

# Amateur Journalism Department

Conducted by James Larkin Pearson

## THE SOUTHERN BUNDLE.

It was my intention to start the Southern Bundle in August, but no papers showed up, hence there was no Bundle to mail out. I shall try it again in September. This change will advance all bundles one month—September, November, January, March, May and July.

Why the members of the Southern do not come together and help make this bundle a success has always been a mystery to me. It is far the cheapest way to mail an amateur paper. To make the bundle a success and self-sustaining there should be six patrons for each Bundle at fifty cents each. It costs about \$3.50 to mail out the Bundle whether there are two or six patrons. You can readily see what I am up against if only two patrons show up. I must pay \$2.50 out of my own pocket to mail out these two papers, or else hold them over for the next Bundle. If I hold them, then there is a howl.

Some think I should perform all the labor and then furnish the money to mail out the Bundle. No one would be more willing to do this than I, but I have not the means, and it is an impossibility for me to mail out these Bundles unless I have the hearty cooperation of the whole membership.

It seems to me that there should be a dozen members in the Southern who would be glad to keep the Bundle moving promptly once each two months. It costs but little to send out a small bi-monthly paper, and if each one would plan to come together in each Bundle we could do much for the cause in this section, and the Southern would continue to be the most active club in the A. J. world. I often receive letters asking what is the matter with the Bundle. Why don't you mail out the Bundle? Comrade, stop writing such stuff and ask yourself this question—"What have I done to make the bundle possible?" Remember, I will mail the Bundle just as often as you make it possible for me to do so. No use to write me about it. All I ask is the filling and the means and I will attend to the elbow-grease. Shall we keep up the Bundle, and thus keep our place in the A. J. world? Comrades, what shall the answer be?

I wish to mention one more thing before I close. Often patrons send me 150 copies, and seldom more than 250 copies of their papers, and ask me to mail a copy to each member of the Southern, National, United and A. P. U. Now I cannot do this with 150 or 200 copies at my disposal. If each Bundle has six patrons I can mail 300 copies for fifty cents, but no more, and I can mail 300 for the same price that I would have to have for mailing 200 copies, provided I had \$3.00 for each Bundle. When I mail out the Bundle, I mail to as many of the active members as I can reach in the different clubs. I am no respecter of associations. Patrons will find this method to their interest, for it puts them in close touch with the whole A. J. world. When a

patron wishes his paper mailed to every member of any one association, he must pay for it.

Now, comrades, I have tried to serve you faithfully and impartially. I feel that I have a right to expect your cordial support. Let each one determine to make six Bundles possible for the Southern this year. Begin with September and stay in to the finish—until next July.

Fraternally yours,  
LOUIS M. STARRING,  
Grand View, Tenn.

## GET BUSY.

Wake up, you Southern amateurs, and get busy. You have elected me as your President, and I am going to do my level best to make things hum this year. But I cannot do much without your support and co-operation. As I have before stated, I am working under very great difficulties, and cannot hope to do half as much as I would like to do. So, friends, don't depend on me to do it all, but get busy yourselves and let the voice of the amateur journalists be heard in the land. This department, which will appear each month will be in the nature of an unofficial message from the President of the S. A. J. A. I want to use this space to spur up the members to greater activity along the lines of writing, printing, recruiting, and so on. I am anxious to see the Laureate honors more eagerly sought after than has been the case in recent years.

Starring is giving us a talk this month on the Southern Bundle, and I hope every member of the Southern will read his remarks—and heed them. You surely cannot ignore such an appeal as Starring makes for the support of the Bundle. There ought to be at least a dozen papers ready each mailing time, and yet it is like pulling eye-teeth to get six. Think it over, boys. Consider the great advantages of the Bundle, and write Starring that you will be with him every pop. I will try my best to reach the Bundle, and if I fail, that is no excuse for you to fail, too.

The eyes of the whole A. J. world are on the South today, and they are expecting great things of us. We must not fail. Writing and publishing papers is the main test of activity, and if those now in the ranks will see to that, then new members will come in without much begging. Get busy! Remember that the pleasure and benefit you get out of amateur journalism must depend altogether on the effort you put into it.

## ACTIVITY COMMITTEE.

I have appointed the following Activity Committee to look after general activity, recruiting, contributing, publishing, correspondence, fraternalism and enthusiasm throughout the South: William T. Way, Chairman, Maude Tuggle, Julian T. Baber, W. C. Headrick, Lenora Sheppard and Ezra D. Sargent. I urge each member of this committee to take an active part

in the work and strive by every means possible to increase both membership and activity in the Southern. Editors should send the committee extra papers to be used in recruit work. Don't forget.

