



Crawford 2387

# The American Gem.

—A MONTHLY AMATEUR JOURNAL.—

“QUALITY AND QUANTITY.”

VOL. 2.

ST. LOUIS, MO., JANUARY, 1900.

No. 10.

## UNDER THE ZAMIAS.

A Picture of the Prehistoric World.

**B**Y the side of a deep, loathesome marsh, where poisonous vapors were constantly exhaled, and where rich mosses encroached upon the surface of slimy pits, a myriad of dragonflies and great bright-winged insects sported amid the palm-like leaves of the Zamias. Occasionally, from the surface of the marsh, arose the frog-like head of a huge salamander, croaking swiftly in deep, swishing notes, then dropping beneath the ooze.

A short distance aside from the cluster of Zamias rose the aerial roots of a Pandanus, topped by an over-shadowed trunk, from the upper foliage of which hung clusters of globular fruit. Ensconced in a friendly division of the limbs, sat a small animal, opossum-like in shape, enjoying hugely his fruit dinner, and entirely oblivious of the fact that he and his brothers were the only warm-blooded creatures of that vague and wonderful time.

Having completed his meal, the little (shall I give the name?) Phascolotherium slowly slid down to the propping roots, and, looking apprehensively across to the miasmatic fog arising from the lagoon, without seeing trace of a hungry foe, leaped to the ground, and hopped over the luxuriant turf. Under the clump of

Zamias the little creature—no larger than a cat—paused, looked fearfully around, and then trembled violently.

On the edge of the lagoon a strange apparition had emerged suddenly from the water. First, a pair of jaws four feet in length; then a long, armor-plated body, followed by a great reach of tail. Fixing its enormous eyes upon the cowering Marsupial, the monster of the Jurassic marshes, all glistening with slime, advanced toward the outer shadow of the Zamias.

As it approached, a heavy splash was heard coming from the direction beyond the Crocodile-Lizard's center of attraction. A strong, musky odor assailed the air. The little animal between was stupefied with fear: his bright eyes seeming unable to withdraw from the nearing Saurian. But as the new sounds emerged from the muddy shallows, and the tread of ponderous footfalls drew near, the Marsupial felt a sudden hope. The eyes of the Lizard had drawn from its tiny prey, and were piercing the reeking atmosphere for the something which was beyond. Relieved of the awful fascination the hunted creature scurried away into the shelter of a hollow tree.

He had barely disappeared when a massive bulk came more fully into view, and, opening its jaws slightly, emitted a tremendous roaring hiss. The newcomer was a Lizard like its predecessor, but even more terrible in

its characteristics. Fully fifty feet in length, and ten feet in height, it carried a head like a turtle's, rising from a smooth, mottled breast with all the pride of a lion's. From the back of its head, along the whole length of body and tail, a series of rough plates and spines furnished a fearful defense.

The Land-Lizard and the Water-Lizard, both uttering awful hisses, advanced rapidly into the open center of the clump of Zamias. Instantly the mighty combatants met, surging the heavy air with their thick notes of defiance. Powerful claws hooked with tremendous force into tough carapaces. Tearing, hissing, grating, roaring, their leviathan hulks shook and twisted, trembling the soft marsh-land into a whirlwind of vegetable mold, in their prodigious efforts to reach an assailable spot.

The six-foot gape of the Water-Lizard snapped repeatedly and vainly upon the armored hide of its adversary. The Land-Saurian dropped and lifted its poisonous spines in a furious rage. One dart of those spear-like points would annihilate an enemy with their deadly venom. Then, throwing its enormous bulk into the air, tons upon tons of solid flesh somersaulted fairly, aimed to drop upon the smaller foe. But the latter was far too agile to receive that pinning, crushing weight. Darting aside with one muscular spring, it landed several feet away, as the antagonist struck into the soft earth, clinging there for an instant by its buried spines. Now was the moment for favorable action. Rebounding from its retreat, the smaller Lizard clicked its lightning jaws, and drew a spout of blood from the prostrate giant's throat.

With one unearthly roar the wounded foe rolled from the slimy wallow. Discharging a volume of gaseous, suffocating breath, that boomed like thunder through the Jurassic swamps,

it charged impetuously into the deadly combat. Rearing and dashing: uprooting giant trees from their soft clutchings, the quaking demons locked, and tore at each others vitals: the ponderous carcass of one beating its claws relentlessly against the lacerated scales of the other.

And while the bellowing Titans crushed and mangled, a hurricane of the external and internal elements poured forth upon the scene of battle. Seething and glaring with the heavily charged atmosphere of vapor and electricity, the storm burst in all the fury of primeval violence. Chaos and blinding light: earthquake and belching steam: upheaval of the lagoon: and of a sudden the entire scene was broken and buried in resistless flood: while the monsters that fought but a moment ago were lost in the unfathomable depths of a battered and submerged swamp.

WILLIS EDWIN HURD.

## SUBSCRIBE! SUBSCRIBE!

Written for The American Gem.

### WHAT SHALL I WRITE ABOUT?

THE above question invariably confronts the young amateur writer. What shall I write about? Naturally he wishes to make a "bit," and get his name before the world of amateurs. How to do this is the question.

There are a good many kinds of stories, among which the most detestable are the sensational, turned out by some would-be Diamond Dick or Fred Fearnot, and containing the ever present "boy hero." This extraordinary young man passes through untold experiences and, weaponless, defends himself against thirty or forty burly ruffians, rescues from death some stray maiden, falls heir to a large fortune and, marrying his

"heart's idol," lives happily ever after. If a writer wishes notoriety this is the way to get it: Write one of the "boy hero" stories. Of course there are exceptions. With sufficient skill on the author's part he may write a reasonable story and yet have a boy hero: but as there are so many other ways, let the Fred Fearnots turn out these gems (?) of literature.

The next, and one of the best, class of stories is the smooth, straightforward, quiet story that does not curdle the reader's blood and in which the writer does not produce a tangled mystery which is never unraveled. Relate some incident in everyday life, with a few touches to brighten it up, and you have a nice quiet story that will cast "Jack Harlem's Task; or, A Fight for Honor," in the shade.

Another kind of tales is the dreamy kind that soothes the nerves, and is so quiet, dreamy, weird and sleepy that the reader is charmed and only awakes at the end of the story.

Still another form, the kind that are so old they fairly smell musty and in which the terms are old-fashioned and recall the many pleasant memories of the past: tales of the lives of our forefathers, that are within the bounds of reason.

Another type is the highly imaginative story that carries the reader into another world, the writer's mind soaring into the realms of fancy. This is a very fascinating kind with the general character of the writings of Jules Verne. The best example of this class of writing I have seen in Amateuria is "Into The Solar Flames," by W. E. Hurd. This style, to be as it should, requires much care and an active imagination, seldom met with.

The story whose scene is in a foreign land usually "takes" and with a few touches of dialect, a tale can be made presentable. Yet dialect is a difficult

tool and one must possess rare ability to obtain complete mastery of it. Good examples of these last two classes are the productions of W. H. Greenfield.

But the class of articles most beneficial to literature in general is what is generally known as "solid matter." The solid article can be of two kinds: the first is a good account or the writer's personal opinion of affairs in Amateuria. A good reasonable argument on some issue at hand is worth more than all the "blood and thunder" tales ever published. Again, an author can take up some national issue or current question, and, discussing it, can produce an article worthy of publication.

Above all, fellow amateurs, avoid the sensational stories painted in gaudy colors, those that have sent many victims to the madhouse. The welfare of Amateur Journalism demands that the adventures of "Tim Toggs, the Boy Detective," and all such should find no space in an amateur magazine.

Yours amateurly,  
ROY MARSHALL.

#### FLOWER AND STALK.

The winds sigh low, in monotone,  
Across the sparkling summer sea:  
The scent of violets full-blown,  
Drifts from the woodland aisles to me.

They bound her white and virgin  
brow  
When she bent, smiling with delight,  
Above the daisy blooms, where now  
No bud nor blossom meets the sight.

The winds sigh low, in monotone,  
Across the sparkling summer sea.  
'Mid the dead stalks I stand, alone:  
My love comes never back to me.

WILLIAM JAMES CLEMENCE.



Entered for the U. A. P. A. Poet Laureateship.

### THE WALKERS OF THE NIGHT.

Like spectral shadows of the dead,  
'Mid fitful glare of gloomy ways,  
Where Vice uprears its ghastly head,  
Concealed, unvisited by love-lit rays,  
There tattered men and women pass  
With eyes that gleam unnatural light.  
No hope, no love the great world has  
For them—the walkers of the night.

Where gutters brim with filthy slime,  
Perhaps one falls to rise no more,  
A soul bewrecked by ceaseless crime  
Seeks mercy on the other shore.  
Yet oft', how peaceful is the clay,  
How calm and fair the features white,  
When 'neath the beam of radiant day  
Are seen the walkers of the night.

The haggard, careworn faces peer,  
From 'neath the mask of hat or shawl,  
And down the cheeks perhaps a tear  
May glide at some fond, sweet recall,  
For as with faltering steps and slow,  
They wander clothed in Misery's  
blight,  
The thought of friends of long ago  
May touch the walkers of the night.

Oh, could their stories all be told,  
Could one but write the burning lines,  
Disclosing idols, bought and sold,  
And hearts as torn as gale swept vines.  
Ah! could the world then pass them  
by,  
With bleeding hearts thus shown to  
sight?

No—moist would be the coldest eye,  
For them—the walkers of the night.

PERCY H. GLADSTONE.

### TENNYSON'S "IDYLLS OF THE KING."

BY WILLIAM H. GREENFIELD, ESSAY  
LAUREATE, U. A. P. A.

**T**HIS poem, or series of poems, is a chivalric epic partaking largely of the romantic element. The entire series of plots is taken from the time of the foundation of the kingdom based upon the legends of King Arthur's court. In this epic Tennyson gives his estimate of true chivalry,

and presents the old legends with a beauty and vividness surpassing any other writer upon the same subject.

The introduction is an eulogistic dedication of the poem to the sovereign, Queen Victoria, and consort, Prince Arthur. Herein is shown the mysterious manner in which Arthur was supposed to come to the throne, and gives a vivid picture of the conditions of society at that period. Arthur's ancestry is traced as far back as possible; and the manner in which he obtained his wife, "Luinevere," the daughter of Leodigran, is clearly told. The origin and purpose of the "Round Table" is given, and the noble object of the "Twelve Knights," how they sought day and night for the "Holy Grail," is dealt with in allegorical language.

Then, taking his principal characters up in separate poems, Tennyson beautifully delineates the character of each, placing before his readers a pen-picture of the scenes, manners and customs of those times, and drawing a high moral from each. In "Gareth and Sinite" he shows how a noble purpose will be rewarded and taunts turned to praise if the taunted one will continue unswerving in his duty.

"Geraint and Enid" is a splendid description of the author's conception of wooing and winning a noble bride in chivalric times. This poem is saddened by the jealousy of the hero, caused by a misunderstanding; but, as the magic of the poet disperses the gloom, the light of two pure and noble lives shines with greater splendor as it is reflected from their deeds of self-sacrificing love and undying devotion.

In "Launcelot and Elaine" we have both the light and shadow of the foremost knight of Arthur's court. The Heroine is a matchless beauty, as pure as virgin snow, and whose life is a lasting monument to the constancy of woman and a sad exemplification

of Miss Braddon's sentiment, that it is "Difficult to love wisely, but very easy to love too well."

In "Relleas and Ehtarre" is traced a growing evil—the defection of powerful leaders.

"The Last Tournament" shows virtue and chivalry almost putrescent, but the most pathetically beautiful part of the series is "Guenevere." Here we are brought face to face with King and Queen, both of noble birth and nature. We see the Queen, by fostering harmful and unlawful thoughts and desires, fall from her high eminence to a position to be pitied by the lowest vagrant. But her noble nature rises above, and is purified by, adversity, and she tries by the performance of Heaven-born deeds to atone for the perished past. In this part the character of the hero of the epic stands out in bold relief as one above, and far superior to, the common mortals by whom he is surrounded. As the most Godlike attribute forgiveness is assigned to him.

"The Passing of Arthur" is a fitting sequel to the other parts. His end is the direct consequence of the evils which have been augmenting in the other parts. The mystery of his coming, and of his acquisition of the Sword "Excaliber," is fully sustained by the mystery of his departure.

The entire poem is so exquisitely wrought that it must be acknowledged little short of second to Milton's master epic, for the metre is easy and flowing, the language strong and graceful, passionate and beautiful, rising in many passages to heights of transcendent grandeur and sublimity.

Spain might have known if she made war against a flag bearing thirteen stripes something would happen.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

## A NEGRO'S MISTAKE.

A Story Founded on Fact.

BY HARRY FRANKLIN HARRINGTON.

A CROWD of old soldiers sat on the iron benches in front of the county courthouse. They were not discussing politics; they were engaged in telling stories. Some related their war reminiscences, while others told of their narrow escapes from death. Squire Hunter sat on the end of one of the rickety benches. He had said nothing, and that was something unusual for the squire. He had acquired quite a reputation for story telling. Suddenly Zeke Dobson gave him a punch in the ribs.

"Now look here, Squire, you aint told any yarn yet. What's the matter, your mother-in-law aint died, has she?"

"I was jest a thinking of a little occurrence that happened in Virginia 'bout thirty years ago," replied the Squire.

"Wall, don't keep it all to yourself," Mr. Dobson was saying. "Let's hear 'bout it." Thus admonished, the old veteran crossed his legs, and, after cutting off a liberal "chaw of tobacco," told the following tale:

"In the year 1862 there was a family livin' in Virginia by the name of Kingford. They was rich and come from the best stock in the country. And of course they was awful proud and stuck up. They lived in an old colonial house, and owned more niggers than any other family in that neighborhood.

Wall, one day the old colonel received a letter from an English lord, who was travelin' around the country, sayin' that his lordship would make the colonel a short visit the next day. The Kingford family 'most went crazy

(Continued on Page 11.)

# The American Gem.

Published monthly in the interest of  
Amateur Journalism.

Chas. A. Wendemuth, - Editor.  
Wm. R. Murphy, Associate Editor.

EXCHANGES—Address one copy to home office and one to associate editor, 1344 Park Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

SUBSCRIPTION—25 cents per year in advance. Gold, silver, bank notes, postage stamps, etc., taken.

ADVERTISING RATES—25 cents per inch each insertion. 1 page, \$3. No reduction for time or space.

ALL BUSINESS communications should be addressed to

**THE AMERICAN GEM,**  
7805 Ivory Ave., - - St. Louis, Mo.

Entered at the St. Louis postoffice as second class mail matter.

Connected with the United and National Amateur Press Associations. Any information for stamp.

## NOTICE.

A blue cross opposite this space notifies you that your subscription has expired. A renewal of same would be greatly appreciated.

JANUARY, 1900.

## EDITORIALLY.

**M**R. MURPHY informs me that of late he has received but few exchanges. As we want our review department equal to that of any of the amateur papers, we must have the papers. Remember, Mr. Murphy has charge of the review department; he must also have a copy of the papers. I get one copy of a paper this month, Mr. Murphy gets none; next month he gets a copy of the paper and I get none. This work on the part of an amateur either hints that his edition is limited or that he wants to save money. I send out two copies

to almost every paper I receive—of course where there is just ONE editor only one copy is sent. Surely 150 exchanges sent out every month ought to bring more than 20 papers. Wake up.

At last Amateur Journalism has a champion in the professional ranks. "The American Boy," published by Sprague Publishing Co. of Detroit, Mich., is its name. As its name indicates it is for the American boys. It caters to all classes as, students, stamp collectors, coin collectors, amateur photographers, and last but not least it has a department devoted to The Boy Printer and Journalist.

There have been comparatively few professional papers which have ever given much space to Amateur Journalism. The first time A. J. was extensively reviewed was in 1882 when the Century Magazine had eight pages of interesting matter, together with cuts of the prominent officers of the time. It represented the National Amateur Press Association, the only institution of its kind at that period. I have been told that many new members were admitted, as the fruits of that one article.

Every amateur should subscribe to "The American Boy," as they will be well paid for their investment.

'Tis more than true when it was said some people can never be pleased. Lately we have read lots of scores against Ed B. Howe, and the "Little Star" not being a big enough official organ, etc. What do they expect for nothing? Earth? Howe, by printing and distributing the official organ gratis, has made himself solid with lots of the amateurs, and his loyalty to the cause will not be forgotten.

Next month we will devote 2 or 3 pages to REAL AMATEUR stories. Contributions will be received from persons who have never before contributed to an amateur paper.

CHARLES A. WENDEMUTH.

of Miss Braddon's sentiment, that it is "Difficult to love wisely, but very easy to love too well."

In "Relleas and Ettarre" is traced a growing evil—the defection of powerful leaders.

"The Last Tournament" shows virtue and chivalry almost putrescent, but the most pathetically beautiful part of the series is "Guenevere." Here we are brought face to face with King and Queen, both of noble birth and nature. We see the Queen, by fostering harmful and unlawful thoughts and desires, fall from her high eminence to a position to be pitied by the lowest vagrant. But her noble nature rises above, and is purified by adversity, and she tries by the performance of Heaven-born deeds to atone for the perished past. In this part the character of the hero of the epic stands out in bold relief as one above, and far superior to, the common mortals by whom he is surrounded. As the most Godlike attribute forgiveness is assigned to him.

"The Passing of Arthur" is a fitting sequel to the other parts. His end is the direct consequence of the evils which have been augmenting in the other parts. The mystery of his coming, and of his acquisition of the Sword "Excaliber," is fully sustained by the mystery of his departure.

The entire poem is so exquisitely wrought that it must be acknowledged little short of second to Milton's master epic, for the metre is easy and flowing, the language strong and graceful, passionate and beautiful, rising in many passages to heights of transcendent grandeur and sublimity.

Spain might have known if she made war against a flag bearing thirteen stripes something would happen.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

## A NEGRO'S MISTAKE.

A Story Founded on Fact.

BY HARRY FRANKLIN HARRINGTON.

A CROWD of old soldiers sat on the iron benches in front of the county courthouse. They were not discussing politics; they were engaged in telling stories. Some related their war reminiscences, while others told of their narrow escapes from death. Squire Hunter sat on the end of one of the rickety benches. He had said nothing, and that was something unusual for the squire. He had acquired quite a reputation for story telling. Suddenly Zeke Dobson gave him a punch in the ribs.

"Now look here, Squire, you aint told any yarn yet. What's the matter, your mother-in-law aint died, has she?"

"I was jest a thinking of a little occurrence that happened in Virginia 'bout thirty years ago," replied the Squire.

"Wall, don't keep it all to yourself," Mr. Dobson was saying. "Let's hear 'bout it." Thus admonished, the old veteran crossed his legs, and, after cutting off a liberal "chaw of tobacco," told the following tale:

"In the year 1862 there was a family livin' in Virginia by the name of Kingford. They was rich and come from the best stock in the country. And of course they was awful proud and stuck up. They lived in an old colonial house, and owned more niggers than any other family in that neighborhood.

Wall, one day the old colonel received a letter from an English lord, who was travelin' around the country, sayin' that his lordship would make the colonel a short visit the next day. The Kingford family 'most went crazy

(Continued on Page 11.)



# The American Gem.

Published monthly in the interest of  
Amateur Journalism.

Chas. A. Wendemuth, - Editor.  
Wm. R. Murphy, Associate Editor.

EXCHANGES—Address one copy to  
home office and one to associate editor,  
1344 Park Avenue, Philadelphia,  
Pa.

SUBSCRIPTION—25 cents per year in  
advance. Gold, silver, bank notes,  
postage stamps, etc., taken.

ADVERTISING RATES—25 cents per  
inch each insertion. 1 page, \$3. No  
reduction for time or space.

ALL BUSINESS communications should  
be addressed to

THE AMERICAN GEM,  
7805 Ivory Ave., - - St. Louis, Mo.

Entered at the St. Louis postoffice  
as second class mail matter.

Connected with the United and National  
Amateur Press Associations.  
Any information for stamp.

## NOTICE.

A blue cross opposite this space  
notifies you that your subscription  
has expired. A renewal of same would  
be greatly appreciated.

JANUARY, 1900.

## EDITORIALY.

**M**R. MURPHY informs me that of  
late he has received but few  
exchanges. As we want our  
review department equal to that of  
any of the amateur papers, we must  
have the papers. Remember, Mr. Mur-  
phy has charge of the review depart-  
ment; he must also have a copy of the  
papers. I get one copy of a paper  
this month, Mr. Murphy gets none;  
next month he gets a copy of the pa-  
per and I get none. This work on the  
part of an amateur either hints that  
his edition is limited or that he wants  
to save money. I send out two copies

to almost every paper I receive—of  
course where there is just ONE editor  
only one copy is sent. Surely 150 ex-  
changes sent out every month ought to  
bring more than 20 papers. Wake up.

At last Amateur Journalism has a  
champion in the professional ranks.  
"The American Boy," published by  
Sprague Publishing Co. of Detroit,  
Mich., is its name. As its name indi-  
cates it is for the American boys. It  
caters to all classes as, students,  
stamp collectors, coin collectors, ama-  
teur photographers, and last but not  
least it has a department devoted to  
The Boy Printer and Journalist.

There have been comparatively few  
professional papers which have ever  
given much space to Amateur Journal-  
ism. The first time A. J. was exten-  
sively reviewed was in 1882 when the  
Century Magazine had eight pages of  
interesting matter, together with cuts  
of the prominent officers of the time.  
It represented the National Amateur  
Press Association, the only institution  
of its kind at that period. I have  
been told that many new members  
were admitted, as the fruits of that  
one article.

Every amateur should subscribe to  
"The American Boy," as they will be  
well paid for their investment.

'Tis more than true when it was said  
some people can never be pleased.  
Lately we have read lots of scores  
against Ed B. Howe, and the "Little  
Star" not being a big enough official  
organ, etc. What do they expect for  
nothing? Earth? Howe, by printing  
and distributing the official organ  
gratis, has made himself solid with  
lots of the amateurs, and his loyalty  
to the cause will not be forgotten.

Next month we will devote 2 or 3  
pages to REAL AMATEUR stories. Con-  
tributions will be received from per-  
sons who have never before contrib-  
uted to an amateur paper.

CHARLES A. WENDEMUTH.



## THE REVIEWER

A Department of Criticism and Comment on Current Amateur Journals. Conducted by W. R. Murphy

Exchanges are requested to mail one copy to associate editor, at 1344 Park Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

AS an exponent of amateur literary excellence, The Interpolitan Magazine for December is up to the usual high standard. The opening article, Astronomy: An Accurate Science, by A. R. Groh, is not only instructive but interesting. Mr. Groh knows his subjects and treats them well. All the poetry of the issue is above the average. The Ballade of Yule, evidently inspired by Bracebridge Hall, is a grateful longing for the "Christmase glories of ye olden time," and is composed in Mr. Howard's usual graceful style. Mr. Shores' pastel, Reflections, reminds me irresistibly of a line from Aldrich's poem, A Mood, as it too seemingly illustrates "A feeling that partakes of pain but has not pain's persistence."

The Critic of The Scribe has misnamed himself. Why not THE GRAMMARIAN or THE SCHOOLMA'AM. Either would be more appropriate. Amateur journalism has long needed someone to point out the grammatical errors which are so prominent in its literature. The Critic has come to fill an aching void. Seriously speaking, much of The Critic's work is commendable, but at times he allows his mania for rectification to overmaster him, and corrects errors that do not exist. Language is after all an elastic thing, and its correct use often merely a matter of taste. Many points will always be debatable, and afford endless quibbling and hairsplitting. Hence

The Reviewer thinks that The Critic goes a little too far when he condemns phrases that have become idiomatic through good usage, which is perhaps the only true standard for language. The Critic desires to know why The Reviewer said "errors of grammar" instead of "errors of English." Simply because he didn't mean errors of punctuation, or rhetoric, or literature or the half-a-dozen other things that comprise what is known as "English." And now about the double 'n' in Aidenn. The Reviewer feels as sure he put that 'n' to the word as he is morally certain that The Critic wrote 'twixt' instead of 'twix', 'pitilessly' instead of 'piteously', and many other words differently from the way the compositor has rendered them. It is now in order for The Critic to retire to a secluded spot and pray that Providence will bestow the gift of spelling correctly on amateur printers.\* The Critic takes The Reviewer to task for implying that the locality of Eden is known. The Reviewer acknowledges his mistake and throws himself on the mercy of the court. Not being a college freshman like The Critic: he makes no claims of literary infallibility. The Critic must be a person of abnormal mind. At the tender age of six he not only knew about Eden, but was aware that it was identical with Aidenn, presumably being acquainted with Poe, and illatively with the other masters, at a time when The Reviewer is sorry to confess that he didn't know the alphabet frontwards. It is said that charity begins at home. It would have improved The Scribe if The Critic had revised the "copy" before it went to

\* Please do not include me—I do not need it badly enough. Considering that I am not in the printing business for mere pastime, but financial profit, I am a professional, instead of an amateur, printer.—E. E. ERICSON.

press, as the work of both the editors fairly bristles with errors of grammar, punctuation, capitalization, rhetoric, in fact every branch of English.

Lewis' Lie for December contains the usual amount of wit and humor.

The president's message in The Chicago Amateur teems with wise and sensible suggestions for the improvement of the Chicago club, which are well worthy of consideration by other local press societies.

In the December Privateer, Miss Eleanor C. Dowden writes interestingly on Amateur Journalism, enumerating all its attractive points in a pleasing way. On the whole the article is well written, though occasionally there is a marked descent in the merit of the diction. Mr. Matthew T. Collin's editorial style is excellent at first in The Demise of the Individual, but is not sustained in A Different Opinion, which needs revision in more than one place.

—LORRAINE'S—

## CUBAN MISSION;

OR,

A Work of Vengeance.

*A Story of the Late War Between United States and Spain.*

BY J. C. DRUERE.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE MEETING OF THE LOVERS.

IT does not take much of Gerald's time to find a secluded corner and remove the Foster disguise from him. Then as a respectable Cuban of the middle class he makes his way to the hotel at which he has learned that Lorraine has been staying.

She is seated in the public reception

room, surrounded by a horde of Spanish officers, each hoping to be the favored one to lead her in to dinner. She is bestowing her smiles equally on all, but her gaze is diverted by a newcomer, and she is startled to see Gerald. She recognizes him instantly in spite of the heavy beard and bronzed face which he has acquired in camp, and the guise in which he comes. Though they look each other in the eye, they make no sign of recognition.

Gerald walks up to the group and bowing low enquires, "Mme. Beaupre?" to which Lorraine replies, "I am she."

"I have a private message for you," the apparent Cuban says. And he is conducted to Mme. Beaupre's room, to the discomfiture of the officers, who gaze fiercely after him and twirl the waxen ends of their mustachios wickedly.

The moment they are alone, Lorraine simply kisses her lover and he answers her mute question with the words, "I have come, sweetheart." And this is all. No sentimental gush, for they are not built that way; besides they have no time as much important business must be transacted.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

IT does not take Gerald very long to gain all the necessary information about the disaffection in the city. Then Lorraine tells him about the treasure. The paper containing the information of its whereabouts is very enigmatical, since it contains only the words, "The fourteenth tooth of the lion's upper jaw."

Lorraine has not been able to make anything out of it. She now desires Gerald's advice and aid to untangle the knot. The two ponder over the matter for some time. Then Gerald's

## THE REVIEWER

A Department of Criticism and Comment on Current Amateur Journals.  
Conducted by W. R. Murphy

Exchanges are requested to mail one copy to associate editor, at 1344 Park Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

AS an exponent of amateur literary excellence, The Interpolitan Magazine for December is up to the usual high standard. The opening article, Astronomy: An Accurate Science, by A. R. Groh, is not only instructive but interesting. Mr. Groh knows his subjects and treats them well. All the poetry of the issue is above the average. The Ballade of Yule, evidently inspired by Bracebridge Hall, is a grateful longing for the "Christnasse glories of ye olden time," and is composed in Mr. Howard's usual graceful style. Mr. Shores' pastel, Reflections, reminds me irresistibly of a line from Aldrich's poem, A Mood, as it too seemingly illustrates "A feeling that partakes of pain but has not pain's persistence."

The Critic of The Scribe has misnamed himself. Why not THE GRAMMARIAN or THE SCHOOLMA'AM. Either would be more appropriate. Amateur journalism has long needed someone to point out the grammatical errors which are so prominent in its literature. The Critic has come to fill an aching void. Seriously speaking, much of The Critic's work is commendable, but at times he allows his mania for rectification to overmaster him, and corrects errors that do not exist. Language is after all an elastic thing, and its correct use often merely a matter of taste. Many points will always be debatable, and afford endless quibbling and hairsplitting. Hence

The Reviewer thinks that The Critic goes a little too far when he condemns phrases that have become idiomatic through good usage, which is perhaps the only true standard for language. The Critic desires to know why The Reviewer said "errors of grammar" instead of "errors of English." Simply because he didn't mean errors of punctuation, or rhetoric, or literature or the half-a-dozen other things that comprise what is known as "English." And now about the double 'n' in Aidenn. The Reviewer feels as sure he put that 'n' to the word as he is morally certain that The Critic wrote "twixt" instead of "twix", 'pitilessly' instead of 'piteously', and many other words differently from the way the compositor has rendered them. It is now in order for The Critic to retire to a secluded spot and pray that Providence will bestow the gift of spelling correctly on amateur printers. \* The Critic takes The Reviewer to task for implying that the locality of Eden is known. The Reviewer acknowledges his mistake and throws himself on the mercy of the court. Not being a college freshman like The Critic; he makes no claims of literary infallibility. The Critic must be a person of abnormal mind. At the tender age of six he not only knew about Eden, but was aware that it was identical with Aidenn, presumably being acquainted with Poe, and illatively with the other masters, at a time when The Reviewer is sorry to confess that he didn't know the alphabet frontwards. It is said that charity begins at home. It would have improved The Scribe if The Critic had revised the "copy" before it went to

\* Please do not include me—I do not need it badly enough. Considering that I am not in the printing business for mere pastime, but financial profit, I am a professional, instead of an amateur, printer.—E. E. ERICSON.

press, as the work of both the editors fairly bristles with errors of grammar, punctuation, capitalization, rhetoric, in fact every branch of English.

Lewis' Lie for December contains the usual amount of wit and humor.

The president's message in *The Chicago Amateur* teems with wise and sensible suggestions for the improvement of the Chicago club, which are well worthy of consideration by other local press societies.

In the December *Privateer*, Miss Eleanor C. Dowden writes interestingly on *Amateur Journalism*, enumerating all its attractive points in a pleasing way. On the whole the article is well written, though occasionally there is a marked descent in the merit of the diction. Mr. Matthew T. Collins' editorial style is excellent at first in *The Demise of the Individual*, but is not sustained in *A Different Opinion*, which needs revision in more than one place.

—LORRAINE'S—

## CUBAN MISSION;

OR,

A Work of Vengeance.

*A Story of the Late War Between United States and Spain.*

BY J. C. DRUERE.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE MEETING OF THE LOVERS.

IT does not take much of Gerald's time to find a secluded corner and remove the Foster disguise from him. Then as a respectable Cuban of the middle class he makes his way to the hotel at which he has learned that Lorraine has been staying.

She is seated in the public reception

room, surrounded by a horde of Spanish officers, each hoping to be the favored one to lead her in to dinner. She is bestowing her smiles equally on all, but her gaze is diverted by a newcomer, and she is startled to see Gerald. She recognizes him instantly in spite of the heavy beard and bronzed face which he has acquired in camp, and the guise in which he comes. Though they look each other in the eye, they make no sign of recognition.

Gerald walks up to the group and bowing low enquires, "Mme. Beaupre?" to which Lorraine replies, "I am she."

"I have a private message for you," the apparent Cuban says. And he is conducted to Mme. Beaupre's room, to the discomfiture of the officers, who gaze fiercely after him and twirl the waxen ends of their mustachios wickedly.

The moment they are alone, Lorraine simply kisses her lover and he answers her mute question with the words, "I have come, sweetheart." And this is all. No sentimental gush, for they are not built that way; besides they have no time as much important business must be transacted.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE LION'S MOUTH.

IT does not take Gerald very long to gain all the necessary information about the disaffection in the city. Then Lorraine tells him about the treasure. The paper containing the information of its whereabouts is very enigmatical, since it contains only the words, "The fourteenth tooth of the lion's upper jaw."

Lorraine has not been able to make anything out of it. She now desires Gerald's advice and aid to untangle the knot. The two ponder over the matter for some time. Then Gerald's



who has always been interested in unravelling mysteries, cries, "THE LION'S MOUTH—THE PALACE," then eagerly orders, "Come on; I must see it." And followed by Lorraine, who hastily throws a mantilla over her golden hair, he makes his way to the Spanish headquarters and, reaching the plaza, enters THE LION'S MOUTH.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

## THE FOURTEENTH TOOTH IN THE UPPER JAW.

AS the palace is usually crowded, being made a place of congregation by those who would discuss the situation, no comment is excited by the arrival of those who really have no business there.

As they enter the hall Gerald hastily scans its arrangement. A long corridor extends from door to door and on each side lie precisely FOURTEEN ROOMS. He sees the meaning of the hitherto unintelligent document at once. Each side of the corridor IS A JAW and each room A TOOTH.

He whispers the result of his observation to Lorraine, and she cries excitedly, "Then the treasure is in there," and would rush to a room at the rear but is detained by Gerald, who cries, "Be cautious! We will gain more by going more slowly."

And they leisurely enter the room. It is rather large, and at present, fortunately for their purpose, unoccupied. They are sure the gold is concealed in it, but where? Lorraine has a golden key which came with the document, but the lock? They determine to come in the night and investigate the room till they find the hiding place of the treasure.

And they leave the building, each with the word

"Tonight."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

—THE—  
ADVENTURES OF HANK CONNORS,  
Lithographer and Doortender.

BY MORRIS COHEN.

HANK CONNORS had been for a long time an employee of the Pugville Theatre in the little town of Operaville in southern Minnesota. His duties were to tend the door at the theatre in the evenings and to hang up lithographs in all parts of the town during the daytime. His humorous adventures (although not so to himself) would fill volumes and knowing the readers of THE AMERICAN GEM will be interested in some of his everyday happenings, we have decided to make you acquainted with them.

One day as Hank stepped out of the side door of the theatre on his way to bill the town he was confronted by about five dozen ragged urchins who wanted to carry his lithographs, of course, to obtain a free pass to the show. As there had to be some way to decide who would carry the lithographs the urchins lined up at one end of the theatre alley, and at the word "go" began racing to the other end. Like a herd of buffaloes they rushed through the alley. As each tried to win they tripped each other and several were hurt badly, one long-legged, pug-nosed, red headed urchin winning after having three ribs broken, skull fractured and half a dozen teeth knocked out. With the victorious youth carrying the lithographs, Hank began to bill the town. The first place they entered was a cigar store. After filling the windows full of bills, helping himself to a dozen or so of cigars and promising the clerk a seat in the gallery they departed. The next place they struck was a saloon. The bartender was so anxious to obtain a pass that he kept Hank filling up on



beer. Finally billing the window they made their way to the next place, singing "Beer, beer, glorious beer, fill yourselves right up to here."

The third place was an empty store building. Hank opened the door with his skeleton key and entered, followed by the urchin who carried the lithographs. Hank had almost finished billing the window when an old woman appeared and wanted to know what he was doing there. He told her, and she said her husband didn't allow nobody there and that she wanted him to take down the lithographs. He said he wouldn't do it, and she became angry and threw an old broom at him, which hit him in the face. At the same time she grabbed the lithographs the boy carried and tore them up. Hank danced out of the store, telling her to keep cool, followed by the victorious youth whistling "How'd You Like To Be The Iceman."

Giving the boy a pass Hank made his way home: he felt glad that the woman tore up the lithographs as it spared him a few hours' work.

Promptly at 7:30 he was at the gallery door, taking tickets. Deadheads were mixed up in the crowd that entered as well as those who paid admission. One man came up smoking a cigar. Evidently he had just lit it as it was almost whole yet. "No smoking allowed," said Hank and the man dropped the cigar. Hank quickly picked it up and began smoking it. He had no more than taken a few puffs when it exploded, knocking him half-way downstairs. A crowd quickly gathered but he told them he was only monkeying with one of Konwiser's Jokes and it went off. The crowd returned to their seats, murmuring "Good for Harry."

In a little while the clerk of the cigar store came up smiling, at the same time handing Hank a few cigars. Following came the bartender who

handed him a pint bottle of whiskey, which he swallowed at one gulp.

About five minutes after the show commenced a big fellow came up and asked Hank if he was the fellow who hung up some bills in the empty store building. Hank said that he did; that was all. The big fellow didn't say a word, but he grabbed him, shook him as a dog does a rat and wiped the stairway with him, then departed. A soft tune was heard, sweet voices were singing, bells were ringing here and there: Hank thought he surely was in heaven, but he knew better when he heard the manager of the house say to the manager of the show, "You have a very realistic cyclone scene in this show." "Yes," answered the latter, "but from the noise we heard I should say they overdid it to-night."

Hank sneaked upstairs, promising himself never to run up against that "Cyclone" again.

---

Isenheimer—So your son Isaac has turned poet since his failure?

Goldsberger—Yes, py shimmy! He has gone from bad to verse.—Ex.

---

Casey—See here! that dollar ye lent me yisterday was a counterfeit.

Cassidy—Well, Casey, didn't ye say ye wanted it bad?—Judge.

---

The Enthusiast—Beautiful! Exquisite! Her voice has matchless timbre.

The Realist—Timbre? It sounds to me like a whole sawmill.—Philadelphia Record.

---

Hinson—It makes me tired to hear the bad grammar they make use of in some of the stores. For instance, one of the shopmen at Ketchum's said that he sold three customers this morning, instead of saying that he sold them goods. Murdock—That's right. It may sound a little ungrammatical but the man knew what he was talking about.—Ex.

## A Negro's Mistake.

(Continued from Page 5.)

at the news. They ordered the best groceries from the store, and even decorated the halls with potted plants from the green-house. They simply turned the old house topsy-turvy. The women folks scoured the family silver-ware until you could see your face in it. The old colonel brought up from the cellar some dust-covered bottles of Burgundy, which once belonged to his great-grandfather. A lord did not visit them every day, and they was a goin' ter make the most of it. And Miss May even saw that the table was waited on properly. She called an old negro from the cotton fields, and told him how to act. 'Now, Jake,' she says, 'you must be careful of your manners. Whenever you offer the nobleman anything you must always say 'My Lord.' ' The nigger shook his woolly head, and promised to do everything up brown.

Wall, the next day the lord come. His big carriage, drawn by four bays, drew up to the door with a flourish. The lord was rigged out fit to kill. He wore red satin and velvet, and his shoes were polished like a mirror. My! but he did look swell. He walked up the Brussels carpet that stretched from the curb to the marble steps, to the house. He greeted the colonel, who introduced him to the ladies. He took off his hat and made a polite bow. Then old Colonel Kingford escorted him to the breakfast table and, after mumbling a kind of blessing, he says, 'My lord, you must excuse this 'ere humble fare and this tough rooster, fer I s'pose you aint used to them.' The lord made a polite bow. 'I must request, Colonel, that you make yourself easy on that score. I like country fare better than the costliest banquet.' The colonel was pretty nigh tickled to death. At fust he did-

n't know what ter say, and then he blurted out, 'I'm glad ter have the honor of entertainin' sich a distinguished guest.'

'Now, Colonel, you really mustn't flatter me this way.'

The colonel didn't answer 'cause he noticed that the lord had no biscuits. 'Hi there, Jake,' he yelled, 'what do you mean by not keepin' his lordship supplied with biscuits? Hustle some 'long 'ere quick.'

Jake come a runnin' in from the kitchen with a steamin' plate of biscuits in his hand. He wore a huge standup collar and a glarin' red necktie. He was feelin' awful important. He rushed up to the lord, six feet at a time, and yelled as loud as he could, 'O, My God! My God! have 'er biscuit?' And then he stuck the plate right under his nose.'

The 'squire leaned back and broke into a loud guffaw of boyish laughter. His companions joined in the merriment.

The 'squire continued. "One day the colonel got a Nashville paper. He read an account in it 'bout a valet who had murdered his master, stolen his carriage and clothes, and had traveled 'bout the country impersonating his lordship. The valet was in prison awaitin' trial.

Two days later the colonel was summoned to Nashville as a witness. The valet was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged."

The 'squire rose, and was about to walk away.

"Hold on a minute, 'Squire, wasn't this 'ere crime committed in England?" Zeke Dobson said. The 'squire turned. "Naw, it want: it happened in Georgia. Reckon I oughter know 'cause I was the judge that tried him."

"Wall, you don't need ter get so mad about it."

The 'squire walked down the street expectorating tobacco juice wildly on either side.

## A MISTAKE.

**B**OTH were enjoying a summer at Atlantic City. They had met often and, although they did not know each other by name, they had enjoyed many an evening together.

They met this time on the beach. "Good afternoon," the tall one remarked.

"Good afternoon. By the way, old chap, are you acquainted with Mrs. Klaustermark? A real pretty lady, graceful and slender."

"Intimately. Why?"

"Well, you can do me a great favor by giving her this note I have in my hand. But I must begin at the beginning. Two months ago I saw her strolling down the beach, became infatuated with her at first sight, found out her name and address and procured an introduction to her. I have met her at a certain place almost every evening since. The only thing in the way is old Klaustermark. What kind of a fellow is he, do you know?"

"A very nice, cultured gentleman."

"Well, we will let that be. Last

night Mrs. Klaustermark and I (this is told in the strictest confidence) arranged to leave together next Sunday. Wishing for private reasons to postpone our departure until Monday, I must send her this note to let her know. I am afraid to go myself. Will you kindly deliver it?"

"I will make it a point to give it to her."

"Thank you, my dear fellow, thank you. I do not know what I would have done if you had not come to my aid. I will never forget this service. Thank you ever so much, sir. Good day, Mr. —"

"Klaustermark," coolly replied the tall one.

\* \* \* \* \*

(Morning paper.)

DISAPPEARED—Mr. Joel E. Harris, of New York City. When last seen was conversing boisterously with Q. Z. Klaustermark, the champion heavy weight. It is rumored that the unhappy man joined the Spanish navy, but we do not credit this report.

—DWIGHT ANDERSON, in September '98 Quillings.

## Palmistry Taught by Mail.

All fashionable society are making a study of this science. Some are amassing a fortune by the professional practice of Palmistry. The course is three months long. Write for terms and information, enclosing stamp, to

Lock Box No. 6, Elliott, Ill.

1893      COBWEBS      1900

old, well established 16 to 32 page magazine, a full year and name, in O. K. Mailorder Directory three [times] [regular price, 50c] for one dime. Sample free. Write today.

COBB PUB. CO., Plainwell, Mich.

**SUBSCRIBE! SUBSCRIBE!**

*Ericson. Printer, Elroy, Wis.*

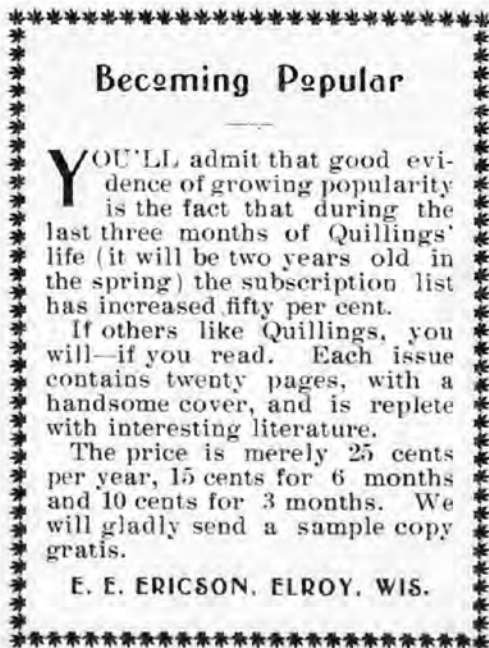
## Becoming Popular

**Y**OU'LL admit that good evidence of growing popularity is the fact that during the last three months of Quillings' life (it will be two years old in the spring) the subscription list has increased fifty per cent.

If others like Quillings, you will—if you read. Each issue contains twenty pages, with a handsome cover, and is replete with interesting literature.

The price is merely 25 cents per year, 15 cents for 6 months and 10 cents for 3 months. We will gladly send a sample copy gratis.

E. E. ERICSON, ELROY, WIS.



# The American Gem

---

AMATEUR MAGAZINE.

---

MAY, 1900.

---



---

THE AMERICAN GEM,

7805 Ivory Ave.,

St. Louis, Mo.



## A MISTAKE.

**B**OOTH were enjoying a summer at Atlantic City. They had met often and, although they did not know each other by name, they had enjoyed many an evening together.

They met this time on the beach. "Good afternoon," the tall one remarked.

"Good afternoon. By the way, old chap, are you acquainted with Mrs. Klaustermark? A real pretty lady, graceful and slender."

"Intimately. Why?"

"Well, you can do me a great favor by giving her this note I have in my hand. But I must begin at the beginning. Two months ago I saw her strolling down the beach, became infatuated with her at first sight, found out her name and address and procured an introduction to her. I have met her at a certain place almost every evening since. The only thing in the way is old Klaustermark. What kind of a fellow is he, do you know?"

"A very nice, cultured gentleman."

"Well, we will let that be. Last

night Mrs. Klaustermark and I (this is told in the strictest confidence) arranged to leave together next Sunday. Wishing for private reasons to postpone our departure until Monday, I must send her this note to let her know. I am afraid to go myself. Will you kindly deliver it?"

"I will make it a point to give it to her."

"Thank you, my dear fellow, thank you. I do not know what I would have done if you had not come to my aid. I will never forget this service. Thank you ever so much, sir. Good day, Mr. —"

"Klaustermark," coolly replied the tall one.

\* \* \* \* \*

(Morning paper.)

**DISAPPEARED** Mr. Joel E. Harris, of New York City. When last seen was conversing boisterously with Q. Z. Klaustermark, the champion heavy weight. It is rumored that the unhappy man joined the Spanish navy, but we do not credit this report.

**DWIGHT ANDERSON**, in September '98 Quillings.

## Palistry Taught by Mail.

All fashionable society are making a study of this science. Some are amassing a fortune by the professional practice of Palmistry. The course is three months long. Write for terms and information, enclosing stamp, to

Lock Box No. 6, Elliott, Ill.

1893                      **COBWEBS**                      1900

odd, well established 16 to 32 page magazine, a full year and name in O. K. Mailorder Directory three times [regular price, 50c] for one dime. Sample free. Write today.

COBB PUB. CO., Plainwell, Mich.

**SUBSCRIBE! SUBSCRIBE!**

Ericson, Printer, Elroy, Wis.

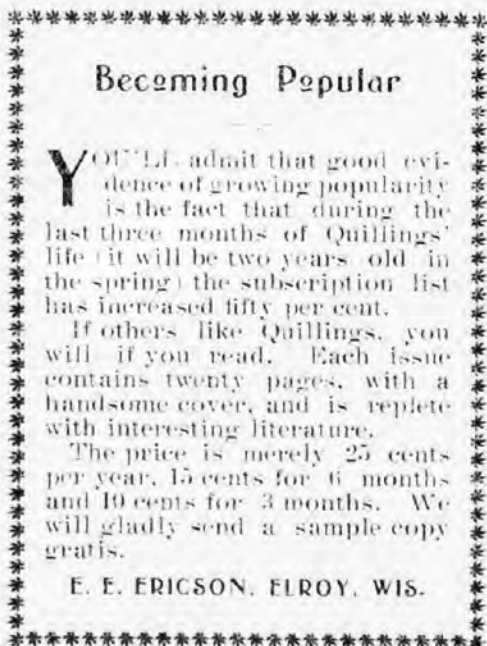
## Becoming Popular

**Y**OU'LL admit that good evidence of growing popularity is the fact that during the last three months of Quillings' life (it will be two years old in the spring) the subscription list has increased fifty per cent.

If others like Quillings, you will if you read. Each issue contains twenty pages, with a handsome cover, and is replete with interesting literature.

The price is merely 25 cents per year, 15 cents for 6 months and 10 cents for 3 months. We will gladly send a sample copy gratis.

E. E. ERICSON, ELROY, WIS.





# The American Gem

---

AMATEUR MAGAZINE.

---

MAY, 1900.

---

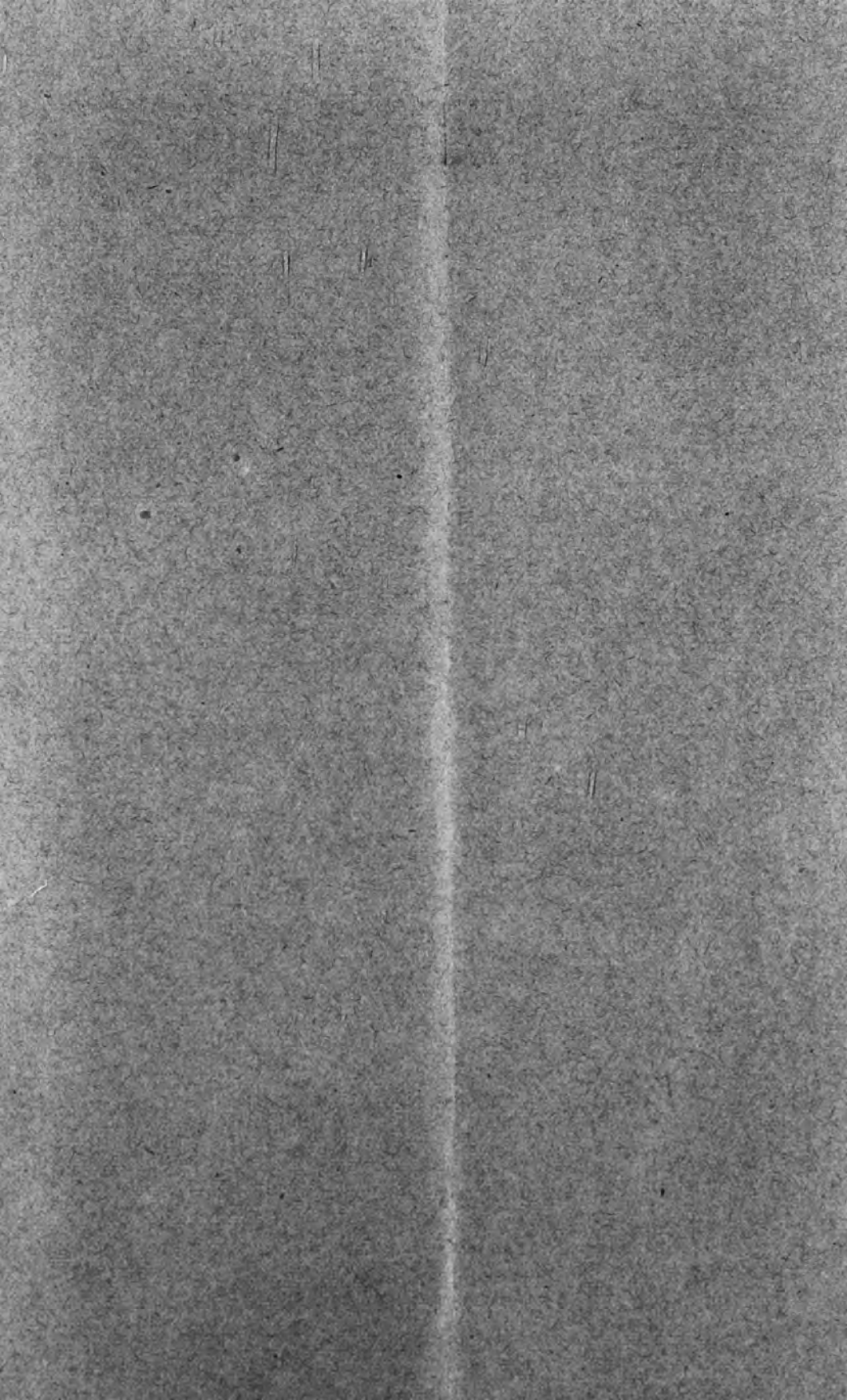


---

THE AMERICAN GEM,

7805 Ivory Ave.,

St. Louis, Mo.



