

Written for THE CANADIAN PHILATELIST.

PHILATELY.

BY CHAS. E. JENNEY.

'Tis now the winter eves draw near,
 And may they bring to all good cheer;
 For though the winds blow bleak and cold,
 They will but make our hearts more bold;
 In ice and snow you e'er can trace
 The footsteps of a hardy race;
 Where Jack Frost's banner is unfurled,
 There flows the blood that rules the world.
 'Tis now each day of honest work
 Earns well, for him who does not shrink,
 The cheer and mirth of fireside glow,
 When all without is sleet and snow;
 Not that the dipping western sun
 Should put an end to outdoor fun;
 For Luna casts her silvery sheen
 On many a lively, jovial scene;
 Where merry laughs with sleigh-bells ring;
 Where coasters on the hillside sing
 The cry of warning—"Clear the way!"
 Drop on their sleds, and dart away;
 Where on the ice the skater feels
 The keen delight of glittering steels.
 But nights there come when wind and sleet
 Upon the roof and windows beat,
 And cold north wind howls, shrieks, and roars,
 When man seeks comfort within doors,
 With music—games, some while the hours
 Defying Nature's fiercest powers:
 Of all the pleasant scenes I see,
 Before me in my reverie,
 Is one that every home will know,
 Where stamp collectors come and go;
 A room well lit by lamps and fire,
 With all the comforts we require;
 And sitting by the friendly blaze,
 Two stamp collectors friendly gaze
 Upon their albums' checkered page,
 On rarities of every stage;
 A table sits beside the two,
 On which the ancient pot of glue,
 By hinges gummed is now replaced,
 A credit to our later taste;
 A glass of water, blotting pad,
 Pencil and paper for each lad,
 Scissors to trim their envelopes;
 Some stamps, a pair of microscopes;
 A catalogue, price list a few,
 A stamp paper, and more stamps too;
 In answer to the postman's ring,
 Two fat stamp letters in they bring;
 A packet and some sheets they hold,
 And what a pleasure they unfold!
 With careful glance each sheet is scanned
 For stamps that spaces blank demand.
 The packets also are looked through;
 They compare stamps, then trade a few;
 Until the evening is well spent,
 Over their albums they are bent.
 The pleasant evening that has passed
 No shadow of regret can cast.
 If you want moral, moral take;
 If boys would stamp collectors make,
 Why let them; you will find it pays;
 Your son will gain much by its grace.
 No more at night the street he roams;
 'Twill empty bar-rooms and make homes.

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WHO ARE PHILATELISTS?

BY O. E. KLAPP.

THE above question is one worthy of notice and consideration, although it is given very little attention or discussion by our prominent Philatelic writers. I see no reason why it should not be given its share by the Press, as few persons are able to comprehend what a philatelist is.

Real philatelists are rare, and when once seen it is not difficult to make his acquaintance. It is a true saying that "Philatelists are never found in knee pants," and are rarely found under age. A few exceptions to this may be found, and proper credit must be given, as the present young collectors are billed for the future philatelists. Our poets mostly are in their minority, and to these philatelists must honor and show signs of appreciation. Only a few of our many prominent dealers from the great philatelic centres of New York, Chicago and St. Louis are under age; this is very easily determined by noticing their manner of doing business, their customs, etc.

A gentleman, knowing that I was a stamp dealer, and who was evidently very much taken up with his boy's new idea, walked up to me a short time ago and began talking about his son who had lately made up his mind to collect postage stamps. He said that his "Frankie" had lately taken to collecting stamps, and was very much pleased he had decided to be a philatelist. Upon asking him how long his son had been collecting, he hesitated, and said that he believed it was last spring when he commenced. I then asked him if he had a specialty, and how many varieties his collection contained. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "Why, he isn't trying to get all the varieties, but only seeing how many he can gather together; I believe he is aiming at a milli n, however." I then explained to my friend that his son was merely a collector, and that he had no knowledge of philately—not even in its first stage. He at once became quite indignant, and before I could get out of hearing distance he made the atmosphere fairly blue with profanity; this, with his gymnastic gestures, showed signs of his great anger. However, I passed on out of his sight and left him talking to himself, only fearing that I had made an enemy by so nobly defending our hobby. But, thinking that the Supreme Being and all wise Father would forgive that one, who had become a bitter enemy by my defending such a cause, my mind at once became easier, and I do not now regret having spoken the words which I did on that occasion.

This is a class that are of little benefit to philately, and I have reasons for believing that it is those persons that are swelling the already large numbers of several of our national societies, more especially the one known as the "Sons of Philatelia." A "boy will be a boy," and he has no right to term himself a philatelist unless he has philatelic principles in him. Noah Webster is regarded by all as a man that had a great mind and a superior education, and it is justly right that every person should speak of him as such, as his works prove. But still he, in defining the word "Philatelist" failed to make it broad enough, and by his definition alone many young, and no doubt some aged ones, are led to the belief that they are and have the proper right to term themselves a philatelist. Those who are philatelists know that they have become such by no other way than by long study and earnest work. Thus we say that a philatelist is not merely a stamp collector or dealer, but one who has devoted his time and labor to that cause