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# Vanity Fair.



An Amateur Magazine

PRINTER AND PUBLISHER



JOSEPH PARKS,  
38, GARNET STREET,  
SALTBRUN - BY - THE - SEA.  
YOKRSHIRE.



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## Notice.

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We have great pleasure in placing before you, the first number of this little magazine. We regret the numerous errors and the shocking bad printing. But in future issues we hope to overcome these difficulties.

We are greatly in need of short stories and articles, under a 1,000 words. All correspondence to be addressed to: JOSEPH PARKS, 38, GARNET STREET, SALT BURN - BY - THE - SEA. YORKSHIRE. This magazine will be published bi-monthly.

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## Our Mutual Friend

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A MANUSCRIPT MAGAZINE.

PARTICULARS FROM: MRS LUCY PARKES,  
3, MAVIS BANK, PRESTON. BRIGHTON.



## Dawn On The East Coast.

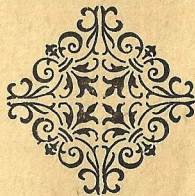
BY JOSEPH PARKS.

The first streaks of dawn  
appera in the East, casting a  
yellow gleam upon the glit-  
tering sea. Slowly deepens,  
tinting the sky with red and  
throwing into bold relief the  
rugged white cliffs.

Out at sea a dirty old  
coasting steamer is wallowing her way towards the  
mouth of the distant river. The air is crisp and cold,  
but bracing.

Slowly the yellow tint in the East deepens into  
gold, and casts its radiance upon the heaving water,  
turning it into a mass of glittering fire.

The silence is intense, broken only by the dull boom



on the surf upon the sandy beach. Slowly and ever slowly the light increases, and the ball of gold in the East appears to rend itself apart from its firey prison and to cast it asunder. It si dawn.

With the coming of the dawn, the cliffs echo and re-echo to the screaming of numerous gulls.

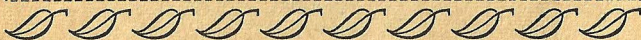
Away on the silvery beach where the tide is racing and surging, a couple of intrepid bathers have arrived, who are hastily casting off their garments, preparatory to doing battle with the pounding surf. A few fishermen are now upon the beach, loading up their cobbles with fishing tackle, ropes and ballast, and over-hauling their sails and running gear for the days toil. One of the men has already launched his little craft, and with the short white lugsail filling out to the puffs of wind that are springing up from the west; is heading out to sea. A string of long-necked cormorants are winging their way towards the East.

The sun has attained more power now, and its alluring influence has enticed several nurse-maids and sundry small children upon the goldern sands.

## A DAUGHTER OF THE LAND.



On this page in the original edition there is a reproduction of a line drawing: in the foreground, a milkmaid with a pail, a cow, a milking stool, and grass; behind them, a field; in the distance are a cottage and some trees.



A stiff breeze is blowing up from the West, capping the dark green waves with dots of white.

By this, all the fishermen have launched their boats, and are now mere specks of white upon the horizon, making towards the distant fishing grounds.

A few hours later and the sands will be teeming with life and gaiety, and echoing to the laughter of countless merry children.



## 'The Little Budget.'

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AN AMATEUR MAGAZINE.

SPECIMEN COPY 3D POST FREE.

FROM.----- MISS MARGARET TRAFFORD,  
15, EGERTON GARDENS,  
LONDON, S. W.



## A LITTLE WORD:

--WHAT IT CAN DO.

It was only a little word spoken by a boy-  
But 't sank deep into a heart and took away its joy.

It was only a little word, 'twas said unawares-  
But 't gave hope t'a yearning heart - and took away its fears.

It was only a little word, gentle soft and sweet-  
But 't comforted a broken heart-'t made new joydells beat.

It was only a little word, but 'twas full of love-  
And a man's hard heart,-bare, hard as stone, was forced to move.

It was only a little word, but it ceal'd a fate:-  
A little word of true love is n'er spoken to late.

MARGARET TRAFFORD.





## Amateur Flashes.

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THE LITTLE BUDGET. We have received No's 1 and 2 of this magazine, which is one of the best amateur publications that we have seen for many years.

The literary tone of this magazine is excellent.

THE POSTSCRIPT. Unfortunately this really artistic magazine consists of only one issue. But we hope that in the near future MR ROOSMALE-COCQ will favour us with many more such issues. MR COCQ by the way, is also contributing a series of articles on Amateur Journalism to the Llandudno Advertiser.

THE SCOT, No's 13 to 18 to hand, MR GAVIN T MCCOLL is to be congratulated for successfully printing and editing his magazine in these strenuous times.

We have also received POSEY, a magazine devoted to poetry, and OUR MUTAL FRIEND, an M.S.S. magazine dealing with country-life.