# THE AMERICAN GEM.

—A MONTHLY AMATEUR JOURNAL—

"QUALITY AND QUANTITY."

VOL. 3.

ST. LOUIS, MO., MAY, 1900.

No. 2.

## THE FLIRTATION OF DICK CROYL.

BY H. C. MYERS.

THE conductor yelled "all aboard," the engine gave a few sharp, preliminary puffs and the string of cars began to move, slowly at first but gaining in momentum at every revolution of the mammoth wheels. The 2:10 express had started on its ninety odd mile run to Philadelphia.

"Here you, come back. Hey, stop him."

These words, emphasized by several more or less choice ejaculations, were shouted after the figure of a man who was rushing wildly down the long, crowded platform at a rate of speed that plainly showed utter disregard for the safety of passengers, train men and hand trucks.

"Sorry my friends," he panted as he reached the end of the platform, "I really can't stay." He made a tremendous flying leap, caught the end rail of the last car and easily swung himself around to the steps where he stood laughing and waving his hand to the astonished crowd gazing after the now rapidly moving train.

"Tight squeeze, Richard, my boy," he said to himself as he walked through to the first car wiping the perspiration from his face, "a second later and you would be running yet, providing nothing was in your way to

stop you."

"Pretty girl that," he thought as a young lady turned her face to him, "very pretty indeed." The girl smiled brightly and of course Dick smiled in return. "Wonder if she's trying to strike up a flirtation?"

He gazed out of the car window abstractedly and endeavored to keep his eyes fixed on the fleeting landscape, but every few minutes, try hard as he would to prevent from doing it, his eyes would wander to the trim little figure seated opposite, and invariably the girl would turn, catch him and smile sweetly.

"She looks so lonesome," Dick thought, as he looked at her gazing pensively out, her chin resting on the palm of her hand, "I wonder if I dare speak—pshaw, she's not that kind."

The girl, as if conscious that he was staring at her, again turned towards him and smiled encouragingly.

"Egad, I will; she can't do any more than tell me to go about my business," and with this determination reached, Dick stepped over to her side.

"Excuse me miss, I believe there is a bug on your collar."

She gave a startled little cry as he coolly took her handkerchief from her belt and with easy nonchalance brushed the offending insect off, (which by the way existed only in his imagination) and proceeded to tread on it.

"Oh, thank you ever so much," the girl said with a smile, but she shuddered slightly as she added, "I'm so

afraid of bugs."

"Nasty things," Dick agreed with her. "Don't you think it very warm? Shall I open the window for you?"

"Will you please?" She smiled again. "I've been trying for the last half hour"—Dick thought it funny he had not noticed her—"but I really could not budge it."

"Confound it," he said to himself, "I wish she wouldn't smile at me that way, she acts and speaks as if we were acquainted."

"There," he exclaimed aloud as the refractory window flew up with a decided bang, "that's better."

"You must be awful strong," she said, resting her hand on his arm confidently and Dick actually trembled. For the first time in a long, long while he blushed at a compliment from a girl.

"Would you like something to read?" he asked in some confusion. "Oh, no trouble at all," he hastily added seeing that she was about to remonstrate, and he was off instantly, to return in a few minutes with about a dozen magazines tucked under one arm, three or four newspapers, several yellow backed novels, and a box of candy under the other, while he held in his hand a greasy, forbidding looking fried oyster sandwich.

"I didn't know just exactly which magazines you preferred so I brought 'em all," he remarked, throwing the reading matter on the seat, "and I thought perhaps you might be a little hungry," he handed the sandwich to her gingerly. "Go ahead, eat it," he said as she looked at it somewhat doubtfully, "it's all right; at least the fellow out there said it was and he ought to know, he made it."

With an amazed thank you, the girl took it from his hand and then transferred the books from the seat to her lap.

"Come now, sit down."

Dick sat down and commenced to finger the box of candy; he wanted to say something but was at a loss how to begin. He glanced at the girl beside him and fell to comparing her to others he had met under like circumstances, ("traveling acquaintances" he called them) but somehow she was different from them, they were not as open, their laugh had not the same ring, and then he always knew just how to converse with those other "acquaintances," but the things he had said to them would not stand repeating to this sweet faced little lady, at the present moment so busily engaged with the sandwich.

Suddenly she turned to him and said, "Now Richard——"

The candy box broke open with a loud snap and for an instant it fairly rained chocolates, caramels and other sugared dainties in their immediate vicinity.

"Whatever is the matter, Richard?" she gave a nervous little laugh, "are you ill?"

"No, oh no," Dick gasped, "er—what was that you were saying?"

She smiled knowingly. "Now, Richard, there is no earthly use in keeping the joke up any longer for really you can't fool me; I knew you the moment you entered the car and you recognized me too only you wanted to tease me. Now didn't you?"

Dick managed to force a laugh but it was rather a weak one. "Yes, oh yes, just joking you know," he said, while to himself he muttered, "what kind of game am I up against anyhow? I believe the poor girl's crazy."

"I knew you would recognize me even if you never had seen me before, because Clara——"

"Clara who?" Dick asked without thinking.

The girl looked surprised. "Why



—"

"Oh yes, Clara, of course, I was thinking of my cousin."

"Well that's right, your cousin Clara."

"Certainly, so I said, my cousin Clara." Dick was fidgeting around in his seat and wishing himself any place but where he was.

"Clara wrote you what car I would be in, did she not?"

"Oh yes."

"And she described me, I suppose?"

"Ye-yes, of course." Dick groaned inwardly. "Lord I wish I was out of this. Fool, I might have known she wasn't that kind of a girl; she takes me for some other Richard and now I've a nice job on my hands."

"What made you so late?" was her next question, "I thought you would never come; you nearly missed the train. Oh, I saw you running to catch it."

"Wish I had missed it," he mumbled.

"I beg pardon?"

"I said business detained me, awful sorry you know, tried to get over before; to tell the truth I thought this morning I would not be able to come at all. My but I'm a liar," he added to himself.

"It was a great bother for you to meet me I know—"

Dick laughed boisterously. "Oh, no bother at all I assure you, Miss—er—"

"Now." She smiled chidingly. "You've forgotten my name already, own up now, haven't you?"

"I believe I have," Dick answered, his laugh turning to a sickly grin.

"And Clara told you only two days ago."

"Did she? Er—yes, that's right, two days ago."

"No it wasn't either, it was three

days ago. On Sunday."

"Oh no indeed," Dick answered with great confidence, "it was Monday."

"Well, as we are such good friends, through Clara, you know, why you may use my first name."

"Worse and more of it," poor Dick groaned dismally, "wonder what the devil her name is?"

"Go on," she smiled encouragingly.

"I don't like to." He tried to look bashful but made a rank failure of it.

"Why all my friends call me Alice."

Dick breathed an immense sigh of relief and thought to himself that Alice was the sweetest name he had ever heard. He tried to keep her mind engaged on the scenery and succeeded right well for a half hour or so; he was congratulating himself when suddenly she turned to him and said: "You've been deceiving me."

"She's on," he thought feverishly. "The game's up, now for a raking over the coals." He braced himself for the expected attack but was destined to receive a fresh surprise only.

"You told Clara that you intended to bring it with you and you haven't got it. The folks will be so disappointed."

"Tha-that's right," Dick answered looking extremely foolish.

"Poor little dear, is it safe?"

"Yes indeed, it's safe enough all right," he said aloud and wishing to himself, that he knew what he was talking about.

"Tell me Richard, where did you leave it?"

"Leave what, my dear girl?" Dick cried in desperation, sick and tired of the whole business.

"Why the baby, of course."

"Wha-what," he gasped, "I have



no—look here Al—er—Miss Alice, I want to tell you something, you have made a mistake.” Dick had lied more during the last hour than he had ever done in his life before and he had arrived at the conclusion that the best thing he could do was to own up and take the consequences.

The girl looked at him in amazement. “Why, what do you mean, Richard?”

Dick groaned. “I’m not the fellow you think I am.”

“You’re Richard——”

“I know I am, but not the Richard you mean. You see I got on the train, and——” he stopped confused; the girl’s clear, honest eyes looking so earnestly into his rattled him to say the least; he pulled himself together and continued, “you looked so lonesome sitting here all alone, honestly you did, and I thought perhaps—you smiled at me you know, and I thought perhaps you might like me to—that is you might allow me to speak to you, and I did; then—oh, don’t you see how it is Miss Alice?”

It took her quite a while to fully comprehend, at first she did not understand, but slowly his meaning dawned upon her; then she stood up before him, her eyes flashing dangerously, a picture of righteous indignation and wrath. The car was comparatively empty and no one noticed the little drama being enacted between these two.

“And you thought I desired to strike up a flirtation with you,” she panted. “You insulted me by speaking without being acquainted with me, you deceived me right and left, you thought——” she faltered and stopped, her cheeks fiery red, her chin quivering and her eyes moist.

Poor Dick was miserable.

She continued bravely: “You took me for a girl who would pick up any

man at all.”

Dick held up his hand, “Stop Miss Alice, please, you are wrong; I did not act right I will acknowledge, but at to thinking that of you I did not, in fact I was surprised myself when you spoke to me, I did not expect you to, and when I discovered the mistake I did not like——” he held his hand out frankly, “can’t you forgive me? It’s not much after all, and perhaps we shall never see each other again.”

“Why did you not tell me of my mistake when you discovered it?” she insisted, ignoring his outstretched hand, “you should have spoken, I—I thought——” the tears were very near so she sat down suddenly.

“But Al—Miss Alice——”

“Don’t speak to me and please go away.” Her tones were freezing and Dick was preparing to sneak out: “you insulted me grossly and——” her self possession forsook her then, her voice was shaking and two large tears were slowly coursing down her cheeks when she said, “I am disappointed in you,” she stopped when she saw the break, but Dick was quick to take it up.

“Why?” he asked eagerly.

“Because I thought you were different, but you’re not, you would do the same thing to any girl you saw.”

“Indeed I would not. Let me explain my position please. You see a fellow, my cousin, promised to meet me at the station in Jersey City; he and a lady friend were going to visit my sister, so was I, and Dick and I had arranged to meet and the three of us would go over together. I waited until the last minute but they never showed up. I can’t understand it, for Dick never did anything like this before.

While he was speaking a new light began to shine in the girl’s eyes, she actually smiled and Dick wondered

what was coming next.

"What is your cousin's name?" she asked.

"Why Dick, Dick Preston."

"And yours is?"

"Croyl, Dick Croyl."

She laughed outright. "Now tell me, what was the lady friend's name?"

"Blamed if I know—er—that is I forget; or no I don't either, it was, why it was Alice, Alice Adams."

"That is my name."

"Reading Terminal, all out," shouted the conductor and Dick hastily grabbed her things and followed her off the train.

### LINCOLN'S GENERALS.

BY J. F. R. ERFORD.

(Continued from last number.)

**P**ASSING by several generals worthy of mention including Hallock, Hooker and Sheridan, one of Grant's ablest lieutenants, we come to Grant who is considered to have been the man for whom the north had waited so long; the only man who was able to grasp the full situation and direct the forces in all the divisions of the army so they should have but one objective point which was the capitol of the Confederacy, Richmond.

Gen. Grant had also seen service in Mexico and was a graduate of West Point. He was ordered by Gen. Hallock to take Fort Donelson, in which he was successful, and thus gained the first important Union victory of the war. When the news of this event reached Hallock, in St. Louis, he ordered these words to be written on the bulletins, "If Grant's a drunkard, and can win such a victory, I shall issue an order that any man found sober in St. Louis, tonight shall be punished by fine and imprison-

ment."

Grant immediately became famous. At Shiloh, when all seemed lost, he said: "I don't despair of whipping them yet." Grant began to contemplate resigning, as he was being treated similarly to Arnold in the war of the Revolution.

During the great delay in capturing Vicksburg, he said he meant to take it if it took thirty years, but he did take it and it made a fitting fourth of July celebration; afterwards he took Richmond after long and terrible fighting in which the lives of many thousands of men were sacrificed. Grant's magnanimity to his conquered foe, although severely censured in the north, adds much of the luster to his name, and as well to the name of his most trusted helper, General Sherman, who followed his generosity in his treatment of Gen. J. E. Johnston, who soon afterwards surrendered to him in Georgia.

### ENGLAND'S ISOLATION.

The present war with the Transvaal is only another manifestation of the influence which has swayed England for centuries—the inordinate rapacity for land—the curse of imperialism, and it has added another proof to the almost universal execration in which England is held.

England has always been arrogant and arbitrary in dealing with foreign powers, with the result that when a friend is needed, none is at hand. Max Nordau says, and very truly, "In cases of the clash of arms between two nations, disinterested spectators usually divide into two groups, taking sides with one or the other of the combatants. This phenomenon does not appear to rise in this case. Outside of the Anglo-Saxon world, not a single voice has been raised for England. The sympathies of all are on the side of the Boers."

The causes are not far away. For years, even for centuries, England has alienated continental Europe by her various policies. Secure in fancied power, England has seldom if ever, cared for foreign respect or admiration, and has sought neither.

W. R. MURPHY.

## THE AMERICAN GEM.

A monthly magazine devoted to amateur journalism.

CHARLES A. WENDEMUTH. Editor.  
WILLIAM R. MURPHY. Associate Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION—25 cents per year in advance. Gold, silver, bank notes or postage stamps accepted.

ADVERTISING RATES—50 cents per inch. \$5 per page. No reduction for time or larger space.

EXCHANGES—Address one copy to home office and one to our Associate Editor at 1344 Park Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

ALL BUSINESS communications should be addressed to

*The American Gem,*

7805 Ivory Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

### Notice.

A blue cross opposite this space notifies you that your subscription has expired. A renewal of same will be greatly appreciated.

Entered at St. Louis postoffice as second class mail matter.

### Editorials.

The present condition of the Uapa is due solely to the dropping of President DeHayn from membership. The majority of the members think that Sec. McKee was justified in his course, even though the constitution Art. IX, Sec. III, reads: "The Secretary shall accept or reject applicants for membership; keep each member's account of money due and paid; COLLECT MONEY DUE; keep the minutes of the convention and a membership list; hold the Treasurer's bond; send all money received to Treasurer quarterly. Superintend the printing, and mail by June 10th the convention invitations, proxy ballots and envelopes, and NOTICES for payment of dues." The first argument to take up is, "THE SEC. SHALL COLLECT MONEY DUE." So this proves that DeHayn acted contrary to the constitution by paying his dues to the

Treasurer. Cushing may say if Sec. cannot accept money it shall be paid to next highest officer, but I am not sure. (THE NEXT TWO. "THE SECRETARY SHALL SEND ALL MONEY RECEIVED TO THE TREASURER QUARTERLY, AND MAIL BY JUNE 10, NOTICES FOR PAYMENT OF DUES.") Sec. McKee claims that he has written orders from Smith and DeHayn, to drop all delinquent members immediately, and he also has orders from DeHayn telling him not to send cash to Littlefield, BUT TO HOLD ON TO IT! Now fellow members here is where everything gets tangled so bad that I think a dozen New York lawyers will be needed to straighten out matters.

30E

Anderson withdraws! McCord for President! What next?

30E

Watch out for our Political page next month, we will present something unique in the line of campaigning, something which will be a treat, be on the lookout for it.

30E

It is indeed a pleasure to receive papers from amateurs from other countries. Papers from England and Scotland are regular callers, and we thank their editors very much for being remembered, and hope to receive many more copies of "The Amateur Literateur," "The Craftsman," "The Monthly Miscellany," and "Caledonia."

30E

For the coming election in the National Amateur Press Association, only one candidate has been announced for the Presidency. This man's candidacy meets with unanimous approval and it is earnestly hoped that every member will cast their vote for

him. Mr. Warren J. Brodie of Cleveland, Ohio, is the candidate. A biography of Mr. Brodie is unnecessary. He is too well known.

306

. . . I see that you don't care very much, for if you recognize Thomas McKee it means that this is a step towards hurting the Uapa, but alas we have most of the members recognizing our noble President, (our noble president referred to is Mr. Samuel DeHayn, ex-president Uapa. Ed.) who has done more actual work than any of the past presidents. It cost him a small fortune (Mr. DeHayn told me he never possessed a fortune. Ed.) to travel about the amateur world to see what he could do. He gave me a full detail of his work while he stopped with me, for while here his best time was spent with me. In your city **HE HELPED TO ORGANIZE THE ST. LOUIS AMATEUR PRESS CLUB.**

\* \* \* \* \*

The above is an extract, verbatim, from a N. Y. correspondent. It's both amusing and interesting. "Our noble President," would make an elegant epitaph on a tombstone from the N. Y. Club to be placed on DeHayn's grave. "We" and "Our" are the only two pronouns the New Yorkers use, perhaps they know no others. Now if DeHayn told the same story in all of the towns he visited it is no wonder he was looked upon as the real "saint" of the amateur world. DeHayn told of his wonderous doings throughout the west, and most of it was hot air. About organizing or helping to organize, the St. Louis amateur journalists will say the said club was organized in August, 1899, **ALMOST SIX MONTHS BEFORE DEHAYN PAID ST. LOUIS A VISIT.** Now is it a wonder that a person who would make such false statements can gain

friends? Truly this world is going wrong! CHAS. A. WENDEMUTH.

Entered For Editorial Laureateship  
U. A. P. A.

### THE REVIEWER.

A Department of Criticism and Comment on Current Amateur Periodicals, Conducted by W. R. Murphy.

**T**HE April issue of The Andecedent is fair for a first issue. "What will you Say" is strongly though poorly (for Anderson) expressed, but the occasion demands strength rather than polish. There is a breeziness about McCord's notes which would have proven just as pleasant had they been expanded into editorials of some length. Articles from the pen of Burnett C. Rawley are rare nowadays; a few more as sensible as "That Boy Hero," would do considerable good to the younger writers of the fraternity.

—O—

We (that is the Reviewer and his cat) welcomed the semi-occasion which brought the Cedar Pointer, (Apr.-May) to our sanctum, as we, (that is the Reviewer and his cat) have become quite interested in the progress of telegraph line out Cedar way, and anxiously await the latest bulletins from the field of action.

—O—

Are the editors of "Ink Drops" gay deceivers? It would seem so. Konwiser considers himself lucky in possessing copy number one of the second issue. But I have number one of both issues! How many more amateurs have number one? (By the way "Ink Drops" should remember Mr. Wendemuth on mailing day. He is entitled to a copy, both as a mem-



ber of the Napa and as publisher of this paper.

—O—

Words of commendation are somewhat rare, so we are thankful for them, even if qualified. Mr. H. Blumberg, in *Southern Breezes*, approves our course in changing the policy of *THE GEM* somewhat, but advises us to drop fiction altogether. He holds that fiction is out of place in amateur journals, and believes, not only that amateur journalists are too inexperienced to write fiction, but that it offers a poor field for the exploitation of their talents. Mr. Blumberg is mistaken. Students of literature cannot but notice the dominance of fiction in the Nineteenth Century. The novel and the story have become the vehicles for all kinds of thought. They amuse, they instruct, they preach, they reform. It has become a stereotyped form of praise to say that a book reads like a novel. Scribner's advertisement in the various literary magazines brings home the supremacy of the novel in a striking way. Several of the popular works of fiction are listed in the hundreds of thousands, while Dr. Van Dyke's nature book and Mr. Seton Thompson's annual sketches are thought to be doing unusually well with a sale of a quarter to an eighth as many copies. If amateur journalism is a preparatory school to literature, it should certainly offer some training in the most important branch of letters. Of course the amateur author has not had the wide experience necessary to write original fiction, and his work in the line must be imitative to a great extent. But it is essential that he should be able to handle the conventional figures of fiction with dexterity, before he breathes into them, Prometheus-like,

the fire of his individuality and experience. The actor must learn his lines before he can attempt to portray a character, and the author must write imitative, though not necessarily poor stories, before he can aspire to produce original fiction.

—O—

Mr. Brodie in *The National Amateur*, and Mr. Blumberg in *Southern Breezes*, again call attention to the lack of fraternal courtesy in the matter of exchanges of certain publishers. Quite a number of papers have forgotten to favor the editor of *THE GEM* with copies recently. Undoubtedly some of them have gone the way of all flesh (!) but others like the bay-tree still flourish. The economical editors of certain journals send Mr. Wendemuth a copy one month, and me one the next, while they receive their two copies of this paper regularly. This method of procedure is an injustice to us and the fact is recognized. There is one way of redress, but we have hesitated to take advantage of it. The final wisp of dried grass has found a place upon the dromedary's spine, and the animal has collapsed. We are preparing a list of papers which will be dropped from *THE AMERICAN GEM*'s exchange list, if their editors do not make amends and make them soon.

—O—

The Scribe's critic made an amusing blunder when he gently took amateurism in his confidence and told it soothingly that as the printer had no Greek characters in his font, it would have to do without a line of Virgil in the original. Walter B. Littlefield, in the *Brooklyn Amateur*, is as unconsciously humorous in calling down Geo. A. Dolan. After bestowing on him the attributes of a coleopteran, Mr. Littlefield refers to Dolan's lepi-

dopter are instincts! There is considerable difference between a beetle and a butterfly or moth.

—O—

The spicy comments on current affairs, by "Fred de Onlooker," in *The Amateurs' Review*, are the best things in the paper. I trust that "Observations" will continue.

—O—

"The History of a Book," by Lillian Kelley, in *The Cavalier*, for April, possesses much in common with some of Dickens' short sketches, like "The Child's Story." A vein of wistful sadness, blended with content, is characteristic of them, and Miss Kelley has grasped the mood well.

*"When You Get Better."*

BY DWIGHT ANDERSON.

"When you get better and the sun comes out to shine again,  
When robins try to sing a snatch of bird-song, now and then,  
When things begin to look like life,  
just for a change, you know,  
And all the clothes that Nature wears ain't covered up by snow,  
We'll open up the windows farther'n ever they have been,  
Swing wide the door with hasty glee and let the summer in,  
The zephyrs will be laden with assurances of love,  
And we shall watch the sunsets from our windows up above."  
But then the man remembered that the stairs were hard to climb—  
That She was getting thinner—thinner—thinner all the time.

"When you get better and the wood is blossoming once more,  
When pansies and forget-me-nots are

growing near the door,  
When dulcet music, wafted down from dim and distant spheres,  
Rise high above the common ditties everybody hears,  
We shall be happy—you and I—and tell each other how  
We love each other for each other, sealing tight our vow,  
While summer music fills our souls with melody and cheer,  
While summer breezes waft us warbled messages, my dear."  
But then the man remembered—saw the world one snare of crime,  
For She was getting thinner—thinner—thinner all the time.

**ON THE SIGNIFICANCE OF JOURNALISM AND ITS ATTAINMENT.**

BY HARRISON D. BAUMGARDNER.

THE closing century seems to have showered upon no other one profession, quite as many progresses as upon journalism. Most every advance in science has added more or less directly toward its perfection until, on the eve of the century, its influence and power must dawn ominously upon the amateur to whose intellectuality it is appealing with its opportunities golden.

It is not literature itself that shows this great progress of which I write, for literature or, more particularly speaking, Beele's letters long ago gained the height of human ability and it is doubtful if anything can be written to excel, in point of merit, those monumental classics that already grace our library shelves and which are in themselves of such inspiration to the scholar and delight to the literary lover. It is the adaptation of writing to its more

general appreciation by the masses of humanity and to the requirements of the times. It is journalism.

There is little comparison to be drawn between the modern writer for the press and his prototype, the news-writer of the early part of the Seventeenth Century, whose profession consisted chiefly in collecting the news from the nooks and crooks of London town and suburban highroads for the weekly newsletters of those knightly times; but it is likely that this ancient predecessor would find himself bewildered in the labyrinths of modern journalism.

This period of the newsletter, which was to the Londoners a luxury of luxuries, saw practically the infancy of journalism. As early as 1690 it was introduced into the new world and in 1728 had as one of its chief promoters the illustrious Benjamin Franklin. Since that time it has experienced one continual upward soaring until today the role of journalist is equally as momentous in the world as that of politician and possibly receives a more popular acceptance. Scholars and statesmen alike acknowledge the great influence the press has attained in international imbroglios and in those burning issues that stir up political dissensions. Observation alone shows that it is, in this country, the one great moulder of public opinion, therefore very instrumental in deciding political control and in a measure, weighty in legislative halls. The press is the public megaphone of the nation. But while it is influential and withal a convenience and a luxury to the people, it is a fact, well known, that few newspapers are conducted throughout along the line of pure and honest journalism and it behooves the journalistic tyro of today to observe the good and bad qualities exhibited by these modern

newspapers for in his futurity he will be called upon to take up his pen and correct some of these defects.

No thought should be entertained that journalism today is perfected nor established for all time. So fast are the arts and sciences unrolling scrolls of mystery upon the world that everyday seems the climax and further advancement and revelation is most too deep and dark to fathom. But with the new generation of genius possessing all the facilities of the preceding generation of his race, coupled with his superior scholastic knowledge, the future surely cradles much more wonderment to humanity, making as distinct epoch of progress as that of the past.

Journalism like most everything else must evolutionize. I think no other of the greater professions is so universally "hobbyized," but there is still a lack of appreciation by amateurs of the merits of amateur journalism, beyond that of its being a most pleasurable field for pastime, when, in all seriousness it is a tyro-cenium to higher journalism. I am sure, if Solon, the great sage and law-giver of Athens, were among amateurs, for only a brief time, one of his first utterances would be that, favored maxim of his: "Do not consider the present pleasure but the ultimate good." However we would need be in little fear of displeasing that other learned man, Cleobulus; the wisdom of whose adage—"Endeavor always, to employ your thoughts on something worthy"—must certainly have appealed to us through instinct, when we choose amateur journalism; at any rate we may feel that we are striking the chord of Cleobulus' maxim and its response is one of clear and sweet resonance, for, of all we have sought after to fill in those leisure moments of our lives in connection with good

reading no hobby could create a fuller self-consciousness of the wisdom of our choosing.

Yet, it is the aftermath of amateur journalism that we should look forward to now, at the very beginning of our career as amateurs, individually intent upon playing his part in future evolutions of journalism. But, be it remembered, "a good commencement has ever been found auspicious to a good progress and a happy termination." A tenacity of purpose and a painstaking perseverance will go a long ways toward making a successful journalist; and the practical experience afforded by the greater amateur press association is strongly in the amateur's favor. One who never is, and never will be quite satisfied with his efforts, has of course the right of way to success—if possessing the above mentioned qualities—while the self-sufficient amateur is practically courting failure and will doubtlessly turn out a model of a disappointment; naturally so.

There is such a vast store house of knowledge so readily accessible to the average amateur, that the writing of an essay or whatever it may be ought to be found rather pleasant than irksome and, if a true believer in patience being a virtue, he will not be discouraged with his progress. There is a great deal of logic in that saying credited to Pittacus, one of the seven wise men of Greece: "Whatever you do, do it well." In its success is reflected as in a crystal pool.

One might look upon a Rembrandt or a Murillo; a Leighton or a Meissonier, hanging upon the wall of a gallery and, unless acquainted to some extent with the technicalities of the painters art, would little realize the amount of time and labor consumed in its construction, or

knowing, might wonder how the artist ever had the patience to execute it. A great painter labors over a picture with brush and color for hours, endeavoring to give the right expression to an eye or a nose or to paint correctly some bit of reflected light. Meissonier, at one time had a troop of cavalry, in complete military trappings, charge through a field of wheat simply to study its natural effect, and in particular the agitation of the tender grass under such realistic action.

Yes, it is time and labor that makes a masterpiece, but instead of a palette of paint the writer must depend largely upon his vocabulary of words. As is the case with the artist his effort is not done with the first composition, but requires repeated dressing up and retouching with a view to a clear and concise manner of expression.

As much, pertaining to the rendition of language on paper, cannot fail of leaving a permanent imprint upon the mind of the amateur, even if he does not rise to the higher chairs of journalism, or attain fame in *Beeles-lettres*. Whatever one's destiny—whether as a journalist, a literator, an orator or servant of the people—his rhetoric will have received a more or less polishing up as a recompense for his time and trouble in amateur journalism, making him feel more in touch with the world and the sea of humanity.

But the theme of this article is a plea for more earnest journalism and, if its logic will have been discovered by any half-hearted amateur, I only hope he will fly to his study and apply his pen with a newly awakened fervor. Do not let the morrow see you further from the goal than today, venerable Father Time does not allow for days wasted; and Time is just.



## The Latest Craze

## SAPHO WALTZES

By Charles Adams.

Published by

## Mellwood Music Co.,

ST. LOUIS,

MISSOURI.

## BARGAINS!

2c extra for postage on all orders.

\* means unused.

*Congo, 3 var.....	.10
*Sardinia, 6 var.....	.05
*Roman States, 10 var.....	.05
*Costa Rica, 4 var., 1889.....	.05
U. S. Columbian, 1c to 10c.....	.10
U. S. Omaha, 1c to 10c.....	.10
Canada Bill Stamps, 5 var.....	.05

PACKET NO. 10. Contains 20 unused varieties from Central America only, including Officials, etc. The catalog value of this packet is over 75c. Sent postpaid for 25c.

Hinges 10c per 1000; 3000 for 25c.

Approval sheets sent out to parties furnishing good references. We cater to beginners. Address:

## LACLEDE STAMP CO.,

Ivory Station,

St. Louis, Mo.

## PLEASE DON'T READ!

Boys, subscribe for a boys' paper, published by a boy and at a boys' price. Send 10c and receive it  $\frac{1}{2}$  year. DAZZLER CO., Danville, Ill., Box 177.

## To Introduce----

The Literary Gem, we have decided to reduce the subscription from 35c to 10c a year for a short time only. 20 to 52 pages monthly. Mention this paper.

## THE LITERARY GEM,

Room 1, 110 Tremont St.,

BOSTON,

MASS.

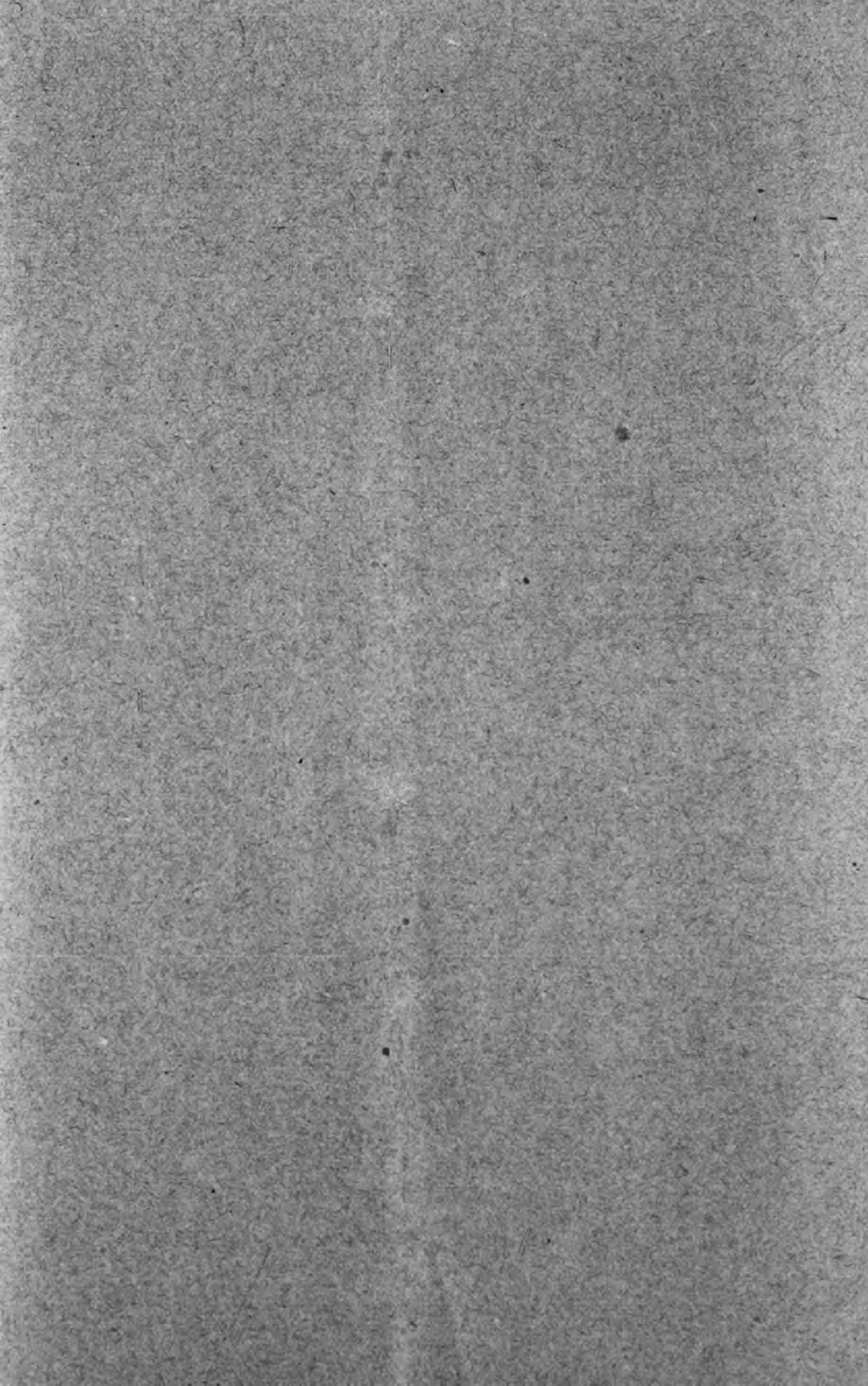
**WANTED** TO BUY a second hand printing outfit, in good condition and of sufficient size to print a small paper. Would prefer a small press with complete equipment to a large press with a poor outfit, but must be a bargain.

**PAUL H. APPLEBY, Sweet Springs, Mo.**

**NOTICE!** The directory which was to have been issued by the undersigned, will be published by Harry Thatcher, Sioux City, Iowa. All ads received will be inserted in it. Ed. B. Howe.

**FOR SALE!** Complete volumes of Golden Days, Golden Hours and Happy Days. State what you'll give per volume. LITTLE STAR PUB. CO., Mankato, Minn.

Press of Little Star, Mankato, Minn.







Convention Issue



---

# The American Gem

---

AN AMATEUR MAGAZINE.

---

JULY, 1900.

---

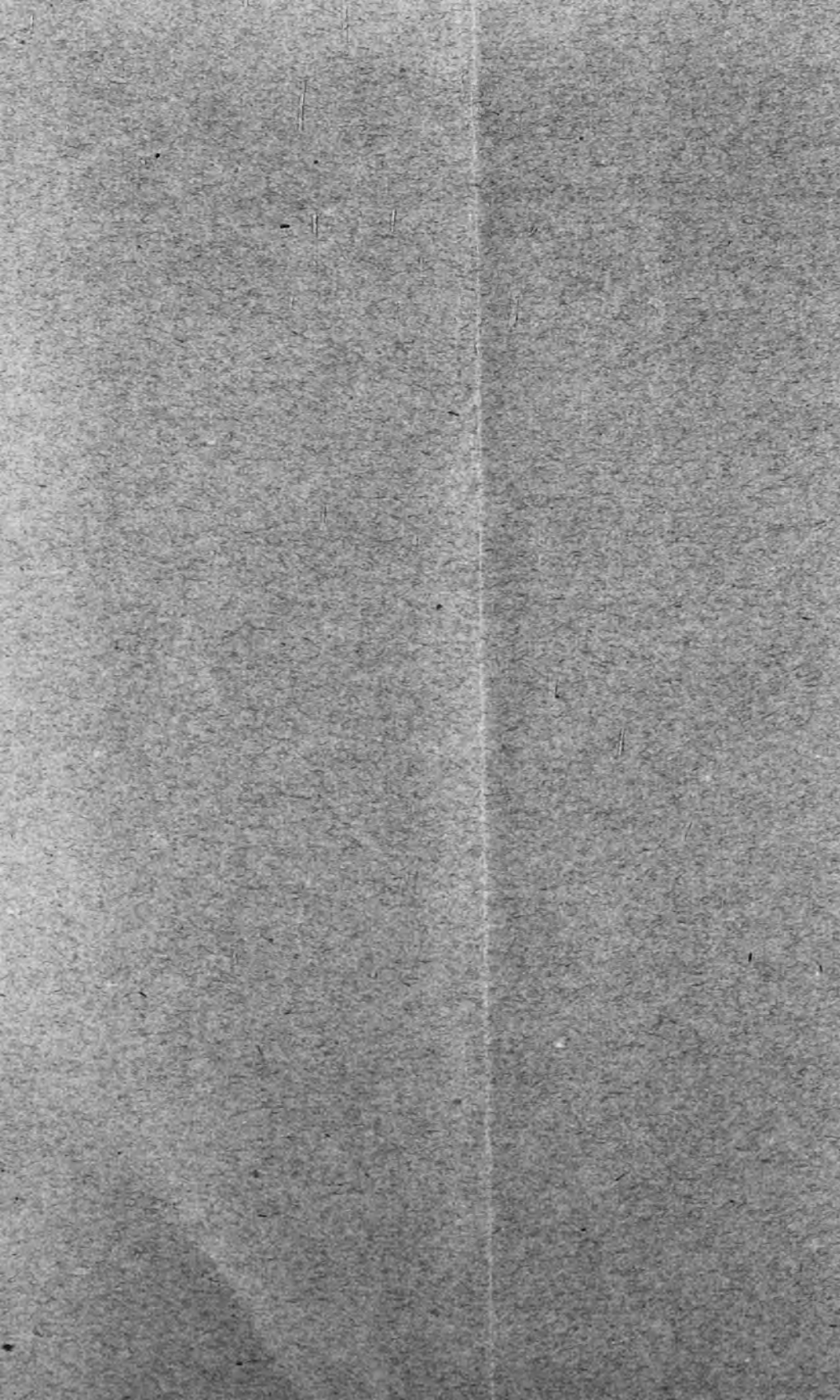


THE AMERICAN GEM,

7805 Ivory Ave.,

St. Louis, Mo.





# THE AMERICAN GEM.

—A MONTHLY AMATEUR JOURNAL—

"QUALITY AND QUANTITY."

VOL. 3.

ST. LOUIS, MO., JULY, 1900.

No. 4.

## SAMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS.

A Biographical Sketch of "Mark Twain."

BY HARRY V. VAN DEMARK.

**S**AMUEL LANGHORNE CLEMENS, more familiarly known to the reading public as "Mark Twain," was born at Florida, Mo., November 30, 1835. No writer has endeared himself more to lovers of pure humor, and his works may be found in nearly every home.

When Samuel was twelve years of age his father died, leaving his son to shift for himself. And young Sam proved himself equal to the emergency. He apprenticed himself to a printer for three years, thereby gaining a thorough knowledge of the trade, which afterward served him in good stead.

After serving his apprenticeship he was a journeyman printer in Cincinnati, St. Louis, Philadelphia and New York. Somewhere in 1856 or '57 he tried steamboating for a change. He applied to Captain Horace Bixby, pilot of the steamer "Paul Jones," one day just as the boat was on the point of leaving Cincinnati for New Orleans.

Pilots were reticent in their conversation with passengers, and Captain Bixby was particularly uncommunicative—at least Sam Clemens thought so, for the steamer had gone several miles, and he had asked about a score of questions, which were replied to in monosyllables by the pilot,

before the latter, amused by the persistency of the young man, entered into a free conversation with him.

He soon saw that young Sam was really in earnest in his desire to become a pilot. Captain Bixby said he would learn him the river from St. Louis to New Orleans for five hundred dollars. After a careful consideration young Clemens accepted his offer and paid one hundred dollars down, agreeing to pay a portion of the balance on installments, and the remainder when he received his license.

The pilot's apprentice learned so fast, and kept steadily advancing from one position to another, until, in the spring of 1859, he found himself a full-fledged pilot on the steamboat "Alonzo Childs," with wages of \$200 per month.

He continued in the pilot business until the breaking out of the Civil War, when he stated his intention of joining the Confederate army. But about this time his brother was appointed lieutenant governor of Nevada territory, and he induced Samuel to accompany him as private secretary. Their adventures en route are told in the writer's best vein in "Roughing It."

After an attempt at mining, which proved a failure, he became local editor of the Virginia City Enterprise, where he first used his pseudonym of "Mark Twain." The year 1864 found him in California, at work on

the San Francisco Morning Call. He spent two years here, then departed for the Sandwich Islands as correspondent for his paper. This journey is also described in "Roughing It," and I think he does the Sandwich Islanders full justice.

He gave humorous lectures after his return. Then, seized with an overpowering desire to travel, he embarked for Europe, then passed through Italy, across the Mediterranean to Egypt, thence into the Holy Land. His experiences are recounted in "Innocents Abroad," said by many competent critics to be his best book. It was first published in 1869 and met with an enormous sale.

Shortly after his return from the Holy Land, Mr. Clemens became editor and part owner of a prominent Buffalo daily. Here he married a lady of wealth and moved to Hartford, Ct., where he resided until a few years ago.

Mr. Clemens' humor had so caught the breeze of public approval, that he turned out volume after volume, which were so remunerative that he determined to enter the book publishing business on his own hook, as the saying has it.

All know of the failure of the institution with which he was connected, which not only swept away every vestige of his fortune, but left a heavy load of debts in addition. Most men would have been bowed down by such misfortune, and in Mr. Clemens' case it was followed by family bereavement, which greatly added to his sorrow. He was also in ill health at the time.

However, he immediately left for a lecture tour around the world, hoping thus to retrieve his fortunes. He is in England at the present writing, and is due home next month. He expects to take up his residence at

Princeton.

Mr. Clemens met with a warm reception in his journey around the world. At Vienna he achieved a distinct social triumph, he and Mrs. Clemens giving a ball in honor of their daughter, the first time on record that a function given by an American has been recognized.

Nearly all of Mark Twain's creations are drawn from different periods of his life. His peculiar surroundings in early life, and his roving spirit later, afforded him excellent opportunities to gather the fundamental incidents and characters for his books, they being placed before the public in various guises.

Mr. Clemens, said by many to be indolent, is exactly the opposite—indomitably industrious, endeavoring to do his best at the first writing, and often laboring with tireless energy, even tearing up sheet after sheet of manuscript to get a certain expression or paragraph to his taste.

His fellow writer, Mr. Robert Barr, who is intimately acquainted with him, pays him the following tribute:

"I am convinced that in Samuel L. Clemens, America has lost one of her greatest statesmen; one of her most notable presidents. If he had been born a little earlier, and the storm-center of politics had been whirling a little further to the westward forty years ago, it is quite conceivable that we should today be reverencing President Samuel Clemens, as the man who, with firm hand on the tiller, steered his country through the turbulent rapids that lay ahead of it, and that we might have known Abraham Lincoln only as a teller of funny stories."

Mr. Clemens is eccentric in some ways. He has an intense dislike for clothes, and says he would live in pajamas if he could. He does wear

them at breakfast, sometimes receives friends while wearing them, and often works in them. His favorite mode of writing is to lie flat on his stomach with a pipe in his mouth. He averages about 1800 words a day when writing a book, and is a hard man to induce to cease his literary labors, once he gets started. He has been known when at work on a book to go a whole day without food. He invariably smokes when "fasting," and says the cigar he cannot smoke has never been put together.

While we all know that Mr. Clemens has a serious side, we little realize how desperate that side is. In the Pall Mall Magazine, Carlyle Smythe gives us a good view of the serious humorist.

"I shall not be guilty of any indiscretion," says Mr. Smythe, "in saying that Mr. Clemens not infrequently finds the role of humorist intolerably irksome, and further, that he would prefer to be remembered by his more serious works than by those purely humorous. Probably if a plebiscite of his admirers were taken, a huge majority of votes would be cast in favor of 'Huck Finn' as Mark Twain's masterpiece.

"That is my opinion. In any case, the 'Prince and Pauper' and 'Joan of Arc' would not stand high on the poll, yet they are the favorites of the author. This marked and peculiar preference has always appeared to me positive indication of the basic seriousness of Mr. Clemens' temperament. Indeed, very often the suspicion is provoked among those who knew him intimately that his antic disposition is largely assumed, and that fundamentally the author of 'Innocents Abroad' is a sedate savant who has been seduced from the paths of high seriousness by a fatal sense of the ridiculous.

"His tastes certainly seem to support this view. He is no musician, although a fervid lover of music; but beyond a strong natural affection for the simple negro melodies of his native land, his taste runs to Wagner. He once told me that he would walk twenty miles to hear Tannhauser. Mr. Clemens has no desire to go to Paris when he dies, for his predilection among nations, the Great Republic, of course, excluded, is for Germany.

"The only poet who can afford him any pleasure is Browning, whom he reads aloud with a rare understanding of the spirit of the verse. Roughly speaking, I may say that he reads anything in prose that he finds clean and healthy, yet he has never been able to find a line in Thackeray which interested him. Addison and Goldsmith are thrown away upon him; and Meredith, perhaps not unnaturally, provokes him to laughter."

Mr. Clemens' latest work is "Following the Equator," a droll and interesting description of people and incidents met with on his journey around the world. A number of his short stories and a long poem have appeared in various magazines this year.

His dry humor is displayed in an article sent to the editor of War Against War, last year, in which he said: "The Czar is in favor of disarmament. So am I. There should be no difficulty about the rest of the world."

Mark Twain is booked for several short stories in prominent magazines this year.

Send 25 cents for a year's subscription to the AMERICAN GEM. Your money's worth guaranteed.

Try an ad in this paper. Good results are sure to follow.



For the AMERICAN GEM.

## A SUCCESSFUL GATHERING.

**THE UNITED CONVENES AT  
JERSEY CITY AND ELECTS  
JAMES C. BRESNAHAN.**

**A SPLENDID SHOWING. SMITH DONE!**

MONDAY, JULY 2, 1900

**W**ITHOUT the welcome of a brass band, but with the huzza of the assembled amateurs, the United Amateur Press Association met in conclave at the Hotel Washington, on July 2 and 3.

The fourth annual convention was called to order by President Phillips, at eleven a. m. Owing to the regrettable absence of Secretary McKee, the executive officer appointed J. Morality Reilly to act as secretary.

The gathering was enthusiastic, and the pre-convention period was occupied by the Jersey trio, the prize peace promotors—Reilly, Clerkin and Bresnahan—in shouting for the Smith harmony ticket which was as follows:

Président,	Heins.
Vice President,	Lynch.
Secretary,	Clerkin.
Treasurer,	Littlefield.
Official Editor,	Henschell.
Historian,	McCord.
Recorder,	C. A. Parker.
Eastern Mss.,	Reilly.
Western Mss.,	Wing.
DeHayn, Phillips,	McKee,
	for directors.

A few of the Jersey-New Yorkers who cannot see wherein Smith should be considered when harmony is in the air proposed to knock the so-called harmony ticket in the head, and when the active youth from the Quaker town—George Marcus Brazer—arrived in town he found able assistants. After considerable converse it

was decided the Smith harmony ticket should not be considered, and Bresnahan telegraphed Smith to that effect, which is more than E. H. S. would have done under the circumstances. This marks the end of Smithism and bossism. It marks the eve of independence.

The Monday morning session was quite interesting, though not of many hours duration. The laureateships were awarded and the judges proclaimed the winners as follows:

Story Laureate,	Lou. M. Starring.
Hon. Mention,	Geo. A. Seaton.
Essay Laureate,	W. R. Murphy.
Hon. Mention,	Lou. M. Starring.
Ed. Laureate,	W. R. Murphy.
Hon. Mention,	T. M. McKee.

The reports of the several officers were read and were remarkably good as a perusal of same in our official organ will show. The secretary reported a balance on hand of \$20.31. Communications from J. Wm. Townsend, Thos. McKee, A. M. Keefer, Geo. A. Dolan, Chas. A. Wendemuth, Louis J. Cohen, P. F. McCord and several others were read. All united in voicing hopes that this convention would strive to elect a representative set of officers, and officers who would create peace in our ranks.

The gathering adjourned to Coney Island and Manhattan Beach, where the boys proceeded to enjoy themselves as only amateurs can. It was a rapid flight of time and money. The ams. did themselves proud, and many were the enquires handed out to the boys as to who and what their badges represented. After manoeuvring round the beach we "trolleyed" through Throlleyville (Brooklyn) and did New York Chinatown. The chronicler of these amateuric events must not fail to comment on the three Brooklyn maids whom Bresnahan dubbed "Brazer's beauties."

George M. accompanied by Cull spent sundry shekels on the young ladies. Then there were numerous novelties to be interviewed financially.

On Tuesday the convention was called to order at eleven a. m., and President Phillips began business by appointing Messrs. Cull, Bresnahan and Konwiser to count the proxies. The committee adjourned to Maher's room and reported:

President	{	Bresnahan,	19.
		McCord,	13.
		Scattering,	3.
Vice Pres.	{	L. J. Cohen,	16.
		Shores,	12.
		Konwiser,	3.
		Scattering,	4.
Treasurer	{	Wing,	19.
		Klinkner,	8.
		Scattering,	8.
Secretary	{	Phillips,	21.
		Maher,	10.
		Scattering,	4.
Historian	{	Cole,	10.
		Wenking,	8.
		Ulmer,	7.
		Scattering,	10.
Off. Editor	{	Brazer,	11.
		Thatcher,	7.
		Scattering,	10.
Lau. Record	{	Gladstone,	15.
		Abbott,	13.
		Ulmer,	3.
		Scattering,	4.
East Mgr.	{	Clemence,	18.
		Maher,	7.
		Elliott,	4.
		Scattering,	6.
West Mgr	{	Dolan,	16.
		Van Demark,	14.
		Scattering,	5.
		Greenfield,	25.
Directors	{	Clerkin,	13.
		Konwiser,	13.
		Murphy,	13.
		Houtain,	10.
		Wenking,	8.
Convention	{	Scattering,	23.
		Atlanna,	10.
		Cleveland,	7.
		Milwaukee,	5.
Organ	{	Scattering,	13.
		Dewey,	15.
		Westerner,	8.
Scattering,	{		12.

The proxies were antagonistic to the several amendments except numbers one and two—the two silliest propositions proposed.

After the first ballot several officers were declared elected and several proxies were thrown out. The successful contestants are:

President,	Jas. C. Bresnahan.
Vice Pres.,	Floyd R. Switzer.
Treasurer,	Chas. E. Wing.
Secretary,	Guy N. Phillips.
Historian,	J. Morality Reilly.
Lau. Record,	C. A. Wendemuth.
Eastern Mss.,	Wm. J. Clemence.
Western Mss.,	Geo. A. Dolan.
Official Editor,	H. M. Konwiser.
	T. M. McKee.
Directors,	W. R. Murphy.
	J. A. Clerkin.
Convention Seat,	Sioux City, Ia.
Official Organ,	The Dewey.

