

Philatelic Esperanto

Published every little while in behalf of THE ESPERANTO SPEAKING COLLECTORS OF THE WORLD.

JULIAN PARK, F. R. P. S., Editor and Publisher.

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Editorial Comment

Some kind of an explanation is doubtless necessary, but as this little publication makes no claim to being a regular monthly publication, will accept no advertisements, and as its readers are limited to three small classes (E. S. C. W. members, their friends, and the philatelic and Esperantist press), it is an explanation, rather than an apology. The present booklet is simply a continuation of the membership lists of the society which it represents, enlarged by the insertion of some more or less literary matter for which the Secretary acknowledges the responsibility—and not without some misgiving. In time, when the membership warrants such a step, the paper will become a 24-page monthly worthy the name of magazine; the size of page will be also enlarged to permit of its being printed (as was the intention for this issue) in parallel columns, English, French and Esperanto.

The editor, therefore, anticipates confidently, that criticism on this maiden effort will not be too severe if the above facts are borne

in mind. The cause of Esperanto is sure to triumph ultimately; the million Esperantists who speak it throughout the world already confirm that prediction; but if the particular cause of Esperanto in philately may be furthered only a particle by the circulation of this modest sheet, the editor's efforts, contributed at considerable self-sacrifice, will not have been in vain.

Spring In My Soul

Look thee how the willows sway,
Green-clad in the freshness of May;
How the lowlands, donning their cloak of flow'rs,
Welcome the stranger to sweet-scented bowers;
All the birds make harmony:
But the spring of the soul, the spring of the soul,
Cometh no more for thee or for me.

The drowsy drone of the busy bees
Floateth through the thick-leaved trees;
The daffodil raiseth her bold blonde head,
The narcissus peers from her dewy bed,
And the violets border the way:
But the flow'rs of the soul, the flow'rs of the soul,
For thee or for me bloom night nor day.

Esperanto News

(From the Daily Press)

The fame of Cornell's Esperanto club has spread through nearly all the college dailies, with great stories of the progressiveness of the universal language. The club was founded April 19, 1907, with a few members, and now, with an enrollment of about 100, is holding weekly meetings. Some members of the club speak the language fluently, while the majority are capable of reading and answering a letter with the aid of a key. The club is allied with the New York State Esperanto Association, which is booming the language throughout the state. Already many of the larger colleges have formed clubs in connection with the association.—*Cornell Sun*.

Crown Prince Olaf of Norway, grandson of Edward VII., is to learn Esperanto as soon as he grows a little older.

As a rule the newspapers give due recognition to Esperanto; and when the tendency to laugh crops out, it is usually through ignorance of the real aims and structure of the language, and of the fact that it already is spoken by nearly 1,000,000 people.

Many organizations of international character already use the language. We are informed by the editor of *Mekeel's Weekly* that the head officer of the Good Templars, a Swede, has been sending out the pass words in Esperanto. English, German and Swedish have been the official languages at the Supreme Lodge meetings, but an effort will be made at the next session to include Esperanto.

When completed, Mr. Wm. G. Adams' skillful Esperanto version of Stevenson's romance, *Treasure Island*, will be published by a Chicago firm.

THE CLOSED DOOR

A True New England Incident

By Julian Park

It was late in the afternoon, and the light was waning. As Philander Lodge walked slowly and pensively home from school, he sniffed at the sultry sleepiness of the day: the dust flying up from the road whenever a farm wagon tilted by; the swarms of flies dancing up and down before his face in the soft air;—the drowsy stir arising over everything simply for the sake of subsidence. Yet all this quiet life around him was not in keeping with the new mood within the boy which made him restive to assert that very day the manhood which his sixteenth birthday had brought him.

But everything seemed so serene, so full of promise for the autumn days to come, as a long pale ray of the falling sun, which laboured among the flying clouds, tinged the tops of the elms; even as he walked, he was conscious that it had suddenly fallen behind the wooded range under the shadow of which nestled the village of Marblehead.

"It must be half-past five," the boy thought, and he quickened his step. This was the third day that week that Mr. Wylie had kept him after school, and it was a three-mile walk from the village to the farm. His father was now well over sixty, but had not married till late in life; so upon Phil, the only son, had fallen much

of the burden of the farm work. The life was hard, and the heart of the father seemed no less so; if it were not for his mother, he did not know how he could have stood it as long as he did. Twenty years ago she might have been handsome, but now the white streaks around her mouth were far from becoming. Her glossy black hair was rough, and her dress sagged at the neck. All through the hours of the day, while the mother scrubbed and cooked and mended in desperate haste, even down to the hour when the sun sank behind the hills and the cattle came up the winding pathway worn by their hoofs in the pasture, and even when she went forth in the twilight to help Phil in milking, her only companions were her thoughts, rebellious and despondent at such an existence.

The sole break that came into the life of the hardworking family was on Sunday, which, even though it did include a two-hour sojourn in the meeting-house, was the one red-letter day in Phil's existence. Then, with his hair brushed into stiff and unnatural shape, he was packed into the antique vehicle which the elder Lodge had inherited from his father, and the little family set forth for the worship of the Lord.

As Phil turned into the lane before the low farmhouse, he could see his mother knitting on the door-step as long as the fading light would allow.

"Your father has been looking for you, Phil," she said as she heard him crunching the gravel. "You're awfully late." If she seldom comforted, yet she seldom scolded; and the boy was grateful. He was about to enter, when his father came out from behind the corner of the house. If the elder Lodge had been required to describe himself, he would probably have set himself on record as an *eminently practical citizen*—a phrase in which he evinced particular pride, and it was considered to be his special property. Whatever the subject of any town meeting might have been, some Marbleheader—ship-owner or lumber dealer, may be—was sure to seize the occasion to allude (not always too respectfully) to his eminently practical friend, Lodge. This rarely failed to please the "practical friend," on whom sarcasm was generally lost. He looked practical and thick-headed, but—at the present time—not very well satisfied with things. He caught sight of Phil, and his voice indicated no very pleasant temper.

