

CC

# THE STORY OF TWO CONVENTIONS,



And Other Sketches,

By ROY FARRELL GREENE.

A Clean Sweep 

THE  
EASTERN  
PHILATELIST,

25 CENTS PER YEAR.

F. H. PINKHAM,

New Market, - - N. H.

E. T. PARKER,

with his fine line of

## Stamps,

is awaiting orders from  
those looking for  
BARGAINS.

BETHLEHEM, - - PA.

New England  
Stamp Co.,

325-333  
WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

Carry the Finest  
Line of Stamps.

WE CATER  
TO  
ALL WANTS.

UNIQUE  
RARE  
DESIRABLE

## A Leader

that leads--the van in  
America and Europe.

"The Pennsy,"  
25c a year.

C. W. KISSINGER,

Box 368, READING, PA., U. S. A.

The Philatelic Checkerboard excels all others.



PRICE,  
25c.

Published by 

Cleve Scott,  
Central City, Nebraska,  
U. S. A.

**THE PENNSYLVANIA  
PHILATELIST.**

*Only 25c per Year.*

Official Organ of P. S. of A.

IT'S \_\_\_\_\_  
ORIGINAL,  
NEWSY,  
NEAT.

**That's What Knocks!**

**C. W. KISSINGER,**  
Dealer in Postage Stamps.

All kinds — cheap and  
rare.

I buy stamps for Cash.

Anything in the line  
furnished in a prompt  
and reliable manner.

**It's Four of a Kind!**

When you need anything in  
the line, its

**C. W. KISSINGER,**

P. O. Box 368.

Reading, Pa., U. S. A.

**It's Four of a Kind!**

**THE PHILATELIC POSTAL  
CARD**

**THE JOURNALISTIC  
NOVELTY OF THE  
19TH CENTURY.**

25c A YEAR.

**NEWSY AND BRIEF.**

**EVERYTHING IN SCOOPS!**

**THE STAMP COLLECTOR'S  
WEEKLY.**

Forty Cents a Year.

(F. S. Fox, Editor.)

Size of "Mekeel's Weekly."

Correspondents from  
every nook and corner of  
the Union.

"THE . . . .  
STORY OF TWO CONVENTIONS,  
. . . . AND OTHER SKETCHES,"

— BY —

ROY FARRELL GREENE.

Author of "MY CANADA COUSIN," "THE ELLSWORTH  
STAMP CLUB, AND WHAT CAME OF IT." Etc., Etc.

o o o o o

" It is a privilege of poets,  
Tho' oft we see them rueing it,  
To be a fool, to act the fool,  
And know it while they're doing it."

o o o o o

CENTRAL CITY, NEBRASKA.  
CLEVE SCOTT,  
Publisher.  
1893.

**THE PENNSYLVANIA  
PHILATELIST.**

*Only 25c per Year.*

**Official Organ of P. S. of A.**

IT'S \_\_\_\_\_  
ORIGINAL,  
NEWSY,  
NEAT.

**That's What Knocks!**

**C. W. KISSINGER,**  
Dealer in Postage Stamps.

All kinds — cheap and  
rare.

I buy stamps for Cash.

Anything in the line  
furnished in a prompt  
and reliable manner.

---

---

# It's Four of a Kind!

---

---

When you need anything in  
the line, its

**C. W. KISSINGER,**

P. O. Box 368.

Reading, Pa., U. S. A.

---

---

# It's Four of a Kind!

---

---

**THE PHILATELIC POSTAL  
CARD**

**THE JOURNALISTIC  
NOVELTY OF THE  
19TH CENTURY.**

25c A YEAR.

**NEWSY AND BRIEF.**

**EVERYTHING IN SCOOPS!**

**THE STAMP COLLECTOR'S  
WEEKLY.**

Forty Cents a Year.

(F. S. Fox, Editor.)

Size of "Mekeel's Weekly."

Correspondents from  
every nook and corner of  
the Union.

"THE . . . .  
STORY OF TWO CONVENTIONS,  
. . . . AND OTHER SKETCHES,"

— BY —

ROY FARRELL GREENE.

Author of "MY CANADA COUSIN," "THE ELLSWORTH  
STAMP CLUB, AND WHAT CAME OF IT," Etc., Etc.

o o o o o

"It is a privilege of poets,  
Tho' oft we see them rueing it,  
To be a fool, to act the fool,  
And know it while they're doing it."

o o o o o

CENTRAL CITY, NEBRASKA.  
CLEVE SCOTT,  
Publisher.  
1893.



Yours Stampically  
Roy, Farrell Greene



**TO HER**  
who has been the source  
of my  
**ENCOURAGEMENT AND INSPIRATION**  
and to whom  
I owe the tenderest debt  
of  
**LOVE AND GRATITUDE**  
this little work is dedicated by  
**ROY F. GREENE.**



---

: PREFACE.:

---



IN arranging this volume of fragmentary writings, it has not been my aim to crowd the covers with wearisome statistics or dreamy effusions, but rather to give to the younger element of stamp collectors something to while away a few hours in reading and then forgetting. For is it not the fate of most authors' productions to possess a temporary infatuation which is soon forgotten in the hurry-scurry of the business life for which this generation is remarkable?

It has not been my intention to place before the philatelic world a volume which will bring either fame or fortune, but instead a collection of little pleasantries, which I trust the critics will humor kindly, and which will please the thousands of novices in our great hobby.

If success crown my labors in this direction, my every effort will be repaid an hundred fold.

THE AUTHOR.



## THE STORY OF TWO CONVENTIONS.

Gettysburg—1863.

---

A line of blue, a line of grey,  
Some fields and hedges lie between,  
'Tis early morn, these veterans old  
Upon their muskets idly lean,  
No trace of passion, hatred, fear  
Has o'er their faces cast a shade;  
Indifferent quite they seem to be,  
As though 'twere but a dress parade.

But hold! Ah, who is this that comes  
Adown the line on panting steed?  
Expectant gleams each soldier's eye,  
'Tis orders from the gallant Meade.  
"Attention! Boys, stand firmly, true,  
And plans of Lee we'll surely foil.  
In Southern homes they'll weep for them  
Who first set foot on Northern soil."

Adown the line there rose a cheer,  
As from a hundred thousand throats;  
The mountains echo back its tone  
And up to Heaven's gate it floats.  
The line moves on; the cannons roar  
And belch forth showers of leaden hail  
Which means sad hearts in Northern homes,  
A widow's weeds and the orphan's wail.

Two days of battle upon this field,  
And thus commenced the bloody third;  
Shells screeching their fury adown the line  
Like darting swoops of some monster bird,  
And now the lines grow strangely close,  
And the demon of passion at last awoke,  
As comrades fall on either side  
In answer to muffled bayonet stroke.

The day grows on, the noonday sun  
Beams down on a blood-red tinted field.  
The Southern ire is at its height;  
Men have learned to die but never yield,  
While under those Northern coats of blue  
A kindling fire has been slowly fanned,  
Determined men are meeting death  
For God, their homes and their native land.

No noonday meal for the famished troops,  
For hunger's unknown in the days of strife;  
The only rule for the battle field  
Is shot for shot and life for life.

Men knew not hunger, or thirst, or pain,  
As the lines were twisted back and forth;  
The blue-coats thought only of victory  
O'er rebels defiant on soil of the North.

And hours passed by and the Union blue  
Had pressed to the rear the Southern grey,  
But great the cost, for the Northern boys  
Had died like heroes, and thick they lay  
O'er the field of carnage and fearful strife,  
E'en to the field's most outer marge,  
While a broad expanse of mangled dead  
Marked well the scene of brave Pickett's charge.

And night came on and the victors slept,  
While vanquished marched to the South again  
A remnant only of Lee's bright band,  
For many upon the field were slain.  
Thus ended the battle of Gettysburg,  
This ghastly battle on Northern soil,  
Where Meade won honors and pæans of praise,  
While gallant Lee was forced to yield.



## THE STORY OF TWO CONVENTIONS.

Gettysburg—1892.

---

A line of cars and an iron horse  
Drew up to the station one July day.  
A party of youths and men in glee  
Alighted and peacefully made their way  
To the Globe Hotel, in the little town  
Where the Northern blue and the Southern grey  
Battled for right, supremacy,  
But twenty-nine years ago that day.  
Forgotten now was all that strife,  
The Northern enemy, Southern foe;  
No marshalling troops, no trumpet's blare,  
No Dixie "tiger" or Yankee "crow,"  
But arm in arm and two by two  
Came Charleston's delegate and by his side  
New York, while following close behind  
Pennsylvania and Maryland kept the stride.  
A stamp convention and that was all;  
A mingling of the stampic clans,  
Where peace and good will reigned supreme  
And hearts drew closer to brother man.  
The legions from North-land talked and chaffed  
With South-land brothers in mystic ties—  
Not mystic! No! 'Tis but plainly seen  
That to stamps alone all the honor lies.

The morning dawned, the convention met,  
And hours passed slowly in wordy wars;  
But three decades had changed it all  
And none withdrew with ugly scars.  
Brave Pickett forgotten and are his deeds,  
With all the wounded and noble dead,  
But in the annals of stamps remain  
The charge that fiery Kantner led.

The names rewritten, the years between,  
But still unchanged as none dispute,  
For both brave charges were in vain,  
Both valorous charges bore no fruit.  
The gallant Kantner met defeat,  
Upon this field good men went down;  
Not bullets but ballots settled their fate,  
And little New Jersey gained renown.

