

## Obituaries

### SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

Samuel Hopkins Adams was born at Dunkirk, New York, on January 26, 1871, a son of Myron and Hester Rose (Hopkins) Adams. His father was a Congregational minister, and his mother was the daughter of a professor of theology. He went to Hamilton College where he played tackle on the football team, regularly won the college poetry prize, and after some interruption due to his use of a bean shooter he was graduated in 1891. During his undergraduate years he was a correspondent for the *New York Tribune*, and upon graduation he began a decade of work as reporter and writer for the *New York Sun*. This was the world, so incredibly far from ours, which he pictures in the novel *Tenderloin*, which was published this year. In 1900 he became managing editor for the McClure Syndicate, and the following year, advertising manager of McClure, Phillips & Co.

In 1903 Adams joined the staff of *McClure's Magazine* which he left abruptly two years later when he found that it showed no willingness to print his exposé of the patent-medicine frauds. So he took his articles to *Collier's Weekly* which used them in its drive to obtain the passage of the Pure Food and Drug Act. These brought him fame and joined him to the team of Lincoln Steffens, Ida Tarbell, and Ray Stannard Baker. Among the most successful of his muckraking efforts was the series of articles written in 1915 for the *New York Tribune* on dishonest advertising.

In 1905 Adams published *The Mystery*, the first of more than fifty novels—even he lost track. Seventeen, of which “The Harvey Girls” was typical, were made into moving pictures. Fifty years after the appearance of the first of these books, his *Grandfather Stories* hit the jackpot of the Book-of-the-Month Club. Most of these novels are good, sound, historical fiction, far more accurate and true to the ear of the professional historian than are most works in this class. Although, as Adams used to point out, these books are not literature, they were well-told stories. His purpose, he told us, was to acquire all of the certainty of background available to the historian, and then to present it as a tale, not in the slightest colored by the crusading emotions and purposes of his muckraking days. It took no mean craftsman to please, as he did, the public, the professional historian, and the hypothetical maiden aunt.

To those of us (and it seems to have been almost everyone whom he met) who were charmed by Sam Adams, who loved and admired him and enjoyed his company, it was incredible that under the pseudonym of Warner Fabian he wrote a series of novels which could have had no purpose but to titillate the emotions of inhibited individuals with weak minds. As tales they are far inferior to his other works, but one characteristic they have in common—so far as I have sampled them I have never found a word which would offend the most delicate ear.

One of the chief reasons for accepting an invitation to participate in the Seminars on American Culture at Cooperstown was the opportunity to spend time with Sam Adams. He would refuse to present formal lectures like the rest of us, but would “answer questions” from his vast store of memory and experience; the session was never long enough. At Cooperstown he impressed upon a whole academic generation the fact that a very distinguished and highly successful

author could be sweet, gentle, and truly modest. Those who had the good fortune to visit him at his homes in Beaufort, South Carolina, and overlooking Lake Owasco near Auburn, New York, say that it was his practice to begin his daily stint of writing at five in the morning, and to be through in time to spend the afternoon at tennis, swimming, or entertaining passing visitors or large groups in the social parties which he so much enjoyed.

Considering the really sound quality of Adams' writing (when Warner Fabian was not in possession), it is curious that he received only one honorary degree, an L.H.D. from Hamilton in 1926. He came to know the library of the American Antiquarian Society as a "pleasant treasure house" which yielded much, such as the Maelzell collection, which went into his novels of Upper New York. When a lameness which set in a dozen years ago hindered his moving about, he and Clarence Brigham settled down to a vast correspondence. He was elected to membership in 1946, and he became one of the most regular contributors to our book funds. He was still hard at work, still inquiring for available source material for projected novels, when death took him at Beaufort on November 16, 1958. C. K. S.

### LOUIS HENRY DIELMAN

Louis Henry Dielman was born in New Windsor, Maryland, on January 16, 1864, a son of Louis and Theodora (Muller) Dielman. His father was an innkeeper but his own childish ambition was to read everything in print. He attended Calvert College in New Windsor, and in 1881 apprenticed himself to a Baltimore druggist and enrolled in the Maryland College of Pharmacy. Later he attended the

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