"Be quick about it, Phil, and make the fire," he growled out, and

the boy, followed by his mother, passed inside. The meal—such as it was, was soon ready, but not even under the influence of crullers and tapioca pudding did Phil's rebellious mood give place to one of content. The longing for a larger life—one, as he thought, more suited to his capabilities—was so vague that he was hardly aware of its presence.

He scraped his chair back, and rose. "I'm going to the village," he announced, and reached for his hat. "I'll be back early."

"Well, see that you are," called his father; "and say there, shut that door, will you?"

The nights were already becoming cool, and the draft that he had let in was by no means agreeable to the old man's rheumatism. The boy could not have told why he crossed over to his mother and kissed her good-night, but he was glad of the impulse, for she pressed his hand and whispered, "Never mind, Phil." As he hurried down the lane he heard the door swing to with an exasperated slam, and turned back to see the glimmer of the lamp as it was set on the dining-room table.

His way into town led him past the docks, and he paused in admiration for the proportions of the first ship moored there. The fading light made her main-mast seem almost gigantic in size, for it was new and had been stepped only that day. Her ballast was stored and the sails bent; apparently it was only a question of waiting for the morning tide before she would leave for another two-year cruise in the South Pacific. Phil looked up at her more wistfully as the prospect struck him. A sailor was lighting the bow lanterns, and the boy hailed him:

"Where's the captain?"

"The old man? In his shop there, right in front of you."

Over the door hung a battered sign with the legend, "Capt. Theodore Chase, Outfitter."

"Can a man sail boats and sell things at the same time?" thought Phil, as he turned the knob. He had never seen such a curious room—for the shop consisted of but one. What wall-paper there remained was almost entirely covered with coast charts, bank soundings, and world maps, varied with wonderfully colored magazine illustrations of brigs crowding before the wind with all sail set. Above a canvas-covered table hung several pairs of marine glasses and a long telescope.

Seated at the table, fingering a long aneroid barometer, sat a man with a certain air of authority which Phil instantly took to belong to the commander of the whaler. With proper deference he approached and broke the silence.

"Do you want an extra hand?"

The captain glanced up and then coldly and critically eyed the boy.

"What can you do?"

"Nothing," Phil replied, turning his cap nervously.

"Then you're the boy I want, because I can learn you. You can help the cook; you can clean decks; you can help get the blubber; you can sharpen harpoons; you can sew sails. Oh, we can make you useful."

The matter was arranged surprisingly simply. The boy was content with his wages and would have signed his name to his death-warrant had it been placed before him. Phil Lodge was supremely happy. He was going to sea—to the South Pacific—to the other end of the world.

Going to the rear of the shop, the captain, after some fumbling about among the dusty and moth-eaten garments there, finally brought out two suits of oil-skins—yellow and black, two sou'westers—heavy and light, a heavy sweater, and a pair of rubber boots.

"Just sign for these," he said, as he placed them on the table. Again the boy affixed his signature, and the captain, throwing the outfit over Phil's arms, led the way across the narrow street, up the board stretched to the deck of the "Nancy Chase," and pointed down a hatchway to a dingy fo'castle.

When Phil came up the transformation was complete, and he fell in quite naturally with the rest of the crew, who were engaged in the final touches. The sun had scarcely arisen when finally, "Sway those stays taut, rove halyards and sheets, and quick about it," he allowed the captain. He looked up, examined the mainsail critically as it was filled out by the rising breeze, and then, without more ado, gave the word, "Cast off."

And so, her sails lit up by the morning sun, her decks wet by the slapping sea, sheets off and sailing free, the "Nancy Chase" departed for her long quest.

That whaling season was a good one. From time to time reports were brought to Marblehead by incoming schooners which

had spoken the "Nancy Chase" on her way out, that luck had been with her captain from the start. For twenty months her whereabouts were fairly well known; but it was now the third year since she had slipped off so quietly that September morning, and whaler after whaler had since made port without having been able to get any word from her.

Whenever the neighbors stopped in on their way from town at the Lodge farmhouse their first greeting would be: "No news from Phil?" The father would look up surlily and grown out something unintelligible about "other people's business;" but the expression on the mother's face as she looked up eagerly from her scrubbing, would be wistful, though she volunteered no word, and the neighbor soon passed on. The boy was now second officer—so said the captain of the "Morning Star," who had learned that fever had carried off the mate when near the Galapagos Islands; beyond that bit of news all was blank.

And so the months passed and the third winter was nearly gone. It was a windy morning in March; the tops of the elms were swaying and their branches creaking; out at sea the white-caps broke angrily upon each other, and the small craft which had put out that morning were scurrying back to harbor. The first one in was the bearer of momentous news, for as soon as the skipper was in hailing distance of the wharf he yelled excitedly, "The 'Nancy Chase' has been sighted!"

Eagerly the cry was taken up, and by eleven o'clock the docks were crowded with townfolk to welcome the whaler, as she beat steadily up the harbor against a heavy head wind. Quickly the ropes were seized and made fast, and before the boat was moored a battery of questions and answers broke out. The first off was a bronzed boy of about eighteen, who eagerly scanned the upturned faces about him. Then, with an exclamation of disappointment, he quickly turned and ran up the hill leading out of the town.