Then followed feasting and mirth galore,  
Though all were "shot" ere the day was done,  
Not by fiery liquors and ruby wine  
But by a photographer "just for fun."  
Then back to the battle they slowly filed,  
Not into the shot and flames of hell,  
But back to the epicurean feast  
The landlord spread at the Globe Hotel.

Then "good-byes" said with a choking voice,  
The stampic armies resumed their way,  
Some to the Yankee land afar,  
Some to the Southland bright and gay.  
Friendships were plighted, hands were clasped.  
Handkerchiefs floated on summer air  
As a parting shot, just as banners waved  
When shells and minie balls whistled there.

Thus ended the battle of Gettysburg—  
The second battle as it is known—  
But never a tear of sorrow shed  
And never escaped a suffering groan  
Save from those who sat at the festive board  
And "let fate do her worst" while they ate and ate.  
These groaned in their abject misery  
And then succumbed to the gourmand's usual fate.



## THE STORY OF TWO CONVENTIONS.

Chicago—1871.

The darkening shades of an autumn night,  
A breeze from Michigan's heaving lake;  
A cry of "Fire" rings in our ears  
And startled sleepers in terror wake.  
Soon firemen rush to the engine-house  
And eagerly answer to their names,  
Then out with a din, a clash, and then  
Begins a fight with the hungry flames.  
Men panic-stricken rush here and there  
With terror depicted on every face,  
While mothers rush to the cradle wild  
And clasp their babes in fond embrace,  
For classes, clans and social lines  
Have vanished, all distinctions flown,  
For sorrow has entered each humble heart,  
And terror has marked them for his own.  
"Chicago in flames" ticks the telegraph  
Adown the line to east and west,  
"We want more engines, firemen;"  
And brave men answer with eager zest.  
They come from the cities large and small,  
A motley crew but with kindly heart,  
Intent on battling the fiery flames,  
In defense of Chicago to do their part.

But the hungry flames reach higher yet,  
No power can stay their angry sweep;  
They lick the roof of the palace home  
Just as they into the hovel creep;  
Men battle and curse and pray and weep,  
While misery, fear, their heart enthalls,  
But still the thick smoke hovers above  
And still comes the crackle of tottering walls.

Ah! Nobly they fought through long weary hours  
For homes and firesides, family, friends,  
But every hour brings havoc more,  
Each passing minute more terror lends.  
At last man conquers, but view the field  
O'er which the fire has ruthless burned;  
Not a remnant there of the former worth,  
No escaping thing can be discerned.

Chicago in ashes! A sombre scene!  
Its glory vanished, its beauty flown,  
And brooding it sits in its ashen cloak,  
Sheds tears of sorrow, but not alone;  
For over the land from north to south  
Fall tears of sorrow, and pity, and all;  
But brooding lasted but one brief day  
And Chicago arose above it all.

Though fortunes were lost in a single hour,  
And pitiless want came stalking in,  
Men sat not idly bemoaning her fate  
Nor whispering sadly, "It might have been."  
Though buildings to ruin had quickly passed  
And silenced quite were the busy marts,  
One thing had not suffered by fiery blast:  
There was still a city of noble hearts.



Thus looking back on the blackened past  
It seems that history falsifies,  
Incredible quite that few years have flown  
Since Queen Chicago in ruin lies.  
This city of western enterprise  
By deeds and words all hearts has won,  
For this is eighteen ninety-three,  
And that was eighteen seventy-one.



## THE STORY OF TWO CONVENTIONS.

Chicago—1893.

---

A flash of light on Michigan's lake  
As if from a thousand planets cast,  
Revealing for miles the silvery sheen  
Of waters, and ships with their towering masts;  
'Tis the search-lights there of the city white,  
No fiery flames in the inky dark,  
'Tis only the gay illumined scene  
That rises before us in Jackson Park.

The Venetian craft with their gondoliers  
Flit hither and thither amid the gloom,  
And ripples of laughter ring gladly out  
Along the marge of the deep lagoon,  
And Orient yields to the chosen scene  
Romantic pictures, while e'en the Rhine  
Seems to flow beneath us with Germans gay,  
And e'en the natives of Palestine.

'Tis the great World's Fair that is at its height  
And visitors throng the streets by day,  
And night comes only to see the crowds  
Pass down the streets of the great Midway;  
Egyptians, Turks and Esquimaux  
In gay confusion pass and meet;  
While Yankees gaze in an ardent way  
At the beauties gathered on Cairo street.

But up in the city's roar and din  
Philately's army push their ways  
Down crowded streets 'neath the buildings tall,  
Wearing their badges of colors gay,  
Some of orange and black they say  
'Tis the chosen emblem of Baltimore,  
And some with ribbons of yellow or blue,  
And their leader's picture each one bore.

They met in a hall on a summer's day,  
A party of men both young and old;  
Some with modesty, candor, truth,  
Some were haughty, and proud, and bold,  
Some had gathered from love of stamps,  
To mingle with brothers was every aim;  
Some had gathered to "rule the roost;"  
From love of office still others came.

A noble battle was fought that day;  
But never a shot was seen 'or heard.  
A new rule of warfare had guided all;  
'Twas a charge for a charge and a word for a word.  
When darkness settled upon the scene  
Each side's mettle was sorely tested,  
But ended not was the war of words,  
So each side leaned on their arms and rested.

On the morrow the battle began anew,  
And up to noon there was constant clashing.  
What happened after's a story old,  
So old 'twill not bear rehashing;  
But one side tired of parleys and feints,  
Of ambuscades and traitors to reason,  
Withdrew from the field of unequal strife,  
And ended the war of the summer season.

Of course all our hopes to ruin had fallen,  
The structure we'd raised had rudely perished  
Just as the fire of seventy-one  
In ruins laid all that we had cherished.  
But with honest heart and a willing hand  
We forgot the bickers and little clashes,  
We commenced to build, in a quiet way,  
A nobler one on the old one's ashes.

What's once been done can be done again,  
And despite the repeated cry of "treason"  
We'll rear a new one, better far—  
Foundation of brotherhood, truth and reason.  
Sorry are we for this chasm wide,  
We bemoan the fact of these wild contentions;  
Others willed it so, it can't be helped—  
Thus endeth "The Story of Two Conventions."



## HOW I CAME TO WRITE THE "ELLSWORTH CLUB."

---

It was a frosty October morning in the year 1892 that I sat in my room engaged in writing a short sketch for a well-known philatelic paper, only stopping now and then to brush the ashes off a cigar which was then, as it is now, the personification of my muse.

I was awakened from my reveries, so to speak, by the postman's whistle, and rising to my feet I joyously opened the door and received my portion of the early morning's mail. Did you ever stop to think what happy smiles are given to the postman? The rich heiress, arrayed in her daintiest gown, with flowers in her hair, showers smiles upon the postman, even though he be far removed from her in the social scale, as he certainly is, for it is he who brings the love offerings, the passionate letters, from the far-distant lover, which makes the blood rush to her cheeks and her heart to beat wildly, as a bird beats its wings against the cage which confines it. Ah! what a happy life is the postman's, e'en though it is filled with long days of almost ceaseless tramping up and down the crowded thoroughfares and up almost endless flights of stairs until it seems as though the top will never be reached; yet the smiles and happy greetings at the top seem to amply repay him for the exertion.

As I again resumed my position at the desk and hastily glanced over the letters which had been handed me, I noticed one from a philatelic friend of mine who resides in a little village in the province of Quebec in the Dominion of Canada.

It was a bulky letter and I hastened to open it. After the usual greetings and expressions of good will, my correspondent went on to state that a philatelic club had been organized in his native town a few months before, and entering into a deeper description of its objects and environments, he told me of the individual members, the young men and women who had contributed to its success, of the semi-monthly meetings, the pleasures and pastimes of this philatelic club, and ending it by asking me to give it to the philatelic world as a bit of fiction.

It is needless to say that I was much impressed by the plain, unvarnished story of this little philatelic club which was struggling against the tide of public opinion, and was seeking to elevate our hobby despite the odds.

However, the facts of the case were not fully placed before me until other letters had been exchanged between us, so that it was November, with its forebodings of snow and ice, before I had completed my rough sketch of what the "Ellsworth Club" was to be.

It was on the 14th of November that I gathered my "briefs," or in other words the draft of the story that was to be, and began on the real work of the "Ellsworth Club."

The characters were taken from real life, the same personalities that my Canadian friend had given me as the real characters in the real club.

Of course it was necessary to introduce some features which were not recorded as the Canadian club's own. These I arranged partly after my own ideas of a model philatelic society and partly from the workings of other clubs, the data of which kind correspondents had favored me with, until at last I had reached the concluding pages of the prepared draft. Here I found myself at a loss to know in what manner to conclude my story of the "Ellsworth Club."

Of course I could leave it right in the midst of its glory, as

it were, the anti-philatelic sentiment absolutely swept away, its former enemies now enlisted as its most untiring workers, the society still pushing on toward the goal of success. And perhaps it would have been better to have concluded it in this way, but conflicting emotions possessed me. One said to make the "Ellsworth Club" no more than it really was under another name; the other said to go on and let fiction supply the desired results. The latter proposition was heeded and I will add, candidly and honestly, that the happy ending of the story was entirely fictional in its nature and drawn from no actual occurrence. The happy mating of "divided pairs," the after-thoughts and actions only dwelt in the realms of fancy. Thus was the "Ellsworth Club" written and placed in the hands of the publisher.