The election was exciting and interesting and the officers elected should prove extremely capable and acceptable.

These amateurs were present:

J. Morality Reilly; Jas. C. Bresnahan; J. A. Clerkin; Thos. F. E. Maher; F. Arthur Atkinson; J. Walton Heindel; Albert Cull; George M. Brazer; Saml. DeHayn; Alf. M. Treloar; John Butterworth; Guy N. Phillips; George Julian Houtain; M. A. Matthews; Wm. R. Murphy; Floyd R. Switzer; D. W. Costuma; Jonas B. Grant; Lewis Horn; G. W. Eldredge, and several others.

—HARRY M. KONWISER.

### THE BANQUET.

About seven the delegates including Messrs. Bresnahan, Switzer, Brazer, Phillips, Maher, Matthews, Atkinson, Reilly, Mitchel, Clerkin, Holonbeck, Konwiser, Cull, Houtain, Treloar, Butterworth, Heindel and

(Continued on page seven.)

## THE AMERICAN GEM.

A monthly magazine devoted to amateur journalism.

CHARLES A. WENDEMUTH. Editor.  
WILLIAM R. MURPHY. Associate Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION—25 cents per year in advance. Gold, silver, bank notes or postage stamps accepted.

ADVERTISING RATES—50 cents per inch. \$5 per page. No reduction for time or larger space.

EXCHANGES—Address one copy to home office and one to our Associate Editor at 1341 Park Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

ALL BUSINESS communications should be addressed to

*The American Gem,*

7805 Ivory Ave. St. Louis, Mo.

### Notice.

A blue cross opposite this space notifies you that your subscription has expired. A renewal of same will be greatly appreciated.

Entered at St. Louis postoffice as second class mail matter.

### Editorials.

AMATEURS ATTENTION! At the U. A. P. A. convention held in Boston, on July 2 and 3, 1900, the convention elected Atlanta, Ga., as the next convention seat. If they ran the convention according to the constitution adopted at New York last year, they selected Atlanta in direct violation to the constitution, and if the constitution was suspended, then they deliberately SWINDLED the members, for the west is entitled to a convention even once in a while. Such actions by the Smith faction proves just what kind of men they are.

—\* \*—

The Jersey City U. A. P. A. convention was run on the principle that everybody was treated fair. The west's rights were respected, and Sioux City was selected for 1901 convention.

The majority of the officers who were elected are easterners, but this fact does not matter as long as they are GOOD men.

—\* \*—

President Bresnahan during his first term performed his duties in a just and satisfactory manner, and I don't doubt that his second term will be characterized by the same impartiality which gave him much renown and success during his first term. May the Association prosper with Bresnahan at its head.

—\* \*—

The election of Charles A. Wendemuth to the office of Laureate Recorder was illegal, said Wendemuth not having paid his dues. All candidates, according to the constitution, shall have dues paid. As Wendemuth did not pay his dues he must not be considered as a candidate, and votes which were credited to him were popular votes.

—\* \*—

Just as we are about to mail this letter, a telegraphic report of the Boston U. A. P. A. convention reaches us. It will be found on another page.

—\* \*—

We were in hopes of hearing of an amicable settlement between the two factions of the U. A. P. A., but alas, it came not.

—\* \*—

I sincerely hope that the various amateurs, who have been warring at one another during the past year, will bury the hatchet. Let bygones be BYGONES. The 90 odd 6 x 9 pages which, during the past year, were filled with mud slinging and slanderous articles, can be filled with literature and literary articles. How can we advance the cause of amateur journalism if we publish aught but political questions. We are now in a

critical stage of existence. It is for the better or for the worse. A unanimous choice for the former would bring back courage, and no doubt would relay the foundation for a glorious future. Let us all strive to do better. Recruits are plentiful, all they need is a little care. If each member brings in a new recruit, then we can once more boast of our strength. Let us have the old time prosperity again. Let the members cooperate with the officers and then—when peace and harmony reign—our association will prosper.

—\* \*—

Arthur H. Goodenough, former poet laureate recorder of the N. A. P. A., is about to issue a collection, in book form, of his latest and best poems. The title is "Grass of Parasus." The book will be handsomely printed on extra fine paper and bound in an attractive cover, and will be a gem of the printers art. Intending purchasers should order early as, owing to the elegance, the edition will be limited. The price is reasonable, 25c per copy. All remittances should be sent to the author, West Brattleboro, Vt., Box 166.

—\* \*—

Elections and conventions are over. Let no one dare present next year's political possibilities until something in the literary line has been accomplished. Delays are dangerous!

—\* \*—

That the AMERICAN GEM is appreciated is shown by the fact that fifty renewals were received before the notices of expiration had been mailed. This proves that people must and will keep tab on a good thing.

—\* \*—

"We didn't do a thing." Townsend has vanished. Smith is disgusted. 'Rah for reformers!

Our only regret was that we could not be at Boston, but a death in the family prevented us from going. It is pleasing to note Smith's downfall and finish.

CHARLES A. WENDEMUTH.

### *The Banquet.*

(Continued from page five.)

Murphy, gathered in the Hotel Washington's parlors. After a few musical selections by Messrs. Switzer and Murphy, the former playing a march of his own composition, Messrs. Switzer, Houtain, Treloar and Butterworth, were compelled to perform the saddest act of a convention, bid farewell to those with whom they had become personally acquainted during the preceding days. This ceremony concluded, the remaining delegates proceeded to the private dining room in which the courses of the banquet were served as follows:

Little Neck Clams.

Consomme Printamere.

Radishes. Olives. Cucumbers.

Filet de Sale. Sauce Tartare.

Bermuda Potatoes.

Filet of Beef with Mushrooms.

French Peas. Potato Croquettes.

Philadelphia Squab. Currant Jelly.

Lettuce Salad. French Dressing.

Neopolitan Ice Cream.

Roquefoot Cheese. Water Crackers.

Fruit. Fancy Cakes.

Demi Tasse.

The following toasts were on the menu.

Journalism.—Mr. F. A. Atkinson.

Some Possible Improvements.—Mr. Thos. McKee.

The West.—Mr. Guy N. Phillips.

The Official Journal.—Mr. Jas. A. Clerkin.

Amateur Politics.—Mr. H. M. Konwiser.



The Ethics of Amateuria.—Mr. T. F. E. Maher.

Critics and Criticism.—Mr. W. R. Murphy.

Social Press Clubs.—Mr. J. C. Bresnahan.

Conventions.—Mr. Wm. H. Greenfield.

Should We Have Professional Ambitions.—Mr. Jas. M. Reilly, Jr.

Reunion and Harmony.—Mr. D. B. Costuma.

Directly after dessert the responses were made by the gentlemen assigned, with the exception of Messrs. McKee, Greenfield and Costuma. President Bresnahan acted as toastmaster.

Mr. Atkinson gave an interesting summary of "Journalism," treating its amateur aspects at some length. He strongly advocated expansion of amateur journalism.

Mr. Phillips gave a humorous portrayal of "The West," in amateur journalism, but it to be hoped that the lot of the average western amateur is not quite as bad as Mr. Phillips pictured.

Mr. M. Alois Matthews, an old-timer from Philadelphia, read Mr. McKee's article on "Some Possible Improvements," in which Mr. McKee advocated various measures for the betterment of the association. The article which furnishes much ground for reflection should be published.

Mr. Clerkin, in the course of a few remarks agreed with Mr. McKee that the society needed a paper of its own.

Mr. Konwiser read a paper on "Amateur Politics," which was listened to with rapt attention, inasmuch as everyone present recognized the words of an expert in the art—if art it be. The speaker claimed that politics keep the association alive, but depreciated the tendency of some

amateur politicians to use very questionable methods.

Mr. Maher took the assembly into his confidence and told them that "The Ethics of Amateuria" was certainly a tough topic, but little more could be expected of it when it was assigned on a postal card. The connection is not close, but it doubtless exists.

Mr. Murphy, speaking of "Critics and Criticism," reached the conclusion that criticism is an interpretation and critics the interpreters thereof. No one seemed to disagree.

Mr. Bresnahan offered some suggestions tending to the improvement of "Local Press Clubs." His remarks will doubtless serve as the foundation of a "Caprice" editorial. At least they ought to.

Mr. Greenfield, who was unfortunately unable to be present at the banquet. "From the Absent One," which was read by Mr. Brazer in the capacity of Mr. Greenfield's graphophone. The sketch was a portrayal of imaginary absence of Mr. Greenfield in the banquet hall, and written in the author's catchy style, proved very pleasant to the hearers.

Mr. Reilly, in a well delivered oration, demonstrated the desirability of amateur journalists entering the professional field.

Mr. Costuma was unable to be present and his regrets were presented.

After a little informal talking the banquet ended, and the writer departed for Philadelphia, accompanied by the crowd, to the station. What happened after, he knoweth not.

—W. R. MURPHY.

### BOSTON U. A. P. A. (REBEL) CONVENTION.

THE United Amateur Press Association assembled on Monday,

July 2, 1900, 10 a. m., in Allerton Hall. Twenty-nine members were present. Only four proxies were received. The following officers were declared elected:

President.—Charles W. Heins.  
 Vice Pres.—Jos. B. Lynch.  
 Sec.—Jas. A. Clerkin.  
 Treas.—W. B. Littlefield.  
 Off. Editor.—Otto W. Henschel.  
 Historian.—Phillip McCord.  
 Laureate Rec.—C. A. A. Parker.  
 E. Mss. Mgr.—J. M. Reilly.  
 W. Mss. Mgr.—Chas. E. Wing.  
     —DeHayn.  
 Directors.—McKee.  
     —Phillips.

At the banquet, DeHayn, Abarbanell, Miss Minter, C. W. Heins and C. A. Blackman were the speakers.

G. W. D'Vys.

### A FLAT AFFAIR.

**T**HUS those who attended the U. A. P. A. convention in Boston, style it, and surely they should be able to judge.

The proxy ballots sent in didn't count. Indeed, they were torn up.

Two mortals "represented" Boston. Jos. B. Lynch, who had an axe to grind, and Charles A. A. Parker, who later, "disgusted with the whole affair, resigned," and is no longer a Uapaian.

DeHayn was there! Heins was on hand, Henschel too, also Townsend. Smith and Moss! Indeed, the Greater N. Y. A. P. A. sent fifteen members, which proved a working majority.

Alas, the whole thing was cut and dried. It is claimed there was a compact for the sake of restoring peace among the two factions of the U. A. P. A. This compact included the following "Harmony Ticket," which was duly (?) elected:

Chas. W. Heins, New York, Pres.  
 Jos. B. Lynch, Boston, Vice Pres.  
 Jas. A. Clerkin, Jersey City, Sec.  
 W. B. Littlefield, Brooklyn, Treas.  
 O. W. Henschel, New York, Off. Ed.  
 P. McCord, E, Liverpool, O., Hist.  
 Parker, Boston, Laureate Rec.  
 J. Reilly, Jr., Jersey City, E. Mss.  
 C. E. Wing, Twinsburg, O., W. Mss.  
 Samuel DeHayn,  
 Thos. McKee, Directors.  
 Guy Phillips,

Each visiting Uapaian was also a member of the National, and it is but natural to infer had the latter association not convened in Boston, Messrs Lynch and Parker would have had a grand seance all by themselves.

After the election of officers (?) the youngsters tackled backed beans, doughnuts and ice water, and then attended a performance at Keith's variety theatre, through courtesy of the management.

Another sandwich and a glass of milk, and all were ready for the great spread.

Mr. J. R. Abarbanell was of the thirty-five at that grand banquet. His address "The Possibilities of the Amateur," was well received.

Director DeHayn spoke of his illy nursed late charge, (the Uapa.)

Benjamin Franklin Moss took for his the Greater N. Y. A. P. C., and as it has been gloriously successful at the so called Boston Convention brother Moss was very happy.

Miss Edith Minter spoke of the National A. P. A., whose glorious convention was the result of her skillful management.

"To be or not to be," President Heins began where fellow member Moss left off, again airing and lauding the Greater N. Y. A. P. C.

Lynch busy with his turtle soup, allowed C. A. Blackman to respond to the Massachusetts A. P. Club.

SPUYTENDUYVIL.

\* **THE REVIEWER.** \*

A Department of Criticism and  
Comment on Current Amateur  
Periodicals, Conducted by W. R.  
Murphy.

"His Awakening" by Chas. W. Heins, in May, Arrows, will not bear close analysis of its musical atmosphere. In the earlier part of the story the virtuoso is performing a concerto, which is a set piece usually for one principal instrument with orchestral accompaniment. It would be obviously impossible for the executant to insert a melody in any part of the composition, without disconcerting the orchestral players, unless, indeed, he had some telepathic communication with them. Later in the story the author writes of the concerto as an aria. Were it not for the fact that "a melody" was "played midst the classic aria" it might be supposed that he used the word in the almost obsolete signification of air or tune. Only too evidently is the usually accepted meaning of aria intended, the use by which the word signifies an elaborate vocal solo in opera. Mr. Heins should be more careful of his technical details.

—O—

The other day an anxious searcher after truth requested the correspondence editor of a local evening journal where the works of his favorite poet "Anose" might be obtained. This little incident is recalled by the quotation tacked to "The Passing of the Gang" by Thomas McKee in the March-April, Westerner. "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny," is ascribed to "Ibed." Who under the canopy is "Ibed?" If my memory serves me rightly, one Shakespeare wrote the

lines in question. But who is "Ibed?" It's up to Mr. McKee to answer.

—O—

Would of framed it.—B. F. Moss, in May, Brooklyn Amateur. Since when has "of" been the auxiliary in the perfect tense. "Have" should be substituted.

Unintelligible Sense.—Maybel E. Craukshaw, in same journal. If unintelligible, it can hardly be "sense."

New Beginner.—John M. Acee, in May, Young Blood. A beginner is necessarily new at a vocation or avocation, and conversely one new at a thing is a beginner.

Approves our course in changing the policy of the GEM somewhat.—W. R. Murphy, in May, AMERICAN GEM. Somewhat should be nearer the word it modifies, that is, "changing."

Each of the the great writers served an apprenticeship before they could clothe their great ideas in the proper language.—John DeMorgan, in April, AMERICAN GEM. Each, singles one from a number and should not be denoted in a further reference by a plural pronoun. If "they" refers to "great writers," the passage is an example of very careless writing.

Where it is at.—J. W. Townsend, in May, United Amateur. At, is superfluous since "where" is an expression of "atness (!)"

Having published journals and at one time awarded poet laureateship of the N. A. P. A.—J. W. Townsend, in April, United Amateur. This passage refers to Mr. Harry C. Hochstadter, appointed a Judge of Award, by Mr. DeHayn. This implies that Mr. Hochstadter was the dispenser of poet laureate honors in the N. A. P. A. at one time, which could not be, since by constitutional stipulator the judges must be of prominence in professional work. Another instance of sloppy writing. The insertion of

"having been" before "awarded" improves the sentence, though to secure a better expression the whole construction should be changed.

Non persona grata.—H. M. Konwiser, in June, Rapier. Good usage in accordance with the analogy of the Latin language, sanctions "persona non grata."

Whether interested in a. j. or no.—Otto W. Henschal, in May, Arrows. "Not" should be used to express the negative alternative.

### *Our Latter-day Poets.*

Oh, the southern bards in their eloquent song tell tales of the Sunny South,

But they don't make mention of lynching bees nor tell you of famine and drouth.

And the northern bards sing you of balmy spring, but not an ode do you hear

Concerning the weird, wild winds of March or old April's mud-crust-ed veneer.

They sing you of Zephyrs and whispering pines, and tell of the whip-poor-will,

But their muse don't mention the feared cyclone nor the mountaineer's whiskey still,

And they chant in their most rhythmodic style, these poets, of ages gone by,

And mount their heroes (history's villians) on pedestals stately and high. STACY E. BAKER.

### *THE LAST JOURNEY.*

BY EDITH M. BALLY.

IT was twilight, and the gray shadows were stealing softly over the earth, when a little soul, tired with wandering so long away from home,

laid down to rest. In the drowsy quiet of even, Death had come and taken her away—far away from the dear ones who had loved and cherished her so long. Down by Jordan's bank he tenderly laid her, and there, fanned by gentle breezes, and lulled by sweet music, she was wafted, on Jordan's bosom, toward Paradise.

The moon, peeping softly through the silver lined clouds, kissed the face of the peaceful sleeper, while the waters gently rocked her onward. In the distance shone the white mansions where angels with harps of gold awaited her.

The night winds sighed but she heard them not—the stars came forth but she saw them no more. Only the angels did she hear and her soul was filled with joy. The beautiful gates swung quietly open, the night winds ceased to murmur, and somedody's darling had reached the heavenly city.

### *Only a Kiss.*

Only a kiss, but the trouble that came of it  
Naught under heaven can ever repair;  
I've had the bliss and must now take the blame of it—  
Only a kiss at the foot of the stair.

Only a kiss, with the nectar of joy in it,  
Pressed on two red lips so daintily rare;  
Little we dreamed there was aught of alloy in it—  
One little kiss at the foot of the stair.

Only a kiss, but the tempest to follow it  
Came in a moment, with clashing and strife;  
Vain explanation; for she would not swallow it;  
She, the evesdropper, the tyrant, my wife. WM. J. CLEMENCE.



# FOUR HITS.



BY CHAS. ADAMS.

SAPHO WALTZES.  
 NETHERSOLE MARCH.  
 CATCH ON, March.  
 ONLY A POND LILY, Waltz Song.

PUBLISHED BY

MELLWOOD MUSIC CO.,

ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

ORIGINAL COVERS.

We have some fine original covers which we will sell while they last at 60 per cent. from Scott's catalog. Better order soon as such bargains won't last long.

United States, Scott's No.	35.
" " " "	50.
" " " "	68.
New Brunswick, " "	1.
" " " "	7.
Nova Scotia, " "	2.
" " " "	8.
" " " "	9.
" " " "	10.
Prince Edward Islands, Scott's No.	11.

OUR TIP TOP PACKET NO. 40

cannot be duplicated anywhere for the price.  
**1000 DIFFERENT GENUINE  
 POSTAGE STAMPS FROM  
 ALL PARTS OF THE GLOBE.**

Contains no reprints, cut postals, or other worthless trash. Nothing but legitimate stamps. Postpaid to any part of Canada, Mexico, or the United States. Only \$4.50.

**AUCTION SALE NO. 1,  
 NEXT MONTH.**

We still have hinges at 8c per M. post paid. We have some blank approval sheets which we will sell while they last for 5c per dozen, post paid. Each sheet holds 20 stamps. We have approval books at 50 per cent. discount. Will send against good references.

**LACLEDE STAMP CO.,**

Ivory Station.

St. Louis, Mo.

## NOTICE!

**YOUNG PEOPLE'S  
 COMPANION.**



A bright, up-to-date magazine for the young people. It contains Serials, Short Stories, Anecdotes, Current Events, Notes, and other News. Also Stamp, Coin and Curio departments. A special feature is a prize contest every month in which many valuable prizes are given away.

Subscription, one year and a 30 word exchange ad free for only **TEN CENTS.**

Adlet Rates, 5c per line, 14 lines to an inch. Forms close 30th of each month.

Dealers in Stamps, Coins and Curios should send for our bargain prices. Anything and everything a collector wants. Letters of inquiry must include stamp for reply.

**YOUNG PEOPLE'S  
 COMPANION.**

10 1-2 N. 8th St., St. Louis, Mo.

Press of Little Star Mankato, Minnesota.

# The Best Special Yet.

Never before has the pruning knife been used so freely among our prices. Why do we so sacrifice our profits? Because we are closing our this certain grade of stock, and desire to do so immediately. You will never have another opportunity of getting printing done at these rates:

500 White Envelopes, No. 64.....	90c
400 Letter Heads.....	90c
500 Note Heads.....	85c
500 No. 10 Manilla Envelopes, good quality,.....	90c
Fine Linen Membership Certificates, with red line border,..... one color, per 100, 50c, two colors, 75c	

If above are delivered at your expense or with your papers, if printed by us, deduct 25c.

---

Some of the "Odds and Ends" are left:

100 White Linen Letter Heads.....	25c
125 Blue Linen Note Heads.....	25c
250 Sheets of fine enameled paper for printing Half-Tone on (Would make a fine Supplement).....	50c
500 6x9 Covers (Assorted) one page printed.....	\$1.00
3,000 Circulars, 6x9 the Whole Lot for Only.....	\$1.00
125 Five-Line Bill Heads (2 lots of these).....	25c
500 5x8 Covers, 1 page printed, enameled paper.....	70c

PLEASE DO NOT SEND STAMPS.

ALL WORK SENT PREPAID.

---

**E. T. HALE,**  
Publisher - and - Job - Printer,  
Valley Junction, Wis.

When ordering mention The American Gem.

# FOUR HITS.

BY CHAS. ADAMS.

SAPHO WALTZES,  
NETHERSOLE MARCH,  
CATCH ON, March.  
ONLY A POND LILY, Waltz Song.

PUBLISHED BY

MELLWOOD MUSIC CO.,

ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

ORIGINAL COVERS.

We have some fine original covers which we will sell while they last at 60 per cent. from Scott's catalog. Better order soon as such bargains won't last long.

United States, Scott's No.	35.
" " " " " "	50.
" " " " " "	98.
New Brunswick, " " " "	1.
" " " " " "	7.
Nova Scotia, " " " "	2.
" " " " " "	8.
" " " " " "	9.
" " " " " "	10.
" " " " " "	11.
Prince Edward Islands, Scott's No.	11.

OUR TIP TOP PACKET NO. 40 cannot be duplicated anywhere for the price. **1000 DIFFERENT GENUINE POSTAGE STAMPS FROM ALL PARTS OF THE GLOBE.**

Contains no reprints, cut postals, or other worthless trash. Nothing but legitimate stamps. Postpaid to any part of Canada, Mexico, or the United States. Only \$4.50.

**AUCTION SALE NO. 1,  
NEXT MONTH.**

We still have hinges at 8c per M. post paid. We have some blank approval sheets which we will sell while they last for 5c per dozen post paid. Each sheet holds 20 stamps. We have approval books at 50 per cent. discount. Will send against good references.

**LACLEDE STAMP CO.,**

Ivory Station

St. Louis, Mo.

## NOTICE!

*YOUNG PEOPLE'S*  
**COMPANION.**

A bright, up-to-date magazine for the young people. It contains Serials, Short Stories, Anecdotes, Current Events, Notes, and other News. Also Stamp, Coin and Curio departments. A special feature is a prize contest every month in which many valuable prizes are given away.

Subscription, one year and a 30 word exchange ad free for only **TEN CENTS.**

Adlet Rates, 5c per line, 14 lines to an inch. Forms close 30th of each month.

Dealers in Stamps, Coins and Curios should send for our bargain prices. Anything and everything a collector wants. Letters of inquiry must include stamp for reply.

**YOUNG PEOPLE'S  
COMPANION.**

10 1-2 N. 8th St.,

St. Louis, Mo.

Press of Little Star Mankato, Minnesota.

# The Best Special Yet.

Never before has the pruning knife been used so freely among our prices. Why do we so sacrifice our profits? Because we are closing our this certain grade of stock, and desire to do so immediately. You will never have another opportunity of getting printing done at these rates:

500 White Envelopes, No. 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ .....	90c
400 Letter Heads.....	90c
500 Note Heads.....	85c
500 No. 10 Manilla Envelopes, good quality, .....	90c
Fine Linen Membership Certificates, with red line border, .....	one color, per 100, 50c, two colors, 75c

**If above are delivered at your expense or with your papers, if printed by us, deduct 25c.**

---

Some of the "Odds and Ends" are left:

100 White Linen Letter Heads.....	25c
125 Blue Linen Note Heads.....	25c
250 Sheets of fine enameled paper for printing Half-Tone on ( Would make a fine Supplement ).....	50c
500 6x9 Covers ( Assorted ) one page printed.....	\$1.00
3,000 Circulars, 6x9 the Whole Lot for Only.....	\$1.00
125 Five-Line Bill Heads ( 2 lots of these ).....	25c
500 5x8 Covers, 1 page printed, enameled paper.....	70c

**PLEASE DO NOT SEND STAMPS.**

**ALL WORK SENT PREPAID.**

---

**E. T. HALE,**  
**Publisher - and - Job - Printer,**  
**Valley Junction, Wis.**

When ordering mention The American Gem.





# The American Gem

---

AN AMATEUR MAGAZINE.

---

AUGUST, 1900.

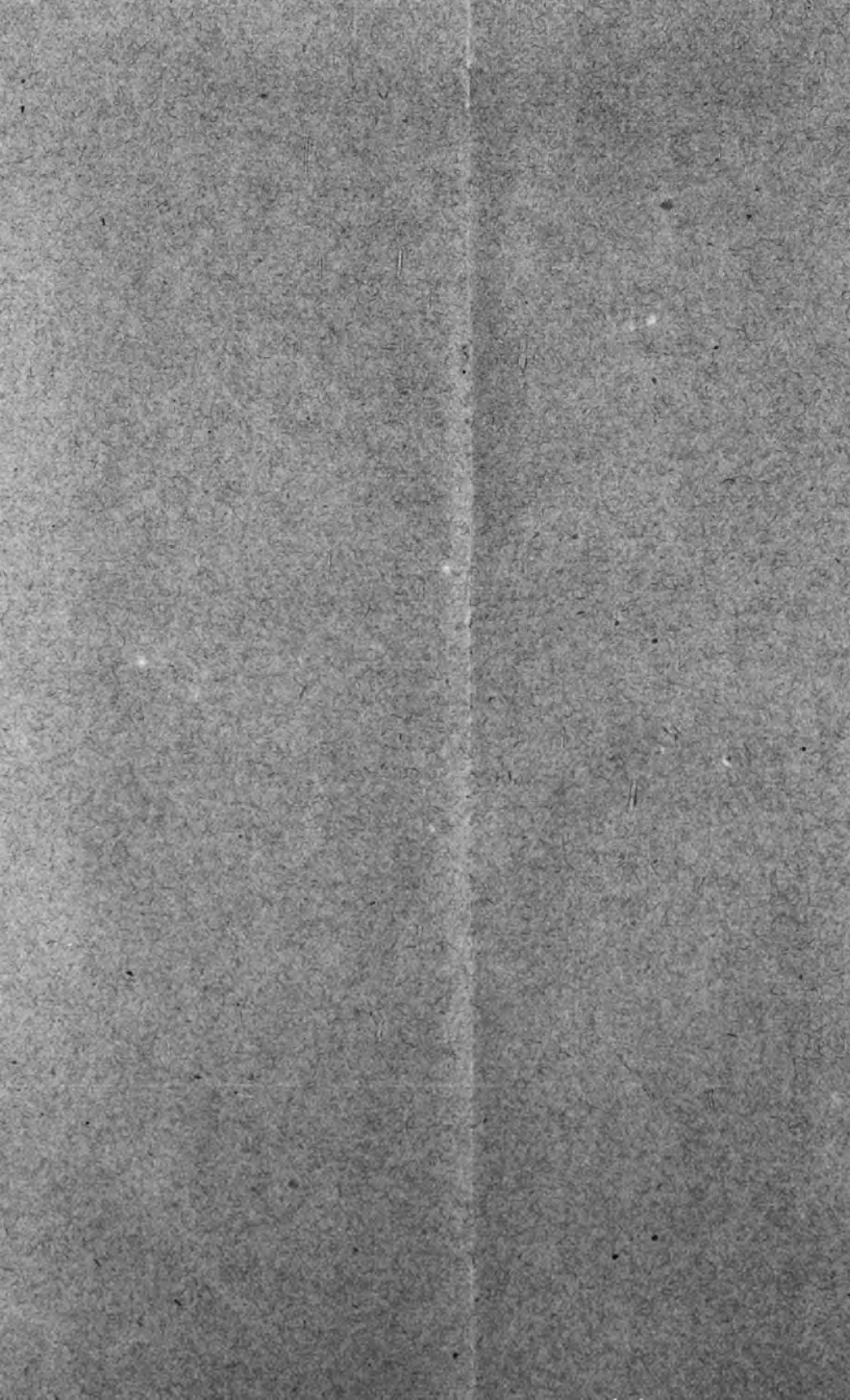
---



THE AMERICAN GEM,

7805 Ivory Ave.,

St. Louis, Mo.



# THE AMERICAN GEM.

—A MONTHLY AMATEUR JOURNAL—

"QUALITY AND QUANTITY."

VOL. 3.

ST. LOUIS, MO., AUGUST, 1900.

No. 5.

## Twenty-Fifth Annual Convention N. A. P. A.

"Boston in 1900" will go down on record as one of the most exciting conventions ever held, with as hardly fought political battle as any recorded. As everyone knows there was previous to the convention a disposition on the part of the Napa to centre all its votes on Warren J. Brodie, who made such a fine official editor the past year. Such a tendency is greatly to be deprecated, for only a live campaign makes a convention enthusiastic. The appearance on the scene of Mr. John M. Acee a little while before July made a diversion, and the statement made by Brodie that he would not run complicated matters. On Sunday evening, July 1, Mr. Edwin Hadley Smith had registered at the United States Hotel, along with Mr. Acee, Mr. J. William Townsend, the "Young Blood" candidate for official editor, Messrs. Moss, Henschel, Perkowski, and others of New York and Mr. Leston M. Ayres of New Brunswick, N. J. They proceeded at once to decorate their headquarters' parlor, and made it a very gay place with aid of bunting, flags, pictures, Chinese lanterns, Japanese umbrellas, panels, etc., and about half a hundred signs which they had lettered with "grinds" on each other. One of the most prominent of these said "Watch Smith." In the light of after developments it had a truly sinister meaning. Mr.

Acee declared he had come to Boston to secure the convention of 1901 for Atlanta, but of course it was understood that he wouldn't mind having the presidency as the prize in the package.

Promptly at 10 a. m. Tuesday, July 3, President T. B. Thiele, who had arrived the previous evening, called the convention to order. Routine business was proceeded with for half an hour, and then the New York delegation filed in. There was an air of aggression about them, and they sat down in a solid body on one side of the room. In a little while it became evident that whatever was championed by any Bostonians was not wished by the New Yorkers, and lengthy debates were held over such trifles as whether Cushing or Roberts should be the parliamentary court of last resort in the assemblage. Just why the New Yorkers filibustered thus is still an open question. They had their entire party on hand, and everything with them depended on getting preliminaries out of the way Tuesday, so the election could be held early Wednesday, before there was time for the opposition to be increased by the arrival of out of town people who were not expected until the second day. I do not know who was Acee's campaign manager, but whoever he was his encouragement of this delay makes him mainly responsible for Acee's defeat. After a morning of inactivity that



was masterly a recess was taken, and in the afternoon both the Napa members and the Uapa delegates visited Mr. B. F. Keith's theatre, as guests of Mr. Keith. About sixty were shown over the house and enjoyed the vaudeville bill. In the evening the amateurs who belong to the Uapa held a banquet in the hotel, 35 being present. Mr. Jos. Bernard Lynch, who was chairman of the Uapa reception committee, was toastmaster. At the same time 25 members of the Napa held a literary entertainment in the Napa convention hall. There was recitations by Miss Ellenore Bolton, Mr. T. J. Donoghue, vice president of the Hub Club, and by John L. Peltret, of San Francisco, who had arrived that evening.

The next morning President Thiele was in the chair at ten and the important day of the convention began with both the atmosphere and the political temperature up in the 80s. There was a heated argument between Mr. Smith and Rev. F. S. C. Wicks of Boston over the admission of the proxies Smith held they were illegal because sent out too late. Spencer and other men known to be conservative in opinion argued that precedent was in favor of the proxies being counted whenever possible, even if there was a slight doubt as to their legality. It was better to stretch a point than to give those not at the convention a chance to shout "fraud." There seemed at first a disposition on the part of the New York delegation to support Mr. Smith's desire that the proxies be thrown out, but after such men as Spencer, Wicks, Brodie and those whose memories extended back many years had spoken on the subject, and after recourse to amateur history, which proved that

the few conventions where proxies were thrown out lived with a perpetual stigma, the younger set manfully showed their altered opinions by rising and withdrawing their support. The first vote on the subject stood 13 to 13, and by a latter vote the effort to throw out the proxies was defeated.

In the meantime Mr. Brodie had arrived and been greeted with an ovation. He was at once approached by both sides, and resolutely declared he was not a candidate. Nevertheless he was nominated, but declined again in such decisive terms that no possible doubt could remain as to his intentions. Mr. Acee had already been nominated and after the retirement of Brodie a sudden effort was made to have nominations closed, in the midst of which Mr. Spencer arose and nominated Mr. Nelson G. Morton. This was a complete surprise, as his name had not been so much as mentioned before the meeting. Of course his supporters felt rather nervous, as the previous "test" vote on the proxy admission question had stood 13 to 13, but nevertheless balloting began. Mr. Brodie had the proxy strength, but he not being a candidate the election was thrown into the convention. Ballot after ballot was taken, each one showed a decided gain for Morton, and he was finally elected by a good majority. It was then after five and the convention adjourned.

The dramatic moment of the day was when Mr. Smith, as representative of the Greater New York Amateur Press Club, tried to pass several votes on the strength of the club having eighteen paid members in the National. It was discovered that Smith was using as said "club members" several Napa members who were merely honorary members of the Greater New

York Club, and who had been made such at a meeting late in June. Two of these gentlemen, Messrs. Peltret and Delano, were present, and objected to the misuse of their names. On this Townsend arose and with the exuberance of youth said he thought it "mean of these men to eat the club refreshments and then repudiate the club." For the honor of the rest of the New York delegation it should be said that they at once repudiated Townsend, and expressed deep sorrow for the way in which he had insulted Peltret and Delano. Townsend then apologized, but it was easily to be seen that so hasty a young man would never do for official editor.

In the evening the Napa held its banquet, 36 being present. In the toastmaster's position was Mr. T. J. Spencer, and the speakers were "The Napa," Willard O. Wylie; "Our official Board" T. J. Thiele; "The Pacific Coast" John L. Peltret; "The Neapax" Mrs. T. J. Spencer; "The Ladies" Rev. F. S. C. Wicks; "The Men" by all the ladies; "Our Politicians" T. J. Donoghue; "The Printer" T. J. Spencer; "Our Authors" John Livingston Wright; "Young Blood" John M. Acee; "The Old-timer" Senator H. K. Sanderson; "The Hub Club" Rev J. H. Wiggin; "The Uapa" J. William Townsend; "Boston's Four" Mrs. Edith Minter.

Despite the great amount of talk about "Young Blood" said "Young Blood" was not disposed to show itself at the banquet. Although Mr. Acee's name is on the toast response list, he did not speak, and Mr. Townsend "begged to be excused." The latter action was particularly unfortunate, as thereby was lost a chance for Townsend to "make good" as the saying is, for his temerity in running

for the official editorship. Had he made an able response he would doubtless have had more than three votes the next day.

On Thursday the official board was filled in as follows: First Vice President, H. C. Jesson; Second Vice, Edgar M. Hayes; Rec. Sec., Amanda E. Frees; Cor. Sec., Geo. A. Alderman; Treas. Leston M. Ayres; Hist. John T. Nixon. For official editor Acee was nominated, several New Yorkers speaking in his favor. Spencer was also nominated and would certainly have been elected had he not refused to run. Then Smith in the longest speech of the convention nominated Townsend. The speech was in poor taste, inasmuch as it mainly advocated Townsend because of good Uapa work, which of course had Napa weight. He had but three votes and Acee was elected. For next meeting place Atlanta and Milwaukee were nominated, the vote was divided, but Atlanta won. The executive judges are retiring President Thiele, Brodie, and Mrs. Edith Minter. When the New York delegation arrived there was a vast deal of talk about "investigating Thiele" and "putting him in disgrace for neglect of duty," but somehow this never materialized, while a committee report of an investigation of the reception committee for delay in getting out invitations was tabled and lost sight of. On Thursday all disaffected parties except Mr. Smith joined in amicable relations, and the stormy convention ended with votes of thanks for everyone. A trip to Lexington by trolley occupied the afternoon, and in the evening there was a supper party at "Little Italy" a famous cosmopolitan quarter of Boston. It was said that Smith went home that night, quite

disgusted with having lost the support of the New Yorkers for Townsend. At any rate he was not seen again. Many of the others remained until Sunday. There were Bunker Hill and theatre parties Friday, beach trips Saturday, and the Hub Club gave a picnic Sunday.

#### NOTES.

The convention was one of the largest of late years. Seventy one names are found by combining the two "registers." The states of Illinois, Tennessee, Georgia, North Carolina, New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, New Hampshire, California, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts were all well represented.

A peculiar feature of the convention was the presence of Mr. W. G. Snow of Meriden, Conn. He was an active amateur twenty years ago, but this was his first Napa convention. He had with him a newly issued amateur paper and was admitted to membership.

Mr. and Mrs. Spencer brought with them their two sons, Masters Llewellyn and Willard, aged 4 and 2 years. For their tender years they hold the convention record. The younger has been to one National and one New England, the older to two National and one New England meetings.

EDITH MINITER.

#### Tomorrow.

Here's to the world when it's bright and fraternal,  
The substance of living 'neath fair, sunny

skies.

To the meadow and woodland whose echoes  
paternal  
Are mingled and meet us through radiance  
of dyes,  
Then away with the thought of a world's stored  
sorrow,  
Away with the shadows, low bending and  
gray.  
And thus let life's beams speak a glorious  
tomorrow,  
For those who are toiling contented to-  
day.

Here's to the world when its darkness is  
deepest,  
The shadows that mantle the heart with  
despair,  
'Tis then that a glimmer of wondrous light  
leapest,  
Transcending the gloom with a brilliancy  
rare,  
Hope is the factor that purges all sorrow,  
The bitterest sting is relieved by its ray,  
And so mortals cling to the glorious to-  
morrow,  
Though confronted by cares in the life of to-  
day.

PERCY H. GLADSTONE.

#### The Artist.

See yon painter paints a picture  
On a canvass broad and white,  
Here he touches, there he touches,  
No, it's not exactly right.  
Studies he the last made failure,  
Sees the touch which spoiled it all;  
Throws it from him, sees its ruin:  
Rises.—walks toward the wall.  
Where there hung on a grander canvass.  
All the beauty of his soul;  
Soon forgets his last made failure  
In the vision of his goal.  
See his locks are growing whiter,  
In his eyes there is a light;  
As if heaven were within him,  
And shone out into the night.  
For he sees in that grand painting,  
All his life could ever be;  
Casts his eyes towards the heavens,  
"Lord I'm waiting now for thee."  
On a morning bright and golden,  
Was the painter found at rest  
With his failures all beneath him  
And the picture on his breast.

### **THE REVIEWER.**

A Department of Criticism and Comment on Current Amateur Periodicals, Conducted by W. R. Murphy.

In the June-July Southern Breezes the editor Mr. H. Blumberg proves himself anything but a good controversialist. He lacks urbanity, and at times approaches perilously near to methods of the mud slinger. Again he lacks an adequate knowledge of some phrases of the subject he is discussing. He says: "Scratch a Uapaite and you'll find a tale scribbler, scratch a tale scribbler and in nine cases out of ten he'll be a Uapaite. It becomes natural that they should install themselves as our critics." The above is mainly in reference to L. B. Gardner, of *The Rapiere*, and the conductor of this department. Had Mr. Blumberg investigated he would have found that Mr. Gardner never has been a member of the U. A. P. A., and if he means the N. A. P. A. by "our," let me hasten to say that I am a member of that association, and moreover had contributed to papers published under its auspices, (notably *The Rising Age*, and *The Interpolitan Magazine*) before I joined the U. A. P. A. As for being a "tale scribbler" out of nearly two hundred contributions which I have made to the amateur press during the last two years, about six have been works of fiction! Mr. Blumberg's lack of knowledge of the foregoing matter is no worse than his lack of logic. I positively fail to see that because one is a "Uapaite" and a "tale-scribbler" he should naturally be "our critics," as Mr. Blumberg assents because there

was not a total eclipse of the sun the day before yesterday, does not necessarily mean that this time next year there will be snow. Finally, Mr. Blumberg is inconsistent. On another page he praises *The Interpolitan* for "keeping itself clean from the trash out of the tale-scribbler's pen," where, as a matter of fact, every issue of *The Interpolitan* contains some fiction.

But all the foregoing is personal to a certain extent, and does not throw much light on the subject of the benefits and disadvantages of fiction to amateur journalism, except to show Mr. Blumberg's lack of knowledge concerning certain of his premises, and the fallacy of some of his reasoning.

The question at issue is "Does fiction confer any advantages on the amateur journalist or should he avoid it." I have recorded my position for the affirmative, and have yet no sufficient cause for changing it. The field of amateur journalism of essentially a training ground, and to my mind should afford practice to the amateur novelist and story writer as well as to the poet and essayist. The point which I wished to present in citing Scribner's advertisement in a previous article on the subject was not that the standpoint of popularity is superior to that of merit. What I desired to show was the importance of fiction as a literary form in contrast with other forms.

This indicates that if the amateur author is to make a success in the literary world, he must be trained in this important branch of literature, which is after all a profession, albeit the most dignified of professions. Were the majority of amateur authors heaven-sent journalists, it



---

---

would be better for them to make such preparation as their souls dictated. But most of us are destined for our own age only, and not for posterity. If we influence for the right the epoch in which we live, and add something to the development of the world during it, our work will be done. And this is why I advocate the retention of fiction in amateur journalism, for fiction is the great instrument of thought and progress and those trained in it will be better fitted for their life work, after the practice gained in amateur journalism, for the practice is fully as beneficial and appropriate to its purpose as that gained in the writing of essays and poems is to their respective provinces.

---

---

The Dewey, July, is the best issue which the publisher has put out for three months at least. The leading article is Halsey Connell Myer's well written but morbid pen sketch, "A Little Spot of Sunshine." On the sunbeam motif, Mr. Myers constructs a story hackneyed in plot as most of his productions are but invested with a new interest in the telling. The color is well preserved, while the attention to detail and to consistency confers a finish too often lacking in the fiction of amateur authors. Of equal interest with the foregoing is "Johnson Graves, Assistant King," by Dwight Anderson, although not so pretentious as the author's "Stolen Fame," the story under consideration possesses much in common with its predecessor, and notably, the vividness of color and excellence of shading. In the final episode of Johnston Grave's life, the character of a maniac, is as well, though perhaps less

fully drawn, as that of the pseudo-genius Orlando Potts, in *Stolen Fame*.

---

---

The National Amateur Press Association Convention at Boston, is responsible for the issuance of two papers. The *Aftermath*, by Mrs. Edith Minter is a pleasant souvenir of the occasion, and its vivacious chat, very welcome to those who did not attend the convention. The *Fossil*, published by Mr. John Nixon, has a more serious object than the provision of convention gossip. Worked on the indicated lines it will be a strengthening factor in the furtherance of the cause.

---

---

The *Advance* has as its leading articles, a biographical sketch of Charles Dickens, by Russell B. Abbott, Jr., and a fairly complete U. A. P. A. convention report, by Albert E. Cull. A few details are lacking. The convention as a whole impressed me differently from the manner in which it seemingly impressed Mr. Cull.

---

---

Mr. Warren J. Brodie's six issues of the National Amateur constitutes as excellent a volume as any which I have seen. I must confess to my sorrow that my acquaintance with back numbers is very limited, but I cannot imagine a volume with finer typographical arrangement or better selected contents. As a whole the volume is excellent, and very few details are imperfect. It approaches very, very closely to my ideal of what an official organ should be. And all this, despite the captious comment of the critical Mr. Townsend.

---

Among the new papers the steady improvement of the Snap Shot is to be commended, as is the same quality in The Huronia, Amateur. The Favorite is large and gives promise of soon forging to the front. The margins are rather narrow, but this defect can doubtless be remedied. El Gasedil is probably very interesting to students of Volapvk, though truth to tell, I had thought that the idea of an international language had followed "thon" into oblivion. It's up to Konwiser to get out the Bomb according to the laws of "fonelik refawrm."

---

Not having abandoned this mundane sphere, I should like to gently impress the pleasing fact on the editors of The Amateur Litterateur, The Insight, The Amateurs' Review, Amateur Record, The Investigator, The Literary Gem, Hebe and a few others.

---

### Broken Toys.

"So Floy has broken your kite, dear.

The kite that you loved so well—"

The baby face quivered with pain

And tears from the brown eyes fell.

"Yes, mama, and after she did it,

She said 'dat she was glad;'"

I smiled as I stroked the snug curls,

And kissed the sweet face so sad.

"Well—don't feel so badly, my darling.

Be mother's own brave boy.

There are many more kites to be had

And we'll try to forgive little Floy."

Down came the dear head on my bosom.

"I'll twy and fordive her," he cried.

"An' I dess she'd be awful sorry,

If tomorrow I should be died."

"So Floy has broken your heart, dear.

Poor boy! when you loved her so well."

Again as in childhood to me he came

His sad story trying to tell.

"Yes, mother, and after she knew it

She said 'she didn't care—'"

I sighed as I watched the weary set face,

And I smoothed the golden-brown hair.

"Well, don't feel so badly, my darling—

Be mother's own brave boy,

There are many more girls to be had

And we'll try to forgive little Floy."

His broad chest heaved with emotion,

"Yes, I'll try to forgive her," he said.

Next day she wept by his bedside,

My beautiful boy lay dead.

—JEAN MAYNARD.

---

### The School Boy's Letter.

We give the following as a genuine letter from a lad at school to his mother:

"I hope Matida's cold is better. I am glad she is not at shule. I think I have got consumption. the boys at this place are not gentlemanly, but of course you did not no this when you sent me here. i will try not to get bad habits. The pants have worn out at the knees. I think the tailor must have cheated you. the buttons have come off and they are loose behind. i don't think the food is good, but i shd not mind if I was only stronger.

"The piece of meat i send you is off the beef we hd on Sundy, but on other days it is more stringy. There are black beetles in the kitchen and sometimes they cook them in the dinner, which can't be holesome when you are not strong. I have a tame beetle as a pet.

"Do not mind my being so uncomfortable, as I do not think I shall last long. Please send me some more money, as i o 25 cents. If you cant spare it i think i can borrow it of a boy who is going to leave at the half quarter, but perhaps would not like to be under any obligations to his parents.—Yr loving but retched son."

---

---

## THE RIGHT FOOD FOR OUR MINDS.

BY HOLMES S. KIMBALL.

Good literature is an inspiration, or ought to be, and should inspire one to make high ideals. The trouble with reading matter of the "Golden Hours" type, is that it does not inspire the mind of our youth, but that inspiration tends toward wrong-doing and crime. There is not much to be said concerning this mind poison; the aspects of the evil are only too apparent. But the undesirable reading matter referred to is sugared over with the alluring promise of dashing characters and sensational scenes, which detract the attention of the youthful reader from the real import of the story—the import which is the mistaken idea that many daring deeds may be done in direct opposition to all sense of law and moral right. Let the juvenile literature publishers put the charming stories of Miss Alcott, some of Dickens' books, a vivid tale by Richard Harding Davis, a stray history, and another "Poor Richard's Almanac" in the place of the vile fiction now holding sway, and the increase of crime will receive its death blow.

---

# Subscribe

# to the Gem.

---

---

## A MAN OF ENERGY.

A Biographical Sketch of Frank P. Holland, the Most Interesting Figure in Texas Journalism.

Of all the colossal successes that have adorned Texas journalism—and many other states might well be included—Frank P. Holland, the enterprising publisher of the "Farm and Ranch" of Dallas, is without doubt the most gigantic.

Never has there been a more brilliant journalistic career; never did a man labor with more untiring energy to give both subscriber and advertiser a full dollar's worth of service for every dollar received, and today his journal stands without a peer among agricultural journals.

Its owner is loved and admired by all who know him—and his friends number a legion, his acquaintance being limited only by the waters of the Atlantic and Pacific, and both he and his paper are known as well among advertisers in New York as in Dallas.

Mr. Holland is a robust little man of middle age. He was born in Galveston, September 22, 1852, and spent the greater portion of his boyhood days on his grandfather's farm near Sandy Point, Brazoria County. His experience in the agricultural line was a forerunner of his career as an agricultural journalist, enabling him to anticipate so well the wants of the

farmer.

When the civil war broke out he enlisted as flag-bearer in a Galveston company, serving four years. In 1866 he went to Connecticut to school, returning in the latter part of '69 to Galveston, where he was employed as transfer agent on the Morgan line of steamers. In 1871 he moved to Austin, then to Dallas, and later to Waxahachie.

In 1879 he moved to Austin where he was employed as circulation manager of "Texas Siftings," then published at that place. This was his first work of a journalistic nature. It was here that he conceived the idea of starting an agricultural paper to be devoted to Texas.

Thus, seventeen years ago, the "Farm and Ranch" began its career at the state capitol. A few years later the business men of Dallas discovered the merits of the journal, and at once laid plans to secure it for their city. To get it they offered advertising contracts aggregating \$12,500 a year for five years.

After a careful consideration Mr. Holland moved the "Farm and Ranch" to Dallas, where it pushed ahead with such rapid strides that its publisher, after a few months, released of his own volition all of the advertising contracts whose makers did not desire continued. He did this on a purely business basis, and this has been the key-note of his policy all along.

Mr. Holland has been at the front of everything that has made Dallas great. In 1895 he was elected mayor of the city by a handsome majority over two strong opponents, each with a large personal following. At the end of his term the Texas press began to boom him for governor, and had he been a man of political am-

bitious, there would have been practically no limit to his achievements. But he very wisely decided that journalism and politics could not be mixed to advantage.

An example of Mr. Holland's generosity is shown by the following, told by a writer in the Houston "Post."

Mr. Holland takes great interest in the affairs of the state A. & M. College of which he is a director. Last year he planned an excursion for the cadets to the state fair, and through the liberality of Manager Quinlan of the H. & T. C. R. R., secured free transportation for the college boys. The fair management refused to pass them, so the doughty Holland called for tickets for the crowd, a train load, and footed the bill himself.

This is only one of the many similar incidents that have made Mr. Holland the friend of everyone with whom he came in contact.

Mr. Holland, aside from his achievements in Dallas, has served as president of the Texas Press Association and the National Agricultural Press League.

A year or so ago Mr. Holland received a very flattering offer from men conspicuous in St. Louis business circles to remove his paper to that city. But thousands of letters poured in upon him, begging him not to go, saying that he and his paper belonged exclusively to the Lone Star state.

The paper is still published at Dallas, but is dated at both Dallas and St. Louis. What will be his final decision in the matter remains to be seen, but whatever it may be, the citizens of Texas may rest assured that Mr. Holland will ever be loyal to his native state.

HARRY V. VAN DEMARK.



---

---

### The Origin and Worth of Art.

It is impossible to trace the true origin of art because we have no authentic knowledge of pre-historic literature. The best we can do is surmise and by analogy draw conclusions that correspond with our present knowledge of events.

Scientific researches, exploring parties, geological surveys et cetera give us a chain of evidence that would be complete were that missing link discovered. It is a doleful reflection when ruminating upon the wilful wrongs inflicted by the Adamic race upon their neighbors, the Nodians, to know that but for the existence of race jealously a pre-historic civilization that would have elucidated many mysteries and informed us of the origin of art would have been preserved to the world.

When Cain fled from his half-civilized home as a fugitive he was received by the Nodians and placed on an equality with them because he married one of their women. He remained long enough with them to gain a knowledge of art, for he builded a city, and named it Enoch, after his first born son. This circumstance proves the superiority of the Nodians over their Adamic neighbors, for while they (the Nodians) were lovers of the arts, the Adamic race was living in a state of innocence.