Ice instead of grass; bare boughs where leaves had been; the fields swept by a dreary, howling wind that caught up flakes of snow in its path, and not the hot September breeze. But to the newcomer the farmhouse was the same. Without knocking, he footly turned the latch. He did not see his mother, but his father looked up sourly at the intrusion, and cried:

"Shut that door, will you?"

And timidly the home-comer hung up his cap on the accustomed peg.

The Esperanto Speaking Collectors of the World

(Founded 1905—thus the Pioneer National Esperanto Society in this Country.)

Branch I.—United States; Chairman, member No. 1.

Branch II.—Mexico; Chairman, member No. 25.

Branch III.—Switzerland and Belgium; Chairman, member No. 33.

Branch IV.—France; Chairman, member No. 14 (provisionally).

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Chairman and International Secretary—Wm. G. Adams (Secretary Seattle Esperanto Society, etc.);

National Society—Julian Park (Member Boston, New York, Buffalo, Chicago, Columbus, and Springfield Philatelic Clubs; a Fellow of the Royal Philatelic Society, London; member Philatelic Literature Society, London, etc., etc.);

Assistant Secretary—Victor A. Welman (of the Seattle Esperanto Society);

A. Gaylord Beaman (sometime instructor at the University of Chicago, etc.);

Lynn Crandall (founder Cornell Esperanto Club, etc., etc.)

Sales and Exchange Manager—V. A. Welman.

Official Organ—*Chicago Collectors' Monthly*.

THE SOCIETY MAINTAINS THE FOLLOWING OFFICES:

Chicago: 1115 Railway Exchange Building.

Seattle: 344 Arcade Annex (International Secretary).

Buffalo: 510 Delaware Avenue (National Secretary).

NOTICES

The following four names are to be added to the latest membership list, a copy of which is inserted:

*38. Clarence Webb, Perry, Ohio.

*39. H. E. Deats, Flemington, N. J.

*40. George Dunton, Chicago, Ills.

*41. H. J. Schmidt, Fond du Lac, Wisc.

Exchange Notices, Etc.

E. L. Southwick, Pawtucket, R. I., (36) wishes to exchange view cards.

C. H. Lucas, 2 Veranda St., Portland, Me., (34) would exchange letters.

Carlos Wilson, Apartado 291, Monterrey, Mex., (25) is making a specialty of view-cards of cathedrals of the world.

H. S. Graham (28) requests that his name be inserted in the great international address book, issued at regular intervals by Dro. Zamenhof, from Warsaw, Poland. Any other members who are like-minded should communicate with the International Secretary.

Notices for this department in the next issue should reach the Secretary at the latest inside of a month after the issuance of this number. Insertion cannot be guaranteed for those which reach him later. Co-operation can make this department what it should be—one of the most useful features of the magazine.

PHILATELY

U. S. Revenues

From the beginning of my interest in philately, revenue stamps have always appealed to me, for it seemed unreasonable and illogical to treasure postal issues and not to value the much longer-used fiscals, which were the forerunners of, and indeed first suggested, the others. Three chief points have gone far to enlist my devotion to them.

First, their value as aids to fixing historical events in the mind. The sufferings and hardships of the Civil War are indelibly impressed upon my boy's mind as he notes the variety of ways in which tax stamps were used at that unhappy time and for long after.

In the second place, they appeal to me because of their beauty and excellent workmanship. There may be other nations that have issued sets as uniformly pleasing to the eye, but if so I have yet to see them.

The third reason, and one that plays a large part in sustaining my interest, is the possibility of getting together a fairly complete collection for so small an outlay. Surprises are frequently mine still,

as I go over old packets of papers, ever and anon picking up a stamp of good value and of comparative rarity in a way that I do not have the opportunity to do in connection with the issues of any other government.

While these are the chief reasons that the stamps in question appeal to me, I could set forth others of minor moment did space permit, but I just mention the fact that while U. S. postal adhesives are hard to procure in prime condition, it is quite otherwise with the fiscals.—HENRY ALLAN, in *Mekeel's*.

Edmond de Goncourt

The great literary reputation of EDMOND DE GONCOURT (1822-1896) rests on many things: for having founded the Academie des Goncourts, where, with his equally famous brother Jules, he gathered around him such men as Gautier, Flaubert, and others, who (unlike the great French Academy in the '50s and '60s.) refused to be patronized by the great; for having written that pathetic romance, *Renee Mauperin*, which, running through almost the whole gamut of human passion, has the alternatives of sunshine and shade that exist in real life; and also for having written the following extract: "My wish [he says in his will] is that my drawings, my prints, my curiosities, my books—in a word those things of art which have been the joy of my life—shall not be consigned to the cold tomb of a museum, and subjected to the stupid glance of the passer-by; but I require that they shall be dispersed under the hammer of the auctioneer, so that the pleasure which the acquiring of each one of them has given me shall be given again in each case to some inheritor of my own tastes."

Of this extract the accomplished writer who presides over the destinies of *Redfield's* says aptly: "Whence will come the greatest good to the greatest number—in a collection's permanent preservation in public custody or in its broadest dispersal into the hands of a thousand lovers of the subject of study it represents, explains, and illuminates? Mr. Tapling locked up his collection forever in the British Museum; Mr. Breitfuss has, in his own lifetime, seen his scattered to the four winds of heaven. . . . Some odium has always attached to the selling of a collection if the collector happened to be a wealthy man, able, without injustice to his estate, to will his collection to some public institution. . . . But by relinquish-

ing their hold upon these treasures and restoring them to the general channels of supply, they confer a pleasure upon hundreds, perhaps thousands, of enthusiasts, each of whom picks up such of these crumbs from the rich man's table as his purse affords. Viewed in this light, the breaking up of a fine collection no longer seems an act of vandalism. . . ." No less ably does Mr. Quackenbush present the other side of the question, concluding with this undeniably pertinent comment: "Philately cannot afford to have all her followers hold M. de Goncourt's opinions—fine as these opinions are in brotherly benevolence."