Yet there is a sequel, a continuation of the story, which Father Time, in his tireless crusade, has made it possible for me to dwell upon, and which, in the light of past events, I am safe in adding almost a year after the opening chapters were written.

During the year which has passed and gone since the facts of the case in the formation of the little Canadian club were set before me, I have kept up the correspondence between my "Canuck" friend and myself, and each letter has brought me further proceedings and events which have transpired in the club's history. A social event now and then, an enumeration of the new recruits, and the chronicle of human events, the love affairs, the sick-beds, the plighting of heart and hand, in short the records of one year such as every bustling city or quiet village is heir to. And these erstwhile visions of old friends—for such I feel every one of the original characters in the "Ellsworth Club" to be—through the medium of pen, ink and paper, have afforded me no small amount of pleasure.

A year has made a great change, not in hearts but in surroundings. The little club is still a reality, the prime movers

are still the same, the cadet barracks are yet the meeting place the same albums and the same stamps are to be seen, though, of course, the latter are surrounded by many more companions, but the concluding chapters of my story, which I have told you were entirely fictional, have been verified by the lapse of one brief year.

The original Charley Phillips last month stood before the altar with the little village beauty whom the readers of the "Ellsworth Club" knew as Irene Haynes. He who was made to speak in the first person in that story, but whom you have already guessed to be the kind friend who handed me the material for the story, sent me a wedding invitation last July, and as I read it I chuckled audibly as I saw that the bride was none other than she whom you all knew as the bright little secretary, Cora Gregory.

Doctor Tuxley, the genial, pleasant gentleman whom we all loved, has passed into the "great beyond." Surrounded by family and friends in his home in the Golden State, he passed into the sleep that knows no waking one day this summer.

Jesse Nolan, as you knew our former librarian, is in reality as yet only a private soldier in Her Majesty's service, but I understand he is soon to rise to the rank of an officer, so that after all, the four years which are yet to pass ere the changes which I pictured in my closing chapters were to be realized, may bring the happiness, prosperity and the honors which I thrust upon them. For "truth is stranger than fiction," and I yet have hope that success may perch upon the banners of those whom I introduced to the philatelic world in "The Ellsworth Club."



## A PHILATELIST'S SWEETHEART.

(As Described by Himself.)

---

She's a darling little maiden  
With a wondrous wealth of curls,  
Her ways are sweet and winsome,  
Her teeth like rows of pearls;  
Her hair, tied back with ribbons,  
Is pretty as can be,  
The color of the Switzerland  
One franc of '63.

Her walk is very graceful,  
Her smile is winning quite,  
She never paints or powders  
Because it is not right.  
Her cheeks—I can't describe them—  
They have a healthy glow,  
Their color like the '77  
100 c. of Mexico.

Her voice like angel music  
Floats out on summer air;  
In fact, in all the wide world  
There ne'er was girl more fair.  
Her eyes are tender, loving,  
A deep, bewitching blue,  
The color of the Iceland  
20 aur of '82.

Her dress a royal purple  
Like the Justices so rare,  
Her heart is true and loving  
And free from every care.  
Her pretty Easter bonnet  
Is sweet and fair to see,  
With flowers every color  
Of the English Jubilees.  
My heart is "perforated"  
By this little maiden's wiles;  
My heart beats wildly every time  
She looks at me and smiles.  
For her I'd gladly challenge fate,  
And nobly do and dare.  
God speed the day when we may be  
An "undivided pair."



## A MODERN RIP VAN WINKLE.

---

It was the autumn of the year. Jack Frost had come one moonlight night and dyed the maple leaves from a bright green to a dull red with now and then a streak of yellow. It was the year 1866 and the scene was a New England village.

Ross Carleton, a bright, rosy-cheeked boy of eighteen, was walking briskly up the village street with his hands thrust deep in his trousers pockets, and his puckered lips emitting the classical music of "Yankee Doodle"—for the great civil war had only recently come to an end and veterans of many a hard-fought battle were wont to congregate at the corner grocery and relate in true Yankee style the trials and vicissitudes they had endured in southern swamps and prison-cells, and Ross Carleton had been fired with these recitals until he was a patriot to the core, and the inspiring notes of "Yankee Doodle," "The Girl I Left Behind Me" or "Hail Columbia" were ever on his lips.

Ross was a student in the high school of Elmhurst, as the quiet little town was called, and he was now on his way to the modest little school house in the farther end of the town.

Ross had ambitions like most boys of his age. He had built air-castles without number, but his latest bent had been toward a sea-faring life.

This infatuation had come upon him the summer before while he was down to Boston and had viewed from the wharf the mighty ocean vessels loading and unloading their cargoes of merchandise from foreign ports.

Like most boys, this scene wrought him up to a high pitch of enthusiasm, and as he watched the sailors laughing and chaffing on the decks of these mighty ocean craft, he formed the idea that nothing could equal the pleasures of a sailor's life. So he had only left the scene with the well-formed plan to tread, at some future time, the deck of some beautiful ship, himself a sailor, and with a foreign port as his destination.

In school he was a leader in his class, and this year he was to graduate from school-life. Then he was to seek out a berth on some of these stately ships which were plying between Boston and the Eastern Hemisphere. Of course he often thought of the opposition he might expect from his father and mother, but so far he had not broached the subject uppermost in his mind.

The winter passed slowly. The days seemed weeks and the weeks months to Ross, who, in his pent-up enthusiasm, was eagerly looking forward to the graduation exercises in May.

About the only consolation Ross had was in poring over an old ledger partly filled with queer stamps from the Orient afar and the less remote European nations.

He had commenced to collect stamps, why he knew not, for there were no other collectors that he knew of; he had gathered them from various sources as if by inspiration, and gleaned a grain of comfort from them now as he would sit in the gathering twilight in his little room and think of the time when he might write home and use these same curious postal treasures.

But winter passed into gay spring at last, as all winters do, and the day when he should graduate drew nigh. There was a great rivalry for the honors of the class and it looked very much as if Don Woodson, the son of the village magnate, was to carry them off.

As the day drew nigh the senior Carleton, who was a very ambitious man, approached Ross one day and asked him what his chances were for winning the honors of the class. Ross told

him very plainly how the matter stood; how Don Woodson was making almost superhuman efforts to graduate at the head, and how in all likelihood he would attain the height of his ambition.

Whether it was an oath from the senior Carleton that greeted this exclamation, I am not prepared to say, but certain it is that his brow wrinkled into an ugly frown, and after hesitating a moment as if to weigh the matter carefully before speaking, he at last said: "My boy, if you will struggle hard and win the honors, I will gratify any wish of yours that you, in the future, may ask."

Ah! here was a chance to gain his father's consent to his becoming a sailor.

"Anything that I might ask, father?"

"Anything, my son; all I ask of you is to go in and win."

There was hard study ahead of it all, but Ross held a very high opinion of his abilities and when he made up his mind he would do anything, he was never afraid of its outcome. So he went to school the next morning with a light heart and a determination to succeed. He applied himself to his books as though his very life was at stake, and so he felt it to be, for if he could not be a sailor, he did not care what became of him.

At last it came! The long looked for Commencement day, with its gay girl graduates who read essays on "What Will the Future Be?" "That Which Confronts Us," and like topics, in which they bid good-bye to school days, with tears in their eyes, and dwelt pathetically on the future that lay before them. How each one shall go forth to battle for themselves with courage, inspiration and fortitude, and those same girls go home that night and play on the piano while their mothers wash the supper dishes.

But what of our friend Ross! He won the honors by a fraction, Don Woodson being a close second. It was in the final review of the common branches that Ross gained his points and

succeeded in pushing his grade higher than Don's. The questions were very hard, and particularly so in geography, but Ross had studied his stamps too well to let simple geography balk him, and thus the battle was won.

Soon after the excitement of the hour in this quiet little village had subsided, it was thrown into another spasm of wondering and guessing over the very unexpected trip of Ross Carleton to Boston, where it was rumored that he was to ship on a trans-Atlantic vessel to be gone no one knew how long.

These were the stock in trade of the village gossips for many weeks, though no one knew anything positive about it, for the Carletons had refused to say anything on the subject.

It is not necessary to know how it all came about; we will suppose that there were the usual tearful good-byes and God-speed on the part of the parents, and the promises of the boy to come back with enough gold to buy the town and country round about. All that I pretend to know about the matter is that the elder Carleton was true to his promise, even though rashly made, and that Ross in due time signed the ship's papers and embarked on a long voyage.

Some say that it was a trading vessel, others affirm that it was a whaler which carried Ross and his few possessions, tied up in a small bundle, away from the New England coast one June day twenty-six years ago.

The bundle which he carried away with him contained but meagre riches, as the word is implied, but it will not be amiss to say that the little ledger and its scattered pages of stamps was tied up in that package.

A year passed, and letters had come frequently from Eastern shores to the father and mother, telling them of his successes and reverses, for like other boys who have left home to seek their fortunes, Ross found things not "as merry as a marriage bell." He had quitted the ship on account of sickness, and

when his health had been regained, he had not sought a sailor's life again. He found that "all that glitters is not gold," and in the slang phrase of this generation, that a sailor's life wasn't "what it was cracked up to be." So he had taken a clerkship in an European city and was seeking to load himself down with the promised gold ere he returned to his New England home.

