alone or with someone else. How's that?

D.Y.: Wonderful.

H.A.: Anything else?

D.Y.: Well, I should tell you I'm starting my second term as a Director of the Horatio Alger Society, and I believe the

country is more than ready to see an awakening of the philosophy of achieving the American Dream through hard work and perseverance, which your books so admirably exemplify. I just hope the Society can play a big role in continuing to raise an awareness of your books and your philosophy.

H.A.: I'll second that. Thanks, Dave for talking with me.

D.Y.: Thank you!

Another component to the Carl Cantab bibliography

By Peter C. Walther (PF-548)

To Deidre Johnson be the glory and honor, amen!

I can't quite take credit for that alert: it was a paraphrase of the *incipit* of Jack Dizer's article "Early Stratemeyer Writings" that appeared in our sister publication **Dime Novel Round-Up** some years ago. But the shoe fits, and to quote an old saw it doesn't "pinch." Many may not imagine that 19 years is a particularly long time, but none of us will doubt that 160 years is somewhat many more than are allotted to human existence. For those of you who weren't reading **Newsboy** back in 1994, a few words of catch-up might well be in order to enlarge further upon these temporal ramblings.

The November-December 1994 issue carried an article of mine titled "Horatio Alger and the **American Union**." At that time I had been actively canvassing all the issues of the **Union** I could find, looking for Oliver Optic stories. I found many of them, as well as quite a few by "Paul Creyton" (J. T. Trowbridge) and a handful besides by "Carl Cantab" (Horatio Alger, Jr.).

Since at the time editor William R. Gowen was interested in publishing this research project of mine, as well as reprinting as many of the texts as we could locate, I subsequently collected all my notes and wrote the article that appeared in **Newsboy**.

The **American Union**, as some of you may know, was a Boston literary weekly that rose to prominence in 1848 and lasted for something like 30 years. Not only did I list all these Cantab stories but I also was able to retrieve the material itself and sent photocopies along to editor Gowen as time and opportunity permitted. At that time I had discovered a total of nine tales. Seven were republished in the ensuing years in **Newsboy** in coordination with this research topic. It should also be noted that a few of them had appeared quite earlier in **Newsboy** during those years preceding Bill Gowen's incumbency as editor.

Here is the list of the stories and their most recent **Newsboy** incarnations. All were written under the "Carl Cantab" pseudonym except "Aunt Dorothy's Visit," which appeared under Alger's own name:

"Old Simon, The Miser"

(1994: November-December and 2002: November-December)

"Aunt Dorothy's Visit!"

(1995: March-April)

"Mrs. Brown Stout!"

(1995: July-August)

"Mrs. Smith's Soiree"

(1996: March-April)

"The Humpbacked Contributor"

(1997: March-April)

"The Blue Sash!"

(1997: September-October)

"Love In Disguise"

(2003: January-February)

Some years later, having access to Alger's Scrapbook on microfilm, I discovered yet another title that wasn't readily apparent in my earlier research, the reason being that the author as given was not Carl Cantab but by "A New Contributor." Puzzling to say the least, and it was no wonder that I missed it. The story included in said Scrapbook was "The Fourth Of July, And How Joshua Pettibone Spent It." That, too, subsequently appeared in **Newsboy**, but in the next millennium: May-June 2006, to commemorate the Fourth of July festivities the following month.

So there we finally had them: eight Alger stories originally appearing in the **American Union** and brought back for all of us to enjoy many years later in **Newsboy**. But what of those two further missing tales?

Unfortunately, that was exactly what had happened to them. They went missing — "A Boarding House Flirtation!" and "Who Rung The Bell?" The original **American Union** issues that likely carried them (Oct. 1, 1853 and Dec. 10, 1853, respectively) were not available back in the 1990s, and as of this writing they have still not turned up, even though I hammer away at librarians and archivists across the land. It occasionally occurred to me that if I was patient (and lucky) I might possibly yet uncover them in other Massachusetts newspapers or in weeklies from other states, as has happened with a few Oliver Optic stories. However now, with the relentless digitization of newspapers by parent internet organizations throughout the United States, it was only a question of time that with diligence and persistence these stories might indeed yet be found.

As indeed one of them has, thanks of course to Didi Johnson, who found it. This once-missing tale as it has come down to us is "The Misses Scraggs. A Boarding House Sketch," and it was unearthed in the **Salem (N.Y.) Press** issue of Nov. 8, 1853. Editor William E. Graves of the **Union** had originally advertised it as follows:

"'A Boarding House Flirtation!' by Carl Cantab, will be published *entire* on the second page of next week's number. Readers will find it, literally, a choice Story for the Ladies, written in the author's best style."