There is great room for artistic improvement in the technical make-up of the philatelic journals of to-day. Capitalization and punctuation seem to be too much for some stamp printers; for instance, the *Mekeel's* printer seems to prefer capitals for such common words as "fiscal," "revenue," and "philately," which there is no reason to dignify in such a way. The *Chicago Collectors' Monthly* is probably the best appearing magazine; but Linn's *Columbus Philatelist* was the best yet. Evidently it was too good to last.

Philocarty

Washington, D. C., Apr. 4.—As a result of numerous complaints of postcards being defaced by postmarking, the Postmaster-General has ordered discontinuance of the postmarking of cards at the office of address. The postal card fad has reached an enormous proportion and the new ruling is expected by postal officials to be received with delight by the thousands of collectors.

The editor, who is president of the Pacific Souvenir Card Collectors' Society, is informed by the secretary of that energetic club that he has been working for such a ruling for some time.

Theory

(After R. L. S.)

They say that we're indebted
To the Greeks for many things,
For the statues of their sculptors,
And the customs of their kings.

They say our highest culture
And the learning of our day
Have come from Greece, and that we should
Do things the Grecian way.

Well, I guess I've studied history,
And know a thing or two
About the way Miltiades
And such chaps used to do.

Now look at that young Spartan:
He stole a fox one day,
And hid him in his shirt front
Till he chewed his lungs away.

And everybody thinks, "Oh, my,
He must have had good sand."
But if I swipe some fruit preserves,
You bet you I get tanned.

Those Spartan boys went swimming
On the very coldest day,
But I am not allowed to
Till sometime late in May.

Now what's the good of ancient lore,
And history and such twaddle,
If you never put in practice
What is taught to be your model?

If I could only sail the seas,
Or swim in early spring,
I'd be like old Miltiades,
And do some famous thing.

But when people, 'stead of armor,
Wear a coat and pair of pants,
With this modern education,
A boy don't get a chance.

Just give me forty rowers,
And a trireme stout and true,
Then pretty quick the world would know
The things that I could do.

But you'll never get a hero
In a Sunday suit of clothes,
Read of Sparta—you'll find that is not
The way that history goes.

—J. P.

Philatelic Esperanto

Published every little while in the interests of THE ESPERANTO SPEAKING
COLLECTORS OF THE WORLD.

Copyright, 1908, by the E. S. C. W.

THE PARK & DOUGHERTY PUBLISHING CO., Publishers;
JULIAN PARK, F. R. P. S., Managing Editor.

VOL. I.

BUFFALO, SEPTEMBER 1908

No. 5

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Editorial

To our great regret, our little journal is again issued wholly in English, but this is rendered unavoidable because of the fact that so few printers as yet will undertake to accept work in Esperanto. But with the next number, which will complete Vol. I., the active control of the publishing interests will be taken over by the Park & Dougherty Publishing Co., a responsible firm of book and autograph dealers who have engaged to carry a full line of Esperanto type and French accents. There will not be more than this number (which will probably bear a Thanksgiving date) before the new year opens, consequently with the advent of the new publishers the volume, with enlarged size of page, will commence with January and will omit only the summer months.

The editor begs to commend to the attention of his readers the new proprietors, who, he doubts not, will be recalled by some of the old time philatelists. The firm was founded in 1897 to trade in stamps, which business was carried on till 1903, when the senior member retired. They have been the publishers of two stamp papers, the *Buffalo Philatelic Magazine*,

(1901), and the *Journal of the Buffalo Philatelic Society*, (1903). Mr. Fargo, the general manager, guarantees 200 pages for the 1909 volume of *Philatelic Esperanto*.

Esperanto News and Notes

Probably the most important, certainly the most interesting, announcement that greeted the delegates to the recent national Esperanto congress at Chatauqua, in July, was that Esperanto had been added to the regular curriculum of the finest scientific school in the country, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Although this is a great advance, America is, however, some ways behind the European countries in this connection, for the *la lingvo internacia* has been taught for some years in all the Belgian universities, and the London Chamber of Commerce, in holding regular Esperanto examinations, places it on the same footing as French and German.

A medical weekly in Esperanto is soon to be established in Hungary and is to be devoted to Slavonic medical affairs. The various Slavonic dialects differ so widely that some ready means of intercommunication between the different localities was needed.—*New York Medical Journal*.

The Japanese Esperanto Society has about 1,000 members, and the minister of education has given the language every encouragement. A Japanese Esperanto magazine is published at Tokyo.—*Amerika Esperantisto*.

The July number of *Amerika Esperantisto* shows that the Chicago brand of "propagandism" flourishes in any weather. It is the best number of any semi-Esperantist paper we have ever seen, and that is saying a good deal. The editor of this journal will accept subscriptions to his older and more representative contemporary at the regular price of \$1. No, this journal is no "joke," as Editor Baker would have us think. It might become a joke if any subscription price were charged for it, but let us remember it is circulated free. I have not struck any readers whom the title has "slyly lead to expect" that the paper is printed in Esperanto. We try to sail under our own colours, modest as they are.

Again the society and its little paper finds itself indebted to the philatelic press for helpful publicity. More particularly we refer to *Redfield's Stamp Weekly*, whose talented editor, in common with other stamp writers, has proved in no unemphatic way, his friendliness toward the cause which will eventually triumph.

The Esperanto Speaking Collectors of the World

(Founded 1905—thus the pioneer national Esperanto society)

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Wm. G. Adams, Spokane, Wash., Chairman and International Secretary.
John Park, 510 Delaware Ave., Buffalo, N. Y. Secretary.
V. A. Welman, Seattle, Wash. Assistant Secretary.
A. G. Beaman, Chicago, Ills.; Lynn Crandall, Ithaca, N. Y.

