

VANITY FAIR.

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Threepence.

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ENTERED FOR THE N. A. P. A. HISTORY LAURATE AWARD

INTERESTING SIDELIGHTS ON IRISH AMATEUR JOURNALISM

BY W. A. DOWNES.

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(Author's Note. The following is a supplementary article to that which appeared in No. 18, *Vanity Fair*, entitled, "Irish Amateur Journalism".)

(continued from page 28).

MISS Celia Fennell of Belfast was elected Councillor of the B.A.P.A. in 1897. At the B.A.P.A. Competitions, September 1899, she scored a triple success, being placed first in 'Our Successes', Amateur Photographer's Competition', and Lady Members' Competition. She was said to be the leading humorous writer of the time.

In 1909-10, Thos Walker of Belfast published *The Hobby Advertising Record*, a printed magazine. It was purely an advertising sheet. Walker also issued *The Amateur's Weekly*, a newsy little paper, *Poker*, *Amateur's Telegraph*, *The Gazette*, and *The Newsletter*. He appears to have been a very active amateur.

The Emerald was published by James Maultsaid of Letterkenny, Donegal, towards the end of 1911. It consisted of four pages and was printed. Maultsaid issued also one of the largest and best hectographed magazines ever circulated.

Contrary to public belief, the foundation of the Irish Amateur Press Association was not the first effort at organised amateur journalism in Ireland. In 1910-11 flourished the Zingarry Club in Dublin, the members of which, it would appear, followed the same hobby as we of to-day. This is the oldest definite record of a body of amateur journalists existing in Ireland that I have been able to discover. Many noted celebrities of to-day in Irish political and journalistic life were members. The official organ of the club was the Screech, published on the pass-round system, and edited by James Stanley, a very energetic amateur journalist and playwright. His brother, Joseph Stanley, who was also a member of the Club, is now on the editorial staff of the Gaelic Press, proprietors of *Honesty*, a Dublin weekly paper. The Screech was illustrated by the late P. Mc Mahon, who pen-named Archibald Chevenaux for his work.

Others associated with this Club were Michael McDunphy, who now holds a very high position in the Saorstát Civil Service ; P. Warren also following the same calling as McDunphy, and Charles Power, who is now a judge.

(To be continued).



COLLECTORS SHOULD SPECIALISE

BY EDW. F. HERDMAN.



THE general collector, whether of coins or stamps, is being gradually superseded by the sectional collector, or specialist. To collect the coins of all nations is a waste of energy and money, and without any resulting benefit. Numismatics are, therefore, confining their attention to the collecting and studying of the coins of one or two countries which may appeal to their fancy.

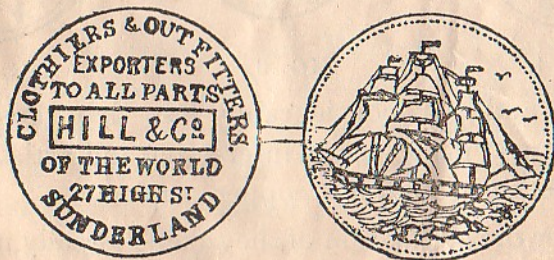


FIG. 2.

The coins of the Republic or Empire of Ancient Rome is one attractive section. The regal coins of Brit-

ain is always a favourite study for English collectors, just as the coins of the United States appeal to an American. Another popular section in Numismatics is the collection of Tradesmens tokens of England, Wales and Scotland. Such a sideline will amply repay a collector taking it up. He can, if he likes, confine his studies to the tokens of the county in which he resides, and he will find plenty of items to interest him. If, say the County of Durham is chosen, a commencement can be made with the pieces issued by towns and by tradesmen during the latter half of the seventeenth century. Durham, Darlington, Barnard Castle, Bishop Auckland Gateshead, and other towns issued tokens which can be secured with perseverance and a little money-

A collector can follow with the Tradesmen's tokens of the 18th and early 19th centuries. These are more



FIG. 4.



FIG. 3.