(Sept. 24, 1853).

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Another component to the Carl Cantab bibliography

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It is to be deduced that if one were looking for this story under said title, then it would most probably never have been forthcoming. Indeed, a short time later, on Oct. 22, 1853, Graves referred to this sketch elsewhere as "'The Misses Scraggs,' a Boarding House Sketch." It is quite conceivable that it appeared as "The Misses Scraggs" in the **American Union** and that its editor on two separate occasions mistakenly referred to it by two separate titles. Apparently, having a senior moment is not a recent phenomenon. I for one am delighted that he corrected himself the second time around and referred to it by its proper name; 160 years is quite a long time to remain dormant, and the "Misses Scraggs" have been in limbo for that long period.

How fortunate we are that Didi Johnson brought this story to my attention and allowed it to be shared in these pages. During her research, not only did she discover this Alger tale for you, but one for me by William T. Adams: Warren T. Ashton's "Fourth Of March," also missing all these multiple decades. How rewarding for me to be able to read and enjoy it after its enforced hiatus of many, many years.

Boarding house life provided literary material for quite a few authors. Of interest to **Newsboy** readers, I may point out Horatio Alger's *Helen Ford*, various sequences in Trowbridge's early novel *Martin Merivale* and two Oliver Optic dialogues for **Student and Schoolmate**: "Genteel Boarders" (October-November 1866) and "A Few Boarders Wanted" (June 1865). I am sure hundreds of further examples could be cited in this context.

Deidre Johnson (PF-596) and James Keeline (PF-898) are master players in this sort of endeavor and have come to my rescue many times. They are good people to have in your corner. Now all we need to discover is "Who Rung the Bell?"

Indeed, who did?

Peter C. Walther, 19 March 2013

As a postscript, at the right is a further list of 11 Alger tales that, although included in the Berch-LeBlanc Bibliography, represent further sightings of these stories in various newspapers that have recently come to light. And yes, this is Didi Johnson's research, not mine. I wonder if she'll do my taxes for me, too? (Berch-LeBlanc listing numbers in parentheses).

"Mrs. Smith's Soiree; or, Keeping Up Appearances" (No. 438)

Bangor [Maine] Daily Whig and Courier
May 11, 1854

"The Pot of Gold; or, The Widow's Stratagem" (No. 512)

Omaha Nebraskan
March 24, 1858

"Marrying at Cross Purposes; or, What Might Happen" (No. 365)

Dover [N.H.] Gazette and Strafford Advertiser
May 8, 1858

"A Shocking Bad Hat; or, The Test of Independence" (No. 566)

Wooster [Ohio] Republican
Jan. 12, 1854

"Sold for Cash. A Tale Of Tight Times" (No. 574)

Washington [Pa.] Reporter
Dec. 9, 1857

"The Elite of Elltown; or, Fashionables vs. Factory Girls" (No. 163)

Columbian [New Haven, Conn.] Register
Sept. 2, 1854

"Learning to Be an Editor" (No. 326)

Syracuse Daily Standard
Nov. 4, 1854

"Advertising For A Wife; or, The Red And White Rose. From A Bachelor's Notebook" (No. 5)

Brooklyn Daily Eagle
Dec. 27, 1853

"The Widow's Stratagem" (same as "The Pot Of Gold," above???)

Waterville [N.Y.] Times
June 5, 1858

"The Troublesome Neighbor" (No. 637)

Cayuga [Auburn, N.Y.] Chief
August 16, 1853

"Mated at Last" (No. 369)

Geneva [N.Y.] Courier
November 22, 1854

A Story for the Ladies

From the American Union

The Misses Scraggs.

A Boarding House Sketch.

BY CARL CANTAB

CHAPTER I

The Misses Scraggs were ladies of a very uncertain age. Letitia called herself twenty-three, and Sophronia twenty-two, but if there is any truth in figures, not to say faces, theirs indicated that both were on the shady side of thirty.

Their father was a professional man, dependent for his support upon the income derived from his profession. His wife had long been dead and his family consisted only of the two *young* ladies I have mentioned. When he died, which happened at the time my story commences, the Misses Scraggs, having nothing left in the way of property but the house in which they were born and had since resided, were forced to look out for some occupation that would supply them with daily bread.

Before going farther let me give a brief description of the Misses Scraggs as they appeared when seated in the afternoon in the old-fashioned sitting-room, waiting for visitors. Personally they did not belie their names. They were without doubt *Scraggy*. Pinched features and a pursed up mouth, a long neck and perpendicular form, were the chief characteristics of the twain. As to temper they were most certainly not entitled to the epithets “gentle” or “doveline.” I think I would sooner compare them to the domestic animal said to be an especial favorite with “old maids.”

