

FACT AND FANCY

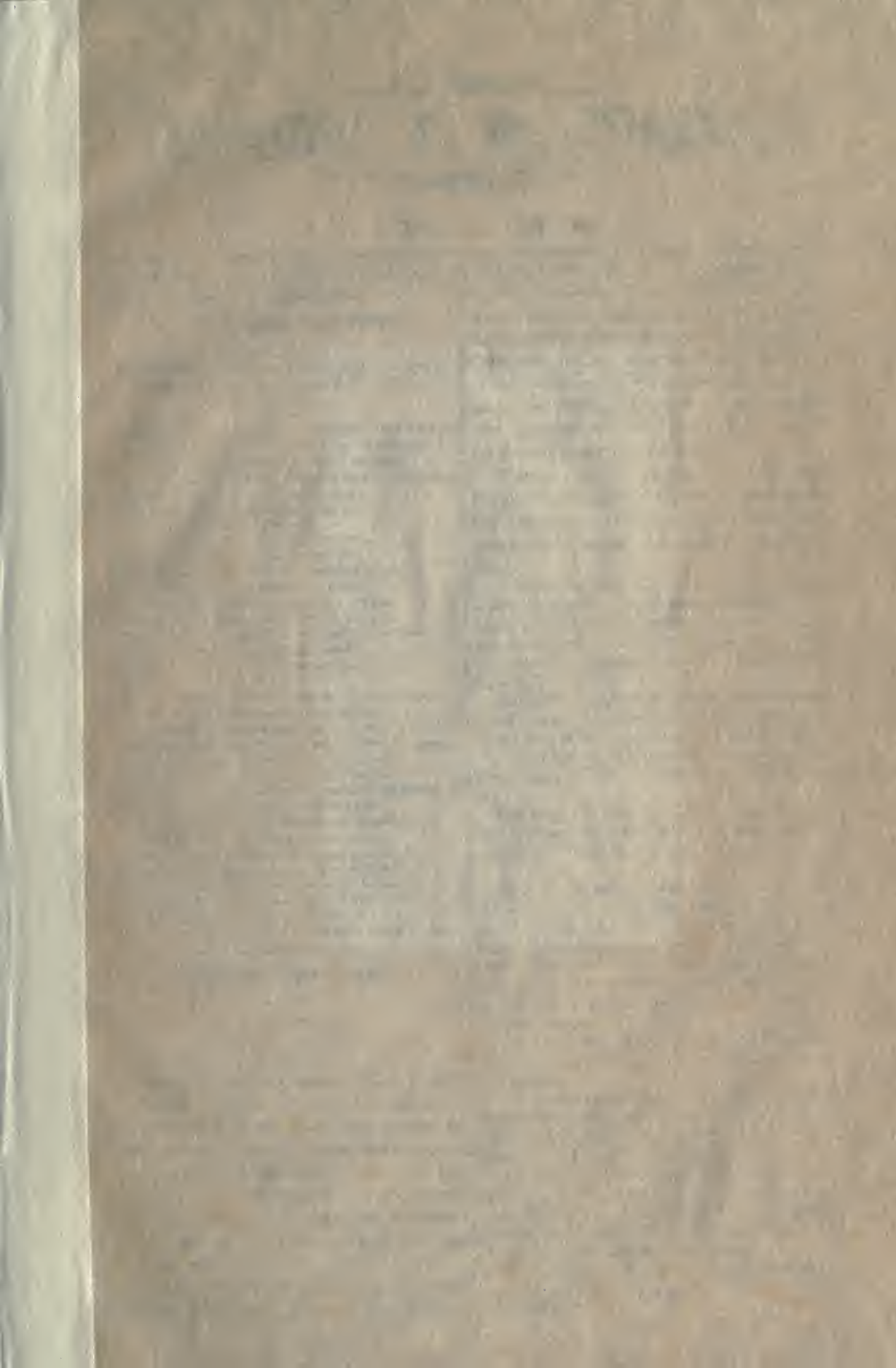
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FACT & FANCY.

'FRISCO IN '86.

VOL. V. No. I. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., JANUARY, 1885. WHOLE No. XXV.

THE PEN AND THE PRESS.

READ AT THE SECOND RE-UNION OF THE GOLDEN STATE
AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION, SEPT. 2, 1884,
BY M. G. JONAS.

Young Genius went out by the mountains and streams,
Entranced by the power of his own pleasant dreams;
Till the silent and wayward and wandering thing
Found a plume that had fallen from a passing bird's wing.
Exulting and proud, like a boy at his play,
He bore the new thing to his dwelling away.
He gazed for a while at its beauties, and then
He cut it, and shaped it, and called it a pen.
But its magical use he discovered not yet,
Till he dipped its bright tips in a fountain of jet;
And oh! what a glorious thing it became,
For it spoke to the world in a language of flame.
While its master wrote on like a being inspired,
Till the hearts of the millions were melted and fired.
It came as a boon and a blessing to men —
The peaceful, the pure, the victorious pen.