Exchange Supt., V. A. Welman, Youngstown Sta. Seattle, Wash.

Official Organs, *Chicago Collectors' Monthly*; *Tra la Filatelico*.

The Society maintains branches in the United States, Mexico, Switzerland, France, and Belgium; and offices in the following centers:

Western Office (transferred from Seattle to Spokane);

Central Office: 510 Delaware ave., Buffalo;

Eastern Office: St. Anthony hall, Williamstown, Mass.

ADDENDA TO MEMBERSHIP LIST NO. 3, COMPLETING IT TO AUGUST

With the following names:

38. Clarence Webb, Perry, Ohio
39. H. E. Deats, Flemington, N. J.
40. George Dunton, 312 E. 66th St., Chicago
41. H. J. Schmidt, R. F. D. No. 7, Fond du Lac, Wisc.
42. A. W. Phillips, Cambridge, Idaho
43. Stanley Cermak, 442 S. Clinton St., Chicago

Membership list No. 4 will be issued probably the last week in September.

OFFICIAL NOTICE No. 24

Nominations are in order for the 1909 Committee. This Board, as you know, consists of five members who elect their own officers and who are empowered by the by-laws to appoint other officials. In accordance with my authority, I now call for nominations to be received at the secretary's office up to and including the last day of September. Include also official journal, and state preference for change of name to "Philatelic Esperanto Society."

Members' Notices

"I have nothing to say for the paper unless it be to register a kick against *Esperanto in Twenty Lessons*, A. S. Barnes & Co."—C. F. Richards, No. 20

C. H. Lucas (34) on account of press of business withdraws his request for exchange of letters.

Change of address—Wm. G. Adams (1) from Seattle to Care of Inland Printing Co., Spokane.

Any other notices for publication in the next membership list (where there is some though not much extra space) should reach the secretary immediately on receipt of this number of *Pbilatelic Esperanto*.

The White-Throated Sparrow

To-day I heard your song, soft, sweet, and clear,
Sound from the orchard. Softly creeping near,
I watched the flute-like notes—and then, behold!
In friendliest confidence—yet not too bold,
Sprung to the branch of a bent apple tree,
You swelled your little throat and answered me.

Was it your grand sire, twenty years ago,
That waked me on old Greylock, when the glow
Of early dawn flushed in the eastern sky?
With fifty of his cousins, piping high
Until I shook my leafy couch away
And shouted at the red rim of the day?

Many a bird I know, and many a song
With notes as merry as the day is long;
But, somehow, never song another sings
Goes, like the white-throat's, to the heart of things:
And often, when the night shuts down, it seems
As if the music mingled with my dreams.

DEPARTMENT OF PHILATELY

An Enterprising Rebel

The Account of an Interesting but Little-known
Stamp Issue

The career of Major-General Frederick Funston has, for a comparatively young man, been sufficiently varied. An Alaskan explorer, West Indian minister, next a Cuban colonel, when as a volunteer officer in a Kansas regiment he went to the Philippines he accomplished an exploit which gained him not only the stars of a regular army general, but even a distinct place in philatelic history.

But why should the story of Funston's strategy and Aguinaldo's guile be worth recording in stampic annals? For answer let us go back to the time when, in 1900, McArthur's division, advancing on Malolos, seized that town, the capital of the Philippine republic. If there were any philatelists among those troops—though history records none—you can imagine with what eagerness they searched the rebel postoffice, for in Malolos was the origin of the very interesting, though little known, stamps of the Philippine republic, Emilio Aguinaldo, president, dictator, et al.

Before the seizure of the insurgent capital, the manufacture of postage, registry, newspaper, and telegraph stamps had been going on for about two years. The Bureau of Engraving and Printing was formed in 1898, carrying out Aguinaldo's directions as contained in a general proclamation, under date of Oct. 15. The original of this document, duly signed by the president, secretary of the treasury, and the chief of the Bureau, is one of my literary treasures. At the end of this article I append a list, priced to the best of the writer's ability, of the Aguinaldo stamps. For the most part Fulcher's listing is followed; (see *Revenue Stamps of Spain and Colonies*, by L. W. Fisher; London: W. Morley, 1902).

Let us make a few comparisons, which to my mind are not flattering to the "standard" catalogue. Scott includes, for example, (1) stamps of the Confederate States of America, issued while the country was under control of Federal forces; (2) Venezuelan insurgent stamps, issued while the nation was in the hands of government troops; (3) the Don Carlos issues, gotten out by the pretender while the Spanish sovereign was ruling. We trust our readers see the analogy. Undoubtedly the cases just cited and the one under consideration are parallel. Furthermore, the writer is convinced the Aguinaldo stamps were issued for a legitimate purpose. If Confederate, Carlist,

and certain Venezuelan stamps find a place in the catalogue, so should the Filipino issue. Let us remark in passing that in the same category, to our mind, belongs the stamps which Prince James I. (the French Baron Hickey) issued for the use of his short-lived principality of Trinidad. Those two issues, however, are different from those embryonic state of Counani and of the Italian colony of Benadir in that they were legitimately issued by officials regularly appointed.

This inadequate synopsis should not be concluded without giving the number of postage stamps printed and circulated. This number has been variously estimated at from 25,000 to 100,000; the fact is that 85,000 were struck off, a great number of which were destroyed at Malolos before those engaged in the work realized the interest attached to those crudely executed stamps. The complete story is a vastly interesting bit of a philatelic side line well worth following up.

For the list as here given I am indebted as much to Fulcher and to Bartels' Handbook (1904) as to my own observation.