With such a galaxy of attractions it may seem passing strange to the thoughtful reader that they were left to pine away in single blessedness “ungathered roses upon the ancestral tree,” as Holmes styles it. Undoubtedly they would have changed their situation in life long before the date of my narrative if they had had a chance; a reason which I presume will be considered sufficient by the majority of my readers. This I dare say, notwithstanding each of the ladies was in the habit of dropping mysterious hints about their own happiness for the sake of remaining at home to cheer the declining years of their pa.

This story was first published in the Boston American Union on Oct. 1, 1853. It subsequently appeared in various local newspapers, including the Salem (N.Y.) Press, Vol IV, No. 26, on Tuesday, Nov. 8, 1853, which is the source for this first publication in Newsboy, and likely the first time “The Misses Scraggs” has appeared in print after nearly 160 years.

I believe I have sufficiently delineated the characters of the two Misses Scraggs, who in every respect, mind, features, and disposition were as like as two peas.

The funeral rites had been duly performed, and the Misses Scraggs made their appearance in the mourning dresses of black bombazine, to show how deeply they were affected by their late loss.

But it would not do to let sorrow “like a worm in the bud prey on their damask cheeks.” Worldly thoughts forced their entrance, and they were obliged to consider what was to be done.

“Have you formed any plans for the future, Letitia?” asked her younger sister one evening. “We must find some employment.”

“I don’t know,” said Letitia, shaking her head. “There isn’t much for women to do. We might do sewing, but we should have to work all the time, and not make a living at that.”

“Teaching?” suggested Sophronia.

“I wouldn’t do it for any money,” said the other resolutely. “I don’t like children and I never did. I wouldn’t have the brats in the house, tramping over the carpets and running round the house making racket enough to raise the neighborhood.”

“Well. There’s one other thing we can do — take boarders.”

“Boarders? Well, yes. I don’t know but we might do that. There’s something in it worth considering. In the first place it’s more respectable, and it wouldn’t require us to work so hard, again —”

“What, sister?” inquired Sophronia, seeing that she hesitated.

“Why, I was going to say — that is — you know, now that father’s dead, it wouldn’t be so disagreeable to us to get married now, and of we should have any single gentleman boarders they might propose, you know.”

“That’s true,” answered Sophronia, her face lighting up. “I didn’t think of that, but as we are, as you say, left alone in the world there is no reason why we should refuse offers. How shall we let it be known that we wish to take boarders?”

“O, advertise by all means. Get pen and ink, and I’ll draw up an advertisement now, for there’s no time to be lost.”

Writing materials were procured, and Miss Letitia seated herself to the task. Not being used to writing it took her some time.

“How will this do?” she asked at length, at the same time reading the following.

“BOARDERS — A few boarders can be accommodated at the dwelling house of the late Dr. Scraggs. The situation is pleasant and central, and every effort will be made to please such as choose to avail themselves of this chance of procuring a pleasant boarding-place. Address Misses

(Continued on Page 10)

The Misses Scraggs

(Continued from Page 9)

Letitia and Sophronia Scraggs by mail or otherwise.”

“That will do capitally. O, it takes you, sister,” said Miss Sophronia. “But wouldn’t it be best to add a postscript, ‘Single gentleman preferred?’”

“Very good,” said Letitia emphatically. “I’ll do it.”

And it was done accordingly, and the advertisement inserted till forbidden, in a suitable newspaper. For the result of this plan, we must refer the reader to a conversation which took place between the sisters, two months afterwards.

CHAPTER II

“Well, sister,” said the younger, “I think our plan has succeeded very well. We’ve got six boarders, including a gentleman and his wife, two single gentlemen and two ladies.”

“Yes, so we have, and the only improvement I would suggest is that they might all be single gentlemen.” “But then, sister — la! I can’t help shuddering at the idea — if that was the case, and two or three of them should happen to fall in love with one of us, something dreadful might happen.”

“To be sure, but we could not help that, you know.”

We shall take the liberty to mention the names of the Misses Scraggs’ boarders. There were Mr. and Mrs. Pomeroy, the latter an invalid, the former wealthy and therefore unconnected with any business. Mrs. Sara Tarbell, a young lady of twenty-five, who was embarked in a dress making line, and Miss Mary Davenport, a young lady three or four years younger, who having no relations, and being obliged to board somewhere, thought she could do no better than become an inmate of the Misses Scraggs’ establishment.