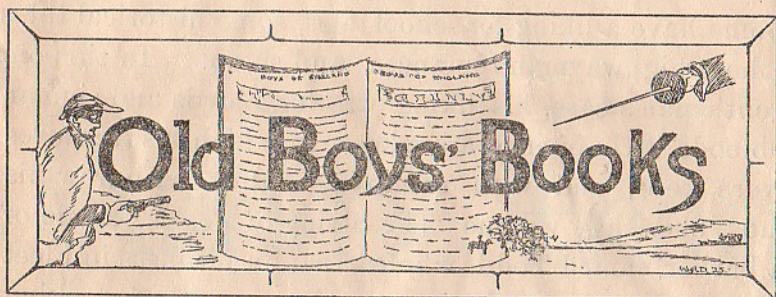


FIG. 1.

plentiful, and cost considerably less than those of the 17th century, in fact many interesting and artistic types can be obtained for a few coppers each.

After the circulation of the tokens already mentioned were prohibited by law, a wide and varied series of tokens, or trade tickets as they were termed, were issued

[continued on page 47.]



SELLING A COLLECTION.

BY J. J. WILSON.

AUCTION sales lead me to the reflection that we are soon forgotten once we are gone. A man will spend his life adding to his hobby. He dies or gets tired of his hobby. Up jumps an auctioneer like a jack in the box, and the prized collection of "old bloods" or whatever his treasures may be, and that took years to accumulate, is disposed of in as many hours and scattered all over the place.

A recent advertiser in the 'Market and Barter' was selling off his collection of old "bloods" privately, and as his house was on my way home I gave him a call. The advertiser received me courteously. He was an old, old man, with a pleasing exterior, and he showed me his collection. Nearly every journal, book and author of the old school was represented.

I have found that as a rule, every collector is a specialist in one particular class of "penny dreadfuls".

Some have a liking for school tales, some historical tales others highwayman romances, and so on. In this old gentleman's case, his liking was for Lloyds and similar "bloods". He opened a bookcase in which his treasures were kept, and with trembling hands withdrew his most cherished volume "The String of Pearls" a tale of a barber named Todd, who carried on business in Fleet Street, and who used to cut the throats of likely looking customers and tip up the chair which allowed the customer to drop down a trap-door. The body was then rifled of all valuables, and the lady next door who shared the business with Mr Todd, cut up the body and had them made into veal pies at her pie-shop adjoining. The old gentleman who owned this remarkable book, had it in an elaborate binding which cost him £12. As he was selling piecemeal his prices were extreemly high

"You see", said he, "I am getting an old man now and my heirs simply smile when I mention my "old bloods", so I am selling them while I am alive, for the chances are when I am gone they will call in the first bookseller they come across and sell the lot for an old song. Everybody knows what booksellers give for old books."

The old gents' collection of "old bloods" amused me especially his casket of Lloyds' and Sweeny Todd. I did not stop to inspect all the collection as it was getting late. So wishing the old chap adieu, I wended my way homewards after spending a very interesting time.

VANITY FAIR





VANITY FAIR

'XMAS SUPPLEMENT,

❖ DECEMBER 1926 ❖



Christmas in Alsatia.



IT had been snowing pretty heavily for some time and the old houses in Water Lane presented a wonderful sight with the snow turning their usually filthy outlines into visions of fairy land.

Even the garbage of the dirty pavement was hidden for once beneath a white mantle which was only sullied by the footmarks of the roystering Alsations. There were lights in every window for Alsatia was crowded to the gates with the scum of London and of the highways around.

The taverns were doing a roaring business in more ways than one for it was one of the accomplishments of the copper captains to roar louder than anyone else. What they lacked in courage they made up in noise and the festive season was welcome to all in the precinct because for days past the shops and warehouses had been full of good cheer and many a raid had been made on helpless tradesmen in the vicinity of Newgate Market and Fleet Street.