So art originated with the civilized Nodians, but how many ages previous to Adam and Eve's advent we shall probably never know, unless scientific research shall unearth long buried records, divulging secrets that may succeed in destroying our present estimate of human works. Art, then, had its origin in pre-historic ages. The comfort of house dwellers led to those necessary improvements that

suggested the art of the decorator; the step from rustic to artistic was a stimulator to advanced thought, resulting in new designs, original conceptions and finally in ornate and massive works, idealizing the inexpressible emotions of the people. Those ancient ruins that yet remain to excite our wonder and awaken our sympathies, because there still exists in all pure art no inexplicable spirit that makes all the world akin. Gibbon and Volney revelled in this idealistic elysium, as they pondered amid the stately ruins of by-gone dynasties.

All true lovers of nature love to trace the delicate distinction between it and art. Jesus Christ sought communings with nature, and loved to trace the close analogy between it and Man's inspirited creations. Hence his love for the venerable temple and its hoary associations.

There is less faith in modern art. The old art has less of the garnish, and more of the soothing mellowness of age. This makes true art a priceless treasure, for it furnishes a link that unites us to the nearest historical chain of traditional art. Its worth is incalculable. It is a peace maker, a comforter, a refiner, an entertainer and it makes ordinary objects things of beauty forever.

---

The successful attempts of M. Paulsen to photograph the spectrum of the aurora borealis were made in Iceland, where the displays in January were very vivid. Of the 22 lines distinctly photographed 16 are new.

---

### Editorials.

Nowadays it is the style to know everybody else's business,—instead of your own. I find that several mem-

---

---

bers of the National have a penchant for meddling with the Amateur's business, making misstatements about them, which naturally inconveniences the parties. These saucy little children—I cannot find a more appropriate name—will merit a good spanking if they do not stop their nonsense. They will get it too.

---

“Wendemuth is improving editorially.” The above phrase has appeared in various amateur papers once or twice during the past month. Every time I read it I fell into a trance. It is enough to make an amateur of my position turn green, or die suddenly. While I have never made any claims, heretofore, in regards to my editorial abilities, I can truthfully state that had I the time some of these other amateurs have I would be able to fill 16 pages 7 x 10, every month, with good long editorials, which would take the editorial laureateship. Now I am ready for more comment, and if it is forthcoming in too large quantities, I shall get out an all editorial paper for the benefit of the fraternity. All that is necessary is a roast from Konwiser.

---

Several amateur papers have inaugurated new departments, under various captions, prominent among them: “Worldly affairs.” “Worldly affairs” is only a blind for “Politics.” It is all right to talk politics, but not in amateur papers. First: Among the amateurs you will find an equal portion favoring the two main political parties. They will naturally argue; these arguments and debates wax warm, and in trying to outdo the other, slanderous remarks will be used. Result—hard feelings. Second: With hard feelings existing there

will spring various complications which are liable to cause a split in the association. When time for amateur politics is at hand, and candidates are up then the political (National) hatred and enmity can do their work. X is a candidate for high office, a very capable person and with a fine record. Z is a “Copperite” and is also very active in amateur politics, he purrs around X and questions him in regard to the National politics and finds out that he is a “Tinite.” Now as the “Tin-ites” and “Copperites” are political adversaries, and Z thinks the “Copperites” will have the next president, etc., he resolve to work against X in amateur politics just because he is not a “Copperite,” and thus the trouble starts. Let us avoid all this trouble by leaving out all kinds of worldly politics. Politics all look alike to me. There are good and bad men in every party. Never find opinions of one side and then argue. Read both sides or shut up. But I can offer a little advice, which, if heeded, will be the means of keeping everybody out of trouble. Never argue on Political Questions, Religion, or Street Car Strikes. This last because of the local strikes. I have seen several people get “argued” and the advice is timely.

---

There will be great speculation among the members of the National Amateur Press Association, as to whether the new board of officers will be as inactive as the last, or will recruits be gained and activity be renewed. Certainly there must be something out of the ordinary happen. The election of Mr. Morton to office of president was certainly a big surprise, but Mr. Morton has al-

---

ready made some promises which I hope he will keep. For a past record Mr. Morton has none to speak of, but he intends to make a record, and he can do so only with cooperation. Let the members bear this in mind. Without cooperation the executive can do as much as a wooden Indian.

---

After an absence of over a year's duration, "Dilettante," Samuel J. Steinburg's famous amateur paper, came to our desk in July. Outside of the reduced size it is the same as the old Dilettante. "Without Prejudice" is still up to its former standard. The department edited by Jas. F. Morton, Jr., is fine. The paragraph relating to activity on the coast was especially interesting. Mr. Steinberg expects to issue "Dilettante" monthly, that is if his health permits.

---

The United Amateur Press Association is saved. The election of Jas. C. Bresnahan to the Presidency was a very wise selection. The first administration of Mr. Bresnahan's was the most prosperous the United ever had, and in his second term his sole object is to outdo his first term in, increasing the membership, issuance of more papers and renewed activity. Once more I say: 'Rah for reformers!

---

Oh, what a pretender Smith was. His claims, which have been proven as false, are a thing of the past. No more will we hear of Edwin H. His Boston Attending Corporation Scheme was the neatest catch ever sprung upon the amateur public. Very few suckers were caught however. The only thing Smith ever worked hard to get was a complete file of the amateur papers. What his object was no one knew, though several

hints were floating around. I have been told that Smith has retired. The N. A. P. A. regrets to lose such an active member as Mr. Smith, and it is my sincere wish that Mr. Smith will turn over a new leaf, become active again and send us more issues of Blood and Thunder, as the paper will be greatly missed (?).

---

The much puffed up 30 page and cover convention number of the United Amateur has yet failed to put in an appearance (Aug 1st). I think that with Smith's retirement, Townsend will be unable to send out the United Amateur again, though I may be wrong. Make as few promises as possible and above all keep your word. Don't promise 16 pages next issue and when next issue appears it has but eight pages, and in trying to make excuses offer such a lame one that the amateurs became disgusted with you and fail to believe anything you say.

C. A. WENDEMUTH.

---

## THE AMERICAN GEM.

A monthly magazine devoted to amateur journalism.

---

CHARLES A. WENDEMUTH, Editor.  
WILLIAM R. MURPHY, Associate Editor.

---

SUBSCRIPTION—25 cents per year in advance. Gold, silver, bank notes or postage stamps accepted.

---

ADVERTISING RATES—50 cents per inch. \$5 per page. No reduction for time or larger space.

---

EXCHANGES—Address one copy to home office and one to our Associate Editor at 1344 Park Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

---

ALL BUSINESS communications should be addressed to

*The American Gem,*  
7805 Ivory Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

---

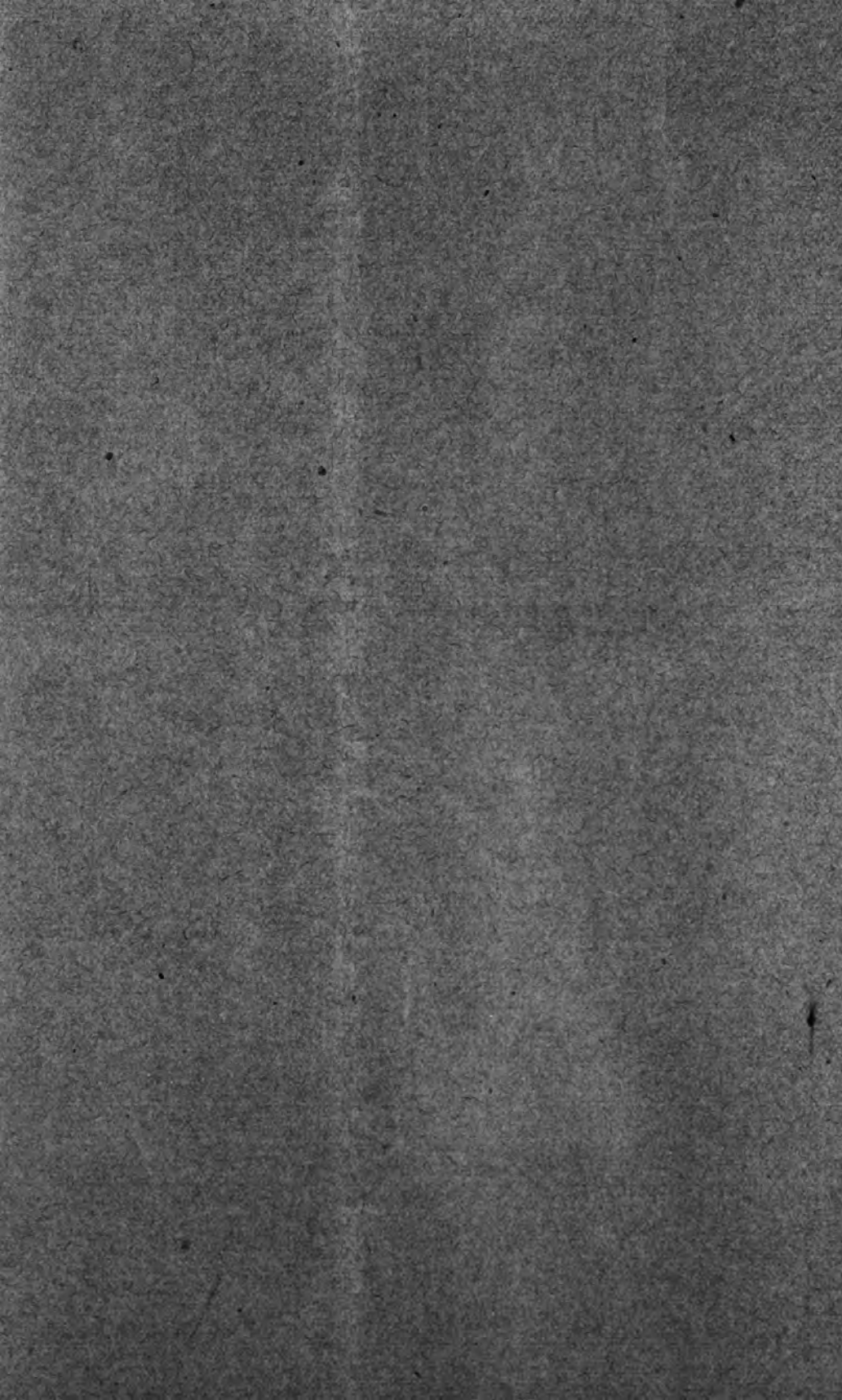
### Notice.

A blue cross opposite this space notifies you that your subscription has expired. A renewal of same will be greatly appreciated.

---

Entered at St. Louis postoffice as second class mail matter.

---





# FIRST MAIL AUCTION SALE.

CLOSES AUG. 31, 1900.

Each lot to be sold to highest bidder. All stamps are genuine and in good condition. Stamps are used unless otherwise stated. All bids to be by lot. Postage on lots to be paid by purchaser. Send bids in early. At close of sale highest bidder will be notified and lots forwarded upon receipt of remittance. \* means unused. Figures in parenthesis denote the number of stamps in lot. Prices according to Scotts 59th. Address all bids to

LACLEDE STAMP CO.,

Ivory Station,

St. Louis, Mo.

LOT	UNITED STATES.	CAT.	LOT	FOREIGN.	CAT.
1	1847-5c	.70	35	British Guiana 145	.12
2	1851-10c o c	.85	36	Canada 5c Green (50)	.50
3	1855-1c III o c (10)	2.50	37	" 1c Blk (65)	1.50
4	1855-10c dam. o c	.40	38	" 6 Jubilee*	.12
5	1861-10c dam. o c	.15	39	" * " , blek	.12
6	1869-1c	.60	40	" " "	.12
7	1869-1c	.60	41	Cape Good Hope 4c '53	.60
8	1869-12c	.50	42	Barbadoes 1P '52	.85
9	1870-1c grill	.50	43	Brazil 28c 1P '61	2.50
10	1873-90c sl dam	1.50	44	Ecuador 2oc '93	1.00
11	1879-*15c O G	.50	45	Mexico 1P '84	.75
12	1879-*3c Bluh 4	1.60	46	" 2P '84	.75
13	1882*10c O G	.50	47	" "	.75
14	1883-*2c O G	.08	48	" 5c '95 2 lots (100)	4.00
15	1888-*5c O G	.50	49	Natal 1P '67	.85
16	1888-50c sl dam	.90	50	New Brunswick 3P 1851, on cover A Fine Copy	3.50
17	1893-*Set Columbians (16)	22.29	51	New Brunswick 1c '60	1.00
18	1899-1c (50)	.50	52	" " "	1.00
19	1899-2c (160)	1.60	53	Nova Scotia 3P 1851 On Cover. Good	1.25
20	1899-\$1.00	1.60	54	Nova Scotia 1c '60 On Cover	.75
21	1899-\$2.00	2.00	55	" " 2c " "	.50
22	1899-\$2.00	2.00	56	" " 5c " " dam	.25
23	1879-Unpaid letter 3oc	1.00	57	Prince Edward Island 3c 1872 on cover, Fine	.50
24	1879-Unpaid letter 5oc	2.50	58	Prince Edward Island, 1c orange 1872 on cover	3.00
25	" " dam (2) 5oc	5.00	59	St. Helena 2c 1864	1.00
REVENUES.			60	*Turks Is. 1P 1867	1.50
26	1c Express Imp	.72	61	One Scotts Int Album, Cloth Bound and 800 Varieties Stamps, all mounted in good condition Catalog Value	\$16.00
27	40c Inland Exchange Pt pr	.35			
28	\$1.50 In X Imp	.15			
29	\$5.00 Convey Imp	1.50			
30	\$2.00 Imfest dam	2.50			
31	\$2.00 Ver and Blk	.50			
32	1c small I R 1898 Blk	.40			
33	1c B H D Howd Match, dam	4.00			
34	Black 1c Orange doc	.32			

# The American Gem

---

AN AMATEUR MAGAZINE.

---

SEPTEMBER, 1900.

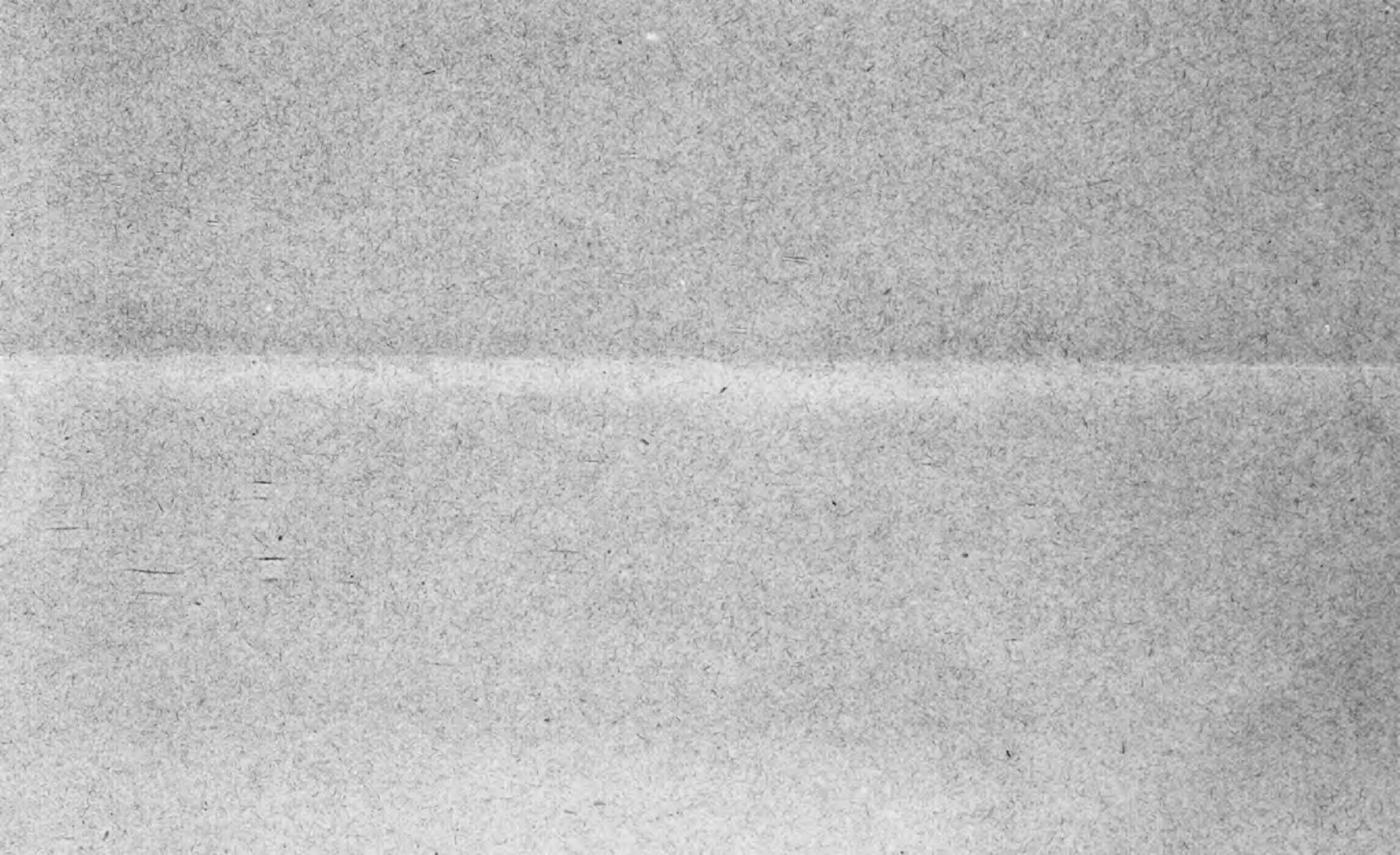
---



THE AMERICAN GEM,

7805 Ivory Ave.,

St. Louis, Mo.



# The American Gem.

—A MONTHLY AMATEUR JOURNAL—

"QUALITY AND QUANTITY."

*Entered as second class mail matter.*

VOL. 3.

ST. LOUIS, MO., SEPTEMBER, 1900.

No. 6.

## HEART-HOPELESSNESS.

THE PATHETIC STORY OF TOBY JOHNSON'S JOURNEY FROM SUNNY TENNESSEE AND THE RESULT-ANT DISAPPOINTMENT.

The Judge carefully adjusted his spectacles and surveyed the forlorn figure in the prisoners' dock. His look was anything but beatific. The face of the culprit would have made an ample appendix to the cumulative woes of humanity. He shunned with dogged zeal the assiduous scrutiny of the spectators, but his very attitude was an autonomy of fear.

The Judge glanced at a paper before him.

"Johnson," he said, "what have you to say to the charge of beating your wife?"

The prisoner's head raised slowly.

"Ah cahn't say nothin', I reckon, Jedge." His head was drooping again when he added: "Least nothin' YOU'D b'lieve."

"I am here to be convinced, Johnson. If you have anything to say I will hear it. The charge against you is brought by your wife. She accuses you of cruelly beating her." There was a ring of severity in the Judge's tone.

The prisoner did not speak.

"Come! Come!" said the court, with asperity. "Do you plead guilty or

not guilty? Did you beat your wife?"

Johnson's lips twitched, and he rubbed his side as if someone had struck him there.

"Did I?" he repeated, dully.

"Did you?" The court grimaced with impatience in a very undignified way.

Johnson dragged himself to his full height. His hands gripped the rail; his nails scraped the wood.

"Did ah beat mah wife?" he ejaculated. "Jedge, you don't—you don't b'lieve 't, d' ye? Oh, Jedge, you cahn't b'lieve 't!"

The Judge looked at him with perplexity knitting his brows. There was something in that simple speech that seemed to banish guilt. Somehow, the court likened it to an immaculate soul aghast at the breath of suspicion, and too pure to see the need of defense. It was like a Desdemona asking in open-eyed wonder, "What is crime?" There was a touch of tenderness in his voice as he said:

"Tell me, Johnson, just how this fight started. Tell me—were you provoked into striking her?"

"Why there were no fight, Jedge, there were no fight. On mah soul, ah didn't strike her!"

"There was no quarrel then?"

Johnson bowed his head.

"We 'uns had wuhds, Jedge, but 'twere no fight. Why, Jedge, she were an angel. Ah wouldn't fight 'ith



her—not fo' the wuhld. Can't you tell me, Jedge, how I'm chahged?"

The judge referred to the paper before him and cleared his voice.

"You are charged with wife beating. You were arrested on a warrant sworn out by your wife."

Johnson stared in wild-eyed disbelief.

"Not by mah wife!" he cried. "Not by HER! She—why, Jedge, she couldn't do it. She loves me, Jedge, she's an angel."

"Nevertheless, she secured a warrant for your arrest," said the Judge. "Now let me have the facts in the case," he added kindly. "You are holding something back. Tell me the whole story."

"Th' story, Jedge? It's—ah guess it's best, though, I guess it's best. Ah come from Tennessee, Jedge, a year ago 'ith Sarah. You uns cahn't know how ah loved her, er how she loved me. Yes, Jedge, we uns was happy—happy as kings 'n' queens, an' ev'ry day was full 'v sunshine. Mah haht was glad an' mah hopes was high. An' Sarah—why Sarah, why she jist suffahed frum happiness an' joy; puah happiness, Jedge, puah happiness. Ah didn't liak ter say no when she wanted ter come No'th heah, Jedge, but this haht of mine was heavy when we uns left deah old Tennessee. You see, we uns was boahn an' raised theyah, an' ah was mighty happy 'roun' home, jist es Sarah were. We uns-ca-came heah ter live an' all was well 'till Sarah tooks ter drinkin'. Ah-ah-ah could-ah couldn't blame 'r, Jedge, 'cause-'cause she suf-suffahed heaps 'ith neralgy. She-she didn't stay; an', Jedge, two-two wee-weeks, two weeks 'go she run away 'ith-'ith a villan, Jedge, 'ith a villan who-who-who'd inticed 'r-tore-jist-jist-tore 'r 'way frum me. An' ah love 'r s' much—oh, Gawd, how I love 'r! Ah wants 'r back, Jedge, ah wants 'r

back. Woahn't 'sher give 'r t' me, Jedge, cahn't 'sher do it?"

For a moment there was silence. When the Judge spoke his voice was tremulous with emotion.

"I'll do my best for you, Johnson," he said. "Go on with your story; what about the quarrel?"

Johnson drew his hand across his eyes.

"Ah foun' 'r, Jedge, livin' unrespectable in a house, an' day after day ah waits f'r her t' come out so 's ah can coax her back. She-she-told me yeserday she'd have me ah'rested 'f ah did-didn't stay 'way. But ah couldn't do 't. Ah went back, Jedge, ter plead, an' she-she struck me 'ith a glass. But ah come right 'way, Jedge, ah come right 'way—an' was ah'rested. Ah didn't strike 'r, Jedge. Mah Gawd! Ah couldn't; ah loves 'er, ah loves 'er, ah wants her back!"

And as he concluded he sobbed like a heartbroken child. The judge rose to his feet and glanced sternly at a coarse-featured, flashily attired negress who had just entered the little court from an inner room. She returned his look with a brazen smile.

"Mrs. Johnson, you falsely accused your husband, did you not?" demanded the court.

At these words Johnson straightened up, and as his eyes rested on his wife a look of bright hope and unutterable yearning transfigured his face. His hands stretched out—then dropped at his side, for his wife gave no sign of recognition.

"Mrs. Johnson, do you admit that you brought a false charge against your husband?" repeated the court.

"Well, if ah do," was the defiant reply.

"Sarah! Sarah! Mah honey!" cried Johnson, his voice quivering with emotion. "Ah wants yer back, ah wants yer back. Ah fergiv' yer, woahn't yer come back to me. Please,

Sarah, please come back 'ith me. It's me, Sarah, yer Toby—ther Toby yer loved in deah ole Tennessee. Ah wants yer ter go back home 'ith me—back ter Tennessee, back ter ther South, wheah yer loved me an' were happy. Ah fergiv's yer. Ah wants yer back!"

The woman regarded him with a look of contempt.

"De no'th suits me an' you doan't," she rejoined. "Ah'm satisfied 'ith de life ah'm livin' an' ah doan't wahn't you ter bothah me."

Angered as well as amazed at her cruel behavior the Judge spoke out:

"Mr. Johnson, the best thing you can do is to have your wife arrested."

But Johnson's faithful heart could not endure it.

"Ah cabn't," he groaned. The Judge looked profoundly disappointed, and Mrs. Johnson swept airily out of the court room.

Even when trying the next case the court was moved almost to tears by a voice in the corridor crying pitifully: "Ah wants her back, ah wants her back."

WM. H. GREENFIELD.

### FANCY.

Disrobe imagination of its unassuming dress and you have fancy. It is the thought that drives the wheels of Time; the idea that propels our universe through the medium where Nature eternally listens to the music of the spheres; the sole argument that predisposes man to rest in enjoyment from the care of a day's labor. Let us honor fancy, for she is a kind mistress—the mother of art and poetry.

Follow Dante into the realms of the shades, where, bolge on bolge, he penetrates the recesses of degradation: view with him the beauties of that paradise that tempts—but does not lead to its realization—the words of poets

and philosophers for ages; follow the hero of Bunyan as he pushes on to the Happy Land, and crossing the Dark River, enters the Celestial City. What but fancy could so admirably have portrayed such a journey! Milton draws you into the vortex of that fearful struggle between the hosts of hell and heaven; Shakespeare conducts you through the goodnesses, conceits and villainies of a whole fanciful human world; Bacon instructs from the metaphysical being; and Hugo transforms from fact and tissue the mighty conceptions of a genius.

Mohammedans tell us that Adam gazed into the glories of the seventh heaven, and was blinded by its ineffable splendor; the Chinese philosopher gravely affirms the agency of Pwangu in chiseling out the granted heaven; while the Hindu asserts the omnipotence of the cloud-born Indra sitting on his throne of lotus blossoms and wielding the scepter over the howling Furies as they ride madly in the arms of the tempest.

Such is fancy. Whether born of primitive allegory or modern imagination it still comes to us in the garb of a sentient being, though clothed in the rich fineries of sunset land.

Fancy may prove a cloak of darkness, but it is a Norse edda, a Vedic hymn, a sister of Nature and a whole "universe of mind stuff."

WILLIS EDWIN HURD.

### FAME.

A bauble whose glitter attracts the world's eye;

It reaches to grasp as the trinket floats by,

But when 'tis secured and the hand clasps its crust,

Like Apples of Sodom, it fadeth in dust.

FRED B. SMITH.

## A TINY SHELL.

I found a tiny shell one day,  
Upon the brooklet bank,  
And unto me it seemed to say,  
"The Past is not all blank;  
These giant woods have been my home,  
Arched o'er by skies of blue,  
And by this fountain's pebbled throne  
I lived, ere earth knew you."

That tiny shell, so modest, fair,  
Told of the dreamy past,  
Of woodland flowers and balmy air,  
And summers fleeting fast;—  
It had a mission to fulfill  
Among the things of earth,  
A place beside the smallest rill,  
A beauteous green-wood birth.

This tiny shell, a snow white pearl,  
Lay on the yellow sand,  
Close by the ever foaming whirl  
Of water, near the land:  
It spoke to me in silent tones  
A mystic language vast,  
Blending with the little stones  
The Present and the Past.

'Tis strange, that things so weak and  
frail,  
Can write so plain a story,  
And press upon Time's golden scroll  
A tale of Nature's glory;  
'Twas foreordained that such should  
be,  
Or, we should not now find them  
Enfolding Present for the Past,  
As the years roll o'er and bind them.

JOHN OSMAN BALDWIN.

## ONCE MORE.

After four months of patient waiting  
The St. Louis Amateur Journalists'  
Club were enabled to assemble again.  
The long wait was wholly due to the  
street railway strike. On August 24th  
the members assembled at the home of  
Albert W. Gutkaes, where a strictly  
business session was held. Much new  
business was accomplished and mat-  
ters which had been deferred from the  
previous meeting were disposed of.  
Two new members were admitted. The  
standing of the club was summed up  
and it was found that two papers were  
published under the auspices of the

Club, THE AMERICAN GEM and the  
Monthly Herald.

The Pastime, which suspended one  
year ago, will be re-issued in a few  
months, with a new staff.

Henry Wehking may issue a paper.

From the above it will be seen that  
prospects for the coming fall are very  
bright. The recruit circulars recently  
distributed by the Club are gain-  
ing new recruits with ease.  
Every meeting so far has been  
graced with several new recruits'  
presence.

Some of the permanent old-timers  
promised to call on us, and may be-  
come active in the near future.

Though St. Louis does not make  
much of a sound in the Amateur  
Press Club circles now, we will soon  
make a loud noise caused by a boom!  
Any amateurs contemplating a trip,  
and passing within fifty miles of St.  
Louis, should stop off and see St.  
Louis amateurs, who will be pleased  
to show the visitors a royal good  
time. A line to the Sec'y (editor of  
this paper) will suffice.

A copy of your paper to the fol-  
lowing ONCE IN A WHILE will be ap-  
preciated:

A. W. Turner, 4310 Delmar Ave.  
S. W. Kendall, 3525 Morganford Rd.  
T. L. Woodruff, 3628 " "  
J. W. Sells, 10½ N. 8th St.  
C. W. R. Pinckert, 1621 S. 10th St. X  
Edw. F. Suhre, 1926 Sidney St.  
H. G. Wehking, 3940 Florissant Ave.  
Albert W. Gutkaes, 3828 N. 21st St.  
Arthur Winkler, 1220 S. Broadway.

## AN AMATEUR DIRECTORY.

The Ericson Company, Elroy, Wis.,  
are preparing for early distribution  
a work that will be eagerly looked for  
by every true amateur, in the shape  
of a directory for amateurs. It will  
be worth a good deal to everyone. If  
you want to be sure of getting a copy  
write to them without delay.

---

# THE REVIEWER.

By W. R. Murphy.

---

The re-issue of *Dilettante* at this time, when a period of inactivity seemed the only prospect in store, is a matter sweet for hearty gratulation. The issue at hand is not remarkable as a magazine of amateur literature. "The Subject in the Dissecting Room," the only article displaying any literary pretension, is noticeable chiefly for the atellan device where-with it is concluded. The chirographical readings and "The Fable of the High Secretary" are amusing additions to what may be called the bric-a-brac of amateur literature. The editorial sections are the features which confer something of distinction on the paper. "Libra," by Mr. Jas. F. Morton, Jr., is the superior of any editorial matter which it has been my fortune to read during the past year. Events and papers are treated without affectation and in a style so spontaneous that the literary finish which renders the work so pleasing, seems intrinsic to it rather than the result of effort. "Without Prejudice," Mr. Steinberg's department, is more forceful and gives promise of the accomplishment of much good through a crusade against the evils which beset the advance of amateur journalism.

---

The month has witnessed the demise of *The Advance*, and though we must necessarily regret the suspension of such a steady and substantial exponent of amateur journalism, it cannot but be conceded that Mr. Russell Abbot, Jr., has performed excellent service for the cause, and that he deserves great credit for the fifty issues of his paper. The feature of the farewell issue is a story by Frank J. Clay,

entitled "Penktel Pettigrew's Plan." The story is well told on a somewhat unconventional plot, in a sprightly manner. A doubt assails one as to the consistency of Penktel Pettigrew's modus operandi of making acquaintance with fame and lucre with his character as portrayed, but perhaps it can be best explained by denominating it a product of native shrewdness.

---

After reading "Jo Adams, the Brave Waif," in *The Favorite* for July, if one has a few grains of gratitude in his composition he will heave a sigh of thankfulness and make a libation to Merrill Maynard, the author, for publishing such a small installment of the tale. Furthermore, if he possesses any pity for suffering humanity, he will write to Mr. Maynard and try to dissuade that gentleman from bringing out the complete work in book form, as announced. In the limits of one brief page is compressed the life history of Jo Adams, from the hour when the cry of "Fire, fire," finds him peregrinating along Broadway selling newspapers, till a few years later when he is at the apex of journalistic success, and also engaged in graphically setting forth how he rescued a lone, lorn day editor from a "fiery grave" and laid the foundation for future fame. The few discrepancies between statement and sense, such as the seemingly impossible feat of "LITTLE JOE" picking the editor out of the "mass of smoke," are not of great moment, though the thoughtfulness of the smoke in not proving unsubstantial, and thus averting the dire catastrophe of a day editor with fractured cervical vertebrae, should not in justice pass unrecorded. Mr. Maynard's originality is evidenced in his substitution of "a beautiful girl-servant" for the conventional daughter of the Alger school of fiction. The innovation merits the heartiest commendation.



The assertion of George E. Holt that the average student of American history is comparatively ignorant of the naval side of the Revolutionary War is unfortunately true. Makers of school histories and of some with a more ambitious aim have certainly neglected the very important work of the early navy or at least subordinated its share in the final success to other influences possessing less real importance. It is true that the great victories have been treated graphically at times, but rather as isolated episodes of patriotism than as definite factors closely coherent to the other media of conflict. But the impulses back of the early navy, and the history of its origin and maintenance, have been neglected to such an extent that, as has been before-mentioned, a knowledge of them is the possession of but a few. Mr. Holt, therefore, does excellent service in "Our Navy During the Revolutionary War," which is the best article in Quillings for August. His survey of the subject, while containing some reference to the capture of the "Serapis" by Paul Jones, is in the main devoted to the origin and development of the navy. The writer traces the evolution of the navy through three well-defined periods, and touches, though necessarily briefly, on the congressional direction of the early American battle-ships.

The Twinkler, Louis M. Starring's journal, is the only paper containing a report of the N. A. P. A. convention at Boston which has reached me. The report by Mrs. Edith Minifer is largely a catalogue of the important events which transpired. From it I glean the surprising fact that Atlanta, Georgia, was selected for the next place of meeting. The fact is surprising in view of the constitutional stipulation regarding the holding of conventions

alternately east and west of the Mississippi river. This provision is expressly made both in the constitution printed in the June National Amateur and in the revised constitution proposed by Messrs. Dey and Robinson. There may be some good and sufficient reason for the selection of Atlanta, but if there is it has not yet been elucidated to the members who were not fortunate enough to attend the Boston meeting. Personally, I believe the selection of Atlanta may awaken the south, but on the other hand I hold that personal opinion should bear no influence when it comes to a question of transgressing the provisions set forth in the constitution for the government of the association.

Although I do not consider the newly elected board of officers the strongest which the association afforded, I intend to do my utmost to aid the administration to consummate a successful term, regardless of the comparative inactivity of the personnel of the official roster. But inactivity is not to be tolerated, and if the present officers are half as inefficient as those of the past term, their inactivity will be criticised in words, without the slightest pretense to gentleness.

Mr. John T. Nixon, in The Fossil, asserts that the editorials in The Villa de Laura Times indicate Mr. Dey's constant study of the dictionary. I maintain the opposite. Many of the words used by Mr. Dey are absolutely unique. The dictionary knows them not! In other terms, THEY ARE COINED.

The Zenith for August contains in its report of the U. A. P. A. Convention so many false and illogical statements that it is the duty of loyal members to controvert them and give the true version of the affair. Lack

of space prevents a full discussion of the matter, but following will be found elucidations of a few of the more glaring canards, taken in the order in which Mr. George J. Houtain presents them.

1. The convention was not held in a small back room. Two sessions were held in the parlors of the Hotel Washington and the second was so prolonged that the convention proceeded to Mr. Phillips' room. Does Mr. Houtain know the reputation which Allerton Hall bears in Boston?

2. Let Mr. Houtain give the NAMES of those non-members who cast proxy ballots. His statement to that effect is too indefinite, even though it is capitalized.

3. Doubt is thrown on Mr. Bresnahan as a member of the proxy committee, although elsewhere in the article Mr. Houtain assures us that he believes "Jamesy" honest.

4. According to the old constitution and general parliamentary usage, when there is no express provision, a candidate should be paid up in full to be eligible for office. Mr. Louis J. Cohen, as Mr. Houtain states, was paid up to August 12th, 1900. IN FULL according to constitution means to July 1st, 1901. How Mr. Cohen could have been elected is beyond comprehension.

5. H. M. Konwiser was not elected to a directorship. The proxy vote stood: Greenfield, 25; Clerkin, Konwiser and Murphy, 13 each. Greenfield declined and that left the others the leading candidates. When the convention vote was added, there was no election. Second ballot the same result. According to constitution, the proxies were thrown out, and Konwiser having already been elected to the editorship, the following were elected by the convention: Clerkin, by 6 votes; McKee, 10; Murphy, 10. Mr.

Houtain will acknowledge the truth of this statement if he troubles himself to recollect affairs as they transpired.

6. Shades of J. Wm. Townsend AND Edwin Hadley Smith. After the propaganda conducted by the above-named for educating ignorant amateurs to the fact that NAMES could not be copyrighted, to think that one of their supporters should make the astonishing statement that the name "United Amateur" is the copyrighted possession of J. Wm. Townsend. It's distressingly sad!

7. Mr. Houtain gives some very guileless reasons WHY the harmony ticket was turned down at the convention. None of them happen to be true, though. Perhaps the true reason lays in the fact that the price of the harmony ticket was an absolute disregard of the rights of those members who were unable to be represented otherwise than by proxy ballots. Certain members refused absolutely to attend a convention which would disgrace itself by suppressing the proxies. And with others who had no chance of attending the meeting, they threatened to sever their connections with the U. A. P. A. if such a gross injustice were perpetrated. To the credit of the Jersey amateurs be it said that when they discovered the will of the association as exemplified in many members, they abandoned the scheme which placed the wrong on par with the right.

8. Comparisons are odious to those who write first and think afterward. Mr. Houtain holds a prominent place in this category. Including convention seat and official organ there are precisely fourteen offices on the roster. Mr. Houtain writes, "Nine easterners and three westerners were given office—a fine record." At the Jersey City convention the convention seat and official organ went west, thus making

---

---

## EDITORIALS.

---

five the total western gain. Turning to the report of the rebel convention held at Boston, in the same issue of *The Zenith*, we discover that three westerners were given office—every one of whom has resigned or ignored the elections. The convention seat was bestowed on Atlanta; Otto W. Henschel, a New Yorker, will issue the organ. Grand total—the east, eleven offices; the west, nominally three, practically none. This record is indubitably FINER!!

9. Charles A. Wendemuth's name appeared on the list sent in by Secretary McKee as paid-up. He was elected Laureate Recorder in perfect sincerity. His name on the list was probably due to a clerical error.

10. I have said before, and I repeat it now, that if consistency is a jewel, the jewel is paste. Mr. Houtain stigmatizes those who upheld President Phillips and Secretary McKee in the right, as dishonest, corrupt, putrescent, thieving and other things as harsh. Yet he supports and extols the Smith-Heins faction which could elect such rogues and reprobates as he considers Phillips, McKee, Reilly, Clerkin, Wing, etc., to offices.

11. The following, elected to offices by the illegal Boston convention, have resigned or ignored such elections: Messrs. Clerkin, McCord, Parker, Reilly, Wing, McKee and Phillips. No comment necessary!!

---

Everyone interested in amateur journalism will find much of value and interest in the directory for amateurs published by The Ericson Company, Elroy, Wis. It contains a list, with brief statistics, of amateur papers being published, which alone is of great value. The many other interesting and useful features make it valuable. Write to them at once if you want to get a copy.

I am being used as a target. From every side comments are being fired at me. If this firing does not cease, there will be another case of "Punctured Targets."

---

George Julian Houtain calls me an inconsistent person; a fellow who knows right from wrong but who will speak WRONG to the right's disadvantage is a measly beast.

Mr. Houtain says I favor Heins but am afraid to speak out for fear of bringing the wrath of the Jerseyites upon me. This is false.

When a man knows right from wrong let him speak it out; if he dare not he is a coward. I have always said that I would stick by the McKee faction until I saw proofs of their crooked work, and to this date everything has been carried on to my satisfaction, not mentioning the others who would concur.

---

Mr. Houtain's case gives us an idea. From the language used in *The Zenith* I would infer that Houtain never did favor the Jersey convention, and only attended it for a blind to act as spy for the Boston delegation. He has succeeded very well, as by his tale of woe and how harmony was scorned at Jersey City we are presented with another piece of treachery. Amateurs, under the guise of a friend, we have been harmed by a traitor, who must be published broadcast.

---

To the amateurs in general I have some explanations to make as follows:

Mrs. E. Minter and G. W. D'Vys of Boston and Mr. H. M. Konwiser of Newark were instructed to write reports of the various conventions. Among other things said was "have the reports accurate, and above all

---

state nothing which is not true." The request was complied with by all save Mr. Konwiser who, I have since learned, made a few statements which were not correct. Whether the mistakes were made intentionally or not I cannot say. I deeply regret the occurrence, as my policy was to give the amateur public a TRUTHFUL account of the three conventions. How near I came in carrying out my desires is already shown.

I have no enemies in the amateur associations. (Why should I?) I treat the members of both factions of the U. A. P. A. with all the courtesy due them. My policy is to have everything honest and above board. While I cannot say that I favored everything that McKee did, still the other faction have made a few moves which I cannot commend. My sympathy is divided with the members individually, but collectively I have no thoughts of concurring with the faction led by Mr. Heins. I am fighting heart and soul for the side which has for its president a man who is not the boot-legging boss he is written up to be. If at a later day it is proven that I championed a side which was wrong I wish some amateurs would call at my home and sing to me the song which is dedicated to the Confederate dead: "He fought for the cause he thought was right."

Mr. Steinberg is stirring matters pretty lively with his Dilettante. The August issue contains some very pointed paragraphs which are body blows. If the amateurs who are roasted therein will heed some of the advice given there will be great possibilities.

The National Amateur Press Association is just now two months under its new board of officers. The president

is the only officer so far who has shown any activity. I anxiously await the appearance of The National Amateur under Mr. Acee's charge.

Arrows came to hand. The contents were very INTERESTING. Now the question is: How true are the REPORTS of the Jersey City convention?

I think Mr. Heins has exaggerated the proceedings a little. Mr. Heins is JEALOUS. Why this jealousy is exhibited I cannot say. But it was caused by Mr. Houtain, who attended the Jersey City convention, and no doubt becoming disgruntled because he was not elected to an office, strikes out like a baby making a play that tends to represent a petty REVENGE. Oh what a FARCE. I was under the impression Mr. Houtain was a fine fellow (I've met him) but his base deception and many misstatements have made him so insignificant in our eyes that he counts for nothing hereafter. Some day he may reconsider this rash act, but then too late. Mr. Houtain's case is hopeless. Another soul is lost.

I have an apology to make—for my printer. The August issue of THE AMERICAN GEM was twenty days late, caused by the printer moving. We did our duty. During the period of moving, several valuable pieces of Mss. were lost—a sad disaster. Therefore the appearance of much other Mss. which was inserted by the printer. I hope this little explanation will serve to calm SOME of our excitable amateurs who, not receiving GEM on proper date, asked if it was suspended. No, gents, THE GEM doesn't suspend so soon.

The date of issuance of THE AMERICAN GEM has been changed to the 5th of every month. Copy for insertion must reach us by the 10th of the previ-



ous month. I hope this change will be satisfactory to all our subscribers and the general public as well. Please remember this when sending Mss.

President Suhre of the St. Louis A. J. Club and myself will in the course of a few weeks leave on a tour of the eastern states in the interest of amateur journalism. We shall visit the various amateurs on our way.

Our longest stay will be five days in New York City, where we expect to confer with the various amateurs, past and present. To make our trip interesting we shall give gold dollars to the amateurs of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New York City and Brooklyn who will guess correctly the day we shall arrive in each of the towns. This is no catch game. It's a hard case of the guessing contests, but the offer is legitimate. For particulars address this office.

Exchanges, attention! Send us in your correct and permanent address as we wish to revise and print new address labels, and we do not want to miss any. Send in address on a POSTAL CARD before September 25th. By complying with our demands you will confer an everlasting favor upon the editor and you will always receive a copy of the great and only AMERICAN GEM.

I wish to thank the following publications for copies mailed me during past two months: Northwestern Philatelist, Junior Collector, Prairie State Philatelist, N. Y. Philatelist, Philatelic Chronicle, Ohio Philatelist, Young People's Companion and Philatelic West.

C. A. WENDEMUTH.

The Duke of Marlborough was hesitating whether he should take a prescription recommended by the Duchess.

"I will be hanged," said her Grace, "if it does not cure you."

Dr. Garth, who was present, and to whom the vixen character of the lady was well known, instantly remarked:

"Take it, then, your Grace, by all means; it is sure to do good, one way or the other."—Ex.

Everyone interested in amateur journalism will find much of value and interest in the directory for amateurs published by The Ericson Company, Elroy, Wis. It contains a list, with brief statistics, of amateur papers being published, which alone is of great value. The many other interesting and useful features make it valuable. Write to them at once if you want to get a copy.

## THE AMERICAN GEM.

A monthly magazine devoted to amateur journalism.

CHARLES A. WENDEMUTH, *Editor.*  
WILLIAM R. MURPHY, *Associate Editor.*

SUBSCRIPTION—25 cents per year in advance. Gold, silver, bank notes or postage stamps accepted.

ADVERTISING RATES—50 cents per inch. \$5 per page. No reduction for time or larger space.

EXCHANGES—Address one copy to home office and one to our Associate Editor at 1344 Park Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

ALL BUSINESS communications should be addressed to

**THE AMERICAN GEM,**  
7805 Ivory Ave., - St. Louis, Mo.

### NOTICE.

A blue cross opposite this space notifies you that your subscription has expired. A renewal of same will be greatly appreciated.

The Ericson Company, Printers, Elroy, Wisconsin.

If You Do Not Need Any Yourself, Procure an Order For Us From Some Friend.

Combination Offer Number One.

---

**A New  
Combination Offer** ❁ ❁ ❁  
**SOMETHING YOU NEED**

---

**Enclose a One Dollar Bill**

In an envelope and copy, mention Combination Offer No. 1, and we will Print you

100 No. 6 1-2 white Envelopes,  
100 Note Heads, good quality,  
100 Round-cornered Cards.

Send at once for this offer is limited, and we will Print you the above on good quality material. If you do not wish any one of above we will substitute 100 of either of the others.

PLEASE DO NOT SEND STAMPS.

ALL WORK SENT PREPAID.

---

**E. T. HALE,**  
**Book and Job Printer,**  
Valley Junction, Wis.

When ordering mention this paper.

Watch for our Next Combination Offer. Entirely Different.

ous month. I hope this change will be satisfactory to all our subscribers and the general public as well. Please remember this when sending Mss.

President Suhre of the St. Louis A. J. Club and myself will in the course of a few weeks leave on a tour of the eastern states in the interest of amateur journalism. We shall visit the various amateurs on our way.

Our longest stay will be five days in New York City, where we expect to confer with the various amateurs, past and present. To make our trip interesting we shall give gold dollars to the amateurs of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, New York City and Brooklyn who will guess correctly the day we shall arrive in each of the towns. This is no catch game. It's a hard case of the guessing contests, but the offer is legitimate. For particulars address this office.

Exchanges, attention! Send us in your correct and permanent address as we wish to revise and print new address labels, and we do not want to miss any. Send in address on a POSTAL CARD before September 25th. By complying with our demands you will confer an everlasting favor upon the editor and you will always receive a copy of the great and only AMERICAN GEM.

I wish to thank the following publications for copies mailed me during past two months: Northwestern Philatelist, Junior Collector, Prairie State Philatelist, N. Y. Philatelist, Philatelic Chronicle, Ohio Philatelist, Young People's Companion and Philatelic West.

C. A. WENDEMUTH.

The Duke of Marlborough was hesitating whether he should take a prescription recommended by the Duchess.

"I will be hanged," said her Grace, "if it does not cure you."

Dr. Garth, who was present, and to whom the vixen character of the lady was well known, instantly remarked:

"Take it, then, your Grace, by all means; it is sure to do good, one way or the other."—Ex.

Everyone interested in amateur journalism will find much of value and interest in the directory for amateurs published by The Ericson Company, Elroy, Wis. It contains a list, with brief statistics, of amateur papers being published, which alone is of great value. The many other interesting and useful features make it valuable. Write to them at once if you want to get a copy.

## THE AMERICAN GEM.

A monthly magazine devoted to amateur journalism.

CHARLES A. WENDEMUTH, *Editor.*  
WILLIAM R. MURPHY, *Associate Editor.*

SUBSCRIPTION—25 cents per year in advance. Gold, silver, bank notes or postage stamps accepted.

ADVERTISING RATES—50 cents per inch. \$5 per page. No reduction for time or larger space.

EXCHANGES—Address one copy to home office and one to our Associate Editor at 1344 Park Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

ALL BUSINESS communications should be addressed to

**THE AMERICAN GEM,**  
7805 Ivory Ave., - St. Louis, Mo.

### NOTICE.

A blue cross opposite this space notifies you that your subscription has expired. A renewal of same will be greatly appreciated.

The Ericson Company, Printers, Elroy, Wisconsin.

Combination Offer Number One.

---

**A New  
Combination Offer** ❁ ❁ ❁  
**SOMETHING YOU NEED**

---

**Enclose a One Dollar Bill**

In an envelope and copy, mention Combination Offer No. 1, and we will Print you

100 No. 6 1-2 white Envelopes,  
100 Note Heads, good quality,  
100 Round-cornered Cards.

Send at once for this offer is limited, and we will Print you the above on good quality material. If you do not wish any one of above we will substitute 100 of either of the others.

PLEASE DO NOT SEND STAMPS.

ALL WORK SENT PREPAID.

---

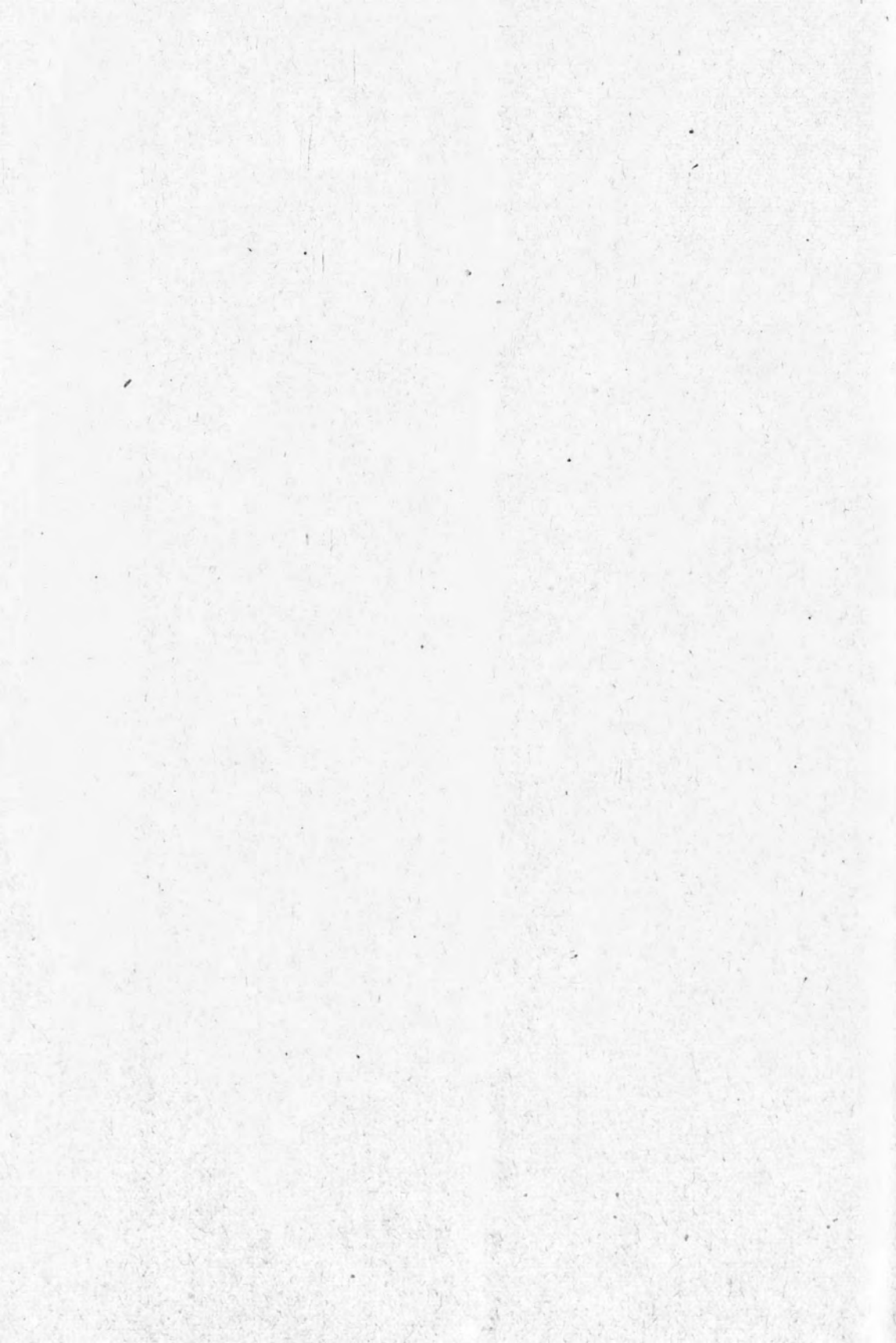
**E. T. HALE,**  
**Book and Job Printer,**  
Valley Junction, Wis.