The gentlemen deserve mention in a separate paragraph. Captain Fitz Gibbons, an officer on half-pay, who was by no means averse to narrate the “incidents by flood and field” through which his military experience had led him, was flanked on the other side of the table by Mr. Andrew Farrington, a clerk with good salary, in a large mercantile establishment.

Such was the boarding establishment of the Misses Scraggs. We may now pursue the conversation.

“I think,” said Letitia, “that I shall set my cap for Captain Fitz Gibbons.”

“And I for Mr. Farrington.”

“Yes, that will do nicely.”

“I think, Letitia, that the Captain is already struck with you.”

“What makes you think so?” was the eager inquiry.

“I noticed when he passed the salt to you at dinner today, he winked at you.”

“Winked at me!” said the indignant spinster.

“Well, no. I don’t mean winked — cast an expressive glance.”

“Yes,” said Letitia, mollified by this view of the case; “that may have been so, and I, for my part thought I heard Mr. Farrington sigh, and directly afterwards he looked at you.”

“You don’t say so,” said Sophronia in a state of gratified excitement, gently rubbing her hands, “you don’t say so. Wouldn’t it be funny, though, Letitia, if they should marry us?”

“I don’t see anything funny about it — I think it would be perfectly proper and natural,” said the more sedate elder spinster.

Thus matters proceeded. Without intending it the two spinsters exhibited their partiality on all occasions for the favored suitors — those at least which they hoped would prove such. Letitia took particular care to help Capt. Fitz Gibbons first, and to the best the table afforded, while Sophronia attended quite as promptly to the wants of Mr. Farrington. Indeed, I am of opinion that the rest of the boarders were, without knowing it, indebted to the presence of those gentlemen for the many little niceties which otherwise would never have appeared on the table.

“How are we getting on, Letitia?” inquired the younger sister one day. “Has Capt. Fitz Gibbons proposed yet?”

“Certainly not. No man of delicacy would after so short an acquaintance. But he asked if I wouldn’t go to the theatre with him one evening.”

“Of course you said no.”

“Of course I didn’t. Why should I?”

“I thought you didn’t approve of theatres.”

“No more I don’t. But it wouldn’t be fair to condemn a thing without seeing it,” said Letitia, with an extraordinary assumption of liberality. “How are you getting along?”

“Mr. Farrington asked me whether I ever attended concerts. I told him I did whenever I could obtain an escort. He looked a little confused, and then said if I could do no better he would go with me some evening. I told him I would be delighted to go.”

“Well, that looks favorable. But Sophronia, there’s one thing I’m uneasy about. I think the Captain takes altogether too much notice of Susan Tarbell. The pert, conceited minx. Anybody that would fancy her must have a strange kind of taste.”

“Now you’ve mentioned it Letitia. I’ll tell you what I have thought. It seems to me that Mary Davenport is doing all she can to attract the notice of Mr. Farrington. She’s a good for nothing hussy, and if it wasn’t for losing three dollars a week board, I’d tell her so. I should think she’d be ashamed of herself.”

“They’re artful creatures, both of them. I knew it from the first moment I set eyes on them,” returned Miss Letitia, “and I hope the gentlemen will have more sense than to take any notice of ’em. Well, they say it takes all sort of people to make a world, and I expect it’s the same with a boarding house. At any rate, if I find them playing off any of their artful tricks, I’ll settle ’em. See if I don’t.”

Any one who had seen Miss Letitia Scraggs’ countenance at that moment would not doubt that she would keep her word

to the letter. It was expressive of the the most determined resolution.

Susan Tarbell and Mary Davenport roomed together. They had been confidential friends previous to their meeting at the Misses Scraggs' establishment, and as such, were wont to communicate their feelings unreservedly to each other.

"Did you ever see such ridiculous creatures as the Misses Scraggs?" asked the former, as they sat together about a week after their entrance as boarders. "In the first place they are perfect scarecrows, and yet I verily believe they expect to entrap Capt. Fitz Gibbons and Mr. Farrington into a declaration."

"You don't say so," said her friend, "that would indeed be the height of absurdity. But what makes you think so?"

"O, straws show which way the wind blows, and their starched smirks and would-be gracious looks and pointed attentions to the two gentlemen are not meant for nothing, I assure you."

"Well, I thought they looked unusually silly whenever they looked at them, but I didn't think it meant anything."

"Trust me, for that, my dear. I'm a little older than you, and have been considerably more of the world. If you want further proof, don't you remember Miss Letitia offered the Captain the third slice of pie at supper tonight, while we didn't have the offer of more than one?"

"Yes, I do remember it."