Young Genius went forth on his ramble once more,
The vast, sunless caverns of earth to explore.
He searched the rude rock, and with rapture he found
A substance unknown, which he brought from the ground.
He fused it with fire, and rejoiced in the change,
For he melted the ore into characters strange.
His thoughts and his efforts were crowned with success,
For an engine arose, and he called it a press.
The Pen and the Press, blessed alliance, combined,
To soften the heart, and enlighten the mind!
For this to the treasures of knowledge gave birth,
And that sent them forth to the ends of the earth.
Their battles for truth were triumphant, indeed,
And the rod of the tyrant was snapped like a reed.
They were made to exalt us, to teach us, to bless,
Those invaluable brothers — THE PEN AND THE PRESS.

DOUGLASS ROSEMOND.

BY M. G. JONAS.

I.

"Well, all is settled, dearest Zeb!" joyfully exclaimed Douglass Rosemond, as he threw open the door of his cosy little cottage on Rincon Hill. "Yes, I paid the last money on the mortgage this afternoon. And now that we have a house of our own, we can live in contentment. Ah, everything in readiness? well let us 'replenish the inner, etc.,' I'm dreadfully hungry."

Douglass Rosemond was twenty-six years of age, tall, well-built, and though not hand-

some, had a pleasing countenance. He held the honored position of cashier of the Bank of California, and was regarded by the trustees, as one of their most trustworthy men. A year before the opening of this sketch, he won the love and hand of Zebbeline Druth, a beautiful girl, his junior by two years."

"I am so glad Do, for I see it makes you happy, and I shall be happy, too," and here a blush spread over her cheeks, as would have caused a rose of softest hue to hide itself in shame.

"Thank you, dearest. You know the bank closes tomorrow early, being Saturday, so when I have finished my Post, and have heard a little of your work on the piano, and some of your sweet singing, I will retire. Understand darling?"

Zebbeline hastened to comply with her husband's request, and soon her fingers were deftly causing music's strains to roll out in grandeur upon the air, while fascinating tones from her voice, thrilled the heart of her sole listener.

Ere long, the chimes of nine clanged forth and were wafted to the ears of the Rosemonds, and they yielded to the god of rest.

II.

NIGHT, not jealous of her sister, Day, drew her sable robe about her, and gave way to Dawn. The busy little chippy twittered gleefully, and in happiness, lasked itself in the sun's first rays. The lusty rooster crowed with much exertion his morning greeting, and it was sent from yard to yard. All creation seemed happy.

That morning, at an early hour, Douglass bade his wife good-bye, and went to his work at the bank.

About eleven o'clock, after finishing her household duties, Mrs. Rosemond decided to take a stroll, and at the same time do a little of woman's delight—shopping.

All San Francisco's feminine portion seems to be on Kearny street on fashion-showing-day—Saturday. Man makes himself scarce, for the dainty work of the dress-maker, and the delicate inventions of the milliner, have no charms for him. Rather in his office among the cares of business, than in the street midst the follies of woman.

Mrs. Rosemond dropped into Keane's, purchased a few articles, and continued her stroll. At Bush, her attention was arrested by hearing some one say, "Poor Douglas," and another, "Such a nice fellow, its really too bad." Her heart beat violently; what could they mean? Were they talking of HER Do, and what could have befallen him? Glancing over at the CHRONICLE building, she observed a crowd of eager faces peering at a bulletin board. Curiosity, woman-like, aroused her, and hurriedly walking across, she looked up at the board of news, and saw :

10:45 A. M. Died at his desk, Douglas Ros-
--

She could read no further, and with the exclamation, "My God, Do!" she swooned and fell to the ground.

All eyes, at this, turned to the fair form upon the side walk. Hundreds of willing hands were ready to help her. She was borne into the CHRONICLE office, and revived enough to say that she lived at 85 Rincon Hill. A coupe was summoned, and Mrs. Rosemond was taken to her home.

Fully recovered, but quite exhausted, Zebeline threw herself into an easy chair, and a heavy sigh escaped her as she meditated, "Can it be MY dear Do? No, no, He would not take him from me! O, God, what anguish this is!" and a flood of tears burst from her.

How beautiful she looked! Her silken hair fallen loosely over her shoulders, her bosom heaving rapidly, her charming features covered with a crimson mantle. An artist, were he present, would have embraced the opportunity of painting a handsome picture, and titling it "Beauty in Anguish."

At length, sleep conquered pain, and the sufferer fell into a fitful slumber.