When ordering mention this paper.

If You Do Not Need Any Yourself, Procure an Order For Us From Some Friend.

Watch for our Next Combination Offer. Entirely Different.





# The American Gem

---

AN AMATEUR MAGAZINE.

---

OCTOBER, 1900.

---



---

THE AMERICAN GEM,

7805 Ivory Ave.,

St. Louis, Mo.

# INFORMATION WANTED!!

To Everyone Interested in Amateur Journalism:

Preparations are being made for the publication of our Directory for Amateurs next month. Correct and complete (as far as possible) information relative to amateurism and its people and papers is certainly desirable. **WE EARNESTLY REQUEST ALL WHO CAN, TO HELP US MAKE IT SO.**

We want the name (and address of the editor or publisher) of every amateur paper—now being published or that soon will be—not mentioned in the two lists given hereafter. If you edit or publish any, or know of anyone who does, please write us at once.

Those who have not returned blanks sent them, with the information asked for, are requested to do so just as soon as possible.

Editors or publishers who feel that they can spare the space, to help this worthy cause along, are asked to please insert in the next issues of their papers (if out before November 15th) a notice to the following effect, using their own words: "Publishers of amateur papers, who have not sent information regarding them for publication in the Directory for Amateurs, should write at once to the publishers. The Ericson Company of Elroy, Wis., for full particulars of the plan, which will prove beneficial to all amateurs."

Amateur writers who desire to be represented in the Directory will please write to us, giving name and address, stating how long interested in A. J., and if you have any special line of work (such as fiction, poetry, humor, etc.) please so inform us. We want to hear from every amateur writer.

If you know of any old-timers now engaged in professional literary work please let us hear from you about it.

**IT IS IMPORTANT THAT YOU SEND WHAT INFORMATION YOU CAN, IMMEDIATELY. PLEASE DO SO.**

## LIST NUMBER ONE.

Information regarding the following papers has already been furnished:

Admiral, American Gem, Antecedent, Arrows (Heins), Arrows (Butterworth-Sims Co.), Atlantis, Bomb, Cavalier, Cynosure, Dewey, Dilettante, El Gasedil, Empire, Friendship, Grand Magazine, Huronia Amateur, Idler, Ink Drops, Instructor, Interpolitan, Investigator, Literary Echo, Literary Gem, Lucky Dog, Magician, Midget, Monarch, Nebraskan, Odds And Ends, Our Boys And Girls, Pastime, Philadelphia Amateur, Point of Order!, Pony Express, Searchlight, Semi-Occasional Cedar Pointer, Snap Shots, Southern Breeze, 'Squito, Star, Stylus, Twinkler, Villa de Laura Times, Wasp, Westerner, Young Socialist, Young Sports and Zenith. Also, Dixie Amateur.

## LIST NUMBER TWO.

Amateur Leader, Amateur Record, Amateurs' Review, Brunswick Amateur, Fossil, Insight, Lobster, Mirror, Monthly Herald, Olympian, Pigmy, Pioneer, Pirate, Rapier, Ray Magazine, Rising Age, Senator, Tom Hackett's Journal and Young Blood.

**IMPORTANT**—ANY CHANGES that have occurred in the above mentioned publications should at once be reported to us. If any have been discontinued we should be notified of that also. Address all communications to

**THE ERICSON COMPANY, ELROY, WISCONSIN.**

# THE AMERICAN GEM.

A MONTHLY AMATEUR JOURNAL.

"QUALITY AND QUANTITY."

VOL. 3.

ST. LOUIS, MO., OCTOBER, 1900.

No. 7.

## MARRIAGE AN IMPEDIMENT TO SUCCESS.

The Affirmative Side of a Debate Before the Jersey City Amateur Press Club

BY COLCHESTER MCGRUE.

IS marriage an impediment to success? Off hand, yes. But what is success? To live a blameless life and pass to our rest with a clear, safe record might be called moral success. On the other hand, to be born comparatively poor, and during the course of life accumulate a fortune is financial success. On these two sorts of success marriage has a different influence. Moral success is promoted; financial success is hindered. It is, then, in a financial sense that I shall speak of it.

There is no gainsaying the fact that the present generation of men are not favorably inclined toward marriage. Different theories are advanced to explain this tendency. I, myself, would attribute it to the fact that men think better nowadays than ever, and more logically than ever. They have, for the most part, come to understand that marriage carries with it responsibilities too great and too vast for the poor man to hazard.

It is so self-evident that marriage is an impediment to success that I hesitate to give the fundamental argument to demonstrate it, inas-

much as all of you must already see it clearly, and it seems "superfluous folly" to tell you that which you already know. However, here it is: A question of this nature would occur only to the prudent man: it is, then, only from the standpoint of the prudent man that we properly discuss it. Now the prudent man is always economical, and economy, as you know, is one of the great attributes necessary to win success. So the prudent man, with no responsibilities other than those which affect only himself, in the course of time is like to accumulate—barring sickness and enforced idleness—a good round sum of money. These savings he can, at an opportune time, invest in some business which will materially increase his income and put him on the high-way to success.

Now the question ought not to be "On What Income Can One Marry?" but "On What Income Ought One to Marry?" It is rather indelicate to introduce cold figures; but this is a question of fact, not of sentiment. The minimum income of the man who marries ought not to be less than \$900 a year. The average wages of the mechanic are considerably lower than that but we will take that sum for argument's sake. With no person to care for but himself, and by scrupulous economy and self-denial a man may save from such an income, nearly



# INFORMATION WANTED!!

To Everyone Interested in Amateur Journalism:

Preparations are being made for the publication of our Directory for Amateurs next month. Correct and complete (as far as possible) information relative to amateurism and its people and papers is certainly desirable. **WE EARNESTLY REQUEST ALL WHO CAN, TO HELP US MAKE IT SO.**

We want the name (and address of the editor or publisher) of every amateur paper—now being published or that soon will be—not mentioned in the two lists given hereafter. If you edit or publish any, or know of anyone who does, please write us at once.

Those who have not returned blanks sent them, with the information asked for, are requested to do so just as soon as possible.

Editors or publishers who feel that they can spare the space, to help this worthy cause along, are asked to please insert in the next issues of their papers (if out before November 15th) a notice to the following effect, using their own words: "Publishers of amateur papers, who have not sent information regarding them for publication in the Directory for Amateurs, should write at once to the publishers, The Ericson Company of Elroy, Wis., for full particulars of the plan, which will prove beneficial to all amateurs."

Amateur writers who desire to be represented in the Directory will please write to us, giving name and address, stating how long interested in A. J., and if you have any special line of work (such as fiction, poetry, humor, etc.) please so inform us. We want to hear from every amateur writer.

If you know of any old-timers now engaged in professional literary work please let us hear from you about it.

**IT IS IMPORTANT THAT YOU SEND WHAT INFORMATION YOU CAN, IMMEDIATELY. PLEASE DO SO.**

## LIST NUMBER ONE.

Information regarding the following papers has already been furnished:

Admiral, American Gem, Antecedent, Arrows (Helms), Arrows (Butterworth-Sims Co.), Atlantis, Bomb, Cavalier, Cynosure, Dewey, Dilettante, El Gasedil, Empire, Friendship, Grand Magazine, Huronia Amateur, Idler, Ink Drops, Instructor, Interpolitan, Investigator, Literary Echo, Literary Gem, Lucky Dog, Magician, Midget, Monarch, Nebraskan, Odds And Ends, Our Boys And Girls, Pastime, Philadelphia Amateur, Point of Order!, Pony Express, Searchlight, Semi-Occasional Cedar Pointer, Snap Shots, Southern Breeze, 'Squito, Star, Stylus, Twinkler, Villa de Laura Times, Wasp, West-erner, Young Socialist, Young Sports and Zenith. Also, Dixie Amateur.

## LIST NUMBER TWO.

Amateur Leader, Amateur Record, Amateurs' Review, Brunswick Amateur, Fossil, Insight, Lobster, Mirror, Monthly Herald, Olympian, Pigmy, Pioneer, Pirate, Rapier, Ray Magazine, Rising Age, Senator, Tom Hackett's Journal and Young Blood.

**IMPORTANT**—ANY CHANGES that have occurred in the above mentioned publications should at once be reported to us. If any have been discontinued we should be notified of that also. Address all communications to

**THE ERICSON COMPANY, ELROY, WISCONSIN.**

# THE AMERICAN GEM.

—A MONTHLY AMATEUR JOURNAL—

“QUALITY AND QUANTITY.”

VOL. 3.

ST. LOUIS, MO., OCTOBER, 1900.

No. 7.

## MARRIAGE AN IMPEDIMENT TO SUCCESS.

The Affirmative Side of a Debate Before  
the Jersey City Amateur Press Club  
BY COLCHESTER MCGRUE.

**I**S marriage an impediment to success? Off hand, yes. But what is success? To live a blameless life and pass to our rest with a clear, safe record might be called moral success. On the other hand, to be born comparatively poor, and during the course of life accumulate a fortune is financial success. On these two sorts of success marriage has a different influence. Moral success is promoted; financial success is hindered. It is, then, in a financial sense that I shall speak of it.

There is no gainsaying the fact that the present generation of men are not favorably inclined toward marriage. Different theories are advanced to explain this tendency. I, myself, would attribute it to the fact that men think better nowadays than ever, and more logically than ever. They have, for the most part, come to understand that marriage carries with it responsibilities too great and too vast for the poor man to hazard.

It is so self-evident that marriage is an impediment to success that I hesitate to give the fundamental argument to demonstrate it, inas-

much as all of you must already see it clearly, and it seems “superfluous folly” to tell you that which you already know. However, here it is: A question of this nature would occur only to the prudent man; it is, then, only from the standpoint of the prudent man that we properly discuss it. Now the prudent man is always economical, and economy, as you know, is one of the great attributes necessary to win success. So the prudent man, with no responsibilities other than those which affect only himself, in the course of time is like to accumulate—barring sickness and enforced idleness—a good round sum of money. These savings he can, at an opportune time, invest in some business which will materially increase his income and put him on the highway to success.

Now the question ought not to be “On What Income Can One Marry?” but “On What Income Ought One to Marry?” It is rather indelicate to introduce cold figures; but this is a question of fact, not of sentiment. The minimum income of the man who marries ought not to be less than \$900 a year. The average wages of the mechanic are considerably lower than that but we will take that sum for argument’s sake. With no person to care for but himself, and by scrupulous economy and self-denial a man may save from such an income, nearly

\$3000 in a period of five years. But with a wife and family to maintain, despite the carefulest financeering and strictest economy, it is difficult to save any considerable sum of money from such an income; so the married man seldom builds up a surplus fund—and without this surplus success is improbable, if not entirely impossible.

There you have the common but none the less powerful argument against an ambitious poor man marrying. But minor reasons are numerous and collectively ought of themselves to persuade those who seek success to remain unmarried until success is won. It is an agreeable conceit which invests woman with a sort of holiness seemingly foreign to the sterner sex. And conceit it is in men; but in women it is deceit. Mark me, I'm not depreciating it. I simply desire to call your attention to facts. Woman is subject to all the emotions and passions which move man. So he who fondly imagines he is getting an angel when he marries will be doomed to disappointment. This may seem trivial and amusing to some; it does to most of those who think little and talk much, and thereby hangs the reason why so many marriages are unhappy. If men found less divinity in women, and if women assumed less divinity in themselves the result would be mutually beneficial.

It has long been a subject for remark that in marriage it is usual for worthy men to get unworthy women and vice versa. And what is the result when a poor but ambitious man marries a woman who proves uncongenial? His life is made miserable by it, and misery destroys hope. He becomes irritable, despondent, often indifferent to the dictates of honor

and the commands of decency. It is an unhappy picture. Perhaps it is overdrawn; I hope so.

Lord Bacon always speaks authoritatively, because he seldom erred in his judgements. He says: "He that has a wife and children has given hostages to fortune, for they are impediments to great enterprise." Farther on in his essay on "Marriage" he says: "Certainly the best works and of greatest merit have proceeded from unmarried and childless men."

It is safe to assume that two-thirds of the marriages which take place prove disappointments to the contracting parties. A professor in one of our universities has gone so far as to assert that not more than ten per cent. of married people realize their ideals. Now outside of all financial considerations, I maintain that the character of the home life of a man is of the supremest importance in determining his success or failure. If, as the gentleman on the other side will undoubtedly tell you, an agreeable and devoted wife will prove helpful in fighting one's way upward, it is also true that a wife of contrary temperament would have a contrary influence; that is to say, an unamiable and indifferent wife will prove a powerful hinderance in the battle for advancement, and if we accept Prof. Sumner's figures, where one marriage proves happy, nine prove unhappy.

To sum all up in a few words, the cost of maintaining a home and family, and the infelicity which all too frequently characterizes the marriage state, constitute powerful impediments to success in life.

## LITERATI OF THE DAY.

## II. EDWARD EVERETT HALE

The second in a series of articles on prominent literary men. The first being "Samuel Langhorne Clemence" by H. V. Van Demark.

**E**DWARD EVERETT HALE occupies a prominent position in the literature of America. With Charles Dudley Warner and a few others he may be said to form a link between the glorious Cambridge school wherein Lowell, Longfellow and Holmes find an abiding place in American letters.

Edward Everett Hale was born in Boston in 1822. He was educated at the Boston Latin School which has given the elements of scholastic learning to so many great Americans and at Harvard College that cradle of American greatness as exemplified in famous men.

Following the example of one of his ancestors, he studied theology and after ordination, preached several years in various Boston churches. Finally he was called to the South Congregational church, where he acted as pastor for over half a century.

But although Dr. Hale has been very conscientious and successful in his religious duties, it is not as a church-man that he has been noted. For many generations his family had pursued journalism as a profession and it is only natural that, in obedience to hereditary instincts, he should drift into literary work.

Like many other writers, Dr. Hale's first literary success came through the medium of the Atlantic Monthly. In that noted periodical many of the brilliant short stories, on which rests his fame, first appeared, and secured recognition from the critics and the more cultured class of readers.

Of the short story he is a master.

His greatest power is the ability which he possesses in marked degree, to surround his characters with a truthful atmosphere, which is so verisimilar as to deceive the reader for the time being and impress him that the tale is a narration of unvarnished fact. Dr. Hale is not as successful with the novel, and in reality his novels are nothing more than expanded stories. Few of them make pretense of being more than novelettes.

Among his short stories, "The Man Without a Country" is pre-eminent. The verisimilitude of this noble tale of patriotism has hardly been surpassed by any other writer. The whimsicality of his tale of the connection between the Confederacy's fall and a hoop-skirt is only surpassed by the seriousness with which the tale is told. The inimitable humor of "My Double and how he Undid Me" has proved the delight of a couple of generations of readers.

Dr. Hale is also noted as a historian, editor and philanthropist. He has written twelve historical works the events of which would entitle him to mention in our literature, were his fictions non-existent. He has edited several well-known journals with taste and judgment. As philanthropist he has done much for the good of the country. All the Junior Societies, Boys' Brigade, etc., are primarily based on his "Ten Times One is Ten." His voice and pen have been ever active in the cause of popular education, and he has been one of the foremost supporters of the Chatauqua movement.

Dr. Hale's life and character may be well summed in the single word "versatile." He has succeeded all along the line, and it may be said with truth that he is the exception to



the old saw that a jack of all trades is master of none, for he has been an acknowledged master of all the professions in which he has engaged.

W. R. MURPHY.

### THE REVIEWER.

A Department of Criticism and Comment on Current Amateur Periodicals, Conducted by W. R. Murphy.

The foremost literary production of the past few months is undoubtedly "The Dreamer," a poem in blank verse, by Ross Clarke in "The Interpolitan" for August. It is, in truth, an admiration, compelling piece of work, well conceived, well developed and well sustained. Certain passages lack complete clarity of thought, but this vagueness is hardly a defect since it is evidently intentional to be in harmony with the trend of the poem. The only defect of any note is an occasional weakness of phraseology, especially the use of unusual words, and those which from their technical nature are unaccordant with poetry. But the foregoing may be idiosyncratic to the poet and thoroughly consistent with his conception. As the only serious faults detractive from the merit of the work may be instanced the unintelligible phrases which follow: ll. 4-5:

".....is webbed

With .....the gaddy's streak."

And the line

"Lead me trackward"

in the song which is not so well sustained as the rest of the poem.

The opening lines graphically call forth the woodland scene:—onflowing river is there with the tree-shadows water-mirrored in dark green hues

dappled with silver sunshine is characteristic as the pre-vespertine period of the day; a thrush a-near sings his even-song; and the reflective dreamer is ensconced therein. The soothing surroundings steal his pain away, for the all-pervading stillness which comes only while the red sunset is changing to

"Twilight's violet, pensive,

Monochrome."

is potent nepenthe. And dusk comes on and the dream continues in quiet tone at first and then more wildly till life seem futile of a verity. The gem of the whole poem is the following glittering excerpt, which well illustrates the tendency of the dreamer's musings:

"These dreams,

These yearning visions that seem  
crystalline.

Are glass indeed, clear glass  
resistant, and

I dwell imprisoned, vainly beating  
wing

Like a black beetle in a crystal well  
That strives, and strives, and strives—  
And falls again."

Now the dreamer's thoughts take a frantic turn as they become reflective of his love-romance, which was evanescent as the irised rainbow. That he HAD loved is merely indicated; no details are given but the effect of his white-hat passion is revealed in such phrases as:

'Th' indefinite Beyond

I somehow cannot name—call it the  
World—

Enveloped her, left me. And so  
I grope

And stumble in this basement  
den of dreams,

Gray dreams, sad dreams, and empty  
dreams and sighs.

And dreams of death and  
never seeing her."

The why and the wherefore are invisible only the result is presented to us:

The uselessness magnificent  
of art!  
That maketh thought food for thought  
—ashes  
To ashes—dreams to dreams—  
dust reflux to dust."

And his ultimate despair is voiced  
thus:

My mind hath set a hundred devils free  
That range the empty chambers of my soul  
And chorus through them with a lurching  
shriek.

Like the cry desperate of some lost fiend  
Lodged for a respite on a rocky shoal.  
His meteor career but half begun,  
And he would cry "My God," and "O, my  
God!"

Ta'en, o'er th' reluctant brink precipitate,  
Far down the blank, abysmal gulf he  
wheels.—

So do the little demons derogate  
And dirge my pro-strated intelligence,  
And now methinks I've

neither will nor strength,  
My life is shadow irremediable."

But all the while the balmy serenity  
of the woodland has been working  
its spell on the dreamer. The poet  
paints the sylvan spot under a different  
aspect, for night has come on.  
The rest and music of it all stills the  
subtle pain and the dream ends with  
a philosophical conclusion on the  
power and beauty of nature:

"Blessed is that later child  
Of Nature who treads through the thin-  
ning wood,

Broods on Man's advent hears in summer  
wind

Weird voices, knows blue June and May...

Loves Nature's every mood, and  
glooms or smiles

With her .....  
In sympathy he dwells amid  
Glad phantasies.....

..... for his humor is  
Her sweetest melancholy  
or her song."

Which is identical in sentiment  
with Bryant's greatest lines:

"To him who in the love of Nature holds  
Communion with her visible forms  
She speaks a various language."

\* \* \*

If a college of amateur journalism  
is ever established, some benefactor  
of the race should gain perpetual  
fame by endowing a chair of chirography,  
for amateur journalists as a  
rule are the most miserable perman  
that can conveniently be found. All  
the above is called forth because I  
wish to make a large sized apology  
for some of the errors which have  
rendered various paragraphs in this  
department during the past few  
months nearly or quite unintelligible.  
It is the usual thing to make a sar-  
castic reference to the intelligence  
of the compositor, but in my case he  
is more to be pited than censured, for  
of all execrable hand-writings, I can-  
didly consider mine the worst. In the  
July issue it revealed my acquaint-  
anceship with an author named  
"ANOSE." I must disclaim all knowl-  
edge of the gentleman;—the famous  
writer to whom I referred was "AN-  
ON." And by the way "ANON'S"  
fellow in fame and Mr. Thomas Mc-  
Kee's friend was "IBID" not "IBED."  
In the August issue reference was  
made to "heaven sent geniuses"  
though the word resembled near  
"journalists" enough to induce the  
printer to make it that. Last month  
I wrote that the reissue of Dilettante  
was "meet for gratulation," but it  
came out of the wash as "sweet for  
gratulation." I submit that there  
are quite a few who see nothing  
saccharine about Mr. Steinberg's pa-  
per.

\* \* \*

The post-convention period has not  
witnessed the promised revival all  
along the line. The regulars are still  
with us with few exceptions, but the  
influx of new and re-issued is an iri-  
descent dream. Three or four have  
appeared, but some of them have not

been mailed to the fraternity at large. President Morton's paper has not been seen in Philadelphia to my knowledge, while the second issue of Mr. Nixon's; "The Fossil," is as scarce.....To return to the new papers, the one seemingly destined to accomplish the most good is "The Olympian," an amateur newspaper published by Floyd R. Switzer. It is the successor to Messrs. Cary and Switzer's "Stork," but is modelled on more refined lines. The amateur world needs a distinctive newspaper, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Switzer's journal will fulfil all requirements. I must depreciate the silly use of military and other titles in connection with the subjects of personal notes. The editorial section of "The Olympian" is the best part of the first issue.....The introductory number of "The 'Squito; Product of Jersey," contains a number of articles on various phases of amateur journalism. Nearly all are meritorious although none rise to pre-eminence. "The Impressions of a Recruit" by Thomas McCabe is a readable summary of the subject, in which nearly, if not all the points likely to impress the new-comer, are touched.

\* \* \*

Quite a few amateur authors have treated the question of the Boer war in late papers. Roy Marshall in "The Cavalier" for August answers H. Blumberg's article in the July issue of the same paper. Wm. J. Clemence in "The Dewey" for September controverts several statements made by Claude T. Reno in "The Zenith," for July. The most exhaustive treat-

ment of the subject in an amateur journal is the Debate in the columns of "The Review" for August. Regardless of the merits of the struggle, I consider "England is Wrong" by Geo. L. Knapp the better written article, but in subject matter it is not equal to "England is Right" by Addison J. Bird. Each writer presents a historical sketch of the Boers, from his native standpoint. These sketches are remarkably similiar in fact and detail but differ widely as to the impulses back of the variots events. A committee of well-known amateurs has been appointed to decide which essay is the better, and I can safely say that they will find it a somewhat difficult matter to make a decision either way. In pugilistic parlance it would be called "a draw."

\* \* \*

Not having a copy of "Thanatopsis" at hand when writing the criticism of Mr. Clarke's poem, I cannot vouch for the accuracy of the final quotation, though it is substantially correct.



Entered for the poet laureateship.

### Indian Summer.

The golden tinted haze of Indian  
Summer days

Is worth the memory of many, many  
Mays!

The gentians' azure true, the su-  
mach's blazing hue,  
And domed over all a sky of match-  
less blue;

The last sweet song as some bird  
seeks its southern home,  
Trills o'er the stubble whence the  
insect murmurs come;

The drifting breezes bear the scent  
of perfume rare,  
Blent of the autumn flowers that  
bourgeon ev'rywhere.

A season all too brief, the falling of  
the leaf

Portends your gathering into Time's  
withered sheaf!

W. R. MURPHY.

# Subscribe to

# The American

# Gem.

### AUSTRALIAN INITIATIONS.

**What a Native Must Endure to Receive  
the Tribe Secrets.**

The initiation ceremonies of the natives of Australia have in recent years received the attention of a number of anthropologists. The latest paper upon the subject deals with the initiation ceremonies of the Arunta tribe, central Australia, and is by Prof. Baldwin Spencer and F. J. Gillen ("Proceedings of the Royal Society of Victoria," Vol. X., issued May, 1898). It may be recalled that an account of the Engwurra ceremony, as performed by the Arunta tribe, appeared in *Nature* a year ago.

The Engwurra is not passed through until probably the native has reached the age of at least 25, or even 30; but this final and impressive ceremony is preceded by others, beginning at about the age of ten or twelve, through which practically every Australian native has to pass before he is admitted to the secrets of the tribe and regarded as a fully developed member of it. It need hardly be pointed out that authentic records, such as are given in the present paper, of ceremonial rites of aboriginal tribes, are of increasing scientific value, even though the significance of the rites is not understood.

### THE MINOR PLANETS.

**How They Have Been Discovered and  
How They Are Named.**

Between the planets Mars and Jupiter there ought to be another planet, to satisfy "Bode's law" of the distribution of the planets, but there isn't. There is, however, something



here which reconciles astronomers to the omission and saves the "law," namely, a large number of minor planets—432 are now catalogued—sometimes called asteroids and sometimes planetoids, the largest of which is less than 500 miles in diameter, while the smallest known are little else than huge boulders. Popular astronomy gives some facts and figures relating to these pygmies among the celestial bodies, some of which are rather interesting.

Up to the present time there have been 44 successful searchers for asteroids. Ten of them have discovered nine or more of these small bodies; 14 have discovered between two and nine, and 20 have discovered one each. At the head of the list stands Palisa, of Vienna, and Charlois, of Nice, each credited with 83. Dr. Peters, of the Litchfield observatory of Hamilton college, New York, discovered 47; then follow Max Wolf, of Heidelberg, with 33, and Luther, of Dusseldorf, and Watson, of Ann Arbor, with 24 and 22 respectively.

Down to November 28, 1891, when Max Wolf first tried photography, 322 asteroids had been discovered with the telescope. Since that date only seven have been found by this means. Photography has raked in 93 in the last five years.

Thirteen of these little planets were found between 1801 and 1851. The number since discovered is 409. The year 1892 was the most prolific in finds, 28 asteroids being added to the list in that year, of which four were found with the telescope, the rest by photography.

The naming of the minor planets has given considerable trouble. In accordance with the old system of naming the larger planets and their satellites after deities in the Greek

and Roman mythologies, the first-discovered of the little planets were called Ceres, Pallas, Juno, Vesta, Astræ, Hebe, Iris, etc. This system was in the main continued until these names were exhausted; then names were given without any system, but always feminine names.

No. 12, discovered by Hind, in London, was named Victoria; No. 20 was called Massilia, the ancient name of Marseilles; No. 54 was called Alexandra, after Alexander von Humboldt. The first minor planet discovered by photography, by Max Wolf, on December 20, 1891, was No. 323. Wolf named this asteroid Brucia, after Miss Caroline W. Bruce, of New York city, who has so generously contributed of her means for the advancement of astronomy. To Miss Bruce the Harvard college observatory is indebted for its 24-inch photographic doublet, now mounted at Arequipa, in Peru, and Max Wolf was made happy by a fine photographic outfit from the same source. Asteroid No. 327 was a telescopic discovery by Charlois on March 22, 1892. In view of the proposed celebration of the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America he called the planet Columbia. No. 334 was discovered by Wolf, and for a like reason was named Chicago. No. 341, also discovered by Wolf, bears the name California. The last four to receive names are called Elizabetha, Edburga, Bertholda and Zaringia. Quite a number have not been named yet, and perhaps never will be named. The progeny is increasing too rapidly. In 1849 Dr. Gould proposed to designate these small fry by numbers inclosed in a small circle, and this plan is now in use even with those which bear names.

## JERSEY'S WELCOME.

Soiree in Honor of Wendemuth and  
Suhre very Successful.

**M**ONDAY, the seventeenth of September, the redoubtable Wendemuth and the ancient of N. A. B. O. days. Suhre, struck the peaceful village of Jersey City. The warning had been sounded and evening found all the local amateurs gathered together at Clerkin's Den to do honor to the vistor. The programs, done by Reilly, in a way peculiarly his own, read this way:

Soiree

at Clerkin's Den

by the

Jersey City Amateur Press Club

In Honor of

Chas. A. Wendemuth

and

Edw. F. Suhre

of St. Louis, Mo.,

Monday evening, Sept. 17th, 1900.

On the second page this:

For the Appetite

I scream

Aedua a la circus

Pied Pastry

Coffin Nails.

Third page contained list of speakers and last page for autographs.

Bresnahan presided, and after a few remarks welcoming the St. Louisians, introduced Clerkin who spoke on "Personal Reminiscences in A. J." Alacrity did well and was heartily applauded. Wendemuth was next called upon and responded to "Amateur Journalism in St. Louis." Bresnahan followed with a talk on "Amateur Journalism in Jersey City," after which Suhre spoke on "Observed on the way," telling of the amateurs he had met, what he had seen en route, etc. Cull told us about "The 'Squito

and Other Things," and recited an original poem which he said was the joint product of himself and Bresnahan. I remember the first four lines which ran thus:

The 'Squito is a lovely bird,

Of sweetest melody,

His song's the sweetest ever heard

Of matchless purity.

From which it can be seen that Bresnahan and Cull are promising young poets. Reilly followed with "Reminiscences of the '99 Convention," and awoke old, fond memories of that hurricane affair. Konwiser made "Random Remarks" in an original way, and "Little Billie" Townsend spoke about the "Boston 1900 Conventions," which finished the speaking.

Those present were Wendemuth and Suhre, St. Louis; Townsend, Long Island; Konwiser and Heindel, Newark; Thos. McCabe, Courain, Clerkin, Bresnahan, Cull, Keefe and Reilly, Jersey City.

COLCHESTER MCGRUE.

Entered for the Story Laureateship.

## ONE TRUE SONG.

BY W. R. MURPHY.

I

**T**HE company had gone half an hour ago yet she lingered in the drawing room, which was still brilliant with glittering lights, and filled with the heavy redolence of dying flowers. Going over to the open window she looked out and surveyed the saffron moon and the many stars which flashed and sparkled with varicolored, opalescent gleams.

"What lies beyond the stars," she murmured, "ay, what lies beyond death? Is there another life or but the grave?"

Then she thought of the past evening. She had talked brilliantly,—that she knew; and she knew more-over that her cynical nothings would

be chronicled with adulation in the morrow's papers. But of some things there would be no mention—

Who would know that she had broken a heart that night,—that one soul led on by the glamour of her beauty had spoken of love to her.

And though her inmost being had responded to his as an affinity of heart to heart, under some half defined pretence of living for art alone, she had refused his proffered life.

Then, like the change of tides on Atlantic sands, her thoughts ebbed to the beach-line of long-ago. She was a girl ambitious of emulating that noble band, which through intellect rules the world. Again her thoughts shifted; the consummation transcended the aspiration. She was now the author of the day, feted and admired; her books, neurotic and hysteric in accordance with the tendency of the times, were denominated the gospels, the new literature, and followers of Ibsen and the rest hailed her as the high priestess of their cult.

But all the time something had seemed lacking, and now she knew the idols which she had raised up were false. Sitting pensively there, her head resting on her hands, she mourned her perverted genius.

She had tasted the product of the Tree of Knowledge and found it Dead Sea fruit—bitter as wormwood.

She had fed the swine like Calypso of the Golden Age, and in pondering to their taste degraded herself.

And now—

## II

The soft evening air breathed on her cheek and rustled gently through her hair till it blew the little ringlets in her eyes.

Slowly she dropped the curtain and moved to her desk. Picking up a pen

she wrote,—but not on the vagaries of diseased souls or the topics of the Ibsen cult.

Only a little poem of a few stanzas, breathing the spirit of life and love and eternity, in its lines and between them.

Reading it over, she smiled—a sad sweet smile—and attached her name.

“Perhaps it will do for a farewell,” she thought.

Then she opened a drawer and took a small vial therefrom. Holding to the light she gazed at it wonderingly with half-dilated eyes, like some being held in the fascination of a serpent's look. And she murmured:

“He said it secured a painless death. I will explore the beyond.”

As she sat waiting the light grew dim as the candle burned down. Despite the dusk she read once more the lines she had written. And the definite expression of her inmost thoughts brought a look of great peace to her face, just as the warm morning sun heats the stream made cool by the night which has gone before.

The candles flickered, and their lights expired, and the Final Shadow Came.

## III

They found her there in the morning, but none suspected the truth. One who had loved her in life came to see her in death, and he found her poem. The simple lines brought an inexpressible consolation to his heart.

And even as they cheered him so they brought joy to many: men and women, brave, earnest, toiling up the steep Pathway of Life to the glittering Gates of Success, which surmount the summit, falling at times, soul-sick, but ever going onwards.

## IV

The Poet sang one song and died.

## AUTUMN.

---

But a few days ago summer was with us, summer with tender greens, delicate blues and pinks and subdued yellows. Nature was colored with dainty touches, merely a tint here to accentuate the green, or delicate shading there revealed the summer's delicacy. But now has nature become an impressionist, and traces of it are evident in her handiwork. The pinks have turned to crimsons and scarlets, the faint blues have been replaced by rich purples, the yellows have changed to glaring orange, and even the greens have an added autumn brilliancy.

The skies are blue, the flowers are bright, and the happy birds flit lovingly through the golden air, for the last time of the year.

And this is autumn.

---

## EDITORIALS.

I read in an amateur paper that amateurs should point the finger of scorn at another amateur paper BECAUSE the paper in question publishes a matrimonial column. Well here is a chance to talk. This same amateur paper advocates a principle which is far worse than matrimony, or its kin. When at amateur organizes, or helps organize, a press association in direct opposition to associations then existing, he commits a wrong which makes him an object at which the finger must be pointed,

"Down with these mushroom Press Associations, which are being organized by dissatisfied boys, for no other reason than to get the money!" Amateurs who have one grain of sense will not allow their love for the pioneers of amateur journalism to grow cold, or be changed, and these new associations will receive a cold shoulder, and a speedy death.

---

The Olympian is going to fill a long felt want. Since the Stork died amateurs have been in the dark regarding news, which has been coming in chunks, (almost as regular as an eclipse.) President Switzer (he's the "boss" of N. A. P. A.—only in some people's eyes) is a capable manager and the success of The Olympian will be largely due to his efforts. May he be with us long.

---

This year I again have the good fortune to travel east on a combined business and pleasure trip. Very few amateurs ever have had this opportunity present itself. So, generally speaking, very few amateurs have ever travelled. Now do not get excited like Mr. Konwiser and say, "I've travelled from Newark to Jersey City several times a week. It is with fond recollections of last year's jolly times, and the prospect of some greater pleasures, that I leave my happy home on my second trip east.

---

I was speeding on a train east when I wrote the above. Now I am seated in a narrow room of a low-priced hotel, where I am supposed to furnish all the editorials for this issue. For a light I have a candle stuck into a bee-soda bottle. With this brilliant array of conveniences I shall try and improve editorially without writing



contradictionally.

One of the first persons whom I ran across in Philadelphia, was the famous "last dollar" man, Sam'l De-Hayn, of presidential fame. Mr. De-Hayn was as mum as a clam when asked who was to blame for the present split in the U. A. P. A.

I called on Smith—the famous Smith. Outside of saying he had good amateur papers and was always willing to buy more, Edwin Hadley refused to be interviewed.

It is with much sorrow that I have to chronicle the death of Alfred Moore Treloar—"Fatness," of Scraps and Zenith fame. Though Mr. Treloar was connected with amateur journalism only a short time, he has many friends who mourn his untimely demise. Only from meagre details gathered was I able to write notice. No ailment being given.

While I tried very hard to gain information for the various factions in order to make a settlement, further than learning that Smith and Townsend favored the Bresnahan faction.

One evening, when there was nothing doing, Bresnahan went to see something absurd—

Konwiser, poor fellow, receives the brunt of all jokes. Harry M. is now engaged in the tipping business. He can give you tips on most anything. If you use them you are a good thing.

William Stockton, editor of the Mound City Amateur, has at last been heard from. He is now in Cuba.

He will come home soon and no doubt the AMERICAN GEM will have some fine stories. At this writing I am unable to learn why Mr. Stockton left.

While in Baltimore I attended the first annual convention of the United States Amateur Press Association, of which the Hesse Brothers are prominent factors. The first session was very small, but there were prospects for a larger attendance at the second session, which I, unfortunately, had to miss. The reports of the Sec. and Treas. showed that there were 87 members in good standing and a balance in the treasury of \$20. An official organ to be known as the United States Amateur will soon be published.

C. A. WENDEMUTH.

## THE AMERICAN GEM.

A monthly magazine devoted to amateur journalism.

CHARLES A. WENDEMUTH, Editor.  
WILLIAM R. MURPHY, Associate Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION—25 cents per year in advance. Gold, silver, bank notes or postage stamps accepted.

ADVERTISING RATES—50 cents per inch. \$5 per page. No reduction for time or larger space.

EXCHANGES—Address one copy to home office and one to our Associate Editor at 1341 Park Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

ALL BUSINESS communications should be addressed to

*The American Gem,*

7805 Ivory Ave.,

St. Louis, Mo.

### Notice.

A blue cross opposite this space notifies you that your subscription has expired. A renewal of same will be greatly appreciated.

Entered at St. Louis postoffice as second class mail matter.

# ...A Directory for Amateurs...

Compiled by E. E. Ericson.

---

Such a work has long been needed and wanted. It is a handsome book of from 30 to 40 pages of reliable information relative to the people and papers of amateuria, etc., containing

AN ARTICLE FULLY EXPLAINING A. J.,  
BRIEF STATISTICS OF AMATEUR PAPERS PUBLISHED,  
LIST OF AMATEUR WRITERS, WITH ADDRESSES,  
INTERESTING REMINISCENCES,  
HALF-TONE PHOTOS OF AMATEURS,  
A NUMBER OF PRODUCTIONS BY AMATEUR WRITERS,  
OLD-TIMERS WHO ARE NOW PROFESSIONALS,

and other features, all of which will go to make it of value and interest to every true amateur, now and in the years to come.

---

## WE GIVE YOU A COPY FREE.

However, as the successful publication of such a work involves considerable expense and the labor of weeks it is reasonable that we should intend to derive some benefit therefrom. Therefore, we have decided to use this Directory in a premium offer, thus:

*EVERYONE SUBSCRIBING TO "QUILLINGS" FOR ONE YEAR (Regular Price, 25 Cents) WILL BE SENT FREE OF CHARGE, ONE COPY, if stated that it is wanted.*

We charge you for "Quillings" only—25 cents per year, and all who have seen it know 'tis well worth that—giving you the the Directory FREE, as a premium, if you want it. The edition is limited; many have already been called for. First come, first served; send your renewal or subscription NOW. The Directory will be ready for delivery next month.

THE ERICSON CO., ELROY, WIS.

contradictionally.

One of the first persons whom I ran across in Philadelphia, was the famous "last dollar" man, Sam'l De-Hayn, of presidential fame. Mr. De-Hayn was as mum as a clam when asked who was to blame for the present split in the U. A. P. A.

I called on Smith—the famous Smith. Outside of saying he had good amateur papers and was always willing to buy more, Edwin Hadley refused to be interviewed.

It is with much sorrow that I have to chronicle the death of Alfred Moore Treloar—"Fatness," of Scraps and Zenith fame. Though Mr. Treloar was connected with amateur journalism only a short time, he has many friends who mourn his untimely demise. Only from meagre details gathered was I able to write notice. No ailment being given.

While I tried very hard to gain information for the various factions in order to make a settlement, further than learning that Smith and Townsend favored the Bresnahan faction.

One evening, when there was nothing doing, Bresnahan went to see something absurd—

Konwiser, poor fellow, receives the brunt of all jokes. Harry M. is now engaged in the tipping business. He can give you tips on most anything. If you use them you are a good thing.

William Stockton, editor of the Mound City Amateur, has at last been heard from. He is now in Cuba.

He will come home soon and no doubt the AMERICAN GEM will have some fine stories. At this writing I am unable to learn why Mr. Stockton left.

While in Baltimore I attended the first annual convention of the United States Amateur Press Association, of which the Hesse Brothers are prominent factors. The first session was very small, but there were prospects for a larger attendance at the second session, which I, unfortunately, had to miss. The reports of the Sec. and Treas. showed that there were 87 members in good standing and a balance in the treasury of \$20. An official organ to be known as the United States Amateur will soon be published.

C. A. WENDEMUTH.

## THE AMERICAN GEM.

A monthly magazine devoted to amateur journalism.

CHARLES A. WENDEMUTH. Editor.  
WILLIAM R. MURPHY. Associate Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION—25 cents per year in advance. Gold, silver, bank notes or postage stamps accepted.

ADVERTISING RATES—50 cents per inch. \$5 per page. No reduction for time or larger space.

EXCHANGES—Address one copy to home office and one to our Associate Editor at 1341 Park Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

ALL BUSINESS communications should be addressed to

*The American Gem,*  
7805 Ivory Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

### Notice.

A blue cross opposite this space notifies you that your subscription has expired. A renewal of same will be greatly appreciated.

Entered at St. Louis postoffice as second class mail matter.

# ...A Directory for Amateurs...

Compiled by E. E. Ericson.

Such a work has long been needed and wanted. It is a handsome book of from 30 to 40 pages of reliable information relative to the people and papers of amateuria, etc., containing

AN ARTICLE FULLY EXPLAINING A. J.,  
BRIEF STATISTICS OF AMATEUR PAPERS PUBLISHED,  
LIST OF AMATEUR WRITERS, WITH ADDRESSES,  
INTERESTING REMINISCENCES,  
HALF-TONE PHOTOS OF AMATEURS,  
A NUMBER OF PRODUCTIONS BY AMATEUR WRITERS,  
OLD-TIMERS WHO ARE NOW PROFESSIONALS,

and other features, all of which will go to make it of value and interest to every true amateur, now and in the years to come.

## WE GIVE YOU A COPY FREE.

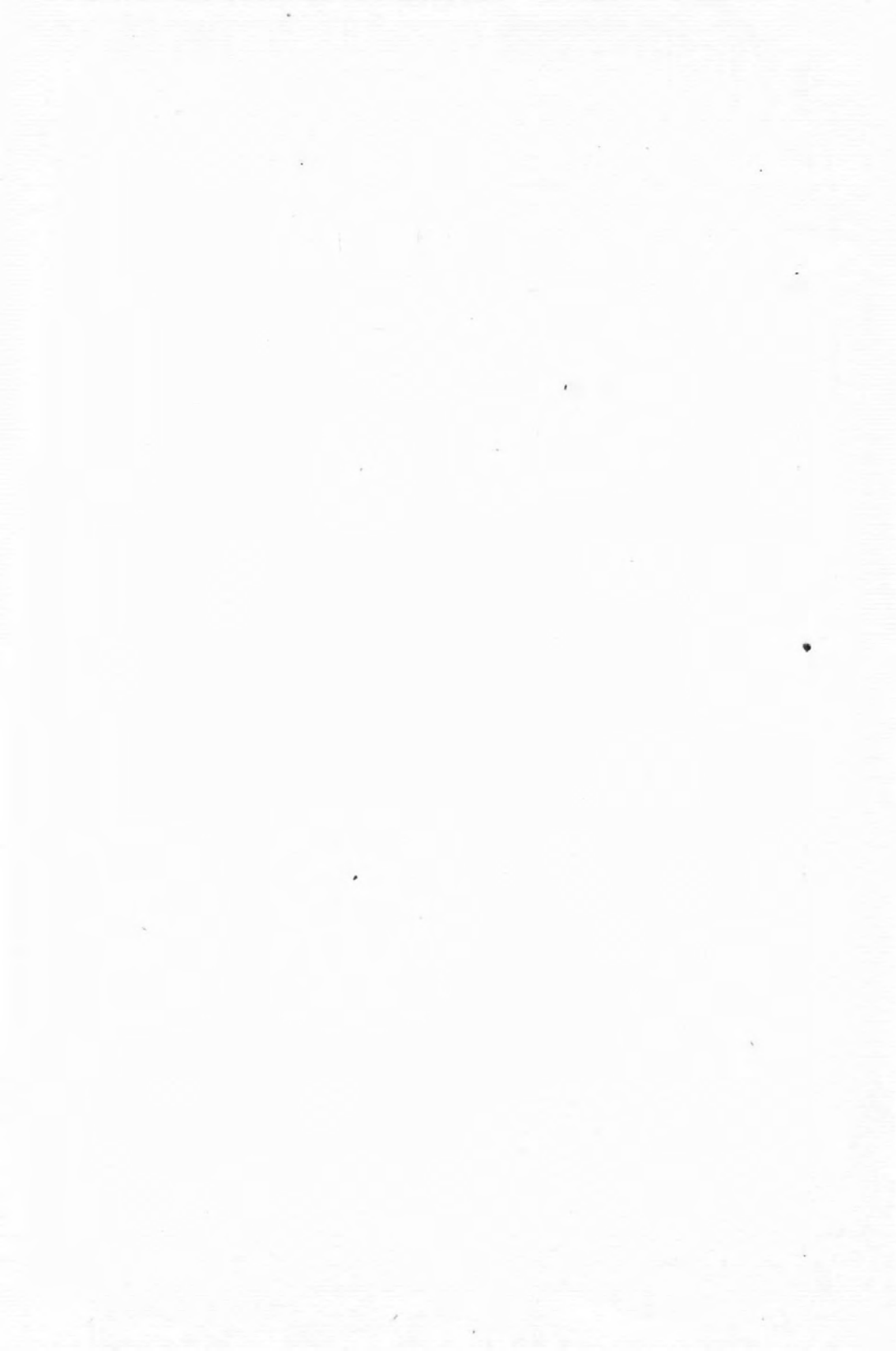
However, as the successful publication of such a work involves considerable expense and the labor of weeks it is reasonable that we should intend to derive some benefit therefrom. Therefore, we have decided to use this Directory in a premium offer, thus:

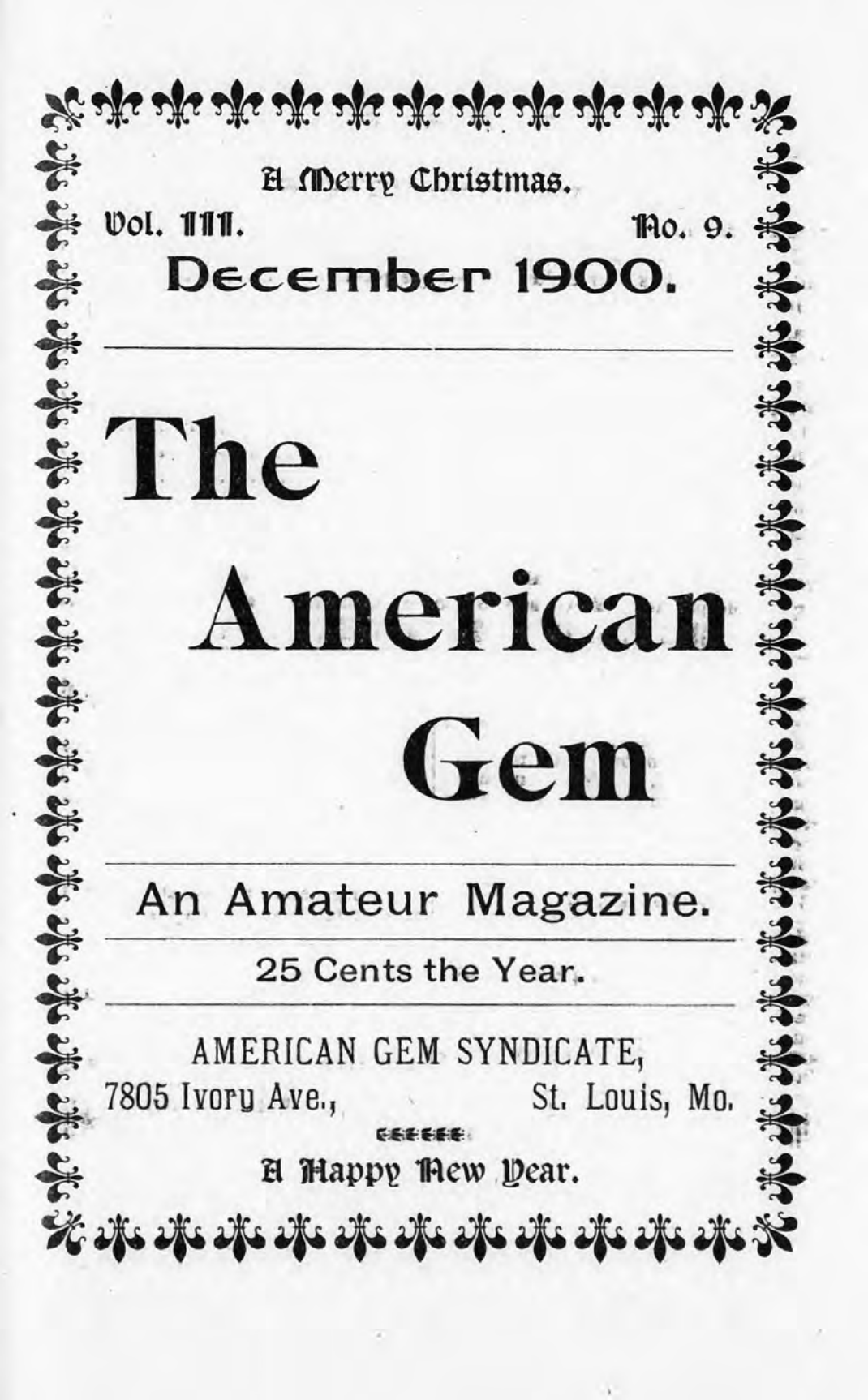
*EVERYONE SUBSCRIBING TO "QUILLINGS" FOR ONE YEAR (Regular Price, 25 Cents) WILL BE SENT FREE OF CHARGE, ONE COPY, if stated that it is wanted.*

We charge you for 'Quillings' only—25 cents per year, and all who have seen it know 'tis well worth that—giving you the Directory FREE, as a premium, if you want it. The edition is limited; many have already been called for. First come, first served; send your renewal or subscription NOW. The Directory will be ready for delivery next month.

**THE ERICSON CO., ELROY, WIS.**







A Merry Christmas.

Vol. 1111.

No. 9.

December 1900.