Another year passed and things were much the same in the quiet little village of Elmhurst, save that the usual town gossip was delineating on the long silence of Ross Carleton, never forgetting to preface her tale with: "Now don't you tell! You won't will you?" and upon being assured that she was talking to one endowed with the properties of an oyster, she would go on to say that Mrs. Dowd, the postmaster's wife, had told her how "that Carleton boy was always so prompt in sending letters to his father and mother, up to about six months ago, and since then there's been never a scratch of a pen from him, and how as Mr. Carleton would come to the office and ask for a letter 'most every day, and when the postmaster would shake his head, he'd sigh and walk out looking as though his heart would break."

And so time passed and months lengthened into years, and still no news from the absent Ross Carleton. His mother mourned him as dead, and furrows of care had come to the father's brow. The old home had changed as much as its inmates; instead of gray hairs and wrinkled cheeks, it showed its old age by its weather-beaten sides and warping, rotting shingles. Boys had grown into men with families of their own; a new generation of schoolboys and schoolgirls pored over their books in the same old school-room. All that remained unchanged about the old home place were the forest monarchs which shaded the streets, and they, with but few exceptions, had grown old gracefully. The twenty-six years which had elapsed since Ross Carleton in his boyish glee had left home and friends behind him to mingle with the outer world, had dealt

kindly with these old beeches and elms, and they had lived to see many changing pictures as the kaleidoscope of time shifted and turned. Twenty-six long years, for this was 1892 and that was 1866 when the shapely vessel left Boston harbor on its journey to the eastward.

---

“Can this be the old home? Am I not dreaming again one of those hideous dreams which have come to infest my slumbers and haunt the days that followed? Ah! if this be a dream, curse the awakening.” The speaker was a man of thirty-five or forty years of age, though one at first glance would take him for fifty, for the bronzed face and hands gave him “an old look,” as our grandmothers would say.

He was passing down one of the narrow sidewalks in the village of Elmhurst, and, as if in a dream, casting glances of astonishment at the scenes about him. At last he neared the gate leading to the Carleton cottage, and measuring with a glance the changes that had come, he muttered under his breath, “’Tis the same old place, but how changed! Wonder if father and mother still live, to welcome the wanderer’s return?” A sudden fear came over him that Death might have preceded him months and years, and he hesitated to enter the sagging gate in front of his old home.

---

Squire Carleton, as he was known, was gazing through the half-open shutters into the street beyond—a gaze which seemed directed at nothing in particular; one of those deep, earnest views which betoken a look at the present surroundings while the mind is working in the past.

But at last he became conscious of the presence of some one standing by the gate, seemingly drinking deep of pleasure, while his attention seemed riveted on the old house itself.

Calling his wife to his side, they both looked long and



earnestly at the figure before them. Not a feature they knew; who could it be?

At last the squire and his wife stepped to the door, and opening it wide the old man asked the stranger his mission.

"'Tis they!" cried the bronzed personage, and Ross Carleton, changed in features but not in heart, came home again.

---

'Twas the source of village gossip for months "as how Mr. Ross Carleton had returned from Asia and was settled down with the old folks, and as how men say he is rich as Cræsus, whatever that may mean."

Ross Carleton had been leading a romantic life, as the world would put it, among the almond-eyed Mongolians and in the flowery kingdom of the Japanese, and since he had written two letters to his parents which had never been answered, and which we suppose had gone astray, he had thought his parents dead and gone, since which time he had been living the life of one "the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

But now all had been explained. The tangled web of circumstances which had so long deceived him had been straightened out and happiness reigned supreme.

---

The Elmhurst Philatelic Club had a membership of some twenty-five active and enthusiastic collectors, and many fine collections were the property, as well as the pride, of its members.

One day, as if by fate, Harvey Reed, a member of the club, approached Mr. Ross Carleton and asked him if he did not possess any foreign letters which might have stamps on them, as he was collecting stamps and would like new ones for his collection.

"What! You collecting stamps? Why, what ever put that idea into your head?"

"Why, all the boys, nearly, and girls too, collect stamps, and we've got a philatelic society and —"

"What do you mean by philatelic, my boy?"

"Why, stamp collecting; that's what the papers and the big dealers call it. But won't you come down to my house a few minutes and I'll show you my album?"

"Why, certainly." And walking along with the enthusiastic boy, Mr. Ross Carleton passed down the village street while the people stared in amazement and the gossiping women looked puzzled and said, "Why, just think on it! Mr. Ross Carleton, who hasn't so much as looked at us folks, walking down the street with that Reed boy."

Carleton was muttering to himself, "'papers,' 'big dealers,' 'albums'—what does it all mean?" But soon he was to find out.

Harvey seated his guest in the best room, and soon brought out a book which he called his "album," and as Carleton turned the pages, eagerly devouring with his eyes their contents, he seemed to realize it all. But why go on?

Carleton had, in his wanderings through foreign lands, picked up a neat little collection of stamps, adding them to his little ledger, but he had remained ignorant of the fact that stamp collecting was indulged in by others, and that albums for stamps, and journals devoted to them had been published. He knew nothing of stamp dealers, nor auctions, had never heard of a philatelic society—in fact had never heard the word "philatelic" until it was uttered by Harvey Reed, a few moments before.

They spent an hour over the little album, and when Mr. Carleton took his leave, with a hearty good-bye, he had promised to come down that very evening to the meeting of the Elmhurst Philatelic Club.

It is needless to add more, save that Mr. Ross Carleton for over a year has been president of the little club in Elmhurst, a member of nearly a dozen philatelic societies, a subscriber to every worthy stamp paper published, and in stamp circles known as an advanced collector.

His duplicates, of which he always has a goodly number, go to Harvey Reed, who opened his eyes and led him, so to speak, to philately, as it is now known. Of course the little ledger has given way to a modern album with a wealth of pages which are almost completely covered by the "little squares of colored paper."

Like Rip Van Winkle, he seemed to sleep those twenty-six years away. When he laid him down such a thing as a society of collectors, or a stamp auction, was unknown, and now he awakens to find philately the greatest hobby of the age.

To the philatelic fraternity outside his native home he is known as Ross Carleton, but his brothers in the Elmhurst Philatelic Club still delight to call him "A Modern Rip Van Winkle."



### AN AFTERTHOUGHT.

---

The gay politician's philately's bane,  
Whatever his standing, whatever his name;  
Though in his profession he's strictly first-class,  
He dwindles in interest when viewed through a glass.  
Though sheep-skin, diploma, is framed on the wall,  
The M. D. and A. B., degrees one and all,  
Through the portals of fame he may readily pass,  
Yet he's not so important when viewed through a glass.  
A man who is plainly quite stuck on himself,  
A mighty ambition for honors and pelf,  
He runs a campaign in a manner first-class,  
But to see his sole object just look through a glass.

## A WORD ABOUT DISCOURAGEMENTS.

---

When I bought my first packet of stamps in 1887 and with it a little pocket album with a capacity of 300 varieties, I had no idea of the result. Little did I think that I would continue my relations with philately through the years to come, each year bringing to me more happiness as a result of my stamp collecting propensities.

When I commenced collecting, if I remember rightly, there were seven of us started out together. All of us on an equal footing at first; the same packet to begin with, albums alike, and none of us seemed to possess any great advantage of the others, but it was not long till I forged ahead of all my competitors, and as a result had to get a larger album. This discouraged the other boys not a little, and in spite of my dividing my duplicates between them as they accumulated, they lost all interest and fell by the wayside.

During the past six years I have had no less than fifteen or twenty of my friends commence collecting, through a knowledge of the pleasure I derived from the hobby, but with one exception none of them are collecting today. This one commenced about two years ago with an old album and two or three hundred duplicate stamps, which I resurrected from some of my old belongings.

He collected with great enthusiasm for about three months and pushed his collection up to about eight hundred, when all at once the fever left him, the book was laid aside, stamps were forgotten.

I put his name down as one of those who had yielded up the philatelic ghost, as it were, and never gave him a passing thought until about six months ago, when he came in one day and wanted to trade a thousand Columbian square-cut envelope stamps for foreign from sheets.

His request puzzled and surprised me and I asked him what he wanted of foreign stamps. "Commenced collecting again," was his brief but pointed answer. So we made the trade, and he has continued collecting this time, has now about fifteen hundred varieties, a fine album, and is a greater enthusiast about stamps, if such a thing be possible, than I am. I believe he has come to stay this time, and I have signed his application blank for membership in our society.

And this little case is but one of a thousand which I could cite, where collectors have become discouraged and ceased to collect.

In many cases this is occasioned by seeing some brother collector pushing his collection to larger proportions than the beginner is able to do, and having been distanced in the race, he turns back, not content with "creeping before he can walk."

In my collecting career I have been left behind many times by those who began after I had been collecting years. They possessed a larger pocketbook than mine and invested more heavily, but I did not care for that. I never paid the least heed to anyone who possessed larger financial resources than I, but the man who possessed deeper love for his stamps or spent more hours in studying, I could envy.

Another thing which has discouraged many collectors during the past year or two is the unceasing flow of emissions from insignificant countries, got up for speculation alone—the Monaco's Portugese colonies, Samoa, French colonies surcharges and the horde of Seebeck's.

To a young collector who is only investing his little pocket

money in specimens to grace his album leaves, it has been all he could do to keep up with the tide of new issues, without spending a cent in buying the obsolete stamps which his printed album called for, and seeing this made him think he was not progressing as he should, and he has given up in disgust.