The landlords of the many taverns saw to it that everyone whether rich or poor were well fed on Christ-

mas day and many a plump bird or joint had found its way without payment to the kitchens of the inns there to be roasted and served up to anyone who felt hungry

As hunger was the natural state of half of the inhabitants there was no lack of customers. Alsatian landlords were not the sorts to give away drink though, but there were many rogues flush of coin from the results of robberies committed in the darkness of the winter nights and it was never the way of such to save their money. The roaring never flagged for a moment but now and then a greater outburst than usual would herald the advent of some mud splashed night rider as he flung himself into the merriment with a few full purses collected from travellers going to country house parties

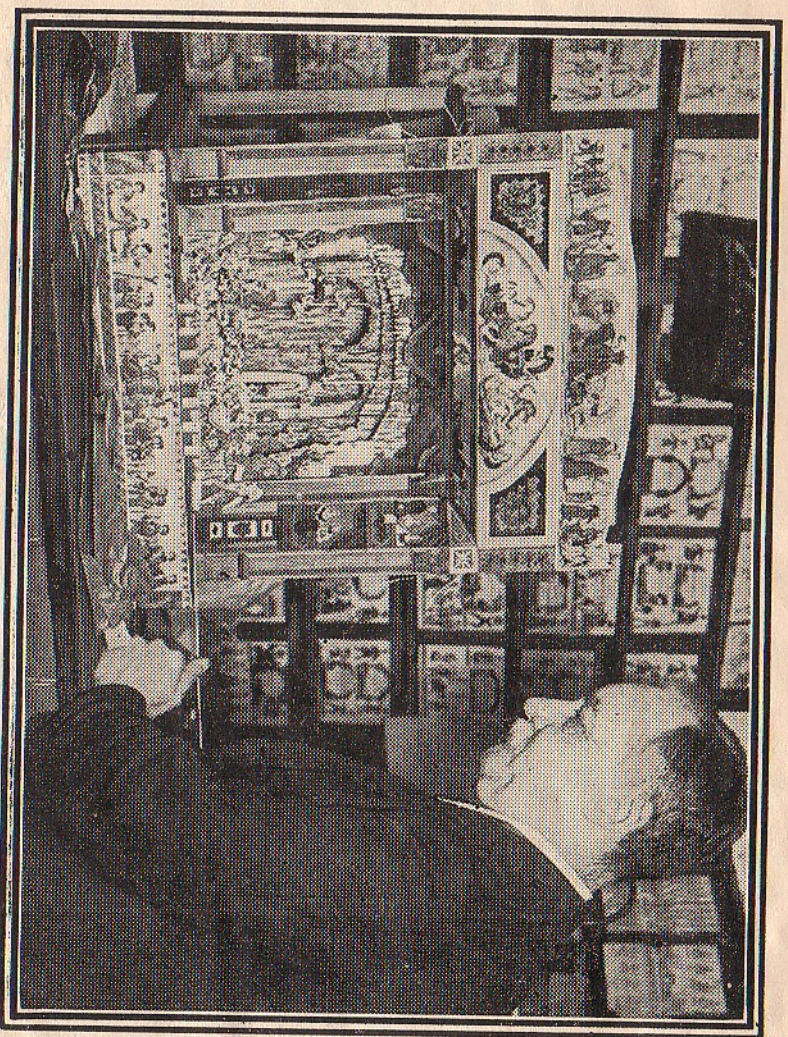
In one obscure square a merry party had captured one of the hated Bow Street Runners and had tied him up and heaped snow around him till he became a snow man with a human head. He too was roaring but not with merriment. It was the howling crowd around him that saw the merriment. They gave him hot gin until he too joined in the chorus and when he was perfectly helpless he was rolled to the gates and pushed out, a giant snowball, into the middle of Fleet Street.

Later the watch found him singing in the midst of the snow and rescued him.

Here and there were quarrels with many fearful threats and tuggings at rusty swords, but to-day there were always peacemakers ready to remind them of the season and the combatants joined again in the flowing bowl and pledged eternal friendship until they finally went to sleep in each others arms in the gutter.

The beer and wine cellars of Alsatia were so vast that they never ran dry but there must have been an appreciable lowering of stocks on that day and it was not surprising that few were the bravos who were in a fit state on Boxing Day to go out and collect Christmas boxes.

B. WINSKILL.



READY FOR THE PANTOMINES.

THE AUSTRALIAN BUSHRANGER IN THE OLD BOYS' BOOKS.

○○○○②○○○○

BY J. P. QUAINÉ.

○○○○③○○○○

(Continued from page 34.)