## CRITIC COMMITTEE.

I have re-appointed the Critic Committee of last year to give short, timely criticisms on the work of our Southern writers, the same to be published in the official organ: Hyman Blumberg, Chairman, Ella Merritt and Sallie T. Parish. This committee gave general satisfaction last year, and I am presuming upon their good nature to ask them to serve again.

I wish I could keep up a regular correspondence with each and every member of the Southern, and with all possible recruits, but under present conditions such a thing is out of the question. I must depend on the other officers for much of the work of the administration. Let us all pull together to the utmost of our ability and the year will be a success.

## SOUTHERN AMATEUR NOTES.

I am in receipt of The Record, a C. M. A. paper edited by Flavius E. Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. Sargent have returned from a trip to Buffalo, Niagara Falls, and other points.

For one time the Southern has captured the National Presidency. And President Suhre is suhre to make a good executive.

Herbert P. McGinnis and Hoadly Maddox are editing the St. Albans Sentinel, at St. Albans, W. Va. It is an interesting local paper.

E. Roscoe Hall writes me that he has been having trouble with his eyes. I hope his next letter will tell me that the worst is over and that his eyes are all right again.

I have just received The Surrey Amateur, published by A. Sidney Hickox, 17 Hill Rise, Richmond, Surrey, England. The cause is beginning to flourish in England once more.

The North Carolinian, for July, published by Way and Stafford, is one of the best Southern papers that has appeared in a long time. Give us more Ways and Staffords in the Southern.

The S. A. J. A. convention at Chattanooga was very poorly attended, but those present report a good time. Go to planning right now for the Burlington meet and let's determine to make it a success.

Misses Pearl and Ella Merritt have been making a sojourn in England this summer. I received their proxy ballots from London. I hope they will soon be back home to help keep the Southern on a boom.

Mr. Landon Covington Bell, 198 Merrimon Ave., Asheville, N. C., has just joined the Southern. Mr. Bell is a rising young lawyer and a very charming writer. Southern amateurs, write to Mr. Bell and give him the glad hand of welcome into our ranks.

## IDIOTORIALS.

Congress has authorized two more battle-ships. So you see the universal peace movement is progressing right along.

The Fool-Killer is not a novelty, neither is it a joke. I believe in the ability of mind to overcome matter, and have set my brain, brawn and energy toward making the most unique, the most original and the most eagerly read publication in the United States.

I had forgotten to lie about my editorial staff, and hasten to make good at once. It consists of 2,000 editors and reporters, and not one of them gets less than \$100 a month. By sending in your advertisement a year ahead you are sure of an insertion.

The Fool-Killer is a strange paper, and I intend that it shall be. It's like this: Certain things fall within my particular field of vision which would certainly blow me up if I couldn't have my little say about them. And so I had to start this journal of fearlessness, which is published to quiet my nerves.

When old Farmer Cornrossel sends his big, awkward, raw-boned boy off to Knowitall University, he is supposed to go there for the purpose of getting the hayseed curried out of his mane and to have his little warty intellect sandpapered and varnished. But instead of that they take up two-thirds of the time teaching him how to kick a football or a cow over the moon, and a lot of other physical culture stuff that he could learn just as well on the farm. Verily, these colleges are humbugs, anyhow.

Some say success belongs to those born to their work. Let us follow their logic: Behold the poets, born and not made! Burr-r-r-r-r! Wait a moment! Remember, brethren, even whether a man is born a poet must depend on environment. If necessity obliges the youthful Shakespeare to be water boy on a railroad construction gang, his poetry will soon get buried with the ties. Much depends on our surroundings. The world never hears because we lack the ability to put feelings into words which will awaken similar feelings in the reader. Fame is only for him with the ability to transmit his thoughts for others who are in the same mood as when he wrote. No man can appreciate a love story who has not loved.

For ten days each month, next following The Fool-Killer's appearance in public, I live in agonizing suspense and mortal fear of being ruthlessly dragged from my sanctified sanctum and pumelled into a pumice or peremptorily placed in prison by some irate victims of my literary larping-machine. But regardless of the danger I go right on pouring the melted language down the throats of the rascals and hypocrites. Now is the time to subscribe.