---

# The American Gem

---

An Amateur Magazine.

---

25 Cents the Year.

---

AMERICAN GEM SYNDICATE,  
7805 Ivory Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

\*\*\*\*\*

A Happy New Year.

## Curios, Stamps, Etc.

50 mixed foreign coins price postpaid.....	95c
25 Chinese cash coins " " .....	75c
Full set of World's Fair tickets 10 var postpaid.....	25c
50 different sea wonders price postpaid.....	1.50
25 arrow points price postpaid.....	45c
Mediterranean sea horse price postpaid.....	50c
Sea pansies each.....	30c
800 Samoa stamps, 5 var price postpaid.....	50c
100 5c lilac 1898 U. S. Rev price postpaid.....	30c
90 10c U. S. 1898 Rev price postpaid.....	28c
Blank approval books, 100 postpaid.....	90c
10,000 stamp hinges (Best) postpaid.....	69c
Star fish, extra large postpaid.....	75c

Parties who desire good stamps cheap should send for some on approval. Prices will surprise you. I also send old paper money out on approval to responsible parties. Years sub to People's Companion with each order free.

**JAMES W. SELLS, 10-1-2 N 8th STREET, ST. LOUIS, MO.**

### MAGIC ENGRAVING FLUID

The greatest wonder of the age. Engraves initials, names, etc., neatly and deeply on knife-blades, saws, hatchets, etc., in one minute. No practice needed. You can make money doing engraving for your friends. A 25c pkg does 2 or 3 dollars worth of engraving. Send at once. List of all kinds of M. O. goods, stamps, coins, etc., free. E. J. BOYER 536 W. 61 St., Chicago, Ill.

Send 10c for information about our 20th century contest and we will include the following postpaid: 3 dif. Porto Rico postals, 10 blank approval sheets, a coupon worth 13c, large bundle of circulars and our price list. ROYAL STAMP CO., Brooklyn Sta., Maryland.

### Everybody Knows the Queen

A new amateur magazine. Subscription 15c per year. Ad rates 15c per inch. If you have not seen it send 2c stamp for a sample copy.

### SPECIAL

We shall have a special number the first of January. Ad rates for this number only 10c per inch.

**W. R. WALDRON, Ed.,**

415 Main St.,

**WOBURN,**

**MASS.**

This paper is printed by The Tribune, Minn. Lake, Minn

# THE AMERICAN GEM.

A MONTHLY AMATEUR JOURNAL.

"QUALITY AND QUANTITY."

VOL. III.

ST. LOUIS, MO., DECEMBER, 1900.

No. 9.

[Entered for Story Laureate.]

## A Dream of Christmas Stories.

BY W. R. MURPHY.

THE young writer groped his way up the stairs. The time being Christmas he was away from home. Everybody is away from home in a well-regulated Christmas story. Everybody is invariably visiting somebody else. To dilate on somebody else's whereabouts offers startling possibilities and had better not be attempted here, even the diligent student of the subtleties of Ibsen would be floored by the metaphysical consideration whether he was *esse* or *not est*.

To resume, the youthful scribbler groped his way to his room, or what he thought was his. In reality it was an abandoned chamber such as the heroes of Christmas tales generally enter, and meet with startling adventures with ghosts and spectres and things.

Before going farther in this truthful narration, it may be well to premise that the young writer was a realist. He had not yet reached the worst stage, yet, but was so far developed as to speak of Gurgeneff and Howells and such as they as the MASTERS, in large capitals.

At length he got into bed, but found a difficulty in falling to sleep,

thus continuing the traditions of the Christmas hero. Through the window glass Luna stared brazenly at him, and his mind reverted to a rhyme of the nursery days:

"Out with you, lie, on you,  
Bald-faced jig,"

Instead of inditing an ode to the mountain which forms the left eyebrow on Dian's countenance.

This unpoetical view of the beauties of Selene was due to a combination, in his stomach, consisting of mince pie, and turkey, and plum pudding, and port wine, and some other things, not worth mentioning.

But shortly he reposed in the arms of morpheus, which is merely a figurative way of saying that he went to sleep. After several gorgeous dreams in which he floated through beautiful worlds to the strains of exquisite music, he awoke. At least, so he says. Some of his friends deny the fact. This much is certain: Heroes of other Christmas stories invariably awake. So why not he.

As is usual in such cases he saw a dim, spectral form standing by his bed. According to ghostly etiquette, the astral visitor touched him on the shoulder, and spoke in a hollow voice.



## Curios, Stamps, Etc.

50 mixed foreign coins price postpaid	95c
25 Chinese cash coins " "	75c
Full set of World's Fair tickets 10 var postpaid	25c
50 different sea wonders price postpaid	1.50
25 arrow points price postpaid	45c
Mediterranean sea horse price postpaid	50c
Sea pansies each	30c
800 Samoa stamps, 5 var price postpaid	50c
100 5c lilac 1898 U. S. Rev price postpaid	30c
90 10c U. S. 1898 Rev price postpaid	28c
Blank approval books, 100 postpaid	90c
10,000 stamp hinges (Best) postpaid	60c
Star fish, extra large postpaid	75c

Parties who desire good stamps cheap should send for some on approval. Prices will surprise you. I also send old paper money out on approval to responsible parties. Years sub to People's Companion with each order free.

**JAMES W. SELLS, 10-1-2 N 8th STREET, ST. LOUIS, MO.**

### MAGIC ENGRAVING FLUID

The greatest wonder of the age. Engraves initials, names, etc., neatly and deeply on knife-blades, saws, hatchets, etc., in one minute. No practice needed. You can make money doing engraving for your friends. A 25c pkg does 2 or 3 dollars worth of engraving. Send at once. List of all kinds of M. O. goods, stamps, coins, etc., free. E. J. BOYER 536 W. 61 ST., Chicago, Ill.

Send 10c for information about our 20th century contest and we will include the following postpaid: 3 dif. Porto Rico postals, 10 blank approval sheets, a coupon worth 13c, large bundle of circulars and our price list. ROYAL STAMP CO., Brooklyn Sta., Maryland.

### Everybody Knows the Queen

A new amateur magazine. Subscription 15c per year. Ad rates 15c per inch. If you have not seen it send 2c stamp for a sample copy.

### SPECIAL

We shall have a special number the first of January. Ad rates for this number only 10c per inch.

**W. R. WALDRON, Ed.,**

415 Main St.,

**WOBURN,**

**MASS.**

This paper is printed by The Tribune, Minn. Lake, Minn

# THE AMERICAN GEM.

—A MONTHLY AMATEUR JOURNAL—

"QUALITY AND QUANTITY."

VOL. III.

ST. LOUIS, MO., DECEMBER, 1900.

No. 9.

[Entered for Story Laureate.]

## A Dream of Christmas Stories.

BY W. R. MURPHY.

THE young writer groped his way up the stairs. The time being Christmas he was away from home. Everybody is away from home in a well-regulated Christmas story. Everybody is invariably visiting somebody else. To dilate on somebody else's whereabouts offers startling possibilities and had better not be attempted here, even the diligent student of the subtleties of Ibsen would be floored by the metaphysical consideration whether he was esse or non est.

To resume, the youthful scribbler groped his way to his room, or what he thought was his. In reality it was an abandoned chamber such as the heroes of Christmas tales generally enter, and meet with startling adventures with ghosts and spectres and things.

Before going farther in this truthful narration, it may be well to premise that the young writer was a realist. He had not yet reached the worst stage, yet, but was so far developed as to speak of Gurgenev and Howells and such as they as the MASTERS, in large capitals.

At length he got into bed, but found a difficulty in falling to sleep,

thus continuing the traditions of the Christmas hero. Through the window glass Luna stared brazenly at him, and his mind reverted to a rhyme of the nursery days:

"Out with you, fie, on you,  
Bald-faced jig,"

instead of inditing an ode to the mountain which forms the left eyebrow on Dian's countenance.

This unpoetical view of the beauties of Selene was due to a combination, in his stomach, consisting of mince pie, and turkey, and plum pudding, and port wine, and some other things, not worth mentioning.

But shortly he reposed in the arms of morpheus, which is merely a figurative way of saying that he went to sleep. After several gorgeous dreams in which he floated through beautiful worlds to the strains of exquisite music, he awoke. At least, so he says. Some of his friends deny the fact. This much is certain: Heroes of other Christmas stories invariably awake. So why not he.

As is usual in such cases he saw a dim, spectral form standing by his bed. According to ghostly etiquette, the astral visitor touched him on the shoulder, and spoke in a hollow voice.

"My friend, I am the spirit of a deceased author. From my trans-stygian habitat I have watched your progress in the world of letters. Your course at first earned my hearty approval, for you were content to follow in the well-trod paths of past generations of authors. But, since you have taken up these new 'isms, I have noted with sadness that you do not keep in mind the examples of your illustrious predecessors. The paths of realism lead but to the grave. Perhaps it is because you are not familiar with the good old stock characters of fiction that you traverse the paths you do. It is given to me to do as I please this night and I shall show you the good old plots of Christmas fiction. Come with me."

When he finished talking, the young writer, whose hair had subsided somewhat during the harangue, got out of bed, and while hastily slipping on some clothing, took a few side glances at his visitor.

The spirit was small and clad in the garb of forty or more years back. Evidently he belonged to that period when female writers were called gentle bluestockings, regardless of their tempers; when poets wooed the muse, and sometimes prefaced their works with an invocation to her when abstract qualities were reverently begun with capital letters.

The shade led the young man to a door which opened into a wide and lofty room. The young writer had known nothing of the existence of this chamber, simply because he had not noticed the door.

The two authors entered the room, and the young writer at once noticed a vague, musty smell, the odor which permeates a museum. And glancing around he found that he was in a

museum holding many glass cases each of which seemed to be filled with houses and puppets and other toys.

The guide spoke again in the sepulchral tones characteristic of ghosts:

"Here you see the remains of many former Christmas stories. Every year they are resurrected and do their duty anew. Instead of using them as your brother authors are content to do, you are following new-fangled ideas. Without doubt you have an accurate realistic study of the eleventh hour of some world weary soul's thirty-fifth Christmas among your manuscripts." Even though the deceased author, did not look searchingly at him as many a one might have done, the young writer self-conscious that precisely such a tale did not repose among the papers in his desk, blushed painfully. The shade took no notice of his embarrassment however, but started to show him the contents of the cases, giving a commentary on such things as he saw fit.

"Here," he said, oracularly, "is the maiden all forlorn. She is somewhat worn by constant waiting, and sadly in need of spectacles from gazing so much out of the windows for her lover; here he is. You know he returns just as the snow is falling on her heart as well as outside the window. Snow falling on her heart, is a nice phrase, so appropriate to the season. What better material can you desire for a story?"

"But," the young writer ventured to remonstrate, "is it not somewhat timeworn?"

"That is the beauty of it," was the response, "the public recognizes in it an old, old friend, endeared to it from youth. 'Should auld acquaintance be forgot?' Then it is capable of so many variations. Last year the lover

might have returned from Klondike with a load of gold nuggets. This year it can be Cape Nome."

Approaching another case, the spectre said:

"Here we have the elements of the pathetic story, which is generally in several scenes. The first reveals the quarrel between the lovers. He dashes off, to regions unknown, and she repents her pique. To save her old father from ruin she marries the villain over whom the quarrel took place. The hero returns, finds his sweetheart married to his old rival; and is found dead in the snow outside her window, clasping her photograph to his heart. She dies of a broken heart. There you have the making of a very pathetic tale. To be sure the majority of inveterate story-readers have shed so many tears over its pathos in former years that they are adamantine now, but remember the rising generation, whose lacrymal gland has been well exercised by crying for the moon. They at least will liberally bedew its sorrowful passages."

As they crossed the room the deceased author informed the young writer that a humorous story is essential for the success of a Christmas number of a periodical. Consulting the labels on the cases he finally found the right one.

"Of all Christmas stories the humorous is the most easily written. There are several varieties. First comes the street Arabs' banquet. You will remember that the newsboys, boot-blacks, and boys who support a large family of thirty-six by begging, et al., collect money and go to the swellest hotel for a feed. The proprietor as you know is a kindly man and gives them the best which

the establishment affords. The opportunities for humor comes in the conversation which passes around the festive board. The proprietor and colored-waiters and guests are convulsed with laughter over the funniness of the situation. An excellent finale is given by the introduction of the crusty old gentleman who is dining in an adjoining private room. He becomes interested in the boys and in the end gives each a five dollar gold piece and a position of trust in his palatial department store. Another form of humorous story may be called the boarding house dinner. The boarders consisting of the French milliner, the old bachelor, the seamstress, the German music teacher and others club together for a Christmas spread through the efforts of the sweet young girl whose family is entirely deceased except a hard-hearted grandfather. There is always much jollity at the dinner and much mirth can be created by portraying the idiosyncrasies of the characters. The story is fitly terminated by the appearance on the scene of the grandfather, whose heart has softened. If desired the various characters can be married."

"But," the young writer interpolated, "I do not see anything comic in those stories. They wouldn't make anyone laugh!"

"I am glad to note that you are a young man of discernment," said the shade, approvingly. "That, however, is the point. They are not intended to make people laugh. They are intended to bring a smile, merely, to the countenance. Do you think anybody desires to laugh after eating a hearty Christmas dinner? No! A smile is far more comfortable. But let us see more specimens."



So they looked over other cases containing specimens of other Christmas stories: the boys who surprised the village spinster by chopping all her wood for her; the two children who wander in the farmer's house and find the gold piece baked in the cake, all these and many others were there.

While viewing them the shade descended on the importance which a five dollar gold piece plays in Christmas stories. He especially noted the fact that it appears in the street Arabs' banquet as the gift of the crusty old merchant; that the banker drops it into the blind man's cup; that the farmer's wife bakes it in the cake; that in fact wherever money is mentioned the five dollar gold piece is in evidence.

Just as the deceased author made a remark on the importance of Christmas ghost stories and was about to discuss the topic at length, some suburban roosters began to crow, and the shade rapidly immaterialized to the astonishment of the young writer, who remembers nothing subsequent.

The next morning the young writer told me his adventure, evidently considering it within the providence of the society of psychical research.

He felt offended when I suggested that it was a case for the combined efforts of Doctor Dohemup's *Delightful Doses for Dyspeptic Dreamers*, and the *Dream Editor* of the *New York Dailer Howler*, the only metropolitan journal with a national circulation.

And there the matter rests.

### WHITTIER'S "SNOWBOUND."

It is not by his passionate slavery lyrics, important as their influence

was on our national development, that Whittier will be remembered. Vivid, and stirring and heartfelt as they are undoubtedly are, the most ardent lover of the Quaker poet cannot fail to perceive the lack of great literary worth in many of them. Written to fire the blood and inspire the mind at a time when intrinsic sturdiness of thought meant more to men than external polish, these poems on the burning question of the epoch secured a reputation for Whittier. But now when the cause which called them forth is a memory of the past, the colder views of literary criticism determines the place of the songs of slavery in relation to Whittier's other work. That place is near the bottom of the scale if we exclude some of the poet's early verse. The ballads and certain devotional poems are of more value to American literature, but even among them we do not find Whittier's masterpiece. That distinction falls to *Snowbound*.

A *Winter Idyl*, published in 1866, just after the civil war; it contains the work of the poet during the years of strife, when worn by the great struggle of the preceding thirty years Whittier turned to calmer, quieter things.

Whittier was preeminently the man peculiarly adapted to write an idyl of this kind. A son of the soil, every inch was holy ground to him, his early life on the farm initiated him into the customs and traditions of the home life, and the manifold aspects of Nature of New England.

*Snowbound* is a faithful transcription of country life as was the *Deserted Village* or the *Cotter's Saturday Night*. It is adequate and consistent in presentation of the subject and sustained throughout. The verse is

melodious, the metre almost flawless, the words well chosen, the tropes always meritorious, frequently exceedingly beautiful, and the feeling tender and sympathetic.

Whittier begins the poem, which John Bourroughs calls the most faithful portrayal of northern winter penned by poet, with a description of the forerunners of the great storm: "the darkly circled sun," "she hard dull bitterness of cold," and the other natural phenomena which prelude the fall of snow.

Then comes evening on, with its chores, and the little tasks of setting things to rights about the farm. These completed, the gray day has darkened to

"A night made hoary with the swarm  
And whirldance of the blinding storm"

till before the early bedtime

"The white drift filled the window-frame,"  
and

"When the second morning shone"

the inhabitants of the old farmhouse look out on an unknown world so changed is everything by the mantle of snow which coverst earth. Whittier's verdant memory of his boyhood days recalls the transformation. Around the glistening snow-drifts bends the blue walls of the sky, until far away on the horizon the snow and clouds are blended into one, and the earth seems a very "universe of sky and snow," while the "old familiar sights" take on new aspects with their snowy mantles.

Next comes the building and lighting of the great fire. As the sun sinks low in the west, the family gather together in front of the fire place and watch the first red blaze and the final illumination which transfigures the rudely-furnished chamber to a rosy bower. The fami-

ly seated before the hearth on which repose the baking apples, and the simmering cider, the cat and dog in amity casting grotesque shadows on the wall,—all these make up a scene equal in pure homeliness to any of the Flemish interiors limned by painters of the old Dutch school.

At the memory of those faces gathered then, which can never again assemble together the poet in a grand burst of faith exclaims:

"Yet love will dream and faith will trust  
Since He who knows our need is just.  
That somehow, somewhere meet we must.  
Alas for him who never sees  
The stars shine thro' his cypress trees,  
Who hopeless lays his dead away,  
Nor waits to see the breaking day  
Across the mournful marbles play;—  
Who hath not learned in hours of faith  
The truth to sense and flesh unknown,  
That life is ever lord of death,  
And love can never lose its own."

The inhabitants of the snowbound farmhouse pass the time away with riddles, puzzles, recitations and readings from the small stock of literature which their limited resources affords. When these by repetition become stale each shares in the chill embargo of the snow, is called on for his or her experiences as a contribution to the entertainment, and these tales, all the more enjoyable because instinct with life as they are transcripts of actual happenings, become the order of the day.

First comes the father with stories of his adventures and travels: next, the mother who recalls

"in her fitting phrase  
So rich and picturesque and free,"

the state of her early life: then the uncle, who though innocent of book-learning

"Was rich in lore of fields and brooks,"

an observant lover of nature tells in homespun phrases of the woods and

(Continued on page nine.)

**'NEATH THE MISTLETOE.**

The wind blew chill, with an accent  
shrill

And wildly flew the drifting snow;  
It was Christmastide and the time for  
mirth,

For good will to men, and for peace  
on earth,

Yet discontent filled my heart—until  
I caught her 'neath the mistletoe!

What happened there, I would never  
dare

To tell you. So if you would know  
How, just for a moment's fleeting bliss  
Her lips left mine in a willing kiss,  
At the foot of the winding oaken stair,  
Don't ask me—ask the mistletoe!

—R. T. STROHM.

**PRESCIENCE.**

He left his home in the early morn,  
As the sun rose o'er the hill,  
And the heart of youth was light  
forsooth

And in touch with an iron will.  
And he recked it not in the dawn of  
life

That the paths of earth are dear,  
And he smiled as he saw that the  
mother's kiss  
Was saddened with a tear.

And the sun rose high, in the azure  
sky,

And the clouds of morn were small,  
But the youth soon learned, that the  
goal he yearned

Was obscured by the shadow's pall.  
And his heart, it was not as strong as  
when

There were ties of home to cheer,  
And he mused o'er the thought that  
the mother's kiss

Was saddened with a tear.

And the sun caressed the defiant west,  
But its light was lost in gloom;

For troubles came, instead of fame  
And Hope fell prey to the Tomb.  
And the heart grew weak as the day  
grew old,

And the distant home grew dear:  
And he sighed as he thought that the  
mother's kiss

Was saddened with a tear.

Then drain your glass to the absent  
one

Whose guide was a fickle star,  
And our toast let be, that he soon  
may see,

The mother's home afar.  
May the grewsome fears of her lonely  
years

Disperse as she greets her boy,  
May her heart grow light at the fall  
of night,

And her tears be tears of joy.

—CHAS. H. COONS.

**THE ICE MAN COMES NO MORE.**

The north wind shrieks 'mid the leaf-  
less trees,

And the shivering mortal dimly sees,  
Through the ice-clad pane, that Nov-  
ember's rain

Is ushering winter in again.  
But above these thoughts do our  
spirits soar,

All's well, for the ice man comes no  
more.

The lying scales and the five pound  
piece,

The forgotten call, or some like ca-  
price;

On the hottest day (so the papers say)  
Of the torrid summer that's passed  
away.

But now as we close the entry door  
All's well, for the ice man comes no  
more.

—GEO. A. SNOW.

## DEAD LOVE.

In the years long gone, in the autumn  
weather,  
When the leaves were spattered with  
gold and red,  
We sat 'neath the maple's boughs to-  
gether,  
And dear to me were the words she  
said.

Through the quivering leaves how the  
sunlight drifted,  
On her waving tresses of silken  
hair,  
As she sat with her blue eyes half  
uplifted  
In glad assent to my earnest  
prayer.

Up the orchard path with its fringe  
of clover  
We slowly wandered, hand-clasped in  
hand.  
There was peace and love all the  
wide world over,  
Whose light shown never on sea nor  
land.

This morn, in the gold of the early  
dawning,  
We walked the meadows divinely  
cool.  
The flowers were gemmed with the  
dews of morning  
And the rushes wept by the silent  
pool.

But the golden ties of our love was  
broken,  
We met as so many on earth must  
meet.  
No power to render the slightest  
token—  
For all is bitter which once was  
sweet.

She walked by my side, demure and  
quiet,  
A beautiful stature devoid of  
soul.  
Little she recked that my thoughts  
ran riot  
To the olden time when my heart was  
whole.

The woods awoke to her merry laugh-  
ter,  
She turned to me with her brightest  
smiles;  
But I knew what madness of loss  
comes after,  
And closed my heart to her witching  
wiles.

Yet I felt a thrill of the old time  
passion  
Well up from my heart in an anguish-  
ed cry,  
That love should fail us in heartless  
fashion  
And prove a phantom, a dream, a  
lie.

Her smiles were sweet, but I dared  
not loiter  
For my soul still yearns for the fair-  
haired maid  
I clasped in my arms by the placid  
water  
'Neath the crimsoned boughs of the  
maple's shade.

Poor fool, to dream of the days past  
dawning,  
No fruit may grow on the blasted  
tree—  
I will be no mark for the idler's  
scorning,  
Henceforth she is nothing—and less—  
to me.

—WILLIAM J. CLEMENCE.



## Marriage Not an Impediment to Success.

A REPLY TO "COLCHESTER" McGRUE.

To the Editor of the American Gem. Sir:—In the last number of your valuable paper you published "Colchester McGrue's" debate before the Jersey City Amateur Press Club, on the affirmative side of the question, "Resolved, That marriage is an impediment to success." Mr. "McGrue" should have explained that he lost his debate—but that is another matter.

Mr. "McGrue" admits that marriage may be conducive to what he terms "moral success" but says it is an impediment to financial success. I crave a little of your valuable space for the purpose of showing wherein Mr. "McGrue" is wrong.

I wish to state, at the outset, that I am not so sentimental as to suppose that two can live as cheaply as one; in fact, I know the contrary to be the case. (Not from experience, but from observation.) But I do contend and I think, Mr. 'McGrue' in his heart will agree with me, that a married man, as a rule, is more prudent and saving than an unmarried man. Few men save any money at all until they are married or about to be married. The reason for this is that an unmarried man, having no cares but those which concern himself alone, does not take the serious view of life that a married man does, and has not the same incentive to industry, prudence and thrift that a married man has. His sole aim in life is to get all the enjoyment out of life he can, and the enjoyment he seeks is usually of a very expensive kind, as some of my readers may know. At any rate, it is not apt to help one in attaining financial success.

A married man, on the other hand takes a broader and higher view of life; he does not live for himself alone; he has others to love, to cherish, to protect and to provide for, and is therefore more watchful of his position, more careful of his earnings and, in every way, a happier, better and more successful man than an unmarried one.

But let me give you an example: My readers will doubtless recall an incident in the life of Abraham Lincoln, which, to me, seems the most touching of his whole career; I refer, Mr. Editor, to his conduct when informed of his nomination for President by the Republican National Convention of 1860. Lincoln and his friends were gathered around the telegraph office at Springfield, anxiously awaiting the news from Chicago, and when it was flashed over the wires that "Honest Abe" had been nominated on the second ballot, the enthusiasm of the people of Springfield knew no bounds. Lincoln was called upon for a speech, and he replied modestly, thanking his friends for their support. "And now, boys, he said tenderly, "I must leave you, for there is a little woman down in Eighth St. to whom I must go and tell the news." Does Mr. "McGrue or any one else suppose that Mr. Lincoln would ever have been President if it were not for the "little woman down in Eighth St." The only bachelor president who remained a bachelor was the most unsuccessful of them all. And we all know from observation that the most successful men in any worldly walk of life are benedicts.

But I am encroaching too much on your valuable space. Let me close with this advice to all young men, "Colchester McGrue" included; to insure success in life, marry, and the sooner you do it, the better.

—JAMES M. REILLY, JR.

# THE AMERICAN GEM.

—A MONTHLY AMATEUR JOURNAL—

"QUALITY AND QUANTITY."

VOL. III.

ST. LOUIS, MO., DECEMBER, 1900.

No. 9.

[Entered for Story Laureate.]

## A Dream of Christmas Stories.

BY W. R. MURPHY.

THE young writer groped his way up the stairs. The time being Christmas he was away from home. Everybody is away from home in a well-regulated Christmas story. Everybody is invariably visiting somebody else. To dilate on somebody else's whereabouts offers startling possibilities and had better not be attempted here, even the diligent student of the subtleties of Ibsen would be floored by the metaphysical consideration whether he was esse or non est.

To resume, the youthful scribbler groped his way to his room, or what he thought was his. In reality it was an abandoned chamber such as the heroes of Christmas tales generally enter, and meet with startling adventures with ghosts and spectres and things.

Before going farther in this truthful narration, it may be well to premise that the young writer was a realist. He had not yet reached the worst stage, yet, but was so far developed as to speak of Gurgenev and Howells and such as they as the MASTERS, in large capitals.

At length he got into bed, but found a difficulty in falling to sleep,

thus continuing the traditions of the Christmas hero. Through the window glass Luna stared brazenly at him, and his mind reverted to a rhyme of the nursery days:

"Out with you, fie, on you,  
Bald-faced jig,"

instead of inditing an ode to the mountain which forms the left eyebrow on Dian's countenance.

This unpoetical view of the beauties of Selene was due to a combination, in his stomach, consisting of mince pie, and turkey, and plum pudding, and port wine, and some other things, not worth mentioning.

But shortly he reposed in the arms of morpheus, which is merely a figurative way of saying that he went to sleep. After several gorgeous dreams in which he floated through beautiful worlds to the strains of exquisite music, he awoke. At least, so he says. Some of his friends deny the fact. This much is certain: Heroes of other Christmas stories invariably awake. So why not he.

As is usual in such cases he saw a dim, spectral form standing by his bed. According to ghostly etiquette, the astral visitor touched him on the shoulder, and spoke in a hollow voice.

"My friend, I am the spirit of a deceased author. From my trans-stygian habitat I have watched your progress in the world of letters. Your course at first earned my hearty approval, for you were content to follow in the well-trod paths of past generations of authors. But, since you have taken up these new 'isms, I have noted with sadness that you do not keep in mind the examples of your illustrious predecessors. The paths of realism lead but to the grave. Perhaps it is because you are not familiar with the good old stock characters of fiction that you traverse the paths you do. It is given to me to do as I please this night and I shall show you the good old plots of Christmas fiction. Come with me."

When he finished talking, the young writer, whose hair had subsided somewhat during the harangue, got out of bed, and while hastily slipping on some clothing, took a few side glances at his visitor.

The spirit was small and clad in the garb of forty or more years back. Evidently he belonged to that period when female writers were called gentle bluestockings, regardless of their tempers; when poets wooed the muse, and sometimes prefaced their works with an invocation to her when abstract qualities were reverently begun with capital letters.

The shade led the young man to a door which opened into a wide and lofty room. The young writer had known nothing of the existence of this chamber, simply because he had not noticed the door.

The two authors entered the room, and the young writer at once noticed a vague, musty smell, the odor which permeates a museum. And glancing around he found that he was in a

museum holding many glass cases each of which seemed to be filled with houses and puppets and other toys.

The guide spoke again in the sepulchral tones characteristic of ghosts:

"Here you see the remains of many former Christmas stories. Every year they are resurrected and do their duty anew. Instead of using them as your brother authors are content to do, you are following new-fangled ideas. Without doubt you have an accurate realistic study of the eleventh hour of some world weary soul's thirty-fifth Christmas among your manuscripts." Even though the deceased author, did not look searchingly at him as many a one might have done, the young writer self-conscious that precisely such a tale did not repose among the papers in his desk, blushed painfully. The shade took no notice of his embarrassment however, but started to show him the contents of the cases, giving a commentary on such things as he saw fit.

"Here," he said, oracularly, "is the maiden all forlorn. She is somewhat worn by constant waiting, and sadly in need of spectacles from gazing so much out of the windows for her lover; here he is. You know he returns just as the snow is falling on her heart as well as outside the window. Snow falling on her heart, is a nice phrase, so appropriate to the season. What better material can you desire for a story?"

"But," the young writer ventured to remonstrate, "is it not somewhat timeworn?"

"That is the beauty of it," was the response, "the public recognizes in it an old, old friend, endeared to it from youth. 'Should auld acquaintance be forgot?' Then it is capable of so many variations. Last year the lover

might have returned from Klondike with a load of gold nuggets. This year it can be Cape Nome."

Approaching another case, the spectre said:

"Here we have the elements of the pathetic story, which is generally in several scenes. The first reveals the quarrel between the lovers. He dashes off, to regions unknown, and she repents her pique. To save her old father from ruin she marries the villain over whom the quarrel took place. The hero returns, finds his sweetheart married to his old rival, and is found dead in the snow outside her window, clasping her photograph to his heart. She dies of a broken heart. There you have the making of a very pathetic tale. To be sure the majority of inveterate story-readers have shed so many tears over its pathos in former years that they are adamantine now, but remember the rising generation, whose lacrymal gland has been well exercised by crying for the moon. They at least will liberally bedew its sorrowful passages."

As they crossed the room the deceased author informed the young writer that a humorous story is essential for the success of a Christmas number of a periodical. Consulting the labels on the cases he finally found the right one.

"Of all Christmas stories the humorous is the most easily written. There are several varieties. First comes the street Arabs' banquet. You will remember that the news-boys, boot-blacks, and boys who support a large family of thirty-six by begging, et al., collect money and go to the swellest hotel for a feed. The proprietor as you know is a kindly man and gives them the best which

the establishment affords. The opportunities for humor comes in the conversation which passes around the festive board. The proprietor and colored-waiters and guests are convulsed with laughter over the funniness of the situation. An excellent finale is given by the introduction of the crusty old gentleman who is dining in an adjoining private room. He becomes interested in the boys and in the end gives each a five dollar gold piece and a position of trust in his palatial department store. Another form of humorous story may be called the boarding house dinner. The boarders consisting of the French milliner, the old bachelor, the seamstress, the German music teacher and others club together for a Christmas spread through the efforts of the sweet young girl whose family is entirely deceased except a hard-hearted grandfather. There is always much jollity at the dinner and much mirth can be created by portraying the idiosyncrasies of the characters. The story is fitly terminated by the appearance on the scene of the grandfather, whose heart has softened. If desired the various characters can be married."

"But," the young writer interpolated, "I do not see anything comic in those stories. They wouldn't make anyone laugh!"

"I am glad to note that you are a young man of discernment," said the shade, approvingly. "That, however, is the point. They are not intended to make people laugh. They are intended to bring a smile, merely, to the countenance. Do you think anybody desires to laugh after eating a hearty Christmas dinner? No! A smile is far more comfortable. But let us see more specimens."



So they looked over other cases containing specimens of other Christmas stories: the boys who surprised the village spinster by chopping all her wood for her; the two children who wander in the farmer's house and find the gold piece baked in the cake, all these and many others were there.

While viewing them the shade descanted on the importance which a five dollar gold piece plays in Christmas stories. He especially noted the fact that it appears in the street Arabs' banquet as the gift of the crusty old merchant; that the banker drops it into the blind man's cup; that the farmer's wife bakes it in the cake; that in fact wherever money is mentioned the five dollar gold piece is in evidence.

Just as the deceased author made a remark on the importance of Christmas ghost stories and was about to discuss the topic at length, some suburban roosters began to crow, and the shade rapidly immaterialized to the astonishment of the young writer, who remembers nothing subsequent.

The next morning the young writer told me his adventure, evidently considering it withing the providence of the society of psychical research.

He felt offended when I suggested that it was a case for the combined efforts of Doctor Dohemup's *Delightful Doses for Dyspeptic Dreamers*, and the *Dream Editor* of the *New York Dailer Howler*, the only metropolitan journal with a national circulation.

And there the matter rests.

### WHITTIER'S "SNOWBOUND."

It is not by his passionate slavery lyrics, important as their influence

was on our national development, that Whittier will be remembered. Vivid, and stirring and heartfelt as they are undoubtedly are, the most ardent lover of the Quaker poet cannot fail to perceive the lack of great literary worth in many of them. Written to fire the blood and inspire the mind at a time when intrinsic sturdiness of thought meant more to men than external polish, these poems on the burning question of the epoch secured a reputation for Whittier. But now when the cause which called them forth is a memory of the past, the colder views of literary criticism determines the place of the songs of slavery in relation to Whittier's other work. That place is near the bottom of the scale if we exclude some of the poet's early verse. The ballads and certain devotional poems are of more value to American literature, but even among them we do not find Whittier's masterpiece. That distinction falls to *Snowbound*.

A *Winter Idyl*, published in 1866, just after the civil war; it contains the work of the poet during the years of strife, when worn by the great struggle of the preceding thirty years Whittier turned to calmer, quieter things.

Whittier was preeminently the man peculiarly adapted to write an idyl of this kind. A son of the soil, every inch was holy ground to him, his early life on the farm initiated him into the customs and traditions of the home life, and the manifold aspects of Nature of New England.

*Snowbound* is a faithful transcription of country life as was the *Deserted Village* or the *Cotter's Saturday Night*. It is adequate and consistent in presentation of the subject and sustained throughout. The verse is

melodious, the metre almost flawless, the words well chosen, the tropes always meritorious, frequently exceedingly beautiful, and the feeling tender and sympathetic.

Whittier begins the poem, which John Bourroughs calls the most faithful portrayal of northern winter penned by poet, with a description of the forerunners of the great storm: "the darkly circled sun," "she hard dull bitterness of cold" and the other natural phenomena which prelude the fall of snow.

Then comes evening on, with its chores, and the little tasks of setting things to rights about the farm. These completed, the gray day has darkened to

"A night made hoary with the swarm  
And whirldance of the blinding storm"

til before the early bedtime

"The white drift filled the window-frame."  
and

"When the second morning shone"

the inhabitants of the old farmhouse look out on an unknown world so changed is everything by the mantle of snow which coverst earth. Whittier's verdant memory of his boyhood days recalls the transformation. Around the glistening snow-drifts bends the blue walls of the sky, until far away on the horizon the snow and clouds are blended into one, and the earth seems a very "universe of sky and snow," while the "old familiar sights" take on new aspects with their snowy mantles.

Next comes the building and lighting of the great fire. As the sun sinks low in the west, the family gather together in front of the fire place and watch the first red blaze and the final illumination which transfigures the rudely-furnished chamber to a rosy bower. The fami-

ly seated before the hearth on which repose the baking apples, and the simmering cider, the cat and dog in amity casting grotesque shadows on the wall,—all these make up a scene equal in pure homeliness to any of the Flemish interiors limned by painters of the old Dutch school.

At the memory of those faces gathered then, which can never again assemble together the poet in a grand burst of faith exclaims:

"Yet love will dream and faith will trust  
Since He who knows our need is just.  
That somehow, somewhere meet we must.  
Alas for him who never sees  
The stars shine thro' his cypress trees,  
Who hopeless lays his dead away,  
Nor waits to see the breaking day  
Across the mournful marbles play;—  
Who hath not learned in hours of faith  
The truth to sense and flesh unknown.  
That life is ever lord of death,  
And love can never lose its own."

The inhabitants of the snowbound farmhouse pass the time away with riddles, puzzles, recitations and readings from the small stock of literature which their limited resources affords. When these by repetition become stale each shares in the chill embargo of the snow, is called on for his or her experiences as a contribution to the entertainment, and these tales, all the more enjoyable because instinct with life as they are transcripts of actual happenings, become the order of the day.

First comes the father with stories of his adventures and travels; next, the mother who recalls

"In her fitting phrase  
So rich and picturesque and free,"

the state of her early life; then the uncle, who though innocent of book-learning

"Was rich in lore of fields and brooks,"

an observant lover of nature tells in homespun phrases of the woods and

(Continued on page nine.)

**'NEATH THE MISTLETOE.**

The wind blew chill, with an accent  
shrill

And wildly flew the drifting snow;  
It was Christmastide and the time for  
mirth,

For good will to men, and for peace  
on earth,

Yet discontent filled my heart—until  
I caught her 'neath the mistletoe!

What happened there, I would never  
dare

To tell you. So if you would know  
How, just for a moment's fleeting bliss  
Her lips left mine in a willing kiss,  
At the foot of the winding oaken stair,  
Don't ask me—ask the mistletoe!

—R. T. STROHM.

**PRESCIENCE.**

He left his home in the early morn,  
As the sun rose o'er the hill,  
And the heart of youth was light  
forsooth

And in touch with an iron will.  
And he recked it not in the dawn of  
life

That the paths of earth are dear,  
And he smiled as he saw that the  
mother's kiss

Was saddened with a tear.

And the sun rose high, in the azure  
sky,

And the clouds of morn were small,  
But the youth soon learned, that the  
goal he yearned

Was obscured by the shadow's pall.  
And his heart, it was not as strong as  
when

There were ties of home to cheer,  
And he mused o'er the thought that  
the mother's kiss

Was saddened with a tear.

And the sun caressed the defiant west,  
But its light was lost in gloom;

For troubles came, instead of fame  
And Hope fell prey to the Tomb.

And the heart grew weak as the day  
grew old,

And the distant home grew dear;  
And he sighed as he thought that the

mother's kiss

Was saddened with a tear.

Then drain your glass to the absent  
one

Whose guide was a fickle star,  
And our toast let be, that he soon  
may see,

The mother's home afar.

May the grewsome fears of her lovelly  
years

Disperse as she greets her boy,  
May her heart grow light at the fall  
of night,

And her tears be tears of joy.

—CHAS. H. COONS.

**THE ICE MAN COMES NO MORE.**

The north wind shrieks 'mid the leaf-  
less trees,

And the shivering mortal dimly sees,  
Through the ice-clad pane, that Nov-  
ember's rain

Is ushering winter in again.

But above these thoughts do our  
spirits soar,

All's well, for the ice man comes no  
more.

The lying scales and the five pound  
piece,

The forgotten call, or some like ca-  
price;

On the hottest day (so the papers say)  
Of the torrid summer that's passed  
away.

But now as we close the entry door  
All's well, for the ice man comes no  
more.

—GEO. A. SNOW.

## DEAD LOVE.

In the years long gone, in the autumn  
weather,  
When the leaves were spattered with  
gold and red,  
We sat 'neath the maple's boughs to-  
gether,  
And dear to me were the words she  
said.

Through the quivering leaves how the  
sunlight drifted,  
On her waving tresses of silken  
hair,  
As she sat with her blue eyes half  
uplifted  
In glad assent to my earnest  
prayer.

Up the orchard path with its fringe  
of clover  
We slowly wandered, hand clasped in  
hand.  
There was peace and love all the  
wide world over,  
Whose light shown never on sea nor  
land.

This morn, in the gold of the early  
dawning,  
We walked the meadows divinely  
cool.  
The flowers were gemmed with the  
dews of morning  
And the rushes wept by the silent  
pool.

But the golden ties of our love was  
broken,  
We met as so many on earth must  
meet.  
No power to render the slightest  
token—  
For all is bitter which once was  
sweet.

She walked by my side, demure and  
quiet,  
A beautiful stature devoid of  
soul.  
Little she recked that my thoughts  
ran riot  
To the olden time when my heart was  
whole.

The woods awoke to her merry laugh-  
ter,  
She turned to me with her brightest  
smiles;  
But I knew what madness of loss  
comes after,  
And closed my heart to her witching  
wiles.

Yet I felt a thrill of the old time  
passion  
Well up from my heart in an anguish-  
ed cry,  
That love should fail us in heartless  
fashion  
And prove a phantom, a dream, a  
lie.

Her smiles were sweet, but I dared  
not loiter  
For my soul still yearns for the fair-  
haired maid  
I clasped in my arms by the placid  
water  
'Neath the crimsoned boughs of the  
maple's shade.

Poor fool, to dream of the days past  
dawning,  
No fruit may grow on the blasted  
tree—  
I will be no mark for the idler's  
scorning,  
Henceforth she is nothing—and less—  
to me.

—WILLIAM J. CLEMENCE.



## Marriage Not an Impediment to Success.

A REPLY TO "COLCHESTER" MCGRUE.

To the Editor of the American Gem.  
 Sir:—In the last number of your valuable paper you published "Colchester McGruie's" debate before the Jersey City Amateur Press Club, on the affirmative side of the question, "Resolved, That marriage is an impediment to success." Mr. "McGrue" should have explained that he lost his debate—but that is another matter.

Mr. "McGrue" admits that marriage may be conducive to what he terms "moral success" but says it is an impediment to financial success. I crave a little of your valuable space for the purpose of showing wherein Mr. "McGrue" is wrong.

I wish to state, at the outset, that I am not so sentimental as to suppose that two can live as cheaply as one; in fact, I know the contrary to be the case. (Not from experience, but from observation.) But I do contend and I think, Mr. 'McGrue' in his heart will agree with me, that a married man, as a rule, is more prudent and saving than an unmarried man. Few men save any money at all until they are married or about to be married. The reason for this is that an unmarried man, having no cares but those which concern himself alone, does not take the serious view of life that a married man does, and has not the same incentive to industry, prudence and thrift that a married man has. His sole aim in life is to get all the enjoyment out of life he can, and the enjoyment he seeks is usually of a very expensive kind, as some of my readers may know. At any rate, it is not apt to help one in attaining financial success.

A married man, on the other hand takes a broader and higher view of life; he does not live for himself alone; he has others to love, to cherish, to protect and to provide for, and is therefore more watchful of his position, more careful of his earnings and, in every way, a happier, better and more successful man than an unmarried one.

But let me give you an example: My readers will doubtless recall an incident in the life of Abraham Lincoln, which, to me, seems the most touching of his whole career: I refer, Mr. Editor, to his conduct when informed of his nomination for President by the Republican National Convention of 1860. Lincoln and his friends were gathered around the telegraph office at Springfield, anxiously awaiting the news from Chicago, and when it was flashed over the wires that "Honest Abe" had been nominated on the second ballot, the enthusiasm of the people of Springfield knew no bounds. Lincoln was called upon for a speech, and he replied modestly, thanking his friends for their support. "And now, boys, he said tenderly, "I must leave you, for there is a little woman down in Eighth St. to whom I must go and tell the news." Does Mr. "McGrue or any one else suppose that Mr. Lincoln would ever have been President if it were not for the "little woman down in Eighth St." The only bachelor president who remained a bachelor was the most unsuccessful of them all. And we all know from observation that the most successful men in any worldly walk of life are benedicts.

But I am encroaching too much on your valuable space. Let me close with this advice to all young men, "Colchester McGruie" included; to insure success in life, marry, and the sooner you do it, the better.

—JAMES M. REILLY, JR.

## Whittier's "Snowbound."

(Continued from page five.)

the denizens thereof.

After tenderly describing his two sisters the poet graphically portrays the characters of the two guests: the young schoolmaster who sings songs, plays the violin, and tells the old myths of Greece and Rome in language comprehended by his simple auditors; and the eccentric genius of the country-side, the half-mad, semi-tropical prophetess who

"blended in a like degree,

The vixen and the devotee"

The blockade is broken for a brief time by the farmers who are clearing the roads, but after their departure continues till

"a week had past

Since the great world was heard from last."

At length the carrier brings the village paper and before them is spread the panorama of the world's events happening during their immurement. And now the ice-bound door swings open and

"All the world is theirs once more."

In conclusion Whittier calls on the Angel of the Past to close his book, for he has heard the voice which bids

"the dreamer leave his dreams"

Yet the poet thinks that he has not called up this vision of rural life in vain, for he says:

"The worlding's eyes shall gather dew

Dreaming in thoughtful city ways,

Of winter joys his boyhood knew."

and avers that

"Thanks untraced to lips unknown shall be  
his."

—W. R. MURPHY.

An author of a love story never sees the wart on the nose of his hero, or the freckles on the face of his heroine.

## LITERATI OF THE DAY.

## III. F. MARION CRAWFORD

BY WILLIAM H. GREENFIELD.

**A**LTHOUGH the maker of "Mr. Isaacs" has attained perfection in the minds of many there is ample ground for believing that he has still to reach the perimeter of his phenomenal powers. In the face of his productiveness and uniform excellence this statement may seem to be without the sanction of even a remote possibility, but the rich qualities of "Via Crucis," one of his most recent works, should be a convincing pattern of the belief that the best of his work lies in the future. There is a consensus of opinion that "Mr. Isaacs" is the finest product of his pen, and it is said Mr. Crawford himself considers it as such; but its priority is no argument for its perpetual supremacy. The works of an author do not pass beneath the fan-light of fame in order of seniority. Neither their paternity or their pecuniary gains count as of any consequence in the final summing up. Some of the brightest stars in the galaxy of genius have made numberless noteworthy efforts before producing their masterpieces, and although it is unnecessary to rely on this fact, a little thought could be unbiassedly settled upon it. Unacceptable as the idea may be to some, there is, I believe, a possibility about Crawford that will not be repulsed,—a possibility that presages the birth of a novel greater than "Mr. Isaacs," greater than "Dr. Claudius," greater than "Via Crucis," greater than any novel that has yet come from the very pen of this prolific writer.

F. Marion Crawford was born in Rome in 1854 and the Imperial City claims him as a resident at numerous

times. All his boyhood and youth was spent in Italy, but St. Paul's School, Concord, New Hampshire, had him as a student when he was sent to America to be educated. After St. Paul's, came the gayer life at Trinity College, where he went in for boating and, incidentally, mathematics. Then followed student days at Karlsruhe and Heidelberg, his scholastic itinerary terminating at the University of Rome. A tutor at this place taught him sanscrit and interested him in Oriental mysteries and Buddhism. After he left the University he found himself vis-a-vis with the future, and he started in to furnish it with something—he didn't know what.

Like Kipling, he sweltered over a desk in India. He was his own news collector, managing editor and editorial writer, and worked in the diabolical atmosphere of that forsaken afterthought of the Creator's for eighteen months. Kipling's story "The Man who would be King" gives a glimpse of his life in India, and, speaking of Kipling, it may be remarked that Mr. Crawford always reads his Indian stories with a flood of recollections. It was while editing his paper, the "Indian Herald," that Mr. Crawford encountered the original of Mr. Isaacs.

Sometime after his return from India Mr. Crawford entered Harvard as a special student and took Professor Lanman's course in sanscrit. During the time he was at Harvard he lived between Boston and New York, dividing his time between the two cities. He earned a precarious living by writing book reviews and articles on philosophical themes for various periodicals.

On May 6, 1882, acting on the suggestion of his uncle, he started to

write the story of "Mr. Isaacs." It was originally intended to be a two-part magazine story, but as the writing progressed the writer fell under the spell of his own powers and continued it for the pleasure he derived from the writing. When the story was finished his uncle secured a publisher for it. In order to secure an English as well as an American copyright, the author was obliged to be on English soil on the day of publication. He went to St. John's, New Brunswick, where he started writing "Dr. Claudius," finishing it in December, about a week before "Mr. Isaacs" was published.

When Mr. Crawford returned to America he found himself famous. "Mr. Isaacs" was the talk of the literary world. His reputation once established, he settled down to work in good earnest. His enormous output since then has been equalled by no other writer, merit first considered.

Much has been said about Mr. Crawford's rapidity as a writer. His record is really astonishing. In thirteen years he has written over thirty novels, every one being noteworthy for some current of genius running through it. I cannot recall the titles of many of his works and having no source of information open to me at this moment I will but mention a few from memory: "Dr. Claudius," "Mr. Isaacs," "Via Crucis," "The Roman Singer," "Marzio's Crucifix," "The Story of a Lonely Parish," "The Three Fates." Opinions differ as to the which is the best of the novels named. "Mr. Isaacs" is, of course, one of the most popular, but many critics claim the mark of superiority for "Via Crucis." One can but leave the matter to one's choice and take refuge in it.

Mr. Crawford's long list of success is unbroken to this day. His style is a comely combination of the smooth and thrilling. A love scene is traversed by his pen with a sweet, scrupulous deftness—an indescribable delicacy of touch that seizes and soothes the reader while exciting him to eagerly follow for the shock and shudder of a battle. Then, like a crimson catapult, comes the magnificent descriptions of revolving scenes, photographic but palpitant with the word-panoplies of a genius unleashed. Again the wizard is as mild and as gentle as a little child, his trumpet-toned phrases sinking to a timbre as softly langorous as the last note of a love song. He is calm and picturesque, philosophical and fiery; but never perfunctory. His literary mobility, if such it can be called, mirrors a million hues of his fancy without disclosing a moiety of his unexerted abilities.

Mr. Crawford's manner of working, as explained by himself, is incitative of much comment, and should interest embryo novelists. In elucidating his *modus operandi* he says a novel is generally suggested to him by a character, and not a situation. In most cases his characters are portraits of real people in imaginary situations, with their identity muffled by alien environments. "The Tale of a Lonely Parish" and "Marzio's Crucifix" are the only exceptions to this mode of conceiving a novel. When Mr. Crawford starts a story the end is always before his mind's eye. His first step is to decide the number of chapters. When this has been done, the number of each chapter is marked down. Then, following the methods of playwrights, he selects what he calls his "curtain situations,"

and a catch word or phrase indicating the constituent situations and the culminating incident is set down under the chapter-heads. To insure logical movement, a calender of the novel is inserted in the margins. It is not until the skeleton thus formed is a sure preventive of a contrariety of facts and ideas that the famous novelest begins to write his story.

Among the literati of the day, F. Marion Crawford ranks high in that school of fiction of which he is a conspicuously clever exponent.

### A WHITE CHRISTMAS.

From time immemorial it has been customary to associate snow with Christmas, and if, from atmospheric conditions, this tradition remains unfulfilled everyone is accordingly disappointed.

The snowy mantle which purifies earth from the elements of winter is symbolical of the Christmas tide, which removes, at least for the time, all defiling taints from the mind of man. And the snow is the connection of the Present and the Long-Ago the link joining this Christmas with the celebrations of the Past.

From the sky in which the calm stars have ceased to shine, the snowflakes fall—"Softer than silence, stiller than still air" purging the earth of dark hues, while the beneficent influence of the season permeates the soul of mankind ridding it of its sin-traces and rendering it whiter than snow.

W. R. MURPHY.

(Taken from Eastern Mss. Bureau U. A. P. A.)



## THE DECLINE OF LITERATURE

BY FOSTER GILROY.

