

Written for THE CANADIAN PHILATELIST.

MEMORIES OF YOUTHFUL
COLLECTING.

BY GUY W. GREEN.

I sometimes sigh for good old days,
The merry days of yore ;
When each new hour revealed me joys
I ne'er had known before.
When all the future seemed replete
With treasures I could clasp,
If I but chose to reach my hand
And take them in my grasp.

My album then was not, perhaps,
In Russia leather bound ;
My catalogues were out of date,
As I have later found ;
The value of the papers that
I fondly read was nil ;
The fictions I supposed were facts,
Would many volumes fill.

The hinges that I used were not
Of stylish wafer kind ;
And yet the thought of injured stamps
Had ne'er assailed my mind ;
For I had glued my specimens
With wondrous skill and care
In proper place, and I supposed
They'd stay forever there.

"Cut round" or "square"—it mattered not,
If spaces covered were ;
A half design sufficed for me,
The rest I could infer.
A label from a mustard pot,
Stood just as good a chance,
Of entering my album as
A stamp from sunny France.

Instruction came by slow degrees,
And banished all my dreams,
But still the jewel of those days
In mem'ry's casket gleams.
The wine of life has lost the zest
It had in those glad days ;
Before my feet had learned to tread
In rougher, harsher ways.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR PHILATELIC
WRITERS.

BY GUY W. GREEN.

HERE are a few subjects which are especially favored by all philatelic writers. These few topics are dwelt upon, regarded from various points of view, turned and twisted, until it almost seems that the themes should have been thoroughly and exhaustively considered long ago. One of the subjects to which I refer is philatelic journal' n.

During the last year our stamp literature has received an unusual amount of attention. Papers and writers have been discussed by almost every wielder of the pen. Our monthlies have been analyzed and criticised and classified ; they have been praised and abused, lauded to the skies, and consigned (mentally at least), to the lowest depths of obscurity. Some of our *literati* have clamored for a greater number of journals ; others have affirmed that we were already overburdened with the products of the printing press.

Our philatelic writers have come in for their share of public attention. They have been recognized as an important factor in the stamp collecting world, and, as a result, liberal doses of commendation or of execration have been administered to them. The recipients of all this attention have conducted themselves with proper meekness and humility, as is becoming people in their station, and instead of wasting their time in useless strife and bickering, they have very industriously "sawed wood." The result is seen in the improved quality of our literature, and in the general high character of our more popular periodicals. In acting as they have, our pen pushers have shown a remarkable amount of common sense and good judgment. The same product does not please everyone, no matter how nearly perfect it may be. Tastes differ. Nine men may be pleased, and the tenth one may have feelings directly opposite in character to those of his predecessors. This fact is amusingly illustrated by a series of cartoons which once appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*.

An artist produced a comic picture which was completed with intense mirth and satisfaction. His office boy was seized with an uncontrollable fit of laughter when he observed the creation of his master's pencil. The people whose glances fell upon the caricature, as it was being carried to the editor of the funny paper, yielded to irresistible attacks of merriment. But