* * * * * *

The sound of a key turning in the latch, awakened Zebeline from her short sleep. and she saw a man enter the room. A cry of gladness, a bound, and she is in her husband's arms

"Thank Heaven, it wasn't you, dear Do!" and a flush of joy vanquished the mantle of anguish.

"You silly girl; so you have seen the report have you? Why did you not read closely—Douglas Rosmond. You see, Zebeline, my name has an e and an s more than that one. That Douglas Rosmond is proprietor of a large commission house on Sansome street."

FACT AND FANCY.

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M. G. JONAS.....EDITOR.
T. B. SULLIVAN,.....ASSOCIATE.

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VOL. 5. JANUARY. No. 1.

1883—1885.

Two years ago, the first of January, FACT AND FANCY began its journalistic career. Many papers, like the flowers of a garden, blossom only soon to fade. Not so, however, with FACT AND FANCY. It started with life and vigor, and has earned for itself a position of which its editors feel proud. The following figures may be of interest to our many readers :

FACT AND FANCY's four volumes would make a book of 114 pages. Each page contains 800 words, and 100 lines, each two inches long, and if placed side by side would make 22,800 inches, or little more than one-third of a mile. We have published 5600 words of selected matter, 30,600 of original contributions, 36,000 of editorial, and 41 columns of advertisements. We have issued two Christmas numbers, each consisting of eight pages and cover. Also a Mid-Summer number of twelve pages and cover.

Such has been our work in the past two years, which work is reviewed by us with pleasure. We make no promises for the future, not "knowing what a day may bring forth."

A CONTEMPTIBLE SCHEME.

WHAT a fame-seeking individual the amateur is! Nearly every month, some depressed pen-wielder lays a plan or scheme before Amateurdome. Illinois is now to the front. The editor of a 4x3 sheet, which has been published about six months, boldly puts forth a scheme for "A National Amateur Press Association for the Encouragement of Recruits." How funny that sounds when one thinks of the prosperous, grand old National! This association is to be composed of editors of

"thumb-nail sheets, who cannot be admitted into the National." Here, he is wrong, for there is no clause in the constitution of that association to debar editors of small papers the privilege of becoming members.

It is plain to be seen that this Illinois schemer is seeking notoriety and an office.

THERE is a top rung to every ladder, but they are wider apart as they increase in height. The higher we go, the more likely we are to fall, and the more complete our ruin, when we do fall.

DE FACTO, ARGUS.

WHEN we sent out the August number of FACT AND FANCY, having taken an associate after the issue had been printed, we wrote on the margin of the first page: Please send two copies, or will not exchange; an associate. Nearly all of Amateurdom's papers complied with our request. But a certain young amateur, one Peugh, of New York, says editorially, in his ARGUS: We care not if Jonas' paper has one editor or six, we will send but one.

Very well, Mr. Peugh, it does not require any extraordinary exertion for an editorial mind to communicate to the editorial pen to "scratch" the ARGUS off ye editors' exchange list. We wrote we would not exchange, and now we show you that we MEANT it. We MUST have two copies, or no paper at all.

POLITICS makes strange bedfellows, but the strangest pair we can conceive of, is France and Germany quietly sleeping together, rocked to sleep by the soothing voice of the Czar of Russia, who, so firmly seated upon his throne and enjoying the many fruits of his just and happy reign, desires to conciliate the differences so long existing between the two countries. Some people, however, think that the reason France and Germany are so happily reconciled is because they are awed into it by the angry growlings of the British Lion.

With France and Germany united, and with Spain and Austria as their allies, England would seriously consider the expediency of giving up for once, a country which, like many others, she has stolen.

Better a single friend who is just, good and true
Than enemies numerous, or enemies few.

LIBER FRISCO IN '86

JONAS MEETS MOORE.

W. S. HAS ANOTHER "SCHEME."

William's Forgetfulness.—The Delegates to Boston in June.—A Chat and How it Ended.

We were walking down Montgomery street the other day, (a cold and rainy one) when we met William S. Moore, ex-president of the Golden State Amateur Press Association, and present 3rd Vice-president of the National Amateur Press Association. The following conversation occurred:

"Hullo Jonah."

"Ditto Bilyus."

"Got another scheme!" great emphasis.

Keep cool, that's not strange, you are continually getting them.

"Well this one is live and red-hot. At the next meeting of the Gsapa, I'm going to move that the association elect two delegates to Boston. We've got to have that 'venti n here next year, and we MUST send some one to the east, that's all about it."

Here the auburn-haired genius struck an attitude, which would have astonished Aphrodite; his little orbs shone with a withering glare, the mole on his right cheek expanded, and the seven hairs on his upper lip stood straight out.

"My dear William, has the weather affected you, or what ails you anyhow? Have you already forgotten that lanky Phil Hastings and oratorical Tommy Andrews are going east in June."