It seems paradoxical in this age of prolific literary productions to say that literature in one sense has declined, but, nevertheless, a comparison between the literature of today and that of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries will reveal the fact that the past ages produced writings of a greater literary merit, and embraced more masters of English than we can claim today. People who relish good English do not try to find it in the writings of today, but go back a century or so, back to Addison, Steele, and Bacon.

Of course this change is in a measure due to the constant revolution in the language and thoughts of the people. In earlier ages, the tastes of man favored the essay, which sometimes directed his course in life; but today, literature is made up principally of fiction—light reading that would have been looked upon as a waste of time and paper by our forefathers. The essay is not tolerated by the masses of today; it appeals only to the learned, and by such it is read. The pompous, stately writings of Johnson would be passed over in the haste of the present century, without thinking of the influence that they exerted in their time. Bacon would be a literary outcast, and even the grand of Macaulay would be lost on nineteenth century readers. Periodicals devoted to such matter have an exclusive circulation, while those containing only fiction are read by the thousands. In our libraries but a few haunt the resting places of our classics, but the fiction sections are crowded. I know of an instance

where one of the greatest books in the English language was taken out but a few weeks ago, after reposing unread for probably two or three years, simply because it was not fiction. Another example of the indifference to heavy reading. In a list compiled by the principal of a school for the pupils' reading, every one was light reading fiction.

Not only has the tone of literature suffered, but the style has been lowered. With the probable exception of Kipling, and a few others, there is no distinctive style in the literature of the present day; it is all the common, every-day English which we hear constantly. But in the period known as "The Age of Johnson," and the periods antedating his time, each writer had a style peculiar to himself; literary productions were not hurried off with scant revision; they were pondered over; men had more time to think; and as a consequence, we find the finest writings belonging to an age when culture was not nearly in so advanced a state as at present. Leisure is the predominant factor in the *nisus formativus* of literature. This was recognized by the rulers of olden times, when they pensioned the famous authors of their day. It was a practice conducive to literary creation, for it reduced to a minimum all cares relative to their sustenance, leaving their minds clear for thought.

There is another reason, also, why we have no great author at present—that is, one who stands preeminent over his rivals. Knowledge and culture are more widely diffused than formerly; authors are springing up on every side; and the result of this is a superabundance of literature—all books having nearly the same

literary merit, with but an occasional great one. These great ones must have a certain undefinable quality to render them a fixture in literature. Cooper's tales have survived the storms of almost a century; but the glory of "David Harum" is already waning. Hence, we find that it is the book that steadily plods onward that eventually becomes a part of literature, not the book that leaps into popularity.

"The King of France with twenty thousand men  
Marched up a hill and then marched down  
again."

This couplet describes the life of the present-day novel; future generations may never hear of them.

In the American branch of English literature, fiction has ever been predominant. We cannot claim one celebrated essayist, for Emerson, with his short, broken style, totally lacking in unity could hardly be classed with Macaulay. We have had distinguished historians and poets; but there is no great American biographer that could compare with Boswell; indeed, he is probably unequalled.

Macaulay has said, "Literature is, and always must be, inseparably blended with politics and theology; it is the great engine which moves the feelings of a people on the most momentous questions." But it is remarkable how few people can discourse intelligently upon a literary topic. Literature is gradually sinking, and politics are forming the theme of man's existence.

### CITIZEN BURDONE'S REVENGE.

An incident of 1791.

BY HOWARD P. ROCKEY.

It was in the fall of 1791; revolutionary spirit resulting from a long course of misgovernment, prevailed throughout France. Count Alain de Villiere sat before the fire in his library occa-

sionally sipping a glass of old Burgundy, as he gazed at the burning logs. He belonged to one of the most aristocratic families of the French nobility; and the old chateau, which he had come into possession of when still a boy, at the death of his father, had been owned by his successors for several centuries. The young count had led a wild life of dissipation at the court and in Paris, leaving the care of his estates to his chief-steward; but now that the people had arisen against the tyrannical yoke of their rulers he had been obliged to retire to his country seat where he was living in quiet seclusion. There was but one person who held any influence over his troubled life, and it was her portrait which reposed in the golden locket hanging from his neck on a short chain, after the fashion of the times. As his eye fell on the initials "C. D. L." which were set in diamonds a smile spread over his face.

At this point his meditations were interrupted by the entrance of his valet, Francois. "Master," he cried excitedly, "The tenants are coming armed with pikes and torches, crying for vengeance. Flee while there is yet time."

"Never," he answered haughtily, "I will await them here." Rising and buckling on his sword, he took a pistol from the table and walked quickly towards the head of the staircase.

By this time the mob had arrived at the door and a loud summons in a stentorian voice followed: "Open the door in the name of the Republic."

"I know of no Republic! exclaimed Alain vehemently.

A shower of blows fell on the great door, which tottered and fell with

a crash. Alain stood calmly and faced the mob with a look of determination. "Surrender in the name—"

"Diable!" he cried, "Do not dare to mention that name again!

A general rush was made for the stairs but the count remained immovable and they drew back.

"Cowards" he cried tauntingly. "What do you fear me, I'll wager I can kill half of you single handed.

With renewed courage they ran forward. He hurled one over the balustrade and his sword pierced another then a great fellow thrust a pike deep into his breast, and he knew no more.

When he revived he was lying in a pool of blood, and wounds in his breast and arms pained him. The hangings were down and the furniture overturned. The chateau had been fired; already the flames were creeping along the hall. Painfully he arose and made for the window. He stumbled over a body; it was that of Francois, cold and stiff in death. Grasping the curtain he swung himself out and then by means of a vine, let himself to the ground.

Hurrying to the stable, which strangely had not been touched, he saddled his favorite horse with difficulty and was soon speeding down the road, "Claire!" he cried and his hand grasped the locket which was still in its place.

Faster and faster the horse flew; his wounds pained fearfully, but he clung to the saddle with all his strength, which was fast failing.

He drew rein near the chateau of Mademoiselle de Lainecourt. All was dark and still, and the horse's hoofs rang out loudly on the hard road as he passed swiftly between the stately rows of great trees, which lined the

avenue.

Feeling for his sword he found that it was not there. He pulled two pistols from the hostlers and thrust one into his belt. With the other in his hand, he slid from his saddle and ran up the steps.

The door was wide open; all was darkness. He called but no answer came. Dashing up stairs he hastened to Claire's apartments. He called her but again no answer. Striking a light with his flint, again looked about him. The scene was one of wild disorder, and stretched on the floor near the casement lay Claire. A dark red spot on her white gown told the story. A note lay beside her, badly scribbled; it ran:—

"This is my revenge, Alain de Villiere. Citizen Burdone."

Burdone had been a servant of Alain's, whom he had ordered flogged for drunkenness. Alain uttered a long groan, and sobbing with grief, his pistol finished what the pike had begun.

---

## DARCY—A STUDY.

BY ALBERT HUFF.

Darcy was a queer fish.

He wasn't like the rest of us, and those who did not understand him told him that he did not understand himself.

He was quiet, and unobtrusive by nature, and he rarely spoke of himself. He had no obscene stories to tell and never cared to listen to any. While the rest of his fellow-students would make the room ring with loud, coarse laughter, he would interest himself in a current magazine until they were through.

Some were of the opinion that he

was a cynic and that someday he would come out of his shell, but he remained the same keeping us all guessing.

He wasn't a bad looking fellow by any means, but there was something about him that said, "Dont go too far."

His opinion of woman was that she was sacred, that her purity was God's greatest blessing to man, and that her whole life was magnificent.

There was one fellow at the college who was a bully by nature, and who never had a thought that was worthy of a gentleman, and he took it upon himself to oppose Darcy in all his opinions.

One evening, while we were enjoying Darcy's hospitality, which although he never smoked himself, he always had on hand for his friends, the subject of conversation turned upon women, and, as is usual, rich stories were told and opinions launched forth at variance with the laws of morality.

Trevose, (that was the unpleasant one's name) sneered at everything Darcy said, and, after we had all exhausted ourselves he made the remark:—

"You may say what you please about women, but you'll have to admit that a great many girls you think as pure, turn out to be just the opposite. A woman is a puzzle that is next to impossible to solve. Why, Darcy, you yourself may have a friend of the female sex that you would not care to introduce to us. Every fellow has a past, you know."

Darcy had been sitting by the fireplace, looking as though his thoughts were miles away, but he looked up when Trevose had finished and going over to him, laid his hands on Tre-

vose's shoulders and looked him squarely in the eyes. Then he stepped back and began taking off his coat and lying it on a chair said:—

"Trevose, any one with half an eye can see that you are trying to make me angry. You know my theories, and you know my habits. I never have done anything to injure you and have always treated you as one gentleman should another. Now, I am going to show you to-night that I can be a common, everyday being. To make a long story short, I desire satisfaction. Will you fight?"

Trevose, like all domineering people was a coward at heart and he looked as though he would rather have done anything at that particular moment than fight Darcy.

"I don't want to make a fight out of it," he said.

Darcy strode over to him and said: "If you wont fight, I'll make you." And he struck Trevose squarely in the mouth.

Suffice it to say that Trevose was under the doctor's care for two weeks after we had witnessed a most scientific exhibition of sparring, pitted against the advantages of brute force.

After the above incident we allowed Darcy his own opinions and ideas, though he was still a mystery to us all.

During the Christmas holidays we had been in the habit of attending in a body, a certain burlesque theatre, where there was enough said and done to appeal strongly to our animal natures.

We never asked Darcy to accompany us, for we knew what his answer would be beforehand, but when Christmas came he said to me:—

"Would you fellows object to my



going with you this time? I—well, I wish to make an experiment.”

I looked at his face as though I doubted his words, but he assured me that he was very much in earnest, and he added that he would ask as a favor, that we allow him to stand all expenses. There were twelve of us in the party and Darcy paid for the best box in the house.

The main attraction was a sensational bare-foot dance, advertised as being the most risqué performance staged for years.

When we took our seats the place was crowded and there was not a woman in the audience, a fact that prophesied a startling performance, for where women do not dare to go there may man find complete satisfaction in the way of entertainment.

The first piece on the programme was a vile, suggestive song by a Jewish comedian. He was encored three times. Then came a dance by the brothers DeWitt, or some such name. They nearly broke the boards in the stage in their efforts to win applause, but the audience was not hypercritical, and they came out again. Darcy sat watching the performance with his face set and hard and his eyes had a peculiar look in them, an expression that one does not care to see often.

The rest of us were boisterous and loudly applauded everything, whether it was good, bad, or indifferent.

Just before the bare-foot dancer was announced, Darcy excused himself, saying that he would be back in a few minutes. Indeed, we hardly knew he was gone so intently were we watching for the appearance for this hit of the evening.

The orchestra struck up a lively tune, and we waited.

Nothing happened.

The playing continued and the excitement was intense. We looked around for Darcy. He had not yet returned.

Then there came upon the stage a woman whose beauty was striking and whose form was perfect. She was arrayed in robes that were almost transparent, so that she looked truly ravishing.

There was a troubled look in her eyes which we wondered at, but she went through her dance, exposing her limbs and shaking her hair about her shoulders, until every one went wild.

And still Darcy had not returned.

Trevose made some remark about his having his own reasons for leaving us, but we all gave him such a look that he did not attempt to repeat his sentiments.

The lights in the theatre had been extinguished and I was absorbed in the dance, when suddenly I noticed a figure stealing along in back of the scenery on the opposite side of the stage from our box. It stood in one of the wings and waited until the dance was finished, and then—it was all done so quickly that I could not follow its movements—a man whom I recognized as Darcy, sprang forward and grasping the woman by the throat forced her back upon the floor of the stage, and held her there until her face was purple and her eyes looked as though they were bursting from their sockets. Then there was a sound like a gurgle and all was still. She fell back and lay there, with the murderer pressing kisses, in his frenzy of despair, upon her cold face.

Darcy did not attempt to escape: all he said was, “Let me suffer for my crime. She used to be my sweetheart. God help me.”

Entered for Editorial Laureateship.

**THE REVIEWER.**

A Department of Criticism and  
Comment on Current Amateur  
Periodicals, Conducted by W. R.  
Murphy.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON SUNDRY SUB-  
JECTS OF INTEREST.

The campaign which Mr. Steinberg is conducting against official inactivity deserves the heartiest commendation. Without eminently active and enthusiastic leaders (and our officers should be such,) the rank and file has little if any stimulus to make the year over the destinies of which the officers of the associations to a certain extent rule, one to be remembered in our annals. A dull year has a very depressing effect on amateur affairs. Before the Chicago convention, activity was marked. The unwise selections there for the official board effectually frosted everything long before autumn began to nip the chestnuts. The officers elect, some of whom had been active upon assuming their duties which in nearly every case were the opposite onerous, relapsed into quiescence. Upon them devolved the task of setting a good example. This good example as is well known was not set, and others followed the delinquents into activity. Say what you will, I firmly believe that it is the result of this inactivity which has caused the loss of Mr. Brodie, the most enthusiastic amateur of them all; which will probably prevent the issuance of another Pen and Scissors; and which will, in short, cause many another calamity which the cause can ill afford to sustain at this time. Mr. Steinberg feels that much of the decline of the Na-

tional Amateur Press Associations is due to "indifferent and incompetent presidents," but thinks that something more is needed to explain the matter. The malificent influence of entirely or partially inactive boards of officers in conjunction with the inefficiency of the executives is, in my estimation, the true explanation, for as I have said before, the members follow the officers to a great extent. The present board seems no improvement on its predecessors. Its activity is summed up in ten papers or less, and as far as reported no new members, or few, if any. President Morton is the most active official but his activity is not of great proportions, although it is such as to warrant more consideration than Mr. Steinberg gives it. Mr. Morton, if he continues as he has begun will pass, but several of his subordinates will not. It is high time for the last warning to be given. If they are unheeded, the sooner the execution begins, the better. And let this be remembered; the next president should and must be a man of experience, enthusiasm and activity. If there is any prospect of Mr. Steinberg's attendance at the Atlanta convention, he can be elected easily. And should he not be able to make the trip, the association could do a worse thing than elect Edwin Hadley Smith to the presidency, for with all his peculiarities (among which the power of ruling is paramount), he is an earnest worker. The two named, with the addition of Mr. Brodie, (were he active) are the available timber for the presidency of the National Amateur Press Association.

—  
Apropos of a certain part of the above, it is worth noticing the activity of the board of officers of the Unit-

ed Association in contrast with that of the sister association.

"If Mr. Moss thinks the truth of my editorials should be challenged, why does he not challenge them? Thus says Steinberg in November Dilettante. And thus I say in reference to Mr. Moss' "Opinion" in The Zenith on my reputation of that paper's article concerning the U. A. P. A. convention. The "Opinion" in question is provocative both of contempt and of amusement. Mr. Moss asserts that "Editor Houtain" wrote "that which contained" the truth and nothing but the truth, but his mere assertion does not make it so, any more than does his ipse dixit that The American Gem said something "not proper and unbecoming," confer those qualities on my article. Why under the canopy is it "not proper and unbecoming?" Every one of my statements was an unvarnished fact, as often as not taken from the Zenith itself. Mr. Houtain has not controverted one of them, because he cannot. Each argument is recognized as just even by those of the Heins faction. Mr. Acee who was prominently identified with it, writes in reference to this very article "You certainly have some good points." What more evidence is needed? One thing more: Mr. Moss himself does not even attempt to prove me in the wrong. Forsooth no! He merely says that the editors of The American Gem (thus including Mr. Wendemuth, although HE had nothing to do with article), are cowards, but something more than this line of anserine argument (save the mark!) is necessary to make them cowards. They feel confident of the respect of every one whose respect is worth having. And

in the meantime one of them at least reiterates Mr. Steinberg's words, to Mr. B. Franklin Moss.

Individuality in form seems to be sought after by our papers just at present. The Cavalier, which is the latest to adopt a new style, appears for September in a neat make-up, which is very attractive. The issue might well be called a special scholastic number, for it contains no less than three articles on educational subjects. All of them are good, both in conception and execution, thought is fair to say that the latter is better in "The Necessity" of the Commercial Department in the Public High Schools by Mr. Geo. Sanford, while the former surpasses the latter in "The Proper Method of Study" and "The Tendency of Modern Educational Methods" by Messrs. H. Ed. Nathomb and R. P. Kelley respectively.

It has become customary to lay anything malapropos or outre in amateur journalism to the discredit of the members of the U. A. P. A. Mr. Blumberg with his "tale-scribbler—Uapaite" argument which was unsupported by fact is a very recent example which can be cited. And now comes President Morton of the N. A. P. A. who regrets the use of the word amateuria which he believes was introduced by members of the U. A. P. A. It is a pleasure to notice that Mr. Morton merely believes this, instead of asserting it as some one more dogmatic might have done. "Amateuria" was introduced by an English amateur years before the organization of the U. A. P. A. I have not the reference containing the authority for this statement at hand, but the paper is somewhere in

my collection, and could be produced by a systematic search. I have definite remembrance of reading the statement, and, if my memory does not play me false, also of reading just such protests as Mr. Morton's in the papers some years back against substituting the newly coined term "amateurism" for the historic word "amateurdom." Personally I prefer the substantial and significant name "amateur journalism" to either of the others. Although the first is a better form than the second evidently being analogous to Columbia and like words, while the latter is an undoubted hybrid, its components being the French "amateur"—a lover, (from Latin "amator") and the German "thum"—doom or judgment, (whence state or condition)" if my slight knowledge of philology is not at fault. Happily neither "amateurism" or "amateurdom" are prevalent now, even though they do crop out in the work of the newer writers, they are seldom if ever used by those who pay attention to the details of literary execution.

Reviewing Mr. Van Demark's essay on Mark Twain in a previous issue of *The American Gem*, Mr. Foster Gilroy takes the writer to task for having Captain Bixby "learn" young Clemens the river for a consideration. The point was well taken for it is such seemingly small things as these that teach us the distinctions between words, and warn the young writer of the pitfalls which yawn for the student of English. In justice to Mr. Van Demark, it should be said that Mark Twain himself is authority for the statement that "teach is not in the river (Mississippi) vocabulary." Mr. Van Demark was evidently aware

of this remark but through an error either of copying or printing, the quotation marks which should rightfully have gone with learn were omitted, and a writer of Mr. Van Demark's ability was left in the unpleasant position of seemingly committing an error which is avoided by the veriest tyro.

The distinction between "learn" and "teach" has not always existed. Thus Desdemona in "Othello" says "My birth and education both have learned me" while the words are used interchangeably in other plays of Shakespeare. Instances of the same use may be found in the writings of other authors who flourished a few centuries ago.

While on questions of English, I cannot resist the temptation to comment on an error in an article in *The Pigmy*, for November. The editor uses this expression. "As few sent stamps the greater majority did not receive any answer to their communications." Assuming that the "greater majority" did not send any stamps, from the laws of comparison of adjectives, we deduce the fact that there was also a great majority. By the very meaning of the word there may be but one "majority" though it can be great. Thus it is correct to say "a great majority" but as the preceding *reductio ad absurdum* indicates absolutely impossible to write "greater majority" with accuracy.

The fourth issue of *The Conspectus*, dated November, is a tribute to the ability and enthusiasm of Mr. Jos A. Clerkin. The articles comprising the contents are well selected and well written. Two excellent poems by W.



J. Clemence, "The Lovers" and "On the Other Side of the Afternoon" are examples of his best work, excellent in conception, tender in sentiment; and polished in execution. The latter shows a trace of the melody and sweetness of sentiment of James Whitcomb Riley's love poems. The essays are good too. "Criticism" by Mr. Geo. McCabe is a just appreciation of the subject while the others are at least up to the standard, while Alexander Smith by Mr. Bresnahan is far above, being indeed, Mr. Bresnahan's best piece of work. The essay is well proportioned, and blends biography and comment in such an excellent manner that the lines of demarcation are not jerkily in evidence. In my estimation Mr. Bresnahan rates Smith too highly. Smith was a prominent member of the Spasmodic School so-called by Wm. Edmounstone Aytoun. As Mr. Bresnahan writes he rose rapidly to the pinnacle of success, but this was largely due to controversy in regard to his merits. His fame declined almost as rapidly as it was generated. "A Life Drama" which brought Smith into prominence, is promising though unpolished, and of unequal execution. Smith's work is more faithful even than that of his contemporary "spasmodic" poet Sydney Dobell. It is only occasionally that Smith's merits are strikingly apparent. There are good hues scattered through "A Life Drama" and also his minor poems. As instances may be cited the pensive melancholy of Barbara, and the excellent picture of the cloud of Glasgow, pierced by the shafts of the sun. However I can hardly believe that a revival of Smith is imminent, as Mr. Bresnahan states. Perhaps it is better as it is, when Smith, is interest-

ing to the great majority of students merely historically, but to a few for his own worth. As Augustine Birrell writes, "there is some consolation in being one of the lesser authors." All his readers are sworn friends. He is spared the discords of ill-judged praise and feigned rapture. Also, his merits are magnified, while his defects are glossed over, by the love borne him. He is not apt to be much edited and interpreted, and foot-noted and indexed, and half a hundred other things, as is too often the fate of the popular classic.

### CHRISTMAS.

Tommy takes a peep into the pantry.

Whoop-ee! see the turkey!

Roasted to a brown.

Aint he jest a beauty?

Best one in the town.

Mashed potatoes, apple sauce,

Mince and pumpkin pie—

Think of me a-eatin' them,

My! oh my! oh my!

Celery white and crispy,

Puddin' jest A 1,

Guess they must a-made that 'ere

For my dady's son.

Oranges and dates and figs—

Whoop-la, jim-i-nee!

Wonder which I like the best,

„Dinner, or the tree.

—LESTON M. AYRES.

### WISE AND OTHERWISE.

CHARLES A. WENDEMUTH, EDITOR.

With the ending of the year the AMERICAN GEM greets its friends and enemies in the greatest number of pages. During the past year ALL THE PROMISES MADE WERE kept. a feature which will be continued throughout the coming year. The GEM is gradually improving—slow but SURE—of course, but what cannot prosper, with such loyal support as

the GEM has? Thanking every one for their help, I wish them a very Merry Christmas, and a Happy and prosperous New Year.

\* \* \*

The Chicago Amateur Press Club is BUSTED!!! This information was conveyed to me by an amateur who recently paid Chicago a visit. Chicago, the hot-bed of a. j. I can hardly believe that the Press Club, with a membership of twenty-nine, is no more. Then where are those papers, Ariel, Piate, Sans Gene, Critic, Raven and Caviliar? All are gone, but perhaps not forever. Misses Frees and Stacy, Messrs. Kelley, Dey and Barnard are the only ex-members who are heard from. This leaves St. Louis to battle with San Francisco for the honors of the coming year.

\* \* \*

John Marshal Acee is not furthering his chances for the N. A. P. A. presidency, when he makes such scathing remarks about such faithful old timers as Nixon and Steinberg.

\* \* \*

During the past six months I have been so accommodating to various amateurs, by sending them copies of the GEM whenever they requested them, and now I find myself without a complete file of Vol. III. Are there any amateurs who have more than one copy of the GEM issued during April, May, June, July, August, September and October? If there are I would be pleased to pay for any or all copies sent to me ere the first of the year:

\* \* \*

Our manuscript basket is empty. Any one having manuscript which they would like to see in the future issues of the AMERICAN GEM, send it into this office at once.

While sitting in my den, on Nov. 8th last, I was startled on hearing my telephone bell ring longer than usual. When I answered the person on 'tother end queried "Who is this?" "Wendemuth," I answered. "Well," came the reply, "this is Konwiser, Harry M., of Newark. I am in Chicago; leave here Saturday a. m., will arrive in St. Louis at 8:15 p. m. Meet me at station." "Well," says I, "what are you doing in Chicago?" "Traveling for my health an incidentally to spend a few dollars. How is Suhre?" "Suhre and the rest of the boys are well and enjoying themselves," I replied. "Well, I must shut this off as my three minutes are up. Meet me at the station. Good-bye," and we rang off another practical joke!!!! I may be a farmer but they CAN'T bunco me! In the first place, Konwiser is not the fellow to spend \$1.50 to talk to me or any one else, especially when there was two days' time, and a 2c stamp could have conveyed the information in 12 hours. There are no trains from Chicago arriving in St. Louis after 6:30 p. m. So you can readily see why Charley did not rush up to the station on a fool's errand. The joke is on the joker, and if he is ever unearthed, the drinks are on him.

\* \* \*

With the closing of the year the St. Louis Amateur Journalists' Club will have been in existence just one year, and what an eventful one. Instead of holding twelve meetings as the constitution prescribes, only seven were held, five meetings had to be postponed on account of the street car strike. All these things account for the poor showing made, but keep your bad eye on us the coming year and watch us grow!

I consider myself lucky because I am the possessor of a yellow dog. Yellow is the color of the Dog, but not its contents, which, I might mention, is as good as any paper which has so far reached me. Mr. Trift and his unique journal, the Lucky Dog, are valuable editions to our amateur circle, and I hope they will be with us a long time.

\* \* \*

Young Blood No. 3, with its blood-like heading, came to my den a week ago. The contents are fine and show Mr. Acee's ability. If the first number of the National Amateur under Mr. Acee had been as good as his "Young Blood" the harsh criticisms would not have been necessary.

\* \* \*

Wallace B. Grubb, the popular Philadelphia amateur, who is now traveling incognito, arrived in St. Louis on Sunday Nov. 18. Grubb was not content with making his presepece felt but he had to rouse me out at 5:30 in order to meet him. Grubb spent the forenoon inspecting the new three-story American Gem building, where the American Gem Syndicate has its beautiful offices. Grubb inspected the plant minutely, and was seemingly greatly pleased. My office was so cozy that Grubb was wont to take it with him. In the afternoon Grubb attended the meeting of the St. Louis Amateur Journalists' Club, where for three hours he was royally entertained. I was the only one of the boys who could see Grubb off, so at 8:10 he boarded a train for the west, assuring me that his visit to St. Louis will ever be remembered by him.

\* \* \*

MSS. is also solicited for the next

issue. Lots of amateurs send MSS., that's the last they hear or see of their MSS., unless it appears some day in a different paper signed by the Editor of Splinters, another plagiarist. The mania to try and obtain something for nothing is just what makes criminals. Pay for what you want, and you will get it and you can always go about with untainted character.

\* \* \*

The fourth number of Conspectus was a very welcome visitor to my den. 'Tis a pity though that such an intelligent young man as Clerkin should devote so much space to foolishness and above all a dead issue. For instance take the paragraph referring to Conspectus predicting Bryan's renomination, etc. By inserting such matter Clerkin is wasting space and will no doubt lose some of his subscribers, if he has any. An amateur paper, to be appreciated, should be non-partisan and above all should leave worldly politics and religion alone. The fourth issue of Conspectus is the best Clerkin has yet put forth.

\* \* \*

Exchanges: An amateur will save 60c, issue one number of "Splinters," advertise it as a monthly and request exchanges. The general make-up of the paper is poor and in most cases the contents are unfit for print. The announcement on a prominent page starts off in this manner: "With a feeling of irregular pride I make my debut as Editor of Splinters. My sole object is"—to get a lot of papers for nothing. It is only a scheme to get something for nothing once more.

\* \* \*

Sam'l J. Steinberg continues to write sharp criticisms on the official board of the N. A. P. A., alleging inactivity, failure to get papers out on

time and general violation of the constitution. Amateuria in general is indeed fortunate in having Mr. Steinberg in active ranks again. Since his return he has taken the place of one, who for the past year has done more for amateur journalism than any one else. Mr. Warren J. Brodie is the gentleman referred to, and his sudden retirement from activity was a very mysterious action, which is deeply regretted by the entire fraternity, so far Mr. Steinberg has filled the position very ably, as his work on the Pacific coast will attest. Dilettante is always received and read by me with interest, though I always regret that the issues are not larger, but Mr. Steinberg can't work all night.

\* \* \*

On my recent trip east I learned that Messrs. Thiele and Brodie,—on learning that my dues were unpaid and my name would not be permitted for the candidacy of second vice presidentship,—each "coughed up" and put me in good standing in a jiffy, just to save the young blood ticket. All this "coughing up" was unnecessary. On June 14th I sent the Sec. of Credentials a dollar bill which was to pay for my dues. Since the day the letter left St. Louis, now over six months, I have not yet heard of that dollar. Now it is certainly high time for Mr. Thurman to give an account, so the now seeming mystery can be solved.

\* \* \*

Since September 17th I have been looking forward to the day when "Little Billie" Townsend's new paper, "Point of Order," would reach my desk. But alas my watching has been in vain. The question is now whether the "Point of Order" was

well taken or did Smith over rule it?

\* \* \*

"Me and Heins forever."

\* \* \*

Little Billie and Smith are partners. Both are staunch supporters of the real N. A. P. A. As a suggestion why not elect Little Billie for the next official editor of the N. A. P. A., truly he is very near as capable as the present one.

\* \* \*

The present administration of the National Amateur Press Association will be a successful one, notwithstanding the fact that some ill-mannered youth referred to its president as N. G. Morton.

\* \* \*

16 to 1 also exists in amateuria. Just at present you will find 16 amateurs interested in politics to 1 amateur interested in literature. At this ratio the associations will not live long, so every person who is a REAL amateur should try and make a change to 1 to 16 which is more pleasing to the eye.

\* \* \*

The United Amateur, dated October, came to hand. The number is fair. The official matter is not very interesting, especially since the report is by the illegal faction. There are several names on the official board which were put there unauthorized which shows how loose the "Heins" gang run their matters. Willis Edwin Hurd and Wallace B. Grubb are the names in question. The appointees of Pres. (?) Heins are comparatively new members, unfamiliar with the terms of amateur journalism. Dan'l A. Magrino, Robt. R. Gregory are fine gentlemen but are not qualified for the office they are holding. Jos. B. Lynch's memorial poem dedi-



cated to Messrs. A. M. Treloar and C. L. Van Zandt is quite a masterpiece. Mr. Lynch will rank high as a poet in some near future time.

\* \* \*

"Amateur Papers Girlishly Reviewed," a department conducted by Miss E. Jean Connell, of Washington, D. C., appears every once in a while in the Snap Shot magazine of Monroe, Mich. That the papers are reviewed "girlishly" is illustrated by the following:

....."What's in a name? That is what we say when we see the AMERICAN GEM. Some of its readers have their doubts about Mr. Wendemuth. Why? Oh, nothing only—well, it isn't a very polite American, at least, who calls his countrymen THIEVES."

The above paragraph is copied verbatim from the current Snap Shot, and it was evidently meant for me, but taking the misspelled words, the whys, dashes and all into consideration Miss Connell evidently is mistaken and should always think twice before she speaks once. The paragraph is a Chinese puzzle to me,—I cannot get any sense out of it,—and not reflecting on Miss Connell's abilities; I do not think she could either. Perhaps 'tis a joke, a printers' error or may be it's a why? Any how Miss E. Jean Connell is expected to explain WHY she placed that paragraph—which by the way is no review—in the Snap Shot.

\* \* \*

The quaker's writings in the late issues of the Olympian are quite witty and are, without a doubt, from the pen of George Marcus Brazer. I never intend to try for honors of the Sherlock Holmes kind, but an occasional expose or rough guess once

in a while help to enliven matters, which are nearly always dead. I congratulate Brazer on his success, truly, George is the coming—well any way George is all right and he is nearly always successful.

\* \* \*

I have never refused to exchange with any amateur paper that is published, and here I get a note from an amateur editor wanting to know IF I would exchange with him. Bless his heart, I'll IF and regular TOO. It's a pleasure for me to receive exchanges, but I am being treated pretty mean by over 60 of my 150 exchanges. Wake up, boys, this is no way to do, send your paper and often too. Mr. Murphy gives his criticisms on nearly all every month, so besides the honor you derive benefits.

## THE AMERICAN GEM.

A monthly magazine devoted to amateur journalism.

CHARLES A. WENDEMUTH, Editor.  
WILLIAM R. MURPHY, Associate Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION—25 cents per year in advance. Gold, silver, bank notes or postage stamps accepted.

ADVERTISING RATES—50 cents per inch. \$5 per page. No reduction for time or larger space.

EXCHANGES—Address one copy to home office and one to our Associate Editor at 1344 Park Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

ALL BUSINESS communications should be addressed to

*The American Gem Syndicate,*  
7805 Ivory Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

### Notice.

A blue cross opposite this space notifies you that your subscription has expired. A renewal of same will be greatly appreciated.

Entered at St. Louis postoffice as second class mail matter.

THE AMERICAN GEM.

# Prices on Job Printing.

Amateur Papers a Specialty.

## OUR PRINTING PRICE LIST.

	Per 100	250	500	1000
6 inch manilla envelopes.....	.85	.65	1.40	2.20
6½ inch manilla envelopes.....	.35	.65	1.45	2.35
6 inch xx white envelopes.....	.45	.90	1.65	2.55
6½ inch xx white envelopes.....	.45	.95	1.25	2.00
6 inch colored envelopes.....	.50	1.00	1.75	3.00
6½ inch colored envelopes.....	.50	1.00	1.85	3.25
9 inch xx white.....	1.10	2.10	2.85	4.55
No. 2 pay, open end envelopes.....	.35	.80	1.35	2.00
Letter heads, ruled or unruled, 10 3/4.....	.60	1.00	1.75	2.75
Packet heads, ruled or unruled.....	.55	1.00	1.65	2.75
Note heads, ruled or unruled.....	.50	.88	1.60	2.50
Monthly statements, full size.....	.50	.88	1.55	2.40
Bill heads, six lines.....	.50	.88	1.60	2.50
Business cards, size 55.....	.50	.95	1.85	3.00
Round corner cards, size 63.....	.55	1.10	1.70	3.00
Shipping tags, size 5.....	.40	.60	1.20	2.00
Blank forms, 4 x 8 or less.....	.50	.75	1.35	2.00
Ungummed labels, 3 x 5 or less.....	.30	.55	.80	1.25
Typewriter imitation letters, small.....	1.35	1.80	2.75	
Typewriter imitation letters, in two colors.....	1.55	2.40	3.50	
Circulars, 3 x 4, 100 words or less.....	.40	.60	.90	
Circulars, 3¼ x 5¼, 200 words.....	.60	.85	1.25	
Circulars, 5¼ x 7, 300 words.....	1.10	1.60	2.25	
Circulars, 5¼ x 8¼, 400 words.....	1.60	2.15	2.75	

We handle only the very best of stock. We guarantee job or no pay. Express or mail charges not paid on orders less than 1000. Write us for prices on larger lots, cheaper grades or other goods if desired. Send all copies plainly written or printed, and remittance to

**"TRIBUNE PRINT," MINNESOTA LAKE, MINN.**

cated to Messrs: A. M. Treloar and C. L. Van Zandt is quite a masterpiece. Mr. Lynch will rank high as a poet in some near future time.

\* \* \*

"Amateur Papers Girlishly Reviewed," a department conducted by Miss E. Jean Connell, of Washington, D. C., appears every once in a while in the Snap Shot magazine of Monroe, Mich. That the papers are reviewed "girlishly" is illustrated by the following:

..... "What's in a name? That is what we say when we see the AMERICAN GEM. Some of its readers have their doubts about Mr. Wendemuth. Why? Oh, nothing only—well, it isn't a very polite American, at least, who calls his countrymen THIEVES."

The above paragraph is copied verbatim from the current Snap Shot, and it was evidently meant for me, but taking the misspelled words, the whys, dashes and all into consideration Miss Connell evidently is mistaken and should always think twice before she speaks once. The paragraph is a Chinese puzzle to me, I cannot get any sense out of it,—and not reflecting on Miss Connell's abilities: I do not think she could either. Perhaps 'tis a joke, a printers' error or may be it's a why? Any how Miss E. Jean Connell is expected to explain WHY she placed that paragraph—which by the way is no review—in the Snap Shot.

\* \* \*

The quaker's writings in the late issues of the Olympian are quite witty and are, without a doubt, from the pen of George Marcus Brazer. I never intend to try for honors of the Sherlock Holmes kind, but an occasional expose or rough guess once

in a while help to enliven matters, which are nearly always dead. I congratulate Brazer on his success, truly, George is the coming—well any way George is all right and he is nearly always successful.

\* \* \*

I have never refused to exchange with any amateur paper that is published, and here I get a note from an amateur editor wanting to know IF I would exchange with him. Bless his heart, I'll IF and regular TOO. It's a pleasure for me to receive exchanges, but I am being treated pretty mean by over 60 of my 150 exchanges. Wake up, boys, this is no way to do, send your paper and often too. Mr. Murphy gives his criticisms on nearly all every month, so besides the honor you derive benefits.

## THE AMERICAN GEM.

A monthly magazine devoted to amateur journalism.

CHARLES A. WENDEMUTH. Editor.  
WILLIAM R. MURPHY. Associate Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION—25 cents per year in advance. Gold, silver, bank notes or postage stamps accepted.

ADVERTISING RATES—50 cents per inch, \$5 per page. No reduction for time or larger space.

EXCHANGES—Address one copy to home office and one to our Associate Editor at 1341 Park Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

ALL BUSINESS communications should be addressed to

*The American Gem Syndicate,*  
7805 Ivory Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

### Notice.

A blue cross opposite this space notifies you that your subscription has expired. A renewal of same will be greatly appreciated.

Entered at St. Louis postoffice as second class mail matter.

# Prices on Job Printing.

## Amateur Papers a Specialty.

### OUR PRINTING PRICE LIST.

	Per 100	250	500	1000
6 inch manilla envelopes.....	.35	.65	1.40	2.20
6½ inch manilla envelopes.....	.35	.65	1.45	2.35
6 inch xx white envelopes.....	.45	.90	1.65	2.55
6½ inch xx white envelopes.....	.45	.95	1.85	2.90
6 inch colored envelopes.....	.50	1.00	1.75	3.00
6½ inch colored envelopes.....	.50	1.00	1.85	3.25
9 inch xx white.....	1.10	2.10	2.85	4.55
No. 2 pay, open end envelopes.....	.35	.80	1.35	2.00
Letter heads, ruled or unruled, 10 lb.....	.60	1.00	1.75	2.75
Packet heads, ruled or unruled.....	.55	1.00	1.65	2.75
Note heads, ruled or unruled.....	.50	.88	1.60	2.50
Monthly statements, full size.....	.50	.88	1.55	2.40
Bill heads, six lines.....	.50	.88	1.60	2.50
Business cards, size 55.....	.50	.95	1.85	3.00
Round corner cards, size 63.....	.55	1.10	1.70	3.00
Shipping tags, size 5.....	.40	.60	1.20	2.00
Blank forms, 4 x 8 or less.....	.50	.75	1.35	2.00
Ungummed labels, 3 x 5 or less.....	.30	.55	.80	1.25
Typewriter imitation letters, small.....	1.35	1.80	2.75	
Typewriter imitation letters, in two colors.....	1.85	2.40	3.50	
Circulars, 3 x 4, 100 words or less.....	.40	.60	.90	
Circulars, 3¼ x 5¼, 200 words.....	.60	.85	1.25	
Circulars, 5¼ x 7, 300 words.....	1.10	1.60	2.25	
Circulars, 5¼ x 8¼, 400 words.....	1.60	2.15	2.75	

We handle only the very best of stock. We guarantee job or no pay. Express or mail charges not paid on orders less than 1000. Write us for prices on larger lots, cheaper grades or other goods if desired. Send all copies plainly written or printed, and remittance to

**"TRIBUNE PRINT," MINNESOTA LAKE, MINN.**



cated to Messrs- A. M. Treloar and C. L. Van Zandt is quite a masterpiece. Mr. Lynch will rank high as a poet in some near future time.

\* \* \*

"Amateur Papers Girlishly Reviewed," a department conducted by Miss E. Jean Connell, of Washington, D. C., appears every once in a while in the Snap Shot magazine of Monroe, Mich. That the papers are reviewed "girlishly" is illustrated by the following:

....."What's in a name? That is what we say when we see the AMERICAN GEM. Some of its readers have their doubts about Mr. Wendemuth. Why? Oh, nothing only—well, it isn't a very polite American, at least, who calls his countrymen THIEVES."

The above paragraph is copied verbatim from the current Snap Shot, and it was evidently meant for me, but taking the misspelled words, the whys, dashes and all into consideration Miss Connell evidently is mistaken and should always think twice before she speaks once. The paragraph is a Chinese puzzle to me,—I cannot get any sense out of it,—and not reflecting on Miss Connell's abilities; I do not think she could either. Perhaps 'tis a joke, a printers' error or may be it's a why? Any how Miss E. Jean Connell is expected to explain WHY she placed that paragraph—which by the way is no review—in the Snap Shot.

\* \* \*

The quaker's writings in the late issues of the Olympian are quite witty and are, without a doubt, from the pen of George Marcus Brazer. I never intend to try for honors of the Sherlock Holmes kind, but an occasional expose or rough guess once

in a while help to enliven matters, which are nearly always dead. I congratulate Brazer on his success, truly, George is the coming—well any way George is all right and he is nearly always successful.

\* \* \*

I have never refused to exchange with any amateur paper that is published, and here I get a note from an amateur editor wanting to know IF I would exchange with him. Bless his heart, I'll IF and regular TOO. It's a pleasure for me to receive exchanges, but I am being treated pretty mean by over 60 of my 150 exchanges. Wake up, boys, this is no way to do, send your paper and often too. Mr. Murphy gives his criticisms on nearly all every month, so besides the honor you derive benefits.

---

## THE AMERICAN GEM.

A monthly magazine devoted to amateur journalism.

CHARLES A. WENDEMUTH, Editor.  
WILLIAM R. MURPHY, Associate Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION—25 cents per year in advance. Gold, silver, bank notes or postage stamps accepted.

ADVERTISING RATES—50 cents per inch. \$5 per page. No reduction for time or larger space.

EXCHANGES—Address one copy to home office and one to our Associate Editor at 1344 Park Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

ALL BUSINESS communications should be addressed to

*The American Gem Syndicate,*  
7805 Ivory Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

### Notice.

A blue cross opposite this space notifies you that your subscription has expired. A renewal of same will be greatly appreciated.

Entered at St. Louis postoffice as second class mail matter.

# Prices on Job Printing.

## Amateur Papers a Specialty.

### OUR PRINTING PRICE LIST.

	Per 100	250	500	1000
6 inch manilla envelopes.....	.85	.85	1.40	2.20
6 1/2 inch manilla envelopes.....	.85	.85	1.45	2.35
6 inch xx white envelopes.....	.45	.90	1.35	2.55
6 1/2 inch xx white envelopes.....	.45	.90	1.85	3.00
6 inch colored envelopes.....	.50	1.00	1.75	3.69
6 1/2 inch colored envelopes.....	.50	1.00	1.95	3.35
9 inch xx white.....	1.10	2.10	2.85	4.55
No. 2 pay, open end envelopes.....	.35	.80	1.25	2.00
Letter heads, ruled or unruled, 10 lb.....	.60	1.00	1.75	2.75
Packet heads, ruled or unruled.....	.55	1.00	1.65	2.75
Note heads, ruled or unruled.....	.50	.88	1.60	2.50
Monthly statements, full size.....	.50	.88	1.55	2.40
Bill heads, six lines.....	.50	.88	1.50	2.50
Business cards, size 55.....	.50	.95	1.55	3.00
Round corner cards, size 63.....	.55	1.10	1.70	3.00
Shipping tags, size 5.....	.40	.60	1.20	2.00
Blank forms, 4 x 8 or less.....	.50	.75	1.35	2.00
Ungummed labels, 3 x 5 or less.....	.30	.55	.90	1.35
Typewriter imitation letters, small.....	1.35	1.90	2.75	
Typewriter imitation letters, in two colors.....	1.85	2.40	3.50	
Circulars, 3 x 4, 100 words or less.....	.40	.50	.90	
Circulars, 3 1/4 x 5 1/4, 200 words.....	.60	.85	1.35	
Circulars, 5 1/4 x 7, 300 words.....	1.10	1.60	2.25	
Circulars, 5 1/4 x 8 1/4, 400 words.....	1.60	2.15	3.75	

We handle only the very best of stock. We guarantee job or no pay. Express or mail charges not paid on orders less than 1000. Write us for prices on larger lots, cheaper grades or other goods if desired. Send all copies plainly written or printed, and remittance to

**"TRIBUNE PRINT," MINNESOTA LAKE, MINN.**



# The American Gem.

---

AN AMATEUR MAGAZINE.

---

JANUARY, 1901.

---



---

AMERICAN GEM SYNDICATE,

7805 Ivory Ave.,

St. Louis, Mo.

---



# 1250 Amateur Papers For Sale.

During my short stay in Amateur Ranks I gathered together almost 1300 papers, most of them from publishers. I have complete files of Boys' Monthly, Bits & Chips, Forest and Field, Dewey, Cavalier, Quad. Little Star, School Companion, Advance, Newsboy, Crescent, Patient, Pebbles, American Gem, Bomb, Monarch, National Amateurs, and lots of old N. A. P. A. from 1868 to date. Make offer for entire lot, entire file or single copies. Will not break file. Send soon, as they won't last long. Will send 6 different taking the oldest I have first and so on up to date for 10c postpaid.

Philatelic Papers have lots of them too will send seven different papers for 10c. Send coin or money order, have no use for stamps.

**J. Wm WALSH,**

7720 A Ivory Avenue,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

---

Stamp Papers, 10 dif. for 10c

STILL IN BUSINESS.

Souvenir post cards per dozen 30c.  
¼ dozen 17c, ½ dozen 9c. Sample card  
for 4c in stamps.

Approval sheets containing 25  
stamps cat from 50 to 75c, per sheet  
10c or 3 for 25c postpaid.

Price list of postage stamps free.

**We sell  
stamps  
cheap.**

E. G. KOCH & CO.,

LACLEDE STAMP CO.

Box 497,

Peoria, Ill. ST. LOUIS,

MO.

---

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

# THE AMERICAN GEM.

—A MONTHLY AMATEUR JOURNAL—

"QUALITY AND QUANTITY."

VOL. III.

ST. LOUIS, MO., JANUARY, 1901.

No. 10

Entered for Essay Laureateship.

## CHARLES LAMB.

Charles Lamb was born in London in 1775. His parents were in humble circumstances, his father being a lawyer's clerk. Charles was a blue-coat boy, and at Christ's Hospital made the acquaintance of Coleridge, his life-long friend. Owing to constitutional deficiencies Lamb was debarred from a university education. At an early age he served his apprenticeship as a clerk in the old South Sea House, thence entering the India House where he served till 1825, at that time being "emancipated," with a pension. His great care thro' life was his sister, Mary, who was afflicted with insanity, and it has been said that there is no sadder conception in literary than the thought of Charles and Mary Lamb walking hand in hand to the retreat where the latter remained till the fit of madness should pass away. Lamb was a student of the Elizabethan, and Caroline writers and to his industrious delving into the depths of their treasures is due his quantumness of thought and style. Lamb was beloved by all the prominent people of his time and loved them all. His mind saw the value of "The Ancient Mariner" and "The Excursion" at a time when the world jeered at their respective authors. Lamb, a London-

er ever, died in 1834 at the suburb of Edmonton.

Lamb's first literary venture was the issuance in 1797, in conjunction with Coleridge and Lloyd, of a volume of poems. This was followed by "Rosamund Gray," a novel permeated with a glooming atmosphere, and "John Woodvil," a drama of the restoration, affected in style by Lamb's close study of the Elizabethan, and Caroline, and Jacobean authors. This air of old English is so delicate and true that Goodwin, once coming across a fragment from "John Woodvil," and deeming it a quotation from some old writer, took it to Lamb for assistance in placing it.

This same study of the old dramatists was the direct impulse back of "Specimens of the Early English Dramatic Poets who lived about the Time of Shakespeare." This work won more favor than Lamb's earlier efforts, though the growth of public appreciation was very gradual even after the appearance of the "Specimen," such of the reviews as noticed it giving it tempered praise. The delicate and inimitable style which has come to be regarded as the chief beauty of Lamb, is marked in the notes which he supplied to the choice old poems in the "Selections." It is noticed thus by "The Monthly Review." (April, 1809): "The notes be-

# 1250 Amateur Papers For Sale.

During my short stay in Amateur Ranks I gathered together almost 1300 papers, most of them from publishers. I have complete files of Boys' Monthly, Bits & Chips, Forest and Field, Dewey, Cavalier, Quad, Little Star, School Companion, Advance, Newsboy, Crescent, Patient, Pebbles, American Gem, Bomb, Monarch, National Amateurs, and lots of old N. A. P. A. from 1868 to date. Make offer for entire lot, entire file or single copies. Will not break file. Send soon, as they won't last long. Will send 6 different taking the oldest I have first and so on up to date for 10c postpaid.

Philatelic Papers have lots of them too will send seven different papers for 10c. Send coin or money order, have no use for stamps.

**J. Wm WALSH,**

7720 A Ivory Avenue,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

---

Stamp Papers, 10 dif. for 10c

STILL IN BUSINESS.

Souvenir post cards per dozen 30c.  
½ dozen 17c, ¼ dozen 9c. Sample card  
for 4c in stamps.

Approval sheets containing 25  
stamps cat from 50 to 75c, per sheet  
10c or 3 for 25c postpaid.

Price list of postage stamps free.

**We sell  
stamps  
cheap.**

**E. G. KOCH & CO.,**

**LACLEDE STAMP CO.**

Box 497,

Peoria, Ill. ST. LOUIS,

MO.

---

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

# THE AMERICAN GEM.

—A MONTHLY AMATEUR JOURNAL—

"QUALITY AND QUANTITY."

VOL. III.

ST. LOUIS, MO., JANUARY, 1901.

No. 10

Entered for Essay Laureateship.

## CHARLES LAMB.

Charles Lamb was born in London in 1775. His parents were in humble circumstances, his father being a lawyer's clerk. Charles was a blue-coat boy, and at Christ's Hospital made the acquaintance of Coleridge, his life-long friend. Owing to constitutional deficiencies Lamb was debarred from a university education. At an early age he served his apprenticeship as a clerk in the old South Sea House, thence entering the India House where he served till 1825, at that time being "emancipated," with a pension. His great care thro' life was his sister, Mary, who was afflicted with insanity, and it has been said that there is no sadder conception in literary than the thought of Charles and Mary Lamb walking hand in hand to the retreat where the latter remained till the fit of madness should pass away. Lamb was a student of the Elizabethan, and Caroline writers and to his industrious delving into the depths of their treasures is due his quantumness of thought and style. Lamb was beloved by all the prominent people of his time and loved them all. His mind saw the value of "The Ancient Mariner" and "The Excursion" at a time when the world jeered at their respective authors. Lamb, a London-

er ever, died in 1834 at the suburb of Edmonton.

Lamb's first literary venture was the issuance in 1797, in conjunction with Coleridge and Lloyd, of a volume of poems. This was followed by "Rosamund Gray," a novel permeated with a glooming atmosphere, and "John Woodvil," a drama of the restoration, affected in style by Lamb's close study of the Elizabethan, and Caroline, and Jacobean authors. This air of old English is so delicate and true that Goodwin, once coming across a fragment from "John Woodvil," and deeming it a quotation from some old writer, took it to Lamb for assistance in placing it.

This same study of the old dramatists was the direct impulse back of "Specimens of the Early English Dramatic Poets who lived about the Time of Shakespeare." This work won more favor than Lamb's earlier efforts, though the growth of public appreciation was very gradual even after the appearance of the "Specimen," such of the reviews as noticed it giving it tempered praise. The delicate and inimitable style which has come to be regarded as the chief beauty of Lamb, is marked in the notes which he supplied to the choice old poems in the "Selections." It is noticed thus by "The Monthly Review," (April, 1809): "The notes be-



fore us have nothing very remarkable except the style, which is formally abrupt and elaborately quaint." A nice judge like Walter Pater, seventy years later, calls these same notes the very quintessence of criticism.