I fancy this, too, was from the pen of the imaginative Skip Borlase.

Then there was Ned Nimble amongst the Bushrangers". This was a jolly good tale, though even the most simple minded Australian lad often laughed at the peculiar mistakes made by the author, whose name I have never been able to ascertain.

"The Black Bandit", which ran in the Boys' Standard in 1879, was a fine story, written, I imagine, by the irrepressible Borlase. Bracebridge Hemming was fond of introducing his readers to Australian bush life. Though we all revelled in his wondrous tales, we smiled at the American nigger dialect which he put into the mouths of all his aboriginal characters. "Through Wild Australia" which ran in the Boys of England in 1893, offended greatly in this manner. An untutored savage which the two boy heroes meet in the heart of the bush after escaping from the "emigrant murderers," dances a double shuffle and sings the songs said to be peculiar to the black citizens of South Carolina. All the same, it was a great tale, and impressed us all deeply, for at the time, sad to relate, a series of exactly similar crimes were being perpetuated in Australia by a murderous

ruffian named Butler. This enterprising gentleman was brought back from San Francisco, and hung in Sydney.

Hemyng introduced a tame nigger in his "Left-handed Jack in the Wilds of Australia", in the Boys of England, circa 1892. Here, also, figured Bendigo the Bushranger, and an ex-convict named "Ring-tailed Dingo". I can well remember how I thrilled when I read, in this story of Mad Patterson, the white King of the blacks. He was, evidently an adaption from the real white chief—William Buckley the wild white man who lived for 33 years amongst the Australian blacks and forgot the English language.

"Jack Harkaway in Australia" was of peculiar interest to the youthful Australian, owing to the introduction of Morgan the notorious Riverina bushranger. Hemyng elevated Morgan to the dignity of a patriotic Englishman who rebukes Toro the whilom Italian Brigand. Alas! the real Morgan was merely a native of the Sydney side of the river, of Gipsy ancestry, and none too clean at that! To cap it all, old Mole the wooden legged tutor kills him!

Tom Wildrake found his way out to Australia, and met with numerous 'rangers'. A fine yarn dealing with my vagabond countrymen was "Through a Thousand Perils", which I read in the Boys' Standard of 1885, and the Boys' Champion in 1890. The bushranger rejoiced in the name of Billy the Bull! He meets his just deserts in a bush fire. The best of the type to my way of thinking, and one in which the aboriginal character was delineated truthfully, was "The Golden Creek; or

Lost in the Bush". This I read in the Boys' Champion in 1881. Who, that has perused this tale, can ever forget Sancho and his countless combats with the "jiggered kangaroos"? A few years ago, I was amazed and shocked to see "The Golden Creek" published in a modern guise (and attributed to a modern author) at the price of sixpence! Would'nt poor old George Emmett feel like turning in his grave?

There were others of course, which I cannot recall at present. Hemyng wrote a series for the Aldine First Rate Pocket Library in 1894, entitled "Ballarat Bill or Fighting the Bushrangers", and "Ballarat Bill's Rowdy Dowdy Boys. The covers of these were illustrated by the inimitable 'Bobby' Prowse. There is also a reference to the Austalian Bushrangers in Handsome Harry This occurs in the third volume of the series, "Daring Ching-Ching."

MORE ABOUT JACK HARKAWAY.

To the Editor, "Vanity Fair."

I was greatly interested in reading our esteemed Australian contributors' (J. P. Quaine,) letter in the November issue under the above heading.

He has most decidedly thrown much more light upon the works of Bracebridge Hemyng than is generally known. There is no doubt that Hemyng was author or responsible for many of the well known serials in Brett's publications, and I am of opinion, (although I have no direct evidence to substantiate this) that Hem-

yng was the author of the Ned Nimble series.

He was upon the permanent staff of Brett's, who paid him 50/- for each weekly instalment of the serials as they appeared, and I think it will be noticed that no two serials appeared each week which could be attributed to his pen.

The cause of the great rupture between Brett and Hemying will never now be truthfully known. There is no living person who can shed any further light upon it. It is simply conjecture.

Yours faithfully,

Frank Jay.