REFERENCE LIST

1—Postage. One value (2c), but 4 varieties. Color, pink-vermillion. One variety (inscription, "Correos y telegrafos") is used as a telegraph stamp as well. All are perforated, but very roughly. Value from 10-25 cents.

2—Registration, (3c), is light green, larger than the postage stamps. As a central figure it has a star inside a circle, around which are the words when translated, 'Filipino Revolutionary Government.' Value at least 75c.

3—Newspaper. (1 milesima), grayish black; both perforated and imperforate. Was occasionally used for postage. Value 10 cents.

4—"Receipt Stamp." (10c), reddish brown. Imperforate. Value 25c.

5—"Transfer of cattle" stamp. This, a most curious specimen, might properly be classed as revenue. Agricultural implements are depicted. No value expressed; reddish brown. Should be valued at about \$1.25.

Minor varieties have not here been discussed, but naturally there are enough of them to make an article of itself.

All A. P. S. members will read, and doubtless the majority will endorse the article in the *Stamp Journal* entitled "The Association Quarterly: The project killed in the house of its friends." Truly the referendum is the thing.

Friends of *Philatelic Esperanto* will note with interest the fact that the society has copyrighted the publication.

A List of the American Members of the Royal Philatelic Society

Senator E. R. Ackerman, N. J.	Gordon Ireland, N. Y.
J. F. Bruner, N. Y.	L. H. Kjellstedt, Pa.
P. de Coppet, N. Y.	Bruno Loewy, N. Y.
T. R. Cornwall, Mo.	M. H. Lombard, Mass.
H. J. Crocker, Calif.	C. L. Pack, Ohio
I. S. Davis, Colo.	Julian Park, N. Y.
Dr. H. A. Davis, Colo.	H. B. Phillips, Cal.
H. E. Deats, N. J.	L. G. Quackenbush, N. Y.
I. C. Ernst, Pa.	W. C. Stone, Mass.
Alexander Holland, N. Y.	G. L. Toppan, N. Y.
J. O. Hobby, N. Y.	N. H. Withee, Wisc.
E. A. Howes, Mass.	G. H. Worthington, Ohio

I find I never weary of great churches. It is my favorite kind of mountain scenery. Mankind was never so happily inspired as when it made a cathedral: a thing as single and specious as a statue to the first glance, and yet, on examination, as lively and interesting as a forest in detail. I could never fathom how a man dares to lift up his voice to preach in a cathedral. What is he to say that will not be an anti-climax? For though I have heard a considerable variety of sermons, I never yet heard one that was so expressive as a cathedral. 'Tis the best preacher, itself, and preaches day and night; not only telling you of man's art and aspirations in the past, but convicting your own soul of ardent sympathies; or rather, like all good preachers, it sets you preaching to yourself—and every man is his own doctor of divinity in the last resort.

—From *An Inland Voyage*,
by R. L. STEVENSON.

Nobody quite knows the beauty of a country, especially a quiet country, except one who has been born in it, or for whom at least childhood and boyhood and youth have opened door after door into the hidden phases of its life. There is no square yard but some one can in part understand what God meant in making it; while the same changeful skies canopy the most picturesque and boldest landscapes; the same winds wake and blow over desert and pasture lands, making the bosom of youth and age swell with the delight of their blowing.

—From *A Rough Shaking*,
by GEORGE McDONALD.

Esperanto and Philately

The study of Esperanto is being taken up, it would appear, by not a few philatelists who see in it (whether too hopefully or not, time can only tell) a means whereby the philatelists of Europe and America may be brought much more closely in touch with each other than is the case at present. There is a Society of Esperanto Speaking Collectors, and we hear that it is making excellent progress. Certainly there are few social fields to which a universal language would yield greater benefit than to philately. One of the great drawbacks to philatelic progress in this country is the comparative isolation of American collecting. Europe has ever been the principal home of philatelic learning. America has developed a few master philatelists—Tiffany and Luff may be cited as examples—but in the main our philatelic students do not use above a very moderate standard of proficiency. This country's contributions to the world fund of philatelic knowledge have never been at all commensurate with our numerical rank among the principal stamp collecting nations of the globe. In only exceptional instances do our philatelists display the skill and zeal as philatelic investigators and writers that is common among the best philatelic circles of England, Germany and France—especially the last named.

And we think this may be due to the fact that comparatively few of even our best philatelists read with easy familiarity the languages of continental Europe. We are outside the current of European philatelic scholarship, and have not yet developed anything that will entirely take its place.

This is to be counted as highly unfortunate. The fact that America is producing so little in the way of permanently valuable philatelic literature is but one of the many results which can be traced largely to this cause. We sorely miss the stimulus which could be supplied by closer intercourse with our European brethren. If Esperanto can bridge even in a small degree, the gulf that lies between philatelic Europe and philatelic America, we shall chant its praises most heartily.

L. G. QUACKENBUSH, in

Redfields Stamp Weekly (1907)

RECEIPT ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS:

Richardson's Stamp Chat, No. 1. *The International Exchange*, the official organ of The International Exchange Club, a correspondence sheet whose manager is an E. S. C. W. member.

The Denver Stamp Journal: invaluable to revenue collectors and interesting to others.

Amerika Esperantisto. See editorial comment.

Esperanto Obtains Official Recognition

Washington, Aug. 10.—Esperanto has been recognized officially by the United States government in the recent appointment of Major Paul F. Straub, of the army medical corps, to represent this country in the fourth international Esperanto congress, to be held at Dresden, Germany, August 16-22, 1908. Belgium was the first nation to give its official recognition to this remarkable language by sending Lieutenant Cardinal to the third congress, held in Cambridge, England, last August. The war department library was the first institution in Washington to recognize the value of Esperanto as an auxiliary language, and it began the accumulation of Esperanto literature in January, 1907. There are now nearly 1,000 Esperanto schools and societies throughout the world.—*Buffalo Commercial*.