"And that isn't all. Every day they are helped first and to the nicest parts, while we have to wait till afterwards. Not that I think they are to blame at all — the gentlemen, I mean — on the contrary I like them, but I think the Misses Scraggs are making fools of themselves."

"So do I, and I for one should like to out general them."

"How?"

"By monopolizing the attention of the gentlemen, and making them bite their lips in vexation."

"I declare that's a good idea. I'll set my cap for Capt. Fitz Gibbons."

"And I for Mr. Farrington. 'Lord, how the old maids will squirm. They'll look cross enough, I have no doubt, to turn cream sour if they ever supplied us with any, but there's no danger about their sky-blue milk — it isn't strong enough to turn sour.'"

The young ladies at once commenced operations, by looking as fascinating as possible at the table. And exerting themselves to be social and good humored. Their plan succeeded in arousing the jealousy of the Misses Scraggs as they anticipated. They were quite furious, and none the less so, because the fear of losing their boarders obliged them to conceal their vexation. Their fury was brought to a climax when the two gentlemen carried the two lady boarders to the opera, without even inviting the Misses Scraggs.

CHAPTER III

"When Greek meets Greek, then comes the fog of war."

We have thus introduced to the reader's attention two sets of combatants, on one side Misses Letitia and Sophronia

Scraggs — on the other the two boarders: both resolved on victory.

The Misses Scraggs didn't venture to exhibit their enmity openly. Nevertheless, they contrived to exhibit it in various ways. For instance, one night Letitia only put half as much sweetening as usual into Miss Tarbell's cup of tea.

"I'll thank you for the sugar," remarked that lady after sipping her tea and finding it quite unsatisfactory. "I don't approve of bitters, for my part."

"I thought," said Letitia, in a tone of affected softness, but which, nevertheless was tremulous with fury, "I thought that you considered yourself sweet enough without any additional sweetening."

"So she is," said the Captain with gallantry, a speech which he certainly would not have made if he had known what a concealed storm it gave rise to the tranquil bosom of Miss Scraggs, which certainly was not diminished by Miss Tarbell's reply.

"If that is the rule, *some folks* would have to spend a fortune, and not sweeten themselves after all."

"That is a fact," said Mr. Farrington, laughing, for he, poor man, didn't know that this shot was aimed at any one in particular.

"La," said Sophronia, "how witty we all are tonight."

"You do yourself injustice, my dear Miss Scraggs," said Mary Davenport, sarcastically. "I'm sure no one will bring such a charge against you."

"He! He! He!" laughed Sophronia, scornfully, "there it is again. Really I shan't dare to say a word again. Miss Davenport is so funny. I advise you to be careful, gentlemen," turning towards them, "nobody is safe in the presence of such experienced shots."

"The ladies are all, I believe, well versed in the use of Cupid's artillery," said the Captain, with his usual gallantry.

The Misses Scraggs smiled, for here was a compliment in which they could share.

"Really, Captain, said Letitia, simpering, "you really are too hard upon us."

"By no means," said Mr. Farrington, following his friend's suit. "I'll wager there isn't a lady present but has pierced a dozen hearts."

The Misses Scraggs were very much gratified. They tried to look as if they would like to deny the charge, but couldn't consistent with truth, while the lady boarders appropriated the whole compliment to themselves, thinking that the Misses Scraggs were only included out of courtesy. So the tea-table storm blew over after all.

It was about a month after this occurrence that Miss Letitia Scraggs in passing the parlor-door thought she heard the sound of voices.

Curiosity being from time immemorial the foible of the female sex, Miss Scraggs could not for her life help stop-

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The Misses Scraggs

(Continued from Page 11)

ping to listen.

What was her consternation when she found it was Capt. Fitz Gibbons holding a conversation with Miss Tarbell. The tones were low, but curiosity sharpened Letitia's hearing, and she heard the following words:

"Dear Susan, how blest I am in your love. From the first moment I saw you I loved you."

"But," said Susan rather mischievously, "there was a time when I thought you were held captive by the charms of our oldest hostess, the amiable and attractive Letitia."

Miss Scraggs leaned forward more anxiously to hear the reply.

"Letitia Scraggs! I would as soon marry a hyena, as such a compound of stiff virginity."

Miss Scraggs moved safely away with her anger up to boiling point.

"He's a regular double-distilled villain, and she's a hussy. O, the jade."

With this benevolent expression, Miss Letitia left the house, thinking a short walk might cool her fevered brow and soften down the intensity of her feelings. When she returned, her sister asked her facetiously:

"How does the dear Captain do, Letitia?"

"Don't mention the villain's name to me again. He's gone and proposed to that minx, Susan Tarbell. I heard him."

"It isn't possible," ejaculated her sister, in surprise. "Well, he must have a queer taste."

