

Written for THE CANADIAN PHILATELIST.

THESE ARE NOT PHILATELISTS.

BY ROY F. GREENE.

SINCE the question has arisen as to the qualifications and necessary attributes of a philatelist, as to who has the right to that cognomen and why, it would not be amiss to air my views as to the class who should be denied the name and my reasons therefor.

The word *philately* has been defined as "the love of stamps," and necessarily a *PHILATELIST* must be *one who loves stamps*.

The person who collects stamps with the sole object of pecuniary gain, of realizing a profit on his investment, cannot lay claim to the title of philatelist, for it is a love of money, not of stamps, which prompts him to accumulate these treasures, and it would be sacrilege to allow him to use the name.

The writer for stamp journals, who is forever playing the role of pessimist, continually prophesying the decline of our hobby through cross-fancied or real, whose articles have a tendency to make us think less of our hobby rather than to love it the better, surely he can lay no claim to the title, philatelist.

If his love of stamps was deep and unswerving he would magnify the virtues and overlook the vices of our pursuit.

The collector who only imbibes pleasure from his album and stamps in the sequestered seclusion of his own room, who has never spoken a good word for the pursuit, who never comes out boldly and acknowledges his allegiance to the fair Goddess, but who acts as though he were ashamed to let the fact become known, shall we speak of him as a philatelist? Shall we allow him to wear the laurels which belong solely to those who fight the battles and proclaim the virtues of our Goddess Philatelia?

There must be an element in his makeup which makes love subservient to pride, and the fear of being ridiculed for his passion makes him play an inglorious part. Surely we shall not call a being with a lack of stamina a true philatelist.

It has seemed to me that a true love of stamps carries with it a brotherly feeling for all those associated with him in the pursuit. An affection which overlooks errors, which turns a deaf ear to bickering and strife, and which exerts a benignant influence upon the individual and elevates as well as instructs.

Thus the true philatelist, whom we shall consider worthy the name, shall treat with disdain all covert attacks upon his brothers in the hobby. Shall spurn with contempt the political intriguer and disbeliever in the potent influences of our hobby towards the elevation and enlightenment of those who embrace it.

And it follows as a sequence, that those of the opposite complexion we cannot, in justice to ourselves, and with the proper respect for our hobby, and the delightful Goddess who rules over us all, bestow upon these the honored name of philatelists.

Of course these are only opinions, others may look at the matter in a different light, and the subject is at least open to discussion.

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"WHAT FOOLS WE MORTALS BE"

BY WALTER A. WITHROW.

AT the succeeding meeting Rogers told his tale:

"A few years ago, when I was a 'kid,' I thought that anything I did not know about stamps was hardly worth studying over. At that time I had not all the cash I desired, for of course I would have purchased some Executives, dollar value States and such trifles.

About this time also was it that I cast about me for a means to replenish my attenuated treasury, and it occurred to me to turn my talents in the philatelic line to some purpose. I soon hit upon an idea, and it rebounded and struck me very forcibly.

I knew the first perforated issue of Canada was much scarcer than the unperforated series issued before it, and it occurred to me that as the perforated issue was so much desired by collectors that it would be an excellent idea to earn some money, and, at the same time, give collectors what they were piping and wasting away for the lack of.

So it was that I soon laid in a good stock of unperforated Canadians, particularly of the three and six pence values, the majority being on the original cover. I bethought me of the best means to perforate these stamps, for, although I did not care how it was done, I recognized the fact that good imitations of the regular perforation was desirable. Although there will be no difference in a stamp, simply because of a few perforations, thought I, it will be best to give my fellow collectors the worth of their money.

I finally selected a darning needle, not because it was the best means, but rather because no other means was available. I longed to see how a stamp would look when perforated, that is, a Canada six pence, and in my hurry I entirely forgot that there should be twelve perforations in the space of a millimetre. Catching sight of a smile on Brown's countenance, Rogers realized that he had made a mistake, and he hastily said "I mean in the space of five millimetres."

Of course that stamp was spoiled, which meant two dollars. But I was not discouraged, and said to myself, "Rogers, old boy, you're in for it now. You must retrieve your lost fortune," or rather I meant that two dollars, and so the next time I was exceedingly careful. I marked off the distance on the margins and carefully pricked the holes with the darning needle, but the result did not come up to my expectations, for the holes were but temporary, and when the stamp was pressed the holes filled up, instead of making the mathematical cut hole of the perforating machine.

I thought of going to our local printing office and getting the stamps perforated, but soon gave up that idea and eventually the whole job. But I was not discouraged and soon another popped into my head. Try the provisionals, was what it said.

Here the narrative was interrupted by Gauthier, who claimed that he was sleepy, and that it was time to go to bed, and he added, looking over at Rogers, "You might continue that yarn at the next meeting. It will give you more time in which to *enlarge* upon the subject." And it was unanimously agreed to give Rogers the floor at the next meeting, that he might conclude his story.