And I cannot blame him very much, for I often think as a stamp friend of mine once said: "Greene, do you know why Rothschild and Ferrary and those fellows get so much satisfaction out of their stamps?"

"Why, no; I don't know as I do," I replied.

"Well, they're the only fellows who have money enough to keep up with the new issues, while they occasionally add an obsolete specimen to their pages."

And I guess he was right. It looks now as though one needs to be a millionaire if he hopes to even form a respectable collection, let alone a complete one.

The study or pursuit of stamp collecting is getting more complicated every day, and it seems to be a question of a very few years until the general collector must

"Fold his tents like the Arabs,  
And as silently steal away."

And when that time shall come it seems to me that there will, in a great measure, be less enthusiasm among stamp collectors, for with a collector limited to one or two countries, it will not be so hard to secure a complete collection, and we will be confronted on every side with those who have completed their collections and are resting from their labors.

No more enthusiasm for them, no more bartering and trading and purchasing in order to complete their pages of choice specimens. Interest in our hobby will die out in the hearts of these older collectors and it will only be among the novices that the genuine philatelic current of enthusiasm will still circulate.

It's the excitement that lures us on, the hope of some day

completing the collection we have reared to immense proportions, that keeps up our interest in the hobby. When that is gone, all is gone.

But let us not despair. A kind fate, which has held a sheltering hand over our little hobby so long, and suffered it to go on adding more devotees as the months and years rolled away, still has much in store for us. Let us believe it, for if we become discontented, discouraged, we will lose our philatelic heritage; for

“Have you goods or have you none,  
Lose heart, and all's gone.”





## IN AUTUMN DAYS.

---

When the frosty haze of Autumn hovers o'er the valleys wide,  
And along the river's margin seems to seek a place to hide  
From the rays of quiet moonlight which o'er forests seem to steal,  
And dance around the maples in a gay Virginia reel,  
Then the nights are growing longer and the days are growing less,  
While Autumn's form is taking on a fluffy, snowy dress;  
Then I seek the deep seclusion of my study, light the lamps,  
And dwell in sweet communion with my album and my stamps.

There's a wealth of retrospection in thus sitting by the fire  
With my album resting on my knee; no more could heart desire,  
And as I turn the pages, I my wandering thoughts regain  
And step from out the portals of my castle there in Spain;  
For these dreary, dreamy pictures which are mummified in verse  
By these listless, idle poets seem to me to be a curse.  
There's nothing weird, romantic, in an album, that I see,  
But there's a lasting source of knowledge, or at least there is to  
me.

When I scan the spangled pages in a careless sort of way,  
I ignore the chill of winter and it seems as though 'twere May,  
For I roam 'neath scented bowers in the classic land of Greece,  
And with the pretty Alpine maid I pluck the eidelweiss;  
In France I view the vineyards, and peasants making wine,  
But soon I am transported to fair Bingen on the Rhine,  
And across the Afric deserts I plod through fields of sand  
And find myself exploring on the shores of Holy Land.

Of course in stamp collecting there's a great amount of pains,  
Which may not be o'er balanced by your profits and your gains;  
As a bit of speculation you may find it does not pay  
As the money you've invested in a safer, better way;  
But it's worth a year of travel on the continents and isles—  
No nauseating after part, a face that's wreathed with smiles—  
And it isn't half so costly as a year in Greece or France,  
Yet you'll get the same good training if you'll only study stamps.



## ABOUT FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS.

---

Nearly every philatelic journal of note that one would pick up during this year has had brief notices of exchange, or small advertisements, from some dealer or collector across the seas, who desired to exchange "first-class stamps from European countries for United States of the Columbian issue, all values," and many are the American collectors who have been caught in the snare.

I am happy to state that I was not among the number who sent valuable consignments of the Columbian issue, better quality, abroad, for when I had any to offer, I was very well satisfied to do my exchanging with those nearer home.

It is remarkable to what dangerous extremities the American collectors will go, doing in a few minutes that which they will grumble over and sadly lament for many months.

It seems almost incredible that men of the average mental caliber will send packages of stamps worth from five dollars to one hundred dollars to parties whom they know only through the advertising columns of the philatelic press. But it is nevertheless a fact that collectors still go on being humbugged.

It was through costly experience that I learned the usual results of European exchange some years ago.

Among a host of correspondents to whom I sent more or less valuable exchange parcels, I never realized an iota of benefit. If I ever heard from my consignment at all, it was only to receive a parcel of the very cheapest continentals, which I could

have bought right here at home for twenty-five cents a thousand, at the very most.

Too often I would not receive anything, and not even any answers to my letters of inquiry. I do not mean to say that all collectors of the old world are frauds and thieves, but the class who are constantly seeking exchange relations with American collectors seem to be of the John J. Morgan type, as we know them over here. And in a great measure this is true with the American collectors who advertise for exchange consignments in European journals, for who is better known through his advertisements in Europe than A. B. Quigly, of Philadelphia, or Lewis Bishop, of Denver? These aliases belonged to one and the same person, whose motto seemed to be "Get all I can and keep all I get."

European dealers, as a rule, purchase their American stamps of some American dealer at wholesale prices and in wholesale lots, so there is no need of their advertising for exchange relations with collectors. And on the other hand, the European collector buys his stamps from packets and sheets the same as we do, so he would not care for a big lot of duplicates which would prove almost worthless to him.

Thus, in most cases, it is the man who is trying to get something for nothing who politely invites you to send him "a large consignment of better quality stamps against good exchange in first-class stamps of this and adjacent countries," and after your package is made up and dispatched, you may sit down and truthfully say to yourself, "Well, I sent him ten dollars' worth, and I'm glad it wasn't more."

There are so many sharks in every branch of business nowadays, and deception is practiced so openly, that it seems to me sensible people should be on the alert to allow no stranger to practice his wiles upon them, but continually I am being caught myself.

I have never been foolish enough to send two or three dollars for "a set of historical engravings emblematic of Columbus' career," but I catch myself ever and anon being duped by that most successful of stamp frauds—A. B. Quigley. In my blooming innocence I have contributed quite freely to his coffers, as Quigley, Morgan, Stone and Bishop, as well as treasuring some little advertising accounts against the Penn. Stamp Co. and the Duquesne Stamp Co., of which I have an idea that he was the "power behind the throne."

I have suffered martyrdom at his hands so frequently that it has come to be a foregone conclusion that wherever and whenever he turns up again, no matter whether 'neath southern skies or northern lights, I will be one of his first catches.

Yet there is such a fascination, such an alluring tone to his kindly requests that I feel in duty bound to respect them, and never afterwards complain. As Artemus Ward puts it, "He is such an amoosin' little cuss," that there is an added charm in being one of the many who trust and confide in his promises.

But these bare-faced deceptions practiced by foreign correspondents, as a rule, I have turned a deaf ear unto, and no longer class myself as one of their prey. I would much prefer that my little friend—*ycleped* Lewis Bishop—should have all my contributions so that they may be kept at home, under the folds of the stars and stripes. Would you not rather contribute to the coffers of some American fraud than to swell the contributions poured into the laps of these foreign correspondents?

### A TRIBUTE.

---

Gone from this realm of pain, grief and sorrow  
    Into the haven of peace and content,  
Out of the sphere of earth's darkness and groping,  
    Where the heart's structure with sorrow is rent;  
Out from the shades of even's dark shadows  
    Into the glorious sunlight of day,  
From the rude forms of our earthly surroundings  
    Up to the beauties of heaven's array.

We who delighted to call you our brother  
    Honor your memory, weave garlands of praise,  
Though falt'ring our speech, and our passionate whispers  
    Be but the homliest, simplest of lays,  
Yet we with sorrow remember the springtime,  
    When Death's dark angel tore us apart.  
Philately mourns thee because you were gentle,  
    Honest in purpose and tender of heart.

You who in life taught us how to be happy,  
    Kindly to brothers, forgiving to foes,  
In the last hours of earthly dominion  
    Ere your bright spirit to heaven arose,  
Taught us a purer and grander life-lesson,  
    To lead us from cradle to home in the sky,  
How to be kindly while heart beat within us,  
    How to be ready when summoned to die.

Now as the old year is slowly declining  
    Into that slumber, the slumber of death,  
Now that the dead leaves around us are falling,  
    Blown hither and thither by wind's passing breath,  
Now would I wreathe a memorial garland  
    Made from the tributes philatelists gave,  
Gather around me Philately's army,  
    And together we'd lay it on Newcomer's grave.



## THROUGH ONE CAMPAIGN.

---

I had been collecting for nearly six years, and during that time I had acquired much valuable information about grilles, and water marks and what not. I had studied the perplexities of dies and shades, of proofs and essays, of wove and laid papers, roulettes and pin perforators.

For several years I had, through the philatelic press, agitated the questions of "Blank versus Printed Albums," "Forgeries and Reprints" and had even gone so far as to suggest the formation of a philatelic press association, which fact in itself argued quite forcibly for my incarceration in an imbecile retreat. I had read articles on "Incorporation and Amalgamation," "Seebecks and Specialism," "Rejected Dies, Inverted Medallions and Inverted Networks," and I fancied I had acquainted myself quite thoroughly with philatelic affairs.

I had, in a fit of insanity—for which I was not accountable, in the light of existing facts, since Jerry Simpson and other politicians had driven all of Kansas crazy, as the results of the fall election gave proof,—I repeat, that, in a fit of insanity, I had launched upon the tempestuous sea of philatelic journalism a frail craft which I prayed would be freighted with a golden cargo for the owner.