"And there's another thing I can tell you."

"What is it. Tell me quick."

"I met Mr. Farrington and Miss Davenport together, I pretended not to know them till they spoke, and then said, 'O, is it you? I didn't expect to see you here. Well, I *am* surprised.'"

"How did they look?"

"They blushed and said it was a fine evening."

Letitia with a savage delight, for misery loves company, watched the darkening brow of her younger sister.

But Sophronia was destined to have her feelings wounded yet more severely.

Mary Davenport entered the room, appearing desirous to say something but not knowing how to begin.

"You've had a pleasant walk, haven't you?" said Sophronia, crastily.

"Exceedingly. The evening is very beautiful."

"You went — ahem — alone, I suppose?"

"No; Mr. Farrington accompanied me."

"Very polite in him."

"Yes, I suppose so."

"I suppose you will be going out every evening now."

"If it rains very hard, I don't think I shall."

"O, Mr. Farrington can get a carriage, in that case."

"Well, if he chooses to go to that trouble, I will not disappoint him by a refusal."

"Times have changed since *I* was a girl, that's certain. It wasn't considered *proper* at *that time* for a gentleman and lady to walk and ride together constantly unless they were engaged or married."

"I don't know how it may have been twenty or thirty years ago, but it is considered quite proper now."

"Do you mean to say," said Miss Letitia sharply, "that it is twenty or thirty years since I was a girl?"

"Really, Miss Scraggs, how suddenly you take me up. I didn't say so, did I?"

"Miss Davenport," said the lady, wrought up to a pleasant little excitement. I shall be obliged to you and your friend Miss Tarbell, if you would prepare another boarding place after this week. I did not intend, in the first place, to take any lady boarders, and experience has assured me that it will be best to abide by my first intention."

"That is just what I was going to say to you," was the unmoved reply, "about leaving, I mean. As Mr. Farrington and I are intending to be married Saturday — and I believe Capt. Fitz Gibbons and Susan intend to be united at the same time — we shall both keep house, and therefore shall terminate our board at that time."

"Do you mean to say that you and Mr. Farrington are to be married?"

"Certainly, is there any objection?"

"Of course not; you will be well matched, and we shall be glad to get rid of you. If you could accommodate yourself elsewhere, it will be a relief."

When the spinsters were left to themselves, the stoical Letitia paced the room with long strides and compressed lips. Her more sensitive sister burst into tears.

"Don't be a fool," Sophronia. "For my part I always thought Capt. Fitz Gibbons was a rascal, and now I know it. I shan't break my heart for him."

"Nor I for Mr. Farrington," said Sophronia, plucking up spirit. "I wouldn't marry a fool, and if he hadn't been one he wouldn't have married that homely, ill-natured, stuck-up minx."

"That's right; there's plenty more better than either."

At the supper-table, the Misses Scraggs talked very fast and laughed very loud, by way of showing their concern.

The Misses Scraggs have now kept a boarding-house for ten years. Their advertisement still reads, "Single gentlemen preferred," but, strange to say, they are still unmarried, and likely to remain so for the space of their natural lives. So true it is in the words of Gray —

*"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its fragrance in the desert air."*

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37852 Piggott House Place
Purcellville, VA 20132
E-mail: DimeNovelRoundup@aol.com
Marlena is the new editor of *Dime Novel Round-Up*

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The Holiday Inn Express in Greenwood, Indiana.

'Race to Indy'

(Continued from Page 3)

bookstores and antique stores/malls, will be provided with your registration materials in the hospitality room upon arrival.

A little-known fact regarding the Indianapolis Motor Speedway is that the first race on that track was a motorcycle race in 1909. Multiple auto races soon followed in the same year, and the first Indianapolis 500 was held in 1911. The **Newsboy** cover image is reported to be of the starting line of that first 1909 motorcycle race. I wonder if one of the contestants was named Tom Swift?

Wendy and I are looking forward to seeing all of you at the 2013 H.A.S. "Race to Indy" convention the weekend of May 2-5. Rev your engines!



One of the elegant dining rooms at Panzarotti's Hamilton House restaurant, location of the Friday night dinner during the H.A.S. convention

BOOK REVIEW

Edward Stratemeyer: *Holiday Stories for Boys*. Annotated and edited by James D. Keeline (PF-898). San Diego, CA: 24 Palmer Street Press. 263 Pages, plus introduction and acknowledgements. Illustrated; hardcover with dust jacket, or paperback. Layout, introduction and annotations ©2012 by James D. Keeline. Dust jacket design by Kimberlee Keeline. Available at www.lulu.com/spotlight/24PalmerStreet. Hardcover, \$24.99; paperback, \$14.99.