"Ah, so be, so be," said he, meditatively. "For the last twenty-four years I have not seen my own dear child, but it is not food I crave, but blood, blood, blood!" The latter is an extract from the play that William is busily engaged upon. "Bah," he continued, 'tis cold, come inside and take --some coffee."

Freeman A. Chamberlain starts in well as an amateur editor, and his paper, the MOON-BEAMS, from the "cow-boy" state is wonderfully interesting. Judging from its contents, we are led to believe that Freeman has wielded the editorial quill in the past.

THE Nova Scotia NUGGET and the Kansas ZEPHYR come with unceasing regularity. The former, though of infantile dimensions, is truly a gem. A nut is indeed small, but we all know that it contains something choice. So with the NUGGET. It, too, is small, but its contents are never devoid of interest.

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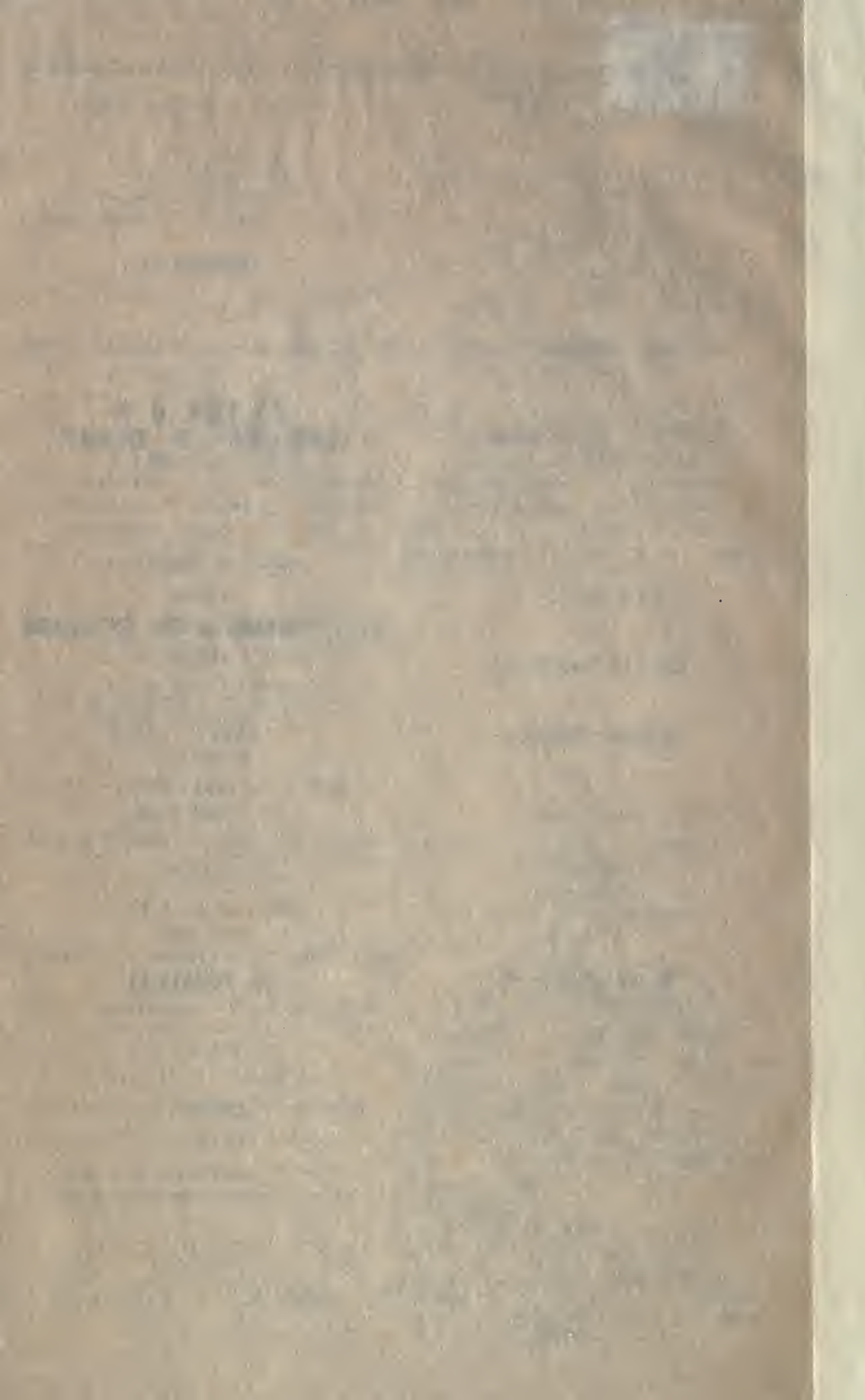
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