WHO WAS G. PURKESS?

BY BARRY ONO.

G. PURKESS, of Compton Street, issued many of the now rare old bloods of the Forties and Fifties very similar in style to those of Edward Lloyd, in fact many stories have the name of both of them on as publishers, so they evidently had a working arrangement.

Glancing through my collection I note Purkess also published, Sixteen String Jack, Geo. Barrington, the Prince of Pickpockets, Jack Cade, The Monk, The Black Mask, Tyburn Tree, or the Mysteries of the Past Adam Bell, The Black Warrior, Paul the Poacher, Ben Bolt, The unknown Warrior, King of the Beggars, etc. The firm then seems to have stopped active publishing for a time, or anyhow in the "blood" line.

We next hear of G. Purkess, about 1885, the venue changed to 286, Strand. With a more modern type of illustration appeared Charles Pearce, the Burglar, in 100 numbers, Buffalo Bill (the only one I know which ever appeared in long serial form, in penny numbers,) Calcraft the Hangman, Marwood the Hangman, Florence Maybrick, etc.

I once had a complete Purkess collection, but the determined efforts of wealthy collectors have undermined my morale, and at stiff prices I have parted with a few. My chief regret is Buffalo Bill, for which I will gladly pay the stiff price I sold it for.

COLLECTORS SHOULD SPECIALISE.

(continued from page 40.)

by tradesmen, taverns, clubs and institutions for advertising themselves and for purposes other than currency. Many of these tickets were well designed dies, struck in copper, bronze and brass, and specimens can be secured at low prices. It is a side-line which is rapidly coming into popularity. A few years ago the high-brow Numismatist ignored them, only to find now that he has missed something.

We illustrate four Trade Tickets, viz :—

1. Durham Artillery Canteen, 2d.
2. Hill & Co., Clothiers, Sunderland.
3. Monument Tavern, London.
4. Black Dog Inn, Wibsey.



NEW YEAR'S EVE.

BY CYRIL BINFIELD.

IT is the closing moments of the old year. The night is still, and silence reigns, broken here and there by a subdued rustling of trees, but there is a vague unrest in the air. There is an atmosphere of waiting, waiting for the Old year to make its exit.

The time draws near the hour. The tension tightens. The man next door strikes up 'Auld Lang Syne' on his cornet and I am moved with emotion. Suddenly a clock begins to chime. Church bells ring out with a joyous clamour. Ships' syrens sound, and ships let off steam. People begin singing. The man next door finishes 'Auld Lang Syne' and plays 'Little Brown Jug'. The air is full of sound, heralding the New Year. The Old Year with all its joys and sorrows is no more. "A prosperous New Year, Neighbour". I wonder what it has in store for us all?

MAGAZINES RECEIVED.

British (M.S.S.) Kangaroo, 3,

Irish (M.S.S.) Torch, 2, Amateur Novelist, 2.

Australian (Printed) Australian, 2, (Duplicated) Gas, 3, (M.S.S.) Amateur Journalist, 1, vol. 3.

American (Printed) Yonkers Amateur, 1, Searchlight 8, vol. 28, Happy Hours Magazine, 12, National Amateur, 2, vol. 49.

EXCHANGE AND MART.

Advert Rates Full Page 8/-, Half Page 4/6, Quarter Page 3/3, undisplayed Adverts, 1d. for 4 words.
Minimum number of words, 16.

Wanted Ching Chings Own, old series, and numbers 82 to end old series, Garfield Boys Journal, Foxes Journals & Novels, (any numbers,) Aldine publications of 30/40 years ago. Puleston, 15 Gloucester Ave., Levenshulme, Manchester.

Has any collector the following duplicate numbers of the Boys Standard that he can dispense with to a fellow collector, 491, 492, 493, 494, published 1890, must be in good condition. Good price offered. Harris, 19 Mt. Pleasant, Downings, Glen.

MODEL THEATRE.

The halftone reproduced in our 'Xmas Supplement is a recent photo by The Special Press Ltd., of Mr Pollock busy on a new pantomime for the Juvenile Drama. The block was kindly loaned us by the Editor of the "Daily Mirror."



TO ALL OUR READERS.

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