

## H. P. M. INTERVIEWS.

[PATENTED.]

No. 2.—J. W. SCOTT, *The Father of Philately.*

Our interviewer found Mr. Scott in his office on John Street, New York, and without further ado put him on his oath. "I swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me fat" After this solemn declaration our representative thought Mr. Scott's veracity could be relied on and proceeded to examine him as follows

"Mr. Scott, when were you born?"

"In the afternoon"

"But the year, Mr. Scott, the year?"

"In the year 1845."

"When did you come to America, Mr. Scott?"

"In 1861, when 16 years old"

"You then passed as mining expert, and visited the Rocky Mountains, did you not?"

"Yes, but the climate was too vigorous and the by-laws of the community were unco-genial, so I gathered up what seeds were available and came east, resolving to go into the stump business. I went to England to get my stock. Business was slow as the foremost philatelists of the days were too busy with the civil war to devote much time to stamps. However, I engaged a few agents to enlist to the Northern Army and rob Confederate post offices when opportunity favoured, and accumulated quite a stock by this means."

"When did you first retire, Mr. Scott?"

"In 1866"

"You had a few rocks by that time I presume?"

"Yes, to burn, but owing to an unfortunate speculation I made one day in a bucket shop, I became 'poor but honest,' once more. In 1888 I again started, and have continued ever since"

"I am obliged, Mr. Scott, for the interview and on returning to Halifax, I will endeavour to decipher my shorthand notes. Any drivilling idiocy or erroneous statement you may detect on reading over the write up can safely be blamed on Sir Isaac Pittman and the intelligent compositor."

"Thanks awfully."

THE Eastern Stamps comes to hand, dated December, owing perhaps to its publisher neglecting to provide himself with a new calendar. Its typographical appearance is very good indeed and contents interesting, but we would suggest to Mr. Rugg the advisability of making the paper a little larger—say about four times its present size.

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THE *Canadian Philatelic Magazine* comes along occasionally and we always rush out to meet it at the door. We then carefully place it on our table and gaze at it for hours together, for it is an awful pretty paper. But we never open the magazine nor attempt to look for contents, knowing that it would ill behoove us to act the iconoclast, in this regard.

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THE *Philatelic Era* comes regularly to hand, and very excellent it is. Mr. Jewett thoroughly believes in the "*Era*," and we are sure his faith is not misplaced. It is a good thing to have faith in oneself, especially when you can find others to agree with you, and that such is the case with Mr. Jewett we doubt not.

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BUT here we must terminate our review for this present month, for other matters must be touched on, and the delirious joy of commenting on our ever esteemed contemporaries must come to an end.