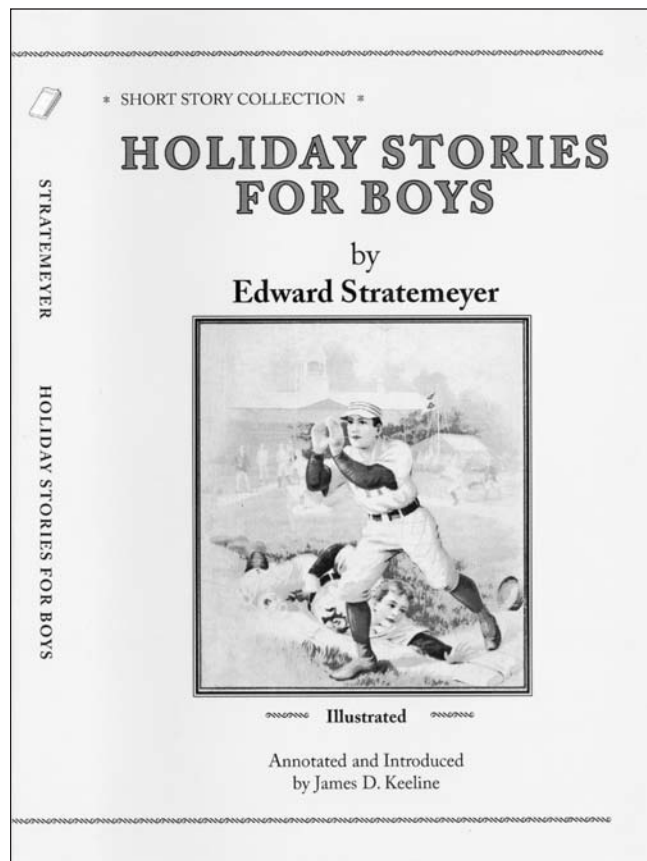
Reviewed by William R. Gowen (PF-706)

The second of James D. Keeline's projected series of editions containing early works of Edward Stratemeyer (1862-1930), *Holiday Stories for Boys* contains a collection of short stories published between 1891 and 1899 in **The Sunday Call** of Newark, New Jersey, along with three earlier stories from the 1881-1883 period.

In my review in the May-June 2012 **Newsboy** of the first volume in this series by Keeline's 24 Palmer Street Press, *Victor Horton's Idea* (Stratemeyer's first commercially issued book-length story, from 1889), I noted this ongoing series falls into five main categories: (1) story paper serials never issued as books; (2) dime novel stories never issued as books; (3) short story collections; (4) scarce books; and (5) unpublished manuscripts. Coming up next will be a unique Stratemeyer creation from the fifth category: a science fiction/adventure novel titled *Beyond the Edge of the World*, described by Keeline as "written in the style of H. Rider Haggard or Jules Verne." Containing newly commissioned artwork, this 400-page book should be available to readers later this spring.

Now ... on to the volume at hand. *Holiday Stories for Boys* contains half of the 26 Stratemeyer short stories that saw publication in **The Sunday Call** in the 1890s. The 26 original stories usually appeared near a major holiday, thus this collection's title. In fact, *Holiday Stories for Boys* was the title proposed by Stratemeyer himself when he attempted to sell the collection as a book to two publishers, McLoughlin Brothers in 1905, and to his major publisher, Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, in 1909. Both attempts were unsuccessful. So, this edition is the first time these stories have appeared in print in more than a century. Collected in this first of a hoped-for two volumes, they present a chance to read and compare a significant body of Stratemeyer's early writing.

Most of these stories appear under Stratemeyer's own name, except for "Polly's Scheme," written under the "Edna Phillips" pseudonym, and "A Double Danger," appearing as by "E. L. Stratemeyer." Neither, however, is among the 13 **Newark Sunday Call** stories in this



volume. By the way, "E. L. Stratemeyer" is noted by Keeline as erroneous, because according to the author's daughter Harriet Stratemeyer Adams, Edward had no middle name nor middle initial.

The three non-**Sunday Call** stories added to this collection are important. First, there is "Dick's Composition," a very brief story written by Edward at age 14 and published in the Christmas 1883 edition of **The Experiment**, a New Bedford, Massachusetts-based amateur story paper. Reproduced with this story is a photocopy of first page of that issue (Volume 1, Number 2), in which the adult Edward Stratemeyer has handwritten in the left margin "The first, written when I was about 14 years old."