Original and Otherwise

"A non-collector who is in the publishing business, upon being told of the interest that is taken in stamps by a great number of people, innocently inquired if it would not be a stroke of enterprise for some one to go to the length of publishing a journal for stamp collectors."—Mekeel's. That was four years ago, before the sumptuously printed *Journal of the Philatelic Literature Society* was issued. I am sorely tempted to send him a copy of this magazine, which will remain for a long time to come an example of the print-
ing art unexcelled in philatelic journalism. In the list of the membership of the Philatelic Literature Society we note several gentlemen this side of the water: E. R. Ackerman, E. M. Carpenter, W. H. Colson, J. A. Cook, H. J. Beats, W. J. Gardner, J. N. Luff, C. A. Nast, Julian Park, E. B. Power, and W. R. Ricketts—ten out of forty.

Attorney M. A. Lesser, formerly assistant corporation counsel to the city of New York, has been retained by S. Singer in a libel suit against Stanley Goddons, Ltd. Mr. Lesser was formerly chairman of the Fraud Committee of the Metropolitan Philatelic Association.

The A. P. A. (after Sept. 1, the A. P. S.) will hold its twenty-fourth annual convention in Atlantic City, and the M. P. A. will hold its seventh annual session in Scranton, in 1909. We prefer the choice of the younger society.

In 1907 there will be two official international Esperanto congresses, one at Barcelona, Spain, and the other in Chatauqua, N. Y., U. S. A. The prospect of thus deciding the annual congress seems dubious at present.

Forget-me-not

Do you know the German legend
Of this sweet and modest flower,
 How it gained its name
 And won its fame
One dewy twilight hour?

A brave knight and his lady
In the days of long ago,
 By the Danube walked
 And softly talked
In the way that lovers know.

When suddenly the lady's glance
An unknown bloom espied,
 And "Get for me,
 Sir Knight," cried she,
"That flower by the river's side."

The smiling knight sprang at her word,
But as he grasped the flower,
 The treacherous bank
 Crumbled and sank
Into the river's power.

"Vergiss mir nicht!" the lover cried,
As from his hand in passage fleet,
 The blossoms fair
 Sped through the air,
To fall at the lady's feet.

"Vergiss mir nicht!" Forget-me-not!
T'was said with his latest breath,
 For the current strong
 Swept him along,
And his weighty armor was death.

The weeping lady raised the blooms,
And sobbed as she left the spot,
 Touching her lips
 To the petal tips,
"I name you Forget-me-not."

IK MARVEL*

A Record and an Appreciation

A definitive edition of "Ik Marvel" at last! Simultaneously with the publication of a new edition of Henry James, the publishers are putting forth, it may be as an anticlimax, the attractively-titled volumes which stand to Mr. Mitchell's credit; and a handsome set it is. It was my privilege to be presented with an autographed set;—there, straggling across the page, ran the signature of an old, old man, not an even writer, not always a scholarly writer, far from immortal, but yet the dean of American letters.

"Ik Marvel," with Howells, Hopkinson Smith, and Mark Twain is the last of the old guard. Contemporaneously with Irving's *Knickerbocker Book* appeared the first book by this young man of twenty-three, with the title of *Fresh Gleanings: or, a Sheaf from the old Fields of Continental Europe*. It was the old story, the impressionable young writer had to describe his first trip abroad or feel that his literary career had not been begun under the most auspicious auspices. But with that off his mind, "Ik Marvel" felt himself free to devote his pen to the service of that natural and unrestricted life of which France is popularly considered the most strenuous devotee.

In 1841 Mitchell had graduated from Yale, and ten years afterward bought a farm near his college town, the name of which estate has become a household word in connection with whatever is peculiarly intimate and personal in American letters. Written from Edgewood, *Reveries of a Bachelor and Dream Life* speedily took their place with the *Autocrat*, with *Walden*, with those few books in our literature which are firmly grounded in the sympathies of generations. That the *Reveries* has really been what its sub-title calls it, "a book of the heart," is the testimony of the surest witness,

What, then, is the nature of his work—is it all dreamy and sentimental? Much of it, to be sure, is sentiment, but that it is purely manly and wholesome is proved by the fact that Mitchell's appeal is primarily to young men, and though they may not be able to appreciate the finer qualities of his works. These finer qualities, indeed, it requires no small degree of culture to appreciate, and when you find a true Marvelian you may depend on also finding

*Donald Grant Mitchell, born 1822, now living near New Haven. Complete works, Edgewood edition, 15 volumes, published 1907.

a foundation of good reading and culture, and a development of the literary sense.

One reason why Mitchell is admired, and, one may say, loved, by the young is because he is really the champion of young manhood, the true associate of youth. He asserts the right of youth to be young, and even to be foolish—as the old count foolishness; just as the old have the right to be old and to be wise—as the old count wisdom. The reveries of his school days are filled with such bits of homely philosophy as this: "A scholar by the name of Tom Belton, who wore linsey gray, made a dam across the little brook by the school and whittled out a saw-mill that actually sawed: he had genius. I expected to see him before now at the head of American mechanics, but I learn with pain that he is keeping a grocery store."