For the highest development and elaboration of this quaint and rare diction we must look in the work of Lamb's most mature years, "The Essays of Elia." In 1820 Mr. John Scott established "The London Magazine" and Lamb became one of the earliest contributors to its columns. From 1820 to 1833 he contributed the body of essays which are now published in two volumes, "The Essays of Elia," and "The Last Essays of Elia." To the first essay, which treated of the old South Sea House, wherein Lamb had during his novitiate known a foreigner of that name, Lamb subscribed the name of Elia. Why Lamb, known as he was, should write under a nom de plume is not apparent. Even during the appearance of the essays no attempt was made to conceal the identity of the author. It is safe to assume that Lamb's use of a pseudonym originated in a passing whim and was continued for the sake of association. However it be, he is endeared to all as Elia.

The essays cover a wide range of subjects: The drama, art, customs, criticism, morals, esthetics, the common-places of life, all afford topics for treatment. From his life experiences and omnivorous reading Lamb drew a wealth of allusion and thought which invests each essay with mellow and tender charm. After the lapse of years, and the passing away of the objects which inspired them, the essays interest and delight the world of readers yet. Few, if any, would

be willingly dispensed with. Mr. Ainger in his admirable edition of the essays, cut out several, and their absence was noticed by more than one critic. Mr. Augustine Birrell in "Obiter Dicta—II"—is thankful for the omission of "The Pawnbroker's Daughter," but he is inclined to think "the taste was severe that led Mr. Ainger to dismiss "Juke Judkins." " Mr. Birrell is not "prepared to say that Judkins had been wrongfully dismissed, or that he has any right of action against Mr. Ainger," but he could have endured better his presence than his absence. Perhaps some other admirer of Lamb is as great an admirer of "The Pawnbroker's Daughter" as Mr. Birrell is of "Juke Judkins."

The first essay that Lamb contributed to "The London," and the one which is given first place in "The Essays Elia," is "The South Sea House." Lamb invests the old institution wherein he served his clerkship's earliest years, with a charm which endears it to the reader. The old building, as it was in his day, is contrasted with its state at the time of writings, and its denizens are lovingly portrayed. "Oxford in the Vacation" is a subject of-perennial interest to Lamb, "defrauded of the sweet food of academic institution," and its points of interest are treated with appreciation. It changes to suit his every mood, it ever offers something of delightful interest to him. And his great love—old books:—"Alone all thy rarities old Oxenford, what do most arrides and solace me are thy repositories of moulding learning, thy shelves—What a place to be in is an old library." "Five-and-Thirty Years Ago" is a reminiscence of Lamb's experience at Christ's

Hospital, for Lamb was a blue-coat boy. The dietary which was bad, the writers and overseers, who were hardly better; and the friendships formed, which were wholly good, are graphically recorded. Of the friends of his sojourn within the walls of old Grey-Friars, the most famous was Samuel Taylor Coleridge, "the inspired charity boy," who held "infranced the casual passers-by in the cloisters." The most popular, though hardly the best of the essays, is the humorous "Dissertation on Roast Pig." The immense possibilities in the discovery, by chance, of the delights of the porcine delicacy most esteemed, are made the most of.

Mr. Ainger suggests that Lamb is characteristic, and at his best when the basis of the essay is slight and the manner of presentation the real merit. This characteristic is revealed in such essays as "A Complaint of the Decay of Beggars," wherein "the eleventh persecution" is recorded and the crusade of reformers against pauperism deplored. Beggars from the Lucian wits up were possessed of picturesqueness and, moreover, were imbued with a strong human interest, which endeared them to Lamb. The quietness and gentleness of the Society of Friends appealed strongly to Lamb, and there have been few heart felt praises in literature, so sincerely given as those in "A Quakers' Meeting." In Lamb there is, in truth, delight and material for every change of mind. There is human interest in "Captain Jackson;" pathetic tenderness in "Dream Children;" deep plumbing of humanity in "Superfect Sympathies;" and there is literary criticism of a high order in "Sir Philip Sidney's Sonnets," and dramatic criticism of as high an order

scattered throughout his works, particularly in "On the Artificial Comedy of the Last Century," and "On Some of the Old Actors." Good is in every one, for the personality of Lamb is in every one. If any man deserved the epithet of good for noble works and influences, that man was Charles Lamb. —WILLIAM R. MURPHY.

### ALONE WITH NATURE.

Alone, alone 'neath the forest's bare  
branches,

Alone yet not for another is there—  
She is 'round and about is beneath  
and above me,

Her voice is the silence her counte-  
nance the air.

Her voice, the silence, the whisper-  
ing of nothing,

Is mocking, is tender, commanding in  
tone;

Her presence is felt yet unknown and  
forgotten

Like her withering scorn and her  
low pleading moan.

Alone—not alone—one is with me  
who useth

Me as a poor buffoon, a plaything, a  
toy,

I am hers to be bartered be blasted  
or made worthless;

I am hers to redeem or destroy.

Her frown has the blackness and hate  
of inferno,

Her smile is immortal, so quiet and  
sweet;

She puts roses aflush to be plucked by  
own fingers,

And thorns in the pathway to pierce  
our feet.

—LOUIS B. GARDNER.

Entered for Editorial Laureatèship.

### THE REVIEWER.

A Department of Criticism and Comment on Current Amateur Periodicals, Conducted by W. R. Murphy.

#### THE PRESENT AND THE FUTURE.

With the beginning of a new year and that year the beginning of a new century, it devolves on every loyal amateur journalist to strive his utmost to spread abroad a knowledge of the beloved institution, in order that its field of usefulness may be vastly enlarged, more young people benefited by its training, and through its good works and influences, held in higher esteem.

Despite the apparent decline of organized amateur journalism, as exemplified in the associations, affairs are not in so precarious a condition as a few pessimistically inclined persons would have the fraternity believe. Many worthy and enthusiastic adherents yet remain faithful to the cause; and several excellent and regularly issued periodicals are published under its auspices, as well as a large number of irregularly issued, random, and ephemeral publications. An analysis of the present state of affairs will reveal the fact that amateur journalism, in se, although somewhat stagnant, is not at the lowest ebb, nor even at so low a tide in its affairs as has been known in the past.

If there is then need for improvement—and this need is indubitably manifest—there is certainly a basis whereupon and material wherewith to make the improvement. This improvement must proceed from the present generation of amateur journalists, for it is only by the efforts of

those engaged in amateur journalism that it can be improved.

The degeneration, if degeneration there be, must be checked, and but one means is possible whereby it can be checked. That remedy is the united efforts of all enthusiastic amateur journalists to widen the scope and disseminate the principles of the beloved craft throughout the land.

From this expansion, from this dissemination will accrue the improvement needed at the present to make the amateur journalism of the future transcend the amateur journalism of the past, for there is no good reason why the unwritten annals of the time to come should not shine as brilliantly, and more brilliantly, than the records of the days gone by.

— | —

#### THE NEW PAPERS.

There are several new and reissued papers which are worthy of notice. The Transcript, which is to take the place of the defunct Westerner, will be published bi-monthly. The first issue contains mostly editorial matter and matter pertaining to amateur journalism. While none of it is particularly excellent, the Transcript is worth reading and gives promise of better things in the future. Two poems, noticed elsewhere, are exceptions to this general comment. The Charter Oak is infinitely smaller than the Transcript, but it, too, gives considerable promise. The contents, mostly by the editor, Mr. Angus Berry, are above the average work of the new comer, this being especially true with reference to the poems, one of which, "An Iowa Autumn," is pleasing for its smoothness of metrical construction, neat choice of words, and evident truth to Nature. The other poem, "The Forest Glade,"

is a trifle crude in expression, while the prose, which is somewhat flowery, lacks a finish which Mr. Berry has the ability to bestow. The *Courier Monthly*, a paper published by Walter H. Cary, Malden, Mass., is a decided acquisition for neatness and size, and will doubtless become an excellent literary journal when the editor fills the columns with original essays and stories. The first issue contains several articles reprinted from professional papers. "Tim," by B. A. Key, is a well told tale of the pathetic sacrifice of a street urchin, made for a girl who was indifferent to the sacrifice and the maker. It contains some keen character analysis, and is consistently worked out. If written by an amateur journalist, "Tim" is really noteworthy, and even if reprinted from the professional press, confers credit on its origin. Mr. Albert E. Barnard has reissued *Sans-Gene*, and evidently intends to publish several numbers since the paper is entered for the editorial laureateship N. A. P. A. While not wishing to depreciate the work of Mr. Barnard, it is not too harsh to say that this issue is not so good as it might be. In literary qualities it is inferior to the convention report which Mr. Barnard contributed to the *Review*. The *Tennessean*, by Edgar M. Hayes, is not such a paper as is due the fraternity from an N. A. P. A. officer. Mr. Hayes has written better verse than "Anti-Expansion" which appears in this issue. It is to be hoped that Mr. Hayes' promised paper, *The Philomath*, will be a decided improvement on the *Tennessean*.

— | —

#### A NOTABLE CHRISTMAS ISSUE.

Jessen Bros. have sent out a very handsome holiday issue of the Inter-

politan. The *Interpolitan* is always worthy of praise for typographical and literary excellences, but in this issue the publishers have surpassed their former efforts. Mr. Vincent Howard, whose facility with the French forms of verse, contributes a neat ballade with the refrain "Ah then 'tis the glorious Christmas tide." Chester E. Crosby in "Molly is waiting, is waiting for me," has broken away from the saccharine verse by which he is best known, and taken up a style which, though sentimental, reveals an active heart interest of instinct with human sympathy instead of the passive platitudes of the general run of poems of love. "Life's Darkest Hour," by Fred B. Smith, is indicative of the influence of the conventional in poetry, which is strong on Mr. Smith. "The Organist's Dream," by Thomas J. Kelly, is a narrative poem of some length. It is written in excellent metre, and the story, though slight, is well expressed, both in words and in thoughts. Lack of space prevents extended mention of the prose, though I may say that in general it is not of so high a standard as the verse. The optimism of Mr. H. C. Jessen's "Penned Thoughts" is very pleasing, and it is not too much to say that if a few more amateur journalists of the present were such earnest workers as the Messrs. Jessen, those red-letter days so often spoken of would be with us.

— | —

#### SOME POEMS OF MERIT.

In the November *Quillings* a poem of uncommon merit is "The Swamp-Robin," and this, in spite of the fact that the grammatical construction in two places at least is faulty, the poem is note worthy for its absolute truth to Nature, for the bird-lover recog-



nizes the accuracy of every line. Mr. Copper has a sonnet "Cyleth" in the Transcript, which is metrically better than "The Swamp-Robin," and in its peculiar field—the field of the love sonnet—as good for heart interest and tender thoughts as anything I have yet seen from the pen of amateur journalist. The charms of "The Woods" are presented by John O. Baldwin, and even though half the lines do not rhyme, and the metre is not always true, the poem is meritorious for the excellent sylvan atmosphere permeating it.

— | —

#### A FEW PERSONAL MATTERS.

In the last issue of the AMERICAN GEM my enemy, the printer, got in some of his fine work. The misprints and ommitted words are however easily supplied. Every one doubtless knew that "reputation" in the B. Franklin Moss editorial should have been "refutation." And in the leader it was obvious that "others followed the delinquents into inactivity," not "activity." The poems of Alexander Smith contain "lines" not "hues" of merit, while in the same review the "smoke-cloud of Glasgow" was spoken of. The essay on Whittier's Snow-bound was somewhat jumbled, too. But it's all in a life time.\*

\*Mr. Murphy, as has been intimated to us before by the gentleman, blames the printers for errata in the last issue of the GEM. In refutation, Mr. Murphy should bear in mind that his chirography is almost of the Horace Greeley style—that is—undecipherable. We claim to be familiar with ordinary English language, and have books of reference to gain knowledge from, but we do not claim to be infallible. If Mr. Murphy will write his copy so we can read it, mistakes will be unfrequent.

—PRINTERS.

From Mr. Morton's Idler, I glean the fact that my surmise as to the identity of "A. Mary Geier" was correct. It was a surmise based on reason and study of Mr. Howard's working. Let C. McCrue beware!

If I thought he could answer the question I should ask Mr. Moss what a "Jack" is. Mr. Moss, in his second attack upon me, shows that he is not acquainted with logic and reason, and that grammar and punctuation have cut him dead. If Mr. Moss would spend some of the time which he wastes in writing things whereof he is ignorant, in studying some good text-book of English, he might become of some use to amateur journalism.

#### "CONTRASTS."

He was old and leaned heavily upon his cane as the chill breezes sported with his silvery hairs.

She was young and pretty and every graceful movement bespoke life, young and vigorous.

They were standing near each other on the corner of the awakening street awaiting the gaudy street car which was to bear them to their respective destinations. Each was busy with their thoughts but they instinctively looked up together as an old-fashioned conveyance, half carriage, half wagon, drawn by a plodding old horse, came lumbering along in the tracks. It was an old and dingy affair and with its worn off paint, rickety condition and load of happy, bright-faced school-children peering out eagerly through the half glass sides, it seemed as if it had just stepped out of a story-book.

'Twas a little touch of "Ye Olden Times" and Young Life turned impulsively to face Old Age, whose remi-

niscent smile blended strangely with the two large tears which stood in the corners of his eyes. Thus these two stood in mutual appreciation while the vehicle rolled off into the distance till the grinding rumble of the swiftly coming car broke upon their reverie.

They had both boarded the car and Old Age had just reluctantly accepted the gently insistent offer of the vacant seat when a cheerily-whistling youngster with a strap full of school-books thrown with boyish abandon across his sturdy shoulder, swung himself on and entered.

She smiled down knowingly at his kindly old face and his answering gaze gave full and fitting expression to the one thought uppermost in both minds.

—R. P. KELLEY.

### WHISPERS OF THE SEA.

When the foaming lines of rollers  
broke upon the sandy shore,  
And flung upon the beach white fingers  
with a deep and mighty roar,  
O'er the cliffs with spray aglitter  
romped us merry brothers three—  
Laughed and sang and anon listened  
to the whispers of the sea.

All alone tonight I'm roaming on the  
wet and gleaming sands,  
While the old familiar figures play  
about in phantom bands—  
Floating 'mid the spray and moon-  
beams and they smile and beckon  
me,

And I hear their voices murmuring  
in the whispers of the sea.

Whispers, gentle whispers of the  
scenes so changed by time,  
Of the aged white-haired brother  
sleeping in a foreign clime;  
Ah, I hear his dear voice calling,  
speaking tender words to me  
In the sobbing of the breakers and  
the whispers of the sea.

And another voice is floating from a  
lonely ocean grave,  
Mid the sea-flower's graceful gar-

lands, far beneath the moon-lit  
wave—

Of the fair-haired youthful brother  
who knelt at mother's knee,  
And I hear his prayer repeated in  
the whispers of the sea.

Ah, the happy hours of childhood!  
Ah, the world so dark and cold!

The rushing night winds mock me for  
I'm weary, weak and old.

Life's long path is leading backwards  
and the only joy for me

Is the thunder of the breakers and  
the whispers of the sea.

—LOUIS B. GARDNER.

### AUNT JANE'S MISTAKE.

How many of you know Aunt Jane  
Jerush? She is a little, old, dried up,  
creature. So dried up, in fact, that  
you would expect her to be blown  
away. But fortunately this has never  
happened and she still continues to  
keep her small fruit stand at a busy  
corner in this great city, where you  
can find her most any bright day keep-  
ing her weather eye peeled for prospec-  
tive customers. She is economi-  
cal, as well as exceedingly jolly own-  
ing her two story frame cottage in a  
poor portion of the city.

Well, to get to the point of my  
story I will say that the neighborhood  
in which Aunt Jane lives, is noted for  
one thing especially, and that is, its  
swarms of children.

Last May when Aunt Jane's tenants  
in the upper flat moved out, Aunt  
Jane made a solemn resolve that it  
should not remain long idle if she  
could help it. Accordingly she hung  
in the window of the flat a huge sign  
which said, "TO RENT". That was  
all well and good but on one Saturday  
she thought the windows looked dirty  
and if she cleaned them up a bit it  
might help to rent the flat. She

therefore procured a long step-ladder and started in to do the cleaning. It occurred to her, however, that with her operations at the window, she might hinder some one from seeing the sign. Not knowing what else to do she took the sign, and getting a large pin, securely fastened the sign to her back, and went to work as fast as her old age would let her.

She had finished one pane, when suddenly down the street there rose a great commotion of children yelling, men shouting, dashing patrol wagon, and the sound of a revolver. Aunt Jane hastily descended from her perch and unmindful of the sign on her back started down the street.

But it soon proved to be nothing more than a little yellow dog which had frightened a horse so that it ran. Aunt Jane was about to return to her neglected window washing, when a mischievous youngster caught sight of the sign on her back "TO RENT".

Then there came a scene and uproar never before heard on that street and poor bewildered Aunt Jane was at her wits' end to know what it meant. She might be wondering yet but for the fact that a shabbily but neatly dressed gentleman, stepped up and said, "pardon me, but you have an April Fool's sign on your back, and April Fool's day has passed a month ago."

Then she remembered it all, and frantically made a grab at the sign, but could not reach it, so she quickly started off to her home, hoping she could then be more successful in removing the sign, to say nothing of finishing the neglected cleaning. But the gentleman said, "I am looking for some rooms to rent and if you have any, which I suppose you have, I should like to see them."

The end of the whole matter was,

that the gentleman whose name was Mr. Dash, took the rooms and proved a model tenant. And all on account of Aunt Jane's Mistake.

—O; NETACH. APTER.

## WISE AND OTHERWISE.

BY CHAS. A. WENDEMUTH.

What is the matter with the publishers of about 30 papers? They are monthlies but have not appeared for months. Now, as you well know, I cannot well afford to mail copies of this paper to others if they do not return the compliment. Now, if these parties don't state to me why they do not send papers, I will strike their names off our exchange list.

\* \* \*

During the holiday period every one gets that tired feeling. They do not care to work. The ranks of amateurs have had this feeling ever since the conventions, and the sluggish way in which the papers are moving is due entirely to indifference or laziness. Such an exhibition on part of amateurs is entirely out of place. Wake up.

\* \* \*

The Dewey for November publishes a card written by Walter S. Goff to John O. Baldwin. The writing of such a card proves that Walter S. Goff is just that selfish crank which I thought he was. When a publisher demands payment to insert an author's work it's high time to annihilate some one. Mr. Goff was once a member of the U. A. P. A. but he resigned, apparently because he was given no office. He was received with open arms into the N. A. P. A. Since Mr. Goff joined the N. A. P. A. he has found naught but fault with the U. A. P. A. On the other hand he has

nothing but praise for the dear old N. A. P. A., and his soul purpose since he became a member is to obtain a complete file of the National Amateur and to bring in new members. This last resolve was a good one, but to gain recruits in the manner Mr. Baldwin was approached is preposterous, and is only the product of a selfish mind—but Mr. Goff is Chairman of the N. A. P. A. Recruit Committee, nuf sed.

\* \* \*

I am a member of the N. A. P. A. and my interest in it never lags. I have literature for it which I distribute to new comers and recruits, but I have never had the heart to touch a poor fellow for a \$1 in order to make his work eligible for my paper, and to credit me with another new member. Mr. Goff reminds me of confidence men—when you have a sucker do him at once.

\* \* \*

That Morris J. Cohen is on his ear is more than evident since the Midget comes to my den no more. Morris has evidently been reading the late issues of the AMERICAN GEM and took offence at something contained therein. Morris does not realize that instead of harming C. A. W. he is only lessening his slim chances for election to the secretaryship. The Midget is not the only good paper which has failed to materialize during the past two months.

\* \* \*

The dear old N. A. P. A. is now so feeble that were it not for about 20 members—no more—it would be a thing of the past. It is only by great effort that it is kept on its feet. Who killed the goose that laid the golden egg? THIELE & THURMAN!! To this date neither Thiele or Thurman

have volunteered to explain where my dollar for dues went to. Some one has that dollar, who can it be? Let some one who knows SPEAK, and soon, too.

\* \* \*

National Amateur No. 2, under John Marshall Acee's charge, proved to be just what I had been wishing—a vast improvement over the first effort. Mr. Acee has replaced the departments crowded out of the first number, and their appearance alone is worth one half of the paper's worth. I can now afford to congratulate Mr. Acee and wish him more success with future issues. Let him equal Brodie's record.

(Continued on last page.)

---

## JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

---

BY CLAUDE T. RENO.

America has never been short of persons deserving of honor, of praise, of admiration. We have always had about us, persons whose achievements in some department of human endeavor have entitled them to the esteem and respect of their countrymen. We have soldiers and sailors, inventors and mechanics, statesmen and patriots, philanthropists and artists—all of whom we delight to venerate. But, besides these, America too is great in its authors and poets—and not among the least of the latter is James Whitcomb Riley, "the Hoosier Poet."

Mr. Riley was born in Greenfield, Indiana in 1853; his father being a Quaker and a lawyer of some prominence. As was natural a generation ago, the father desired the son to follow in his footsteps and also become a lawyer. But Mr. Riley could not



concentrate his mind on Blackstone, and very soon the discerning father decided that James could not become a good lawyer. In fact Riley's education was not far extended, and he but tasted the waters of the Pierian spring. Referring to this the poet once said: "I never had much schooling, and what I did get never did me much good. I never could master mathematics, and history was a dull and juiceless thing to me; but I was always fond of reading at random, and took naturally to the theatrical. I cannot remember when I was not a declaimer, and I began to rhyme as soon as I could talk."

Mr. Riley being somewhat of a sign painter was engaged as such by a traveling patent medicine firm, with whom he traveled for some time. Afterwards he was instrumental in organizing a company of sign painters who traveled all over the middle-west painting signs and giving musical entertainments. After traveling thus for three or four years he finally secured a position on a weekly paper at Anderson and from there, he began to contribute to the various magazines of the country. A great deal of his work was rejected, and he kept his manuscript constantly making the publisher's rounds. At length, the poet Longfellow, to whom he sent some of his poetry for inspection, congratulated him warmly, and henceforth all magazines were open to him.

Mr. Riley is a bachelor and resides with his sister in Indianapolis, Indiana, though a great deal of his life has been spent in traveling. For the last several years, Mr. Riley has lectured and recited in all sections of the country and as a lecturer has gained both fame and fortune. For a

time, he and the renowned Bill Nye, appeared together, and they were among the "successes" of that season. He has always been greeted by large and intelligent audiences wherever he has gone, and his lectures have been second in interest only to his poems.

As a poet, as an interpreter of rustic people, a painter of farm scenes, and a protrayer of child character, Mr. Riley ranks high. In fact, we doubt whether he is excelled in any of these qualities by an American. Will Carleton and Eugene Field, too, lay claim to this coveted position, but if the popularity gained by Riley is to be taken as a criterion, then without doubt the supreme place must unstintingly be assigned to him. His poems of country life and country scenes seem so real to one who has spent some time of his life among similiar people and places, that one almost imagines the picture his words paint. Besides, these poems breath forth a loftiness of idea and spirit, and inspire a love for the good and the true, that they are in themselves small sermons—poetic homilies. His poetry seems to inspire within us, only noble thoughts, and the doctrine of "Love thy neighbor as thyself" is every where present in his works. One cannot read his poetry unless he arises a better man, a man resolved henceforth to do unto others as he would be done to. And yet, it is to be doubted whether Riley aims at such results. We cannot help regarding him as a poet whose only desire seems to amuse and perchance to cheer the wearied soul and comfort the tired mind. But, there is in his works an undefinable something that sends to the mind noble thoughts, lofty ideas, sympathetic impulses. And this, too,

is for us one of the charms of Riley's poetry. His intense love for humanity, and his understanding of their surroundings, their trials, their idiosyncrasies, their ideals as exhibited in his "country verse" make him a poet not only to be venerated and admired, but loved and cherished.

His "child verse" is no less humane, no less comforting; no less sympathetic. His poems recall to us many scenes of childhood, many thoughts that crowded the youthful mind, many ideas that rose only to be forgotten. To us they seem genuine childish philosophy—the philosophy which comprehends strange ideas. Again, the language is so genuinely childish that one almost imagines it to be the prattle of a six year old boy. What could be more beautiful in thought and diction than this:

"She loves me when she cuts an' sews  
My little cloak an' Sund'y clothes  
An' when my Pa comes home to tea  
She loves him most as much as me."

A poet of this kind can and does exert a wonderful influence on his readers. No one can read these worthy poems without recalling to mind his childhood days—days of innocence, of happiness—without feeling that he is not what he should be. And let that thought once rise in the average young man who has a backbone, and no one can tell its far-reaching results.

Though known principally on account of his poetry, Mr. Riley is also a prose writer of ability. Many of his collections of poems are interspersed with prose sketches, and a large number contributed to newspapers have never been collected in book form. But Mr. Riley's poetic genius is ever present, and all of his prose shows how thoroughly a poet he is. In fact, all of his work when

not rhythmical and metrical, takes the form of a prose poem. In all his prose there is present an underlying strata of poetic music, of humor, of pathos. He seems unable to write unless these elements should overcome him, and gain the mastery. In some of his prose, however, Riley very much resembles Poe—and we believe that much of it was written under the same conditions—that Poe underwent. Such a sketch is his "Tale of a Spider" which, while it is not positively ghastly, is weird enough to suggest unnatural, unearthly things, and gives rise to unpleasant and unbanishable feeling. But even as we enjoy Poe, so Riley appeals to us, and more than once his gentle music has lulled us to sleep after a day of hard work and uncongenial surroundings.

In these days when heroes and popular idols are made in a day, when iconoclasts are made with the same rapidity, and when all seems ethereal and unabiding, one cannot help but inquire whether a man's fame is secure and his place assured. And when asked of Riley there is but one answer; yes! His figure is impressed on the great heart of America; this genius has comforted and entertained one generation, and it will continue to entertain, amuse, comfort, as long as humanity requires and desires such aids. Riley is known as the "American Burns." Burns died in 1796 and yet he lives in 1900. His fame has increased, and with each generation he becomes a sweeter bird singing the songs of humanity. May not James Whitcomb Riley likewise overcome the storms and rains of decades and generations and at length stand forth untarnished, undefaced—the singer of songs!

With the dawning of the 20th century let each one resolve to do better, that is, in a business way. Let the authors strive to out do their former efforts; let the publishers work with renewed energy and turn out better editions of their papers. When every one does better, oh how changed the conditions will be. With no ill-feelings existing and every one working for the general good—what a glorious sight this would be.

\* \* \*

At least 100 letters of congratulation were received by me from amateurs in general, publishers and subscribers, praising the fine appearance of the Christmas GEM. It is indeed gratifying to note that your efforts are praise-worthy, and nothing pleases a publisher more, than a few lines commending his efforts.

\* \* \*

Lately I have received several contributions for publications but I had to return them because they came TOO LATE. Now a word to contributors: If you have any MSS. which you wish published, send in by the 10th of the previous month in order to have it appear in the next month's issue. This gives us plenty of time to have corrections made, etc. Now if the authors will co-operate with us, we can always appear on time. Please remember this.

\* \* \*

It would seem from the interest evinced by the members of the Great-

er New York Amateur Press Club that is about to go under. The official organ which appeared regularly up to June, is evidently bursted. President Heins of the rebel U. A. P. A. is beginning to see the folly of his way. The trees, as it were, which he planted at Boston are beginning to bear fruit, but what kind?—ROTTEN FRUIT.

\* \* \*

Some one says the Monarch is about to burst, when it does the U. A. P. A. loses another paper. LATER—From reliable sources I am informed that the Monarch will not burst—it is only a little behind the times.

## THE AMERICAN GEM.

A monthly magazine devoted to amateur journalism.

CHARLES A. WENDEMUTH, Editor.  
WILLIAM R. MURPHY, Associate Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION—25 cents per year in advance. Gold, silver, bank notes or postage stamps accepted.

ADVERTISING RATES—50 cents per inch, \$5 per page. No reduction for time or larger space.

EXCHANGES—Address one copy to home office and one to our Associate Editor at 1344 Park Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

ALL BUSINESS communications should be addressed to

*The American Gem Syndicate,*  
7805 Ivory Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

### Notice.

A blue cross opposite this space notifies you that your subscription has expired. A renewal of same will be greatly appreciated.

Entered at St. Louis postoffice as second class mail matter.





# Prices on Job Printing.

Amateur Papers a Specialty.

## OUR PRINTING PRICE LIST.

	Per 100	250	500	1000
6 inch manilla envelopes.....	.35	.65	1.40	2.30
6 1/2 inch manilla envelopes.....	.35	.65	1.45	2.35
6 inch xx white envelopes.....	.45	.90	1.65	2.55
6 1/2 inch xx white envelopes.....	.45	.95	1.85	2.90
6 inch colored envelopes.....	.50	1.00	1.75	3.00
6 1/2 inch colored envelopes.....	.50	1.00	1.85	3.25
9 inch xx white.....	1.10	2.10	2.85	4.55
No. 2 pay, open end envelopes.....	.35	.90	1.55	2.00
Letter heads, ruled or unruled, 10 lb.....	.60	1.00	1.75	2.75
Packet heads, ruled or unruled.....	.65	1.00	1.65	2.45
Note heads, ruled or unruled.....	.50	.85	1.60	2.60
Monthly statements, full size.....	.50	.85	1.65	2.40
Bill heads, six lines.....	.50	.85	1.60	2.60
Business cards, size 55.....	.50	.95	1.85	3.00
Round corner cards, size 63.....	.55	1.10	1.70	3.00
Shipping tags, size 5.....	.40	.60	1.20	2.00
Blank forms, 4 x 8 or less.....	.50	.75	1.35	2.00
Ungummed labels, 3 x 5 or less.....	.30	.65	.80	1.25
Typewriter imitation letters, small.....		1.25	1.85	2.75
Typewriter imitation letters, in two colors.....		1.85	2.40	3.50
Circulars, 3 x 4, 100 words or less.....		.40	.60	.90
Circulars, 3 1/4 x 5 1/4, 200 words.....		.60	.85	1.35
Circulars, 3 1/4 x 7, 300 words.....		1.10	1.60	2.25
Circulars, 3 1/4 x 8 1/4, 400 words.....		1.60	2.15	2.75

We handle only the very best of stock. We guarantee job or no pay. Express or mail charges not paid on orders less than 1000. Write us for prices on larger lots, cheaper grades or other goods if desired. Send all copies plainly-written or printed, and remittance to

**"TRIBUNE PRINT," MINNESOTA LAKE, MINN.**

# The American Gem.

A Monthly Amateur Magazine.

QUALITY AND QUANTITY.

VOL. V.

ST. LOUIS, MO., JANUARY, 1905.

NO. 5.

## AMATEUR JOURNALISM AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.



Ever since the Fifteenth of last May, when the exhibit of amateur Journalism became an assured fact, I have been busy in the success of the undertaking, and have had but little spare time to devote to amateur affairs.

When the exhibit was installed, there was no cash at hand, so it devoted upon me to secure the money, as Mr. Hegert, who secured the space did so without having the necessary money to carry out the enterprise, so after much persuasion, A. M. Adams, a local amateur, was secured as temporary backer; for we had hundreds of promises for donations from prominent amateurs all over the country; but I am sorry to say that to this day there have been comparatively few amateurs who have kept their promises, and even

with these there is a great deficiency, which can and should be overcome if the members realize what efforts were made to make a proper display of our institution at the great World's Fair.

No expense was spared and time was ignored, save for amateur journalism, and therefore it is the duty of all amateurs to defray the expenses incurred, merely out of recognition of the sacrifices made by those who did the work, and those who furnished the money.

Below I am giving a list of all the expenses connected with the exhibit together with a list of the contributors, a glance at which will show how matters stand; every contribution which was given, passed through my hands as **Custodian** of the exhibit and I can vouch for their accuracy.

# Prices on Job Printing.

Amateur Papers a Specialty.

## OUR PRINTING PRICE LIST.

	Per 100	250	500	1000
6 inch manilla envelopes.....	.35	.65	1.40	2.20
6 1/4 inch manilla envelopes.....	.35	.65	1.45	2.35
6 inch xx white envelopes.....	.45	.90	1.85	2.55
6 1/4 inch xx white envelopes.....	.45	.95	1.85	2.90
6 inch colored envelopes.....	.50	1.00	1.75	3.00
6 1/4 inch colored envelopes.....	.50	1.00	1.85	3.25
9 inch xx white.....	1.10	2.10	2.85	4.55
No. 2 pay, open end envelopes.....	.35	.80	1.35	2.00
Letter heads, ruled or unruled, 10 lb.....	.60	1.00	1.75	2.75
Packet heads, ruled or unruled.....	.55	1.00	1.65	2.75
Note heads, ruled or unruled.....	.50	.88	1.60	2.50
Monthly statements, full size.....	.50	.88	1.55	2.40
Bill heads, six lines.....	.50	.88	1.60	2.50
Business cards, size 55.....	.50	.95	1.85	3.00
Round corner cards, size 63.....	.55	1.10	1.70	3.00
Shipping tags, size 5.....	.40	.60	1.20	2.00
Blank forms, 4 x 8 or less.....	.50	.75	1.35	2.00
Ungummed labels, 3 x 5 or less.....	.30	.55	.90	1.25
Typewriter imitation letters, small.....		1.35	1.80	2.75
Typewriter imitation letters, in two colors.....		1.85	2.40	3.50
Circulars, 3 x 4, 100 words or less.....		.40	.60	.90
Circulars, 3 1/4 x 5 1/4, 200 words.....		.60	.85	1.25
Circulars, 5 1/4 x 7, 300 words.....		1.10	1.60	2.25
Circulars, 5 1/4 x 8 1/4, 400 words.....		1.60	2.15	2.75

We handle only the very best of stock. We guarantee job or no pay. Express or mail charges not paid on orders less than 1000. Write us for prices on larger lots, cheaper grades or other goods if desired. Send all copies plainly written or printed, and remittance to

**"TRIBUNE PRINT," MINNESOTA LAKE, MINN.**

# The American Gem.

A Monthly Amateur Magazine.

QUALITY AND QUANTITY.

VOL. V.

ST. LOUIS, MO., JANUARY, 1905.

NO. 5.

## AMATEUR JOURNALISM AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.



Ever since the Fifteenth of last May, when the exhibit of amateur Journalism became an assured fact, I have been busy in the success of the undertaking, and have had but little spare time to devote to amateur affairs.

When the exhibit was installed, there was no cash at hand, so it devolved upon me to secure the money, as Mr. Hegert, who secured the space did so without having the necessary money to carry out the enterprise, so after much persuasion, A. M. Adams, a local amateur, was secured as temporary backer: for we had hundreds of promises for donations from prominent amateurs all over the country: but I am sorry to say that to this day there have been comparatively few amateurs who have kept their promises, and even

with these there is a great deficiency, which can and should be overcome if the members realize what efforts were made to make a proper display of our institution at the great World's Fair.

No expense was spared and time was ignored, save for amateur journalism, and therefore it is the duty of all amateurs to defray the expenses incurred, merely out of recognition of the sacrifices made by those who did the work, and those who furnished the money.

Below I am giving a list of all the expenses connected with the exhibit together with a list of the contributors, a glance at which will show how matters stand: every contribution which was given, passed through my hands as **Custodian** of the exhibit and I can vouch for their accuracy.



PRELIMINARY EXPENSE.		J. Winslow Snyder.....	5.00
Construction of Booth.....	\$ 77.50	C. A. Wendemuth.....	10.00
Burlaps, coverings.....	23.50	W. H. Greenfield.....	1.00
3 Showcases.....	28.50	J. Ray Spink.....	1.00
10 Frames and racks.....	24.75	John W. Smith.....	1.00
A. W. Gutkey, services....	18.00	A. V. Peterson.....	1.00
Expressage.....	12.75	Miss J. I. Maloney.....	1.00
Admissions.....	5.00	Miss A. E. Frees.....	1.00
3 Tables.....	3.75	E. H. Whitaker.....	5.00
4 Chairs.....	7.75	Arthur J. Ebert.....	1.00
Postage.....	6.75	Harry R. Marlow.....	1.00
Registry Book.....	1.35	Frank J. Kerns.....	1.00
Broom Duster Etc.....	.65	A. V. Fungulin.....	1.00
Exposition Charges.....	5.35	W. R. Murphy.....	3.20
Total.....	\$215.60	Total.....	\$94.20

## REMOVAL.

Wagon and Trip.....	10.00
Fees and Admissions.....	5.00
Grand total.....	\$230.60

## CONTRIBUTIONS.

Harry M. Konwiser.....	\$ 5.00
J. Edson Briggs.....	10.00
Wm. C. Alhaueser.....	5.00
Chas. R. Burger.....	5.00
P. J. Campbel.....	5.00
Ed. M. Lind.....	5.00
Alson Brubaker.....	10.00
C. H. Russell.....	4.00
W. R. Moscow.....	2.00
Foster Gilroy.....	5.00
Chicago A. P. C.....	5.00

By the above statements you will see that the deficiency of \$136.40 is due Mr. Adams and myself for bills paid. This does not include one cent for our time or carefare, which was indeed no small item.

I trust that when the next issue of the paper appears that I will be able to report the receipt of some more of the long-promised donations, however this will suffice to show where we have been standing in this matter.

CHARLES A. WENDEMUTH.



## EDITORIALS WITHOUT MALLETS.

Again THE AMERICAN GEM blossoms forth to greet the amateurs, old and new, after an absence of 36 months. What real pleasure it is to me to write copy for the paper, ah! it seems but yesterday when Fate decreed that the GEM should cease, and each day since the last issue I have looked forward to this time, and as the months grew almost into years, I feared that my hopes would never be realized but I have won out, and I hope that the re-issuance of the AMERICAN GEM will be as much of a pleasure to the fraternity, as it is to me.

As time rolls by the paper will increase in size and quality and the old time standard will be maintained, for you all know Wm. R. Murphy is the best literary man in the associations today and he retains his old position with the paper, and his Reviewer will ever be the best literary criticisms in amateuria.

I wonder if president Seymour, of the Western Amateur Press Ass'n will see that all expenses incurred by the amateur journalists, at the World's Fair will be paid, for the W. A. P. A. got the space.

Chicago amateurs have pledged their last pennies to make it a success—C. F. W. Hegert in a letter to me, as I was made Custodian of the exhibit on May 15th 1904.—From the way things look now, there must have been but very few pennies.

After the amateur at large had rejected Mr. Seymour for the official

Editorship, by electing Smith, President Cohen immediately appoints Seymour, when Smith resigns, which was a contemptuous slap at the membership, and the rankest piece of "Favoritism" which has ever been recorded in the history of the U. A. P. A.

The World's Fair Amateur Magazine, which I issued at the exhibit this summer was a limited edition affair, however I have some 25 copies left which I will give to the first persons who will send me the postage—now you'll have to Hurry.

I was inviegled into the exhibit, on the assurance that I was to share the glory, but alack there is no glory as yet, but an awful expense which I guess they will throw in when the glory arrives.

Another Touch, but one which will hardly be felt, since it will only apply to publishers of papers and those persons who were fortunate enough to receive more than one copy of any amateur paper.

At the close of the World's Fair there were quite a few permanent buildings on the grounds which were available for a Museum, and local people became imbued with the idea that a permanent Museum would be just the thing for St. Louis, so nearly every one of the exhibits at the Fair have been pledged for this Museum, including the amateur journalism exhibit, this latter space was granted through the efforts of Mr. William Burton, a local amateur. Nearly all of the papers which were in the exhibit were loaned for the occasion so they had to be returned, but what we want now is papers, books and relics

which can be given to help make a suitable permanent monument to amateur journalism, as there is no cost for space or care, the postage on all papers which can be sent will be but a mere item, and I hope every REAL AMATEUR who is interested in our work, will lend special efforts to make this understanding more successful than a few other amateur events which have taken place recently. When sending papers be sure that your name and address are on the wrapper, for every one who donates five or more papers will receive a receipt for them, and a record will be carefully kept. Any Papers will do, only remember one of each kind are desired, so as there will be no surplus copies. Papers may be sent to Wm. Burton, No. 1 North Broadway or C. A. Wendemuth, 7802 Vermont Ave.—This is a commendable undertaking and should be helped at once.



My dear old friend and fellow-townsmen, Henry G. Wehking, has been persuaded to run for the presidency of the United Amateur Press Association, and he has accepted the honor forced upon him as were, and will be the leading candidate. Mr. Wehking has been with the association for five years and his record for literary achievements and activity have been surpassed by few. There is not a flaw in Mr. Wehking's candidacy, so it with real pleasure and sincerity that I endorse him, for I can assure everyone that a more capable and just administration could not be secured except by his election. To the amateurs who are desirous of having a prosperous year, as well as one of literary accomplishments, should cast their ballots, or vote per-

sonally for Henry G. Wehking at Kansas city next July.

I wish to sincerely thank the members of various associations who are publishers, who have been sending me their paper during my period of inactivity, only some twenty odd were so generous.

There were quite a few amateurs who expressed a desire to contribute to the exhibit fund, but it seems they were at a loss to know to whom to send their money to, will say to these people that if they will send the cash to me it will be properly taken care of and due credit given in these columns month after month until the matter is duly settled.

A plan is on foot now whereby the entire Chicago club and St. Louis club will travel to Kansas City next July in a straight private car.

In a future issue of the GEM I will devote some space to the prominent old timers who called at the exhibit, this summer and talk over the old times with me, for some of the present day amateurs will be surprised when they learn that even their neighbors were at one time interested in the prince of hobbies.—CHAS. A. WENDEMUTH,

---

## THE AMERICAN GEM.

A MONTHLY AMATEUR MAGAZINE.

CHARLES A. WENDEMUTH. Editor.  
WILLIAM R. MURPHY. Associate Editor

**EXCHANGE** desired with **ALL.**

All Exchange: One copy to Editor personally at 7802 Vermont Ave. One copy of paper to Associate Editor at 522 N. 35th St., Philadelphia.

Subscription 50 cents per year.

TRIBUNE PRINT. MINN. LAKE, MINN.

# The American Gem.

A Monthly Amateur Magazine.

QUALITY AND QUANTITY.

VOL. V.

ST. LOUIS, MO., MARCH, 1905.

NO. 6.

## OLDEST ACTIVE AMATEUR JOURNALIST CLUB'S 6th ANNUAL BANQUET.



The 6th Annual Banquet of the St. Louis Amateur Journalists Club was given at Breitling's Cafe on the evening of February 24, 1905. Covers were laid for fifty guests who enjoyed the following menu:

Blue Points on Half Shell,	Celery,
Queen Olives,	
Chicken Broth La Tasse,	
Fillet of Trout, a la Tartie,	
Potatoes Julirume,	Claret,
Breast of Wild Duck, Mushromes,	
Petit Pois,	
Ice Cream,	Cake,
Swiss Cheese,	
Cafe Now.	

Before the A. J's were fairly seated, one could discover that the Menus had begun their pilgrimage around the board, and that the old timers were kindly instructing any new comer into the mysteries of the autograph fad. The laughter and hum of the conversation would have convinced a late comer that he had surely found the right place, for Bohemianism, such as only Amateur Journalism knows, prevailed thro' out.

John W. Boud as toast master, possessed of the feeling of good-fellowship one feels after such a repast spoke to us over our coffee cups. He introduced the first speakers, T. Leray Woodruff, who spoke to us briefly on our grand old "hobby" "Amateur Journalism." He was followed by Wm. Burton, who toasted 'our guests' wittily and to the satisfaction, I think of all the guests. Sam DeHayn of Boston, at the request of toast-master Boud to give us a few "Reminiscences," responded by forgetting his subject of the "past" in the first few words and was lost in an enjoyment of the "present," his little stories and sallies caused many ripples of laughter 'round the table. Miss Lucy M. Williams told us of the "Woman Journalist" and proved that she was conversant with the subject, while Wm. B. Stoddard, toasted—1 beg his pardon—"roasted," the "Ladies" to the visible satisfaction of the gentlemen, not to mention the ladies. Geo. A. Kendall's little talk on "Amateur Literature" was well received, the writer centered all her energies to give "The Gentlemen"



their due, but fear she failed miserably. The toast master here introduced Ward H. Cable, our happy young friend from Kansas City, who spoke genially and extended a cordial invitation for Kansas City next July. M. A. Muga of St. Louis, a professional newspaper man, gave us what he called, "a few hints as to a start on a literary career," which proved very interesting, and lastly, "The St. Louis Amateur Journalist Club" was toasted by A. W. Gutkaes, who in ending his discourse claimed to be well enough acquainted with the club to know they would rather be dancing than listening, and a view of the hall for the next few hours seemed to bear out his statement. The dancing continued into the "wee sma' hours" and the 6th annual banquet passed on into history, and into the memory store room of at least one who is glad she is an "Amateur Journalist."—M. ALMEDIA THOMAS.

## EDITORIALS WITHOUT MALLETS.

Anent my request for papers in the Amateur Journalist Department of the St. Louis Musuem, I would say that much time and annoyance can be saved both Mr. Burton and myself if the Amateurs will send us a list of the papers they can send, which we will check up and return without call for the goods. In this way much unnecessary work and postage will be saved, and it will positively be impossible for us to secure duplicates.

It is now up to the Amateurs to send in their lists at once; Publishers especially, if you desire your paper to be represented. Please attend to this at once.

Seymour left Kansas City because he got a better job than he had. (\$6 a week.)

\*\*\*

Colonel Murphy it seems, from the way he sends in his copy, is making one grand stand effort to celebrate the return of the Gem.

No one misses Colonel's copy more than I do, hence these short issues and delays.

\*\*\*

Owing to press of business I am unable to give the Gem as much time as I would like to have been able to do.

\*\*\*

The Milwaukee Press Club has passed resolutions condemning the (then) contemplated change of convention seat for Kansas City to Milwaukee, by President Cohen of the United; on the grounds of political trickery, and "other" reasons, rather than Kansas City being too indifferent as stated.

Another one on the "'C. S. R.' 'gang'" "By their work ye shall know them" and I might add," and remember them for along them already yet, 'hey Louie?'

\*\*\*

T. Harry Walker of Kansas City, Mo. says Seymour is drawing \$50.00 a week salary as managing editor of Young Americans.

Does Mr. Walker know that good and capable men draw such wages? And sometimes 50 per cent less. If Seymour gets \$50.00 a month he's doing well—I used to get that once, but I didn't have my agents out advertising the fact.

\*\*\*

Guy N. Philips, a former secretary of the United, is about to re-enter

the fold. Guy will issue a little paper too, by way of introduction and celebration.

\*\*\*

I still have some copies of the World's Fair Magazine, about 10—these will cost the persons who want them a 2 cent stamp—first come, first served.

\*\*\*

The howl made last July about what was going to be done by the new board of officers is still echoing throughout the association ranks. Judging from the progress made; instead of an echo, it will soon be a mist and vanish as quickly as the howl set up. Deliver the goods boys, without fear or favor.

\*\*\*

From quite a number of amateurs who contributed to Amateur Exhibit Fund, I have received letters, all expressing surprise at the conspicuous absence of names of prominent amateurs, who have said they contributed or would contribute to the fund! Now this certainly is a very embarrassing state of affairs. Mr. Adams and myself are in the hole to the sum of \$136.40 which is indeed a monument of no small proportion, in fact its too great for the two of us and we need others to bear the weight, cannot some of our heavyweight (purse) men cheif in a few and swell the receipts a little. It's a pity that such an undertaking should fail to get proper support when the fraternity at large got the benefits.

\*\*\*

Louis Choen, the newly selected (two months ago) official editor of the United Amateur Press association has made a very brilliant debut. The

organ is now a month over due—which is a typical illustration of the "C. S. R. gang" appointments.

As the administration advances the oder becoms almost imbearable.

\*\*\*

Seldom in the history of any association, as the election of inenergetic and incompetet officers so retarded its success, as has been manifested the past to years in the United Amateur Press association.

From a condition of activity, both in literary and recruting, with a fat balance in the treasury, the association has sunk about as low as possible; with a shiftless set of officers (a few exceptions) and a depleted Treasury thus the United Amateur Press Association stands today, and all caused directly at the last convention, where crooked politics were traded for justice and honesty.

\*\*\*

While I am doing some knocking, to an extent it is justified by the certain-to-be fitting finish of the "Cohen Seymour Ring Administration,—the worst in the association's history.

The role object of the "gang" seems to have been to hold office, irrespective of capability, and to sob the association of what funds it had in its Treasuy, and then retire with honor (self-esteemed) and leave the honorable members to retrieve the lost places and replace the empty Treasury.

It is time for the members to stamp out this disreputable element, and in their stead bring in new honorable persons for members, who if elected will prove both honorable and energetic and above all Honest, so at some future time we may be assured of clean business like administration.

The election of mere boys to executive offices, and dishonest persons to positions of trust has proven a dear lesson and only causes regret.

The old time tried and true members, whose real worth has been shown the past four or five years, are the ones to be honored and its dollars to doughnuts they can make a record greater than ever heretofore.



Ira Engue Seymour, the head cheese (would like to be) of Young Americans, sent out notices to his benchmen sometime in February that he had retired from Amateur Politics and Amateur Journalism as well. Oh Jay, how gladly this news was hailed by the better element in the U. A. P. A., but alas, like all that Seymour has ever told, a dam lie, for almost immediately the disreputable political trickster was arranging a most gigantic scheme whereby he was to secure a candidate for the Presidency and elect him over Wehking, merely to satisfy his devilish ambition, and there by hangs a tale.



It is strange that a man of Mr. Wehking's ability and character should be assailed in the shameful manner as a great many amateurs have attacked him, ever since it became known he was to be the candidate for the Presidency. These good members who have assailed Mr. Wehking, did so only after their minds were poisoned by the political sharks and liars, and it is too bad that persons with common sense would allow themselves to be influenced by others beneath their level, but sometimes the social standing makes a difference.

The assailing of W. R. Murphy's character and abilities, by Morose Jay Cohen in Charlotte, was merely another false move on the part of the "C. S. R. gang." Everybody knew better.

W. R. Murphy is worth more than the "hull gang" and \$60.00 to boot" as his worth is attested to by the worth of his department in the American Boy.

A very desirable lot of young and energetic recruits are being brought into the association through Mr. Murphy and one thing is certain about them they will never become so corrupt as and of the "C. S. R. gang" and their pesky bunch of followers. Can these rabbit-eared disciples of Satan show up as good a card as thus? Egad, never!

#### THAT EXHIBIT FUND.

Up to the 10th of April there has been no additions to the fund, which indeed I am sorry to report. I've always been told that the "Ams" generally were good at making promises but not good in keeping them.

Will there be a flood of contribution to report next issue? I hope so, who will be the next?

Expenses as itemized, \$230.60.

Receipts as itemized, \$ 94.20.

Deficiency..... \$136.40.

This debt should be liquidated.

CHARLES A. WENDEMUTH.

## THE AMERICAN GEM.

A MONTHLY AMATEUR MAGAZINE.

CHARLES A. WENDEMUTH, Editor.  
WILLIAM R. MURPHY, Associate Editor.

**EXCHANGE** desired with **ALL**.

All Exchange: One copy to Editor personally at 7802 Vermont Ave. One copy of paper to Associate Editor at 523 N. 35th st. Philadelphia. Subscription 50c per year.