But my fond dreams were dispelled and my little barque went down in the seething sea of oblivion, but I managed to escape, and consoled myself with the thought that if I did not have quite as much money, I was rich in experience.



In my short but eventful connection with philately I had felt the wrath of the philatelic critic, had recoiled from the printer's bill and had suffered the pangs of the sample copy fiend. In short, I thought I knew all the vicissitudes and vascillations of a philatelic career, but it was not until the spring of this year that I took my first lesson in philatelic politics. Of course I had read the articles of Corwin and those of the anti-Corwins, was reading the papers at the time of the disruption of the A. P. A. and the formation of the W. P. U., and had gained, as I thought, a complete knowledge of rings, combines and political maneuvering in general; but the spring of '93 brought me an introduction, and as spring glided into summer I began to realize that I had over-estimated my knowledge, and that in reality I was far behind the times as regards the politics in our hobby.

During my checkered existence in the philatelic fold I had amused myself by joining nearly every society which had complimented me enough to send an application blank, and one of these societies, which I had joined in 1892 when it was struggling for existence, I had grown up with, so to speak, until I felt a deep interest in its future welfare.

Hence when in the early spring I noted that its future prosperity was in danger from an organized band who sought to turn it to political ends, I commenced a crusade, along with others, to turn the tide of popular sentiment towards keeping it into the prescribed path and true to its original objects as a stamp society rather than a miniature "Tammany ring."

Several months were spent campaigning, not by traveling on a free pass and "speaking to crowded houses," as are the modern national and state campaigns, but by a free and liberal use of pen, ink and paper, and an extended outlay of Uncle Sam's postage stamps, in writing to brother members in the society.

In addition to this extensive correspondence, which, I may

add, reached an average of forty letters a day for three months, I contributed campaign literature to several philatelic journals of note. Then as the time for the annual conventions and subsequent election drew near, I packed my grip and sought to carry the war into Egypt.

Some may think the above expression quite inapplicable and extremely odious but, I beg your pardon, I find it most suitable, inasmuch as I have heard so much about "Egyptian darkness," and I think the action of the clans dark indeed. Well, to resume, I drifted into the World's Fair city one morning in August and was cordially greeted by the philatelists already assembled for the great struggle which, as very few realized, was to be the turning point in that society's career.

The convention days came and went, and a dismemberment was the natural and inevitable result. But it is not my desire to rake up the musty past. I am only speaking of philatelic politics in general, and not of any one occurrence in particular.

The older men in our hobby, not members of the society in question, spoke of this particular campaign as one conducive to prosperity. Their argument was that these little tilts-at-arms aroused interest in our pursuit, and that when a society moves along in a quiet way, without a ruffle of enthusiasm over elections or conventions, it is a bad omen, for it shows a lack of interest in the society, and consequently an early death.

Now here I am agreed to disagree. I would alter the sentence to read, "Whenever politicians seek to controvert the will of the majority, and succeed in carrying out their plans, it is a bad omen, and an early death may be safely predicted."

After a few brief months' introduction to the maze of philatelic politics, I have reached the following conclusions:

1st. So long as individuals, rather than principles, are voted for, just so long will stamp societies wrangle and quarrel, and at last break up.

2d. It is sickening, to an extreme degree, to see those enlisted for a common purpose to fight a common enemy. There is no place in the philatelic ranks for the politician. The sooner he finds it out, and severs his connection with our hobby—or swears to reform—the better we will be off.

As before enumerated, I have served in nearly every position in the stamp world. I have found, at least, some pleasure in them all. But my introductions into the methods and modes employed in a philatelic campaign have been utterly devoid of a single grain of pleasure. And as I go over the royal battle just ended, and think of all the bitter things, and so few sweet, I breathe a solemn prayer to God to preserve me from future philatelic campaigns.



### A LAY OF THE POET MAN.

---

“Go write me a poem,” the editor said  
To the poet, philately’s own,  
“Don’t sing of your treasures from over the seas,  
Don’t tell how your heart’s to them flown,  
Don’t write about hair trunks or garrets, or such,  
Nor compare some stamps’ deep azure hue  
To the eyes of some maiden—I pray you desist—  
But write upon subject that’s new.  
“The old ‘sample copy’ fiend—give him a rest,—  
Don’t write of the sphinx or the crown,  
Don’t prate of the codfish and seal, or emu,  
Don’t talk of our hobby’s renown,  
Don’t sing of the Seebecks, philately’s bane,  
I pray you your passions subdue;  
I don’t care what it is or what it’s about,  
Only just that you write something new.  
“Pray give the ‘old album’ a much needed rest  
For long it in sorrow has lain,  
Forgotten by some, yet some wild poet man  
Would revive it and spring it again.  
Let the ‘old album’ rest, in your visions and dreams.  
The ‘new one’ please relegate too  
To the realms of oblivion, far in the shade,—  
O please won’t you write something new?”

“ The talk about ‘reprints’ is decidedly stale,  
Quite chestnutty seems ‘please remit,’  
‘Your subscription’s expired’ is quite out of date,  
Though we all must admire your grit  
In crowning with poesy’s laurels so fair  
These unvarnished subjects so true;  
But the poet must go unless he’ll indite  
Some verses on something that’s new.”

And the poet man sat in his humble abode,  
His aching head resting from toil,  
While the editor’s lecture left pain in his heart,  
And the fault-finding made his blood boil.  
“ If prose writers fill up their pages with such,  
Until stale becomes all that was new,  
How can the blame rest on the poets alone,  
And what are we poets to do?”

O come all ye poets in misery and pain,  
Whose mission in life seems ‘most done,  
Let’s seek other climes, for the wise man hath said  
“ There is nothing new under the sun.”  
Let’s take a vacation to the planet of Mars,  
And there let us take a good view  
And see if there’s a chance in the realms of space  
To possibly find something new.

### **“GOOD-BYE, OLD STAMPS.”**

---

There is of late a remarkable tendency on the part of the young collector to fill up his album with Hamburg and Heligoland reprints, dangerous Roman states, Samoan Express and unused Seebecks, while the dear old stamps which are so worthy of all the honors which may be paid them are suffered to remain until the last.

As for myself, I would prefer one good stamp of, say, the Ionian Islands, or of Lubock, Oldenburg, Parma or any of these obsolete stamps, as well as obsolete countries, to complete sets of all those enumerated above.

The young collector of today seems to be an easy prey for the unscrupulous dealers who are handling such “rot” as these “reprints from original plates” (?), and, of course, as long as there are purchasers, these stamps will be made to order and will find men who will circulate them around in packets or on cheap sheets. No matter how cheap you may get them you will find when you get ready to sell your collection, if you ever do, that they were dear at any price.

Dealers will tell you that they sell one hundred of these “make believe” stamps to where they sell one genuine used stamp of some of these obsolete countries' emissions, and it has always been a cause for wonderment on my part that collectors who seem to possess faculties for reasoning, in every other direction, are taking up with these monstrosities and ignoring the true postal issues.

An effort to suppress this class of stamps has been made with the dealers, but without avail, for there are too many venders of postage stamps who do not care what kind of stamps they handle so long as there is a sale for them. So the reform, if we hope to effect one, must rest with the collectors themselves.

The dealers would much prefer to sell you this trash, for they are making great profits on them, buying them at printers' prices and offering them at a liberal discount from standard quotations.

There is no likelihood for there being an advance in price on this class of stamps in the near future, for the supply of ink and paper is unlimited and it seems as though these original (?) dies never would wear out.

But, on the other hand, the early issues of the countries which have been united in the German confederation or empire, such as Oldenburg, Prussia, Alsace-Lorraine, Baden, Bergedorf, Brunswick, etc., etc., are constantly rising in value, and are consequently good property, so the dealers are content to hold these for a rise in value, which comes with every edition of the catalogue.

For the past three years I have been receiving sheets on approval from dealers. Altogether, I suppose, I have patronized at least a hundred different ones and during that time I have never seen a Falkland Islands, an Ionian Islands, a Mecklenburg Schwerin or Strelitz, a Parma or a Bremen on an approval sheet. Do not think by this that I have been handling cheap sheets, for, on the contrary, I have had books and sheets sent me on approval where there would not be a stamp priced at less than one dollar. But what stamps did I see? Provisional surcharges, stamps in use one day only (speculation!), high values of European countries and colonies, but never a one of these much coveted specimens of "good old stamps."

Several times I have written to dealers who have them

quoted at a certain price, pretty stiff, too, in their standard catalogues, but was invariably answered, "Out of stock; will send you a set of Honduras 1891 instead if you wish," etc., a fact which clearly goes to prove that "these's something in the wind"—an understanding, expressed or implied, between dealers to unload all this great surplus of Seebecks and U. S. locals, and the thousand and one other valueless emissions, and retain these "good old stamps," as I call them, for a rise in price.

I do not object to paying a good price for them—I never hesitate to pay out money by the handful to humor my fancy or brighten my album—but what nettles me is this coalition among dealers which makes it impossible for me to get what I want at any price.

So I would ask the younger members of the philatelic fraternity, to which branch I myself belong, to keep an eye out for these "good old stamps." Do not hesitate to pay full catalogue prices for them if you have to, and for heaven's sake and your own sake leave these Hamburg reprints, Heligolands, Samoan Express, French and Portuguese colonies of the last issues, Monaco's and "Seebeck's pets" severely alone. Fill up those spaces, long vacant in your album, with these "good old stamps." Suppose you do this, even though you be alone in your new resolution, and after you have practiced it for a while you can, with good grace, stand back and see some of your brother collectors buying these fake issues, and murmur to yourself, as I often do, "'A fool and his money are soon parted.'"