After striking these few preliminary chords, let us turn to the facts of his life, uneventful as it was. We have seen that he entered Yale in 1837; after being duly graduated he went to Europe and there collected in one note book the material for his first volume, which was published in 1847. His next two books are the ones which we have been discussing, and on which his literary reputation so largely rests. The cares of the farm now occupied him, and it was not till shortly before the war that he was again heard from, this time with a novel, *Dr. Johns*, an uneventful recital of the life of a Connecticut minister. His next attempt at fiction was a group of seven short stories, one of them, with the curious title of *Fudge Doings*, being translated into French with the inscription *Aventures de la Famille Doings*. With these not altogether satisfactory attempts at fiction, he again concluded to labour in that one field which he can call his own, and in 1856 issued from Edgewood the first of a series describing the joys of a life in the country, with an old fashioned mixture of philosophy and anecdote. A typical gentleman farmer in democracy and refinement, Mr. Mitchell has only left Edgewood for occasional pilgrimages to swap yarns with his neighbor Mark Twain, or to cheer the old age of these two friends of his—the poets Stedman and Aldrich. Both have left him within the year, but "Ik Marvel" grows younger in spirit even as his step falters and his hand trembles; for he is the first to realize that he is long past the allotted threescore years and ten,—but he is the last to dread the end.

We have seen that Mr. Mitchell's field is peculiarly his own. He has no predecessors, and has had few imitators, for a little reverie is a dangerous thing: a truth which those who have tried their hand at his art have speedily realized. Much of his contemplative spirit, and all his popularity, is due to the soul of the man, to that personal force which no analysis of character can explain. Moreover, more than in any other thoughtful writer of the country

his mind is the natural outgrowth, and his homely criticisms the natural expression, of the typical New England environment and tradition; and this formulation in the past gives a strength to his words that lesser writers of the same stamp utterly lack. Mere description is, after all, a form of literature cheap enough, and too much curiosity of detail is sure to exert a discouraging influence on the contemplation of human nature; none of his writing is the mere record of analysis or even of mere observation;—rather is his great heart reverent and sympathetic. Even if, as is recognized, Mitchell's creative genius is less than that of the writers of the same school with whom he may be compared—our own George William Curtis, and Hazlitt or even Lamb,—still I cannot but think that his attitude toward human nature is just as satisfying, or else it is occasionally more wholesome, sometimes more contemplative, often truer to life. What a gentle, optimistic, all too rare a life it is that this talent of human nature leads! The very thought of him,—faring quietly about his meadow-lands, poking around among all sorts of queer people who imagine him, and not mistakenly, to be simply one of themselves, living his long life in a sober and temperate joy and peering everywhere for the same qualities among simple, homekeeping folk,—brings with it a high inspiration.

On his limitations, his defects in style and plot, we have not space to touch. They exist. But if you ask to reconcile his narrow mindedness and his lack of any erudition,—which charms the simple-minded as it repels the pedantic,—with that other aspect which has placed him at the head of his American contemporaries, why try to reconcile them at all? It depends on the reader, and on the reader's changing moods. When he is in the mood to look soberly into the face of life, then "Ik Marvel's" frivolity may repel him, but when the reader feels the necessity—which comes always—for smiling and for quaint fancy, then he gratefully acknowledges Mr. Mitchell singularly gifted. For he recognizes the latter mood to be on the whole wiser, and is safer and saner.

And so we have had our glimpse of the sage of Edgewood. We are ready to apply to him the words of Emerson at Thoreau's funeral—the Concord philosopher who said of the hermit of Walden, in tender words of consolation—better worth than the heaped up praises of a biographer: "Wherever there is knowledge, wherever there is virtue, wherever there is beauty, there we will find a home."

A List of the Twenty-five Best Prose Books

Sir John Lubbock's list, abridged and supplemented

	Title	Date of Publication	Author
1	Tale of Two Cities	1859	Charles Dickens
2	Essays of Elia	1823	Charles Lamb
3	Henry Esmond	1852	W. M. Thackeray
4	Scarlet Letter	1850	Nathaniel Hawthorne
5	Mill on the Floss	1860	George Eliot
6	Hypatia	1853	Charles Kingsley
7	Life of Nelson	1813	Robert Southey
8	Notre Dame de Paris	1830	Victor Hugo
9	David Copperfield	1849	Charles Dickens
10	Wuthering Heights	1847	Emily Bronte
11	Prue and I	1856	George William Curtis
12	Master of Ballantrae	1893	Robert Louis Stevenson
13	Dream Life	1852	Donald G. Mitchell
14	Cloister and the Hearth	1865	Charles Reade
15	Greatest Thing in the World	1892	Henry Drummond
16	Sartor Resartus	1833	Thomas Carlyle
17	Richard Feverel	1859	George Meredith
18	Mayor of Casterbridge	1886	Thomas Hardy
19	Adam Bede	1857	George Eliot
20	Return of the Native	1878	Thomas Hardy
21	Essay on Warren Hastings	2841	T. B. Macaulay
22	Life of Macaulay	1876	G. O. Trevelyan
23	Pride and Prejudice	1813	Jane Austen
24	History of English Literature	1864	H. A. Taine
25	Life of Napoleon	1901	John Rose

Of this edition but 100 copies have been printed, and the type distributed. The number on each copy corresponds to the E. S. C. W. membership number. This copy is No. 90

The Secretary of the Society

Which this little paper represents would urge all his readers who are not already members to hasten and avail themselves, for the paltry sum of seventy-five cents, of the privileges of membership. These privileges are numerous and in many ways absolutely unique. For instance; members receive gratis three distinct magazines:

The Chicago Collectors Monthly, an illustrated, strictly philatelic magazine;

Tra la Filatelico, a collectors' journal wholly in Esperanto; and

Philatelic Esperanto, a semi-philatelic magazine of considerable literary merit,

which has been already commented upon most favorably by the English, American, and Esperantist papers.

Send For Application Blank,

Which will be sent post free, or with Esperanto grammar, for four green stamps.