Another of this trio of early stories is "Harry's Trial," published by Stratemeyer in the January 1883 debut issue of his short-lived — though professional looking — monthly story paper **Our American Boys**, its three issues produced by Edward from his home in Elizabeth, New Jersey. "Harry's Trial" uses the "Ed Ward" pen name.

The third early story comes from the **New Jersey Herald** issue of October 1881: "Letters from Nicodemus Tanner. His Experience with a Bicycle." It was written anonymously, but the copy was owned and notated by the Stratemeyer family and it concerns a subject (cycling) about which Stratemeyer wrote a number of

dime novel stories under his "Jimmy" pen name for Street & Smith.

The stories appearing in **The Sunday Call** cover a wide variety of topics, including adventure stories, outdoor stories such as camping, hiking and ice-boating, and baseball. The final story published in the newspaper, "Lost in a Volcano Crater" (January 22, 1899) contains cultural and geographical information provided to Edward from his half-brother, George Stratemeyer (1853-1909), who had moved to Honolulu. Edward also used Hawaii as a setting for other stories, including *Off for Hawaii*, published as a book by Mershon in 1899.

Two of **The Sunday Call** stories, "A Lucky Explosion, or The Fowler Boys' Fortune and What Came of It" (July 3, 1892), and "On Sam's Point, or A Double Adventure" (Aug. 14, 1892), were republished in Stratemeyer's own boys' story paper **Bright Days** four years later under the alternate titles "The Fowler Boys' Fourth" (July 1896) and "A Double Adventure" (June 1896), which the author edited for a younger readership. Keeline has included both versions of the two stories for comparison.

Assembling and editing this book was not easy. In 1997, Keeline sent me photocopies of 12 of the stories, which he and fellow researcher Deidre A. Johnson (PF-596) retrieved that year from the microfilmed **Sunday Call**

archive at the Newark Public Library. The stories were printed from the microfilm directly onto high-quality 11x17-inch paper; but in most cases, the microfilm's emulsion was damaged (much the same as old movies that have been projected too many times), and the resulting printouts contain many vertical scratch lines, which made transcribing the text difficult. James and his wife, Kim, spent many, many hours in this process. It is hoped a follow-up collection will include those stories that were either missing from the Newark Public Library files, or which are partially illegible in the extant printouts.

Holiday Stories for Boys is profusely illustrated with more than 50 period drawings, paintings, photographs and maps, annotated and thematically related to the stories and taken from story papers and books of the time (the original **Sunday Call** stories were not illustrated).

The dust jacket of the hardcover version and front cover of the paperback edition (designed by Kim Keeline) feature a chromolithograph baseball scene typical of the plot found in Stratemeyer's June 30, 1895 story "Proving His Worth: A Fourth of July Story for Boys," on pages 144-158 of this collection. This illustration of a boy sliding into a base is taken from the Stratemeyer Syndicate's *Donald Dare, Champion Boy Pitcher*, a book for younger readers published by Graham & Matlack in 1917.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Bill:

I am preparing a letter for **Firsts** magazine's "Points" column. This will concern the books published by Appleton in the 1920s and early '30s which appear to be first editions, with corresponding title page/copyright dates and the (1) on the last page of the text. The ones I am concerned with, however, have Appleton-Century at the heel of the spine, with copyrights before 1934.

My theory is that Appleton printed X number of copies, along with the dust jackets, but only used Y number, placing the unbound copies in storage. As they approached the merger with Century, the unbounds were discovered and listed as assets. After the merger, these sheets were bound, wuth with the Appleton-Century liogo on the spine. In the case of series books, some regard was given to the original cloth colors, but as far as I have observed, they never quite matched. The jackets, however, are 100 percent Appleton, indicating they were printed for the initial run and never used.

Book dealers don't seem to recognize the fact that Appleton was not using the A-C logo before the merge

in 1933. Even when informed, they are loath to change their listings, obviously thinking their customers will not recognize the difference. I believe these volumes should be designated as "first edition, second state," as the bindings were clearly added following the Appleton merger with Century.

I encourage members of the Society to check their collections, and if you have any of these books, please let me know the author, title and cloth color. I don't think you need to check Barbour or Heyliger; Appleton had no trouble with their sales. But Howard Garis, Fitzhugh Green, John Murray Reynolds and Earl Reed Silvers should be checked, as I have some by each of those authors. There may be others, so check any obscure titles you may have. I have seven, and know of another (by Graham Dean), but I'd like as many examples as possible. My MAD update is slowly taking shape, and should include detailed information on at least a dozen new series. More on that later.

Sincerely,
Bart J. Nyberg (PF-879)
4657 Mason St.
Omaha, NE 68106
E-mail: lewarcher@aol.com

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