### A DAUGHTER OF A KING.

---

She wears on her breast a Maltese cross  
With initials "I. H. N.,"  
Her mission to carry the Truth and Word  
Deep into Vice's den.  
Though trials beset her every day,  
She toils on just the same;  
A daughter of the King is she,  
And is laboring "In His Name."  
To fallen sisters deep down in sin  
She sings a gay song of cheer,  
To the felon there in the prison cell,  
She brings him a message dear;  
She cares not for wealth or a monarch's rank,  
Nor is she seeking for fame;  
Contented to do all the good she can,  
And do it all "In His Name."  
She brings bouquets of the choicest flowers  
Into each hospital ward,  
And lingers to tell each sufferer there  
The goodness of the Lord.  
She's proud of the little Maltese cross  
That pinned to her breast she wears,  
For it means to be cheerful, make others so,  
And to make us forget our cares.

\* \* \* \* \*

I wear on my breast a little stamp  
From an isle in a foreign sea;  
'Tis set in a frame of virgin gold  
As delicate as can be.  
It bears on its surface a Maltese cross,  
The color, a beautiful rose;  
"Five shillings," the value upon it stamped  
As every philatelist knows.  
A joyous mission is mine also,  
For I seek to spread the name  
Of philately over the whole wide world  
To youth, and to maid and to dame.  
Philatelia's the queen over our domain;  
Her goodness I ever proclaim,  
And linger to tell each person I meet,  
For I'm laboring "In her name."  
This Malta stamp that I wear on my breast  
I chose as a emblem most fair;  
"No cross, no crown," is a saying old,  
So this prompts me to do and dare.  
A faithful son of the queen am I,  
And praise to her oft I bring;  
But she brings charity, hope and truth,  
This daughter of the King.

### A RELIC FROM HOME.

---

One day not long since, I was standing on the platform of one of the depots in our town, awaiting the arrival of a train which was over-due, and which we were momentarily expecting would come around the curve and roll into the depot.

By "we" I mean a score or more of other restless individuals besides myself. I was expecting a friend to come in on the train, and the delay exasperated me. As I passed up and down the platform, meditating, my attention was attracted to a swarthy, dark-visaged stranger who seemed to be waiting like myself. His appearance was certainly anything but prepossessing, yet he seemed to have that look of sadness which invariably appeals to our hearts; a look which suggested that he was totally without friends.

I approached him and sought to engage him in conversation, but by his gestures, as well as by his looks, I readily saw that he did not understand the English language.

He was evidently a foreigner, far from his native heath. I guessed that he was a Spaniard, possibly from old Mexico, but I had no means of ascertaining. At last I thought of a little pocket album of stamps, which contained a few duplicates, and which, luckily, I had in my inner coat pocket.

I at once took it from beneath my coat, opened to the page set apart for him to see. He glanced curiously at them, but did not seem to comprehend their meaning. I thought then that he might be a native Spaniard, so I turned to Spain, but still no

results. Then I concluded he must be an Italian, so I opened to that page, but I still failed to arouse his curiosity. Then came the Grecians, but with no better result.

I was at a loss what to do next, so I closed the book. He took it from my hand and commenced to look it over. He seemed to realize that these emblems were postage stamps, and he was evidently looking for something familiar. He turned the pages slowly, looking carefully at each stamp. Past Argentine, Austria, Bosnia, Chili, on and on to Persia, Peru and Portugal—still he passed on, until at last I grew tired of watching him, and glanced up the track to see if I could catch a first glimpse of the belated train.

At last I heard an incoherent sentence. I felt a rude grasp on my arm, and looked around toward my foreign acquaintance, if such he could be called. A smile overspread his swarthy face. A peculiar light shone in his sunken eyes. He muttered to himself, and one of his dark fingers was resting on a stamp which he seemed to be regarding with mingled pleasure and devotion. I looked at it and saw that it was a stamp of the Ottoman Empire, a Turkish issue with the queer signature of the Sultan. That look of his explained it all. One glance at that stamp had revealed his nationality. My friend was a Turk.

He made signs that he wished the stamp, so I tore it out and gave it to him, and his looks plainly told me his thankfulness, though I could not understand a word that he said. And as I watched him amble off down the long platform, grasping that stamp between his fingers, gazing affectionately upon it as if it were the connecting link between his old home and the new, I was foolish enough to reverse the situation in my mind, and wonder whether the sight of Washington's or Lincoln's or Grant's face upon one of the stamps of my own native country would affect me as did that autograph of the Sultan my foreign friend, were I among strangers, in speech as well as in associa-

tions, in some foreign land.

But the train came at last; my foreign friend was forgotten, and I know not whither he went, but I'll wager that whether he be in southern glade or northern forest, he still holds dear that little memento which I gave him on the depot platform.



### WHEN "SOMETIME" COMES.

---

When "sometime" comes—O then we'll all be happy,  
With our album and our stamps.  
No longer we'll be tortured by these Seebecks,  
Which each succeeding year throw us in the cramps.  
The small boy with his card-press printed paper  
No longer with his effort strikes us dumb.  
The "press association" may be started—  
When "sometime" comes.

When "sometime" comes, no more we'll know conventions  
With politicians stirring up the stew,  
Where crows are slowly stewing in the kettle,  
Delicious broth to drink by me and you.  
The worthy man may get the highest office;  
The politicians have to take the crumbs;  
Mayhaps they'll catch the villian Lewis Bishop—  
When "sometime" comes.

When "sometime" comes, if fate deals with us kindly,  
And stamp men average intellect may show,  
Perhaps we'll be not then afflicted  
By stamps like those of C. A. Steamship Co.  
The fiends who send for sample copies,  
And calmly read them as they twirl their thumbs,  
Yet don't subscribe,—let's hope they'll all be mouldering—  
When "sometime" comes.

When "sometime" comes, the philatelic critic  
May not have pets to whom he offers praise,  
And "roasts" his foes thro' column after column,  
And in at least a thousand different ways;  
Perhaps wall paper may get too expensive,  
Or else the trust will cover all the gums;  
Columbian stamps must then go out of issue—  
When "sometime" comes.

When "sometime" comes, the philatelic poet  
May listen to the words of sage advice  
Which sour-minded writers seek to tell him,  
That stamp collecting is a thing too nice  
To be enriched by poet's contributions—  
His song of woe, despair, he often hums.  
I prophesy the poet will be with us—  
When "sometime" comes.

When "sometime" comes—oh then we'll all be happy!  
Our album pages each completely filled,  
The pinks, inverted heads, and like medallions,  
Those others with their backs "all over grilled;"  
But then, we shall not hear the glad hosannas,  
Or listen to the conquering army's drums,  
For fellows, we shall all be dead and buried—  
When "sometime" comes.

## A PHILATELIC LEADER.

( An Acrostic.)

Come, choose ye a model,  
Let merit decide;  
In judging the honors  
False words set aside.  
Fearless and honest  
Our chieftan must be;  
" Right " be his watchword,  
Deserving the gree;  
Wrong fly before him,  
Knowledge be king;  
Independent, yet gracious,  
Sincere in all things.  
Some think such a being  
Impossible quite,  
Nor one 'mong our legions  
Grows honest and right—  
Every deed of my hero  
    has been manly and bright,  
Reproach evil doers,  
    give praise to the right.



## IN THE YEAR OF THE FAIR.

---

Now that the "fair is over," we may give ourselves up to reviewing the noticeable effects upon philately which the great exposition has exerted. Early in the year we were treated to a series of prophecies as to the outcome of it all on the world of philately. Yet the dim light of the future is never so satisfying as the bright and shining light of past events. 'Twere as the flickering glow of the candle and the steady beam of the electric light.

No one can deny that the chief feature of the greatest of all fairs, in a philatelic sense, was the gathering together of kindred spirits in the great hobby, where an interchange of ideas, the discussion of topics of interest to us all, was indulged in, and it would be no mild form of injustice to say that this alone had not been an important step toward philatelic progression. No matter to what extent our researches for philatelic knowledge have been pursued, singly and alone, we have not learned the most important if we have not communed with brother collectors and felt that fraternity which is so closely allied with stamp collecting.

To those who have stepped forth from their narrow surroundings of individual grasping for knowledge, and at the philatelic "meets" in the World's Fair city came to realize how much philately really meant, the fraternity, charity, and loyalty to cause which permeated the very atmosphere of the convention halls, to these a new world has been opened.

The meeting together and hand clasping of those who have

known each other only through the press or by correspondence, served to make the ties of friendship then existing more indissoluble. This alone would be enough for us to extol the Fair in terms of highest praise, were there naught else which we might mention as having a beneficial effect upon philately, as due the great Columbian Exposition, it would remain in Philatelia's annals as the crowning point in her progress.

Then, the great efforts of the leading philatelic society towards a creditable exhibit, which at once would show to the outside world that stamp collecting was no longer boys' play, but a dignified pursuit. To the throngs of visitors who paused before the cases containing the stamp exhibit, the tasty arrangement, the prominent position which was given us by the government, all this meant something to them, and many outside the realm of philately who chanced to pause before our exhibit, have returned home thoroughly convinced that there is something more than idle pleasure in stamp collecting after all. And this lesson so aptly taught cannot but be productive of good results, for it will temper future criticisms and henceforth our onward march may not be impeded by harsh and unjust criticisms. In placing before the intelligent portion of the American people this object lesson, we can but feel that philately has scored another victory. To the young collector who, perchance, left philately at home, as he thought, and with family or friends made his journey to the White City to see the wonders of the Midway and the Fair proper, there were alluring sights to tempt him to make the acquaintance of the metropolitan stamp dealer, and passing into the emporium of trade he was ever met with a kindly smile and a hearty hand shake, such as only the Chicago dealer can give, and an insight into the extent of the stamp trade. The mighty proportions it had assumed left a lasting impression upon him, and who can say that he did not return home a better philatelist in every respect?

To the fossilized collector—he who rather tardily confessed that he “used to collect”—the sight of stamps in such profusion, cases and frames of them displayed at every turn, it seems, that he felt an innate desire to return to his album and his priceless treasures so long neglected. And there were many of these who, when boys—ah, so many years ago!—cherished their albums with the fondness of our young collector, now in the chrysalis stage of his collecting life, but who, when they merged into manhood's estate and set forth on life's pilgrimage, felt in honor bound to part with youthful follies, and, lacking the courage to pronounce their album not of these, banished it to the garret or some other out of the way place.

But at the “Fair,”—there they awoke to the fact that men of culture, taste and refinement were not above coming out openly and admitting that *they* were stamp collectors. And the same feeling possessed him that so many years ago he set aside, and in the light of the present, surrounded by all these mementoes of philatelic worth, he vows that he will take up his old album as soon as he gets home, and such a resolve is rarely broken.

So we may see, not the *possible* or *probable* effects of the great Fair, nor mere conjectures, such as we were forced to consider last May, but rather the *true facts*, the ultimate results of the great World's Fair. As thousands have confessed that they owe their connection with philately to the advent of the Columbian stamps, so, methinks, will the future reveal many collectors who were first claimed by the exhibits, or who felt the returning passion, after many years of dormant sleep, at the Columbian Exposition.

## TO PHILATELIA'S BARD.

(GUY W. GREEN.)

As sitting by the fire tonight  
In pensive mood, I feel a thrill  
Of pleasure o'er me gently steal—  
A message sweet, of kindly will.  
Though critics aim their cruel shaft  
At every effort, yours, in rhyme—  
There's one who heeds not jests and thrusts  
Nor thinks gay poesy a crime.

Your old-time album—idle thing  
The critics say and scornful laugh—  
Yet I can see in those few lines  
A tender-worded epitaph.

Your album new—and still they say  
That you're ethereal in your views—  
Yet I have read in those few lines  
A most bewitching pæon of praise.

Your "New Year's Greeting" too—it seemed  
A harbinger of peace and love  
To all who read the lines aright  
And put their trust in Him above.  
The sad fate, too, of young McGee,  
A sense of humor through it all  
Made happy one who followed you,  
And laugh whene'er the lines recall.

Though others pen soul-stirring words  
Of Philatelia's might and power,  
Your simple rhymes, as borne to me,  
I value more than prince's dower.  
Through volumes filled with stampic lore,  
Which I have reason to regard,  
None there appears to me more dear  
Than those of Philatelia's bard.



## A SPECIALIST.

“ There's nothing like specialism, Greene! The man who clings to the illusion that general collecting is the proper thing is living in the past, his methods are obsolete; in fact he is partly fossilized. I repeat, there's nothing like specialism. Now, I used to be a general collector myself, but after years of vain pursuit after Guiana's, Afghanistan's and Sydney views', to say nothing of Confederate provisionals, I awoke to the fact that general collecting possessed few charms for the ambitious collector, so I resolved to confine myself to one or more countries. I sold my collection and commenced to specialize. Why, Greene, it is the only satisfactory way of collecting.”

“ What is your specialty, Wheeler?”

“ As I was saying, I had collected for some six or seven years and had amassed a collection of some five thousand varieties, and was very proud of my collection. I recall now a set of triangular Good Hopes, and O how I disliked to part with those beautiful Canadas, but they must all be sacrificed to specialism. You know a fellow cannot keep everything. If he does, he's a general collector. You know that yourself, Greene. I hope you understand my position; I have tried to make myself plain.”

“ Yes, I think I understand the gist of your remarks. I have followed you as closely as possible, and I understand you to say you are a specialist, once possessed a general collection but have disposed of that and you are now collecting but one or more countries. May I ask — ”

“ Yes, Greene, I see that you realize my position, but I fear you do not attach the weight to my resolve that you should. Now, you fellows spend years in pursuit of a fleeing phantom. Your efforts to complete your collection are as hopeless as the child who starts out to find the wealth of gold hidden at the end of the rainbow. Yes, general collecting is doomed to failure, and it will soon be relegated to the rear, and the specialist will step forth in all his glory. I tell you, what with annual issues by Central American republics and French and Portuguese colonies, it has come to be an impossibility for a fellow to keep up with the tide of new issues, let alone hope to complete the obsolete issues. There is nothing like specialism, and the sooner you general collectors awake to your position the better.”

“ Yes; probably you are right, but may I ask — ”

“ Now, we specialists are as much at war with ourselves as you who are seeking to till a wider field, and come to think of it, that is quite an apt expression. Did you ever compare general collecting in that way? No; I'll venture to say you never did, yet you will not deny that you fellows may be likened to the man who seeks to cultivate too many acres of ground, and at last finds it to be more profitable to confine himself to a few acres and till it well than to half farm several hundred. Yet that's the point I'm coming at—the utter futility of the thing. You know the man who seeks to run a ten thousand dollar business with a few hundred dollars capital is doomed to failure, yet that is the very thing you are trying to do. I am not saying that you are not as energetic as are we, but you are undertaking too much, or, in the western vernacular, you've 'bit off more than you can chew.' Specialism, on the other hand, is the proper thing.”

“ Hold on! What country do you — ”

“ Now, no doubt you think you are happy in the possession of four or five thousand varieties, scattered over several hundred

pages of a mighty album. You think you are happy, but the true delights of philately are pictured on the faces of those who have not striven to accomplish an impossibility, and have limited their scope, and as I result have complete collections of their chosen gems. Now I know whereof I speak when I say that such pleasure is paramount to that which a general collector feels, for I have tried both."

"But what country do you collect? Answer me, I beg you!"

"Er—er—ah—er—well, you see I have limited myself to the Ionian Islands, and —"

But I had fled before the torrent of eloquence in defense of specialism, and the last words of Wheeler's sentence were lost to my ears.





### THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

---

They met o'er that album, the blue and the gray,  
Forgotten the passions, forgotten the fray,  
Recalling the heroes, the martyrs, the great,  
As we viewed albums' pages and sat tete-a-tete.

Her eyes, bright and dancing, were bonny and blue,  
A color suggestive, both loyal and true,  
'Twould stifle earth's passions and limit their sway.  
Though hard to confess it, my eyes wore the gray.

She had grown in the Southland to womanhood's state,  
While I in the Northland had met life's stern fate.  
All sectional lines were forgotten this day,  
As we turned albums' pages, the blue and the gray.

The Knoxville's, and Macon's, the Athens' and all,  
Each rude-fashioned figure our visions enthral;,  
We seemed to be roaming 'neath fair, sunny skies,  
The Yankee turned rebel and bonny blue eyes.

As Grant in his greatness sweetly forgave  
The South, bowed before him, their feelings to save,  
So the bonny blue eyes gave a gentle reproof  
Which the conquered gray read in the light of a truth.

Thus the blue and the gray o'er the album made peace,  
Bade passions depart and hostilities cease,  
And that album bore witness that peace reigned, the day  
That lips sealed the union of the blue and the gray.



### ACROSTIC.

---

Come, all ye collectors,  
Let me give you a toast;  
Each one may accept it—  
Valedictory's ghost.  
Each page has been finished,  
So the end this must be;  
Come linger a moment  
O'er the wine glass with me.  
"To my publisher, a friend, who,  
    with kindly regard,  
This book has presented: Here's  
    a health for reward."



Hang

On!

to that old foggy  
—“the way they used to do  
it”—mode of Advertising and  
You will regret it.

Because others do so is no sign you  
. . . have to. . .

When \_\_\_\_\_

I can compose advertisements at a small cost for  
Stamp Dealers and others,  
that settles it. I bring the shining wealth to the  
advertiser at a price that merits your patronage.

Cleve Scott,

Central City, Nebr., U. S. A.



## WHAT IS YOUR BUSINESS?

Whatever it is, it needs an invigorator—  
an advancer—something that will push it  
ahead of its competitors.

The only answer is in the ADVERTISING  
of your wares in such a way as to be practical,  
up-to-date catering to the appetites of the  
many readers who devour your advertisement.

A poorly written ad is little better than  
nothing, and the people will shun it.

I write up original advertisements that  
bring the wealth to YOU. My ads are original,  
up-to-date, and my prices are satisfactory.  
Write to me about it.

**CLEVE SCOTT,**  
Central City, Nebraska, U. S. A.



Do you Collect . . . .

POSTAGE STAMPS?

. . . . We have Albums,  
Packets, Approval Sheets, Single  
Stamps. . . .

WRITE US.

---



# NEW ENGLAND STAMP CO.,

325-333 Washington Street,

BOSTON, MASS.



We buy . . .

OLD COLLECTIONS

. . . and single stamps,  
and pay as high prices as we can  
and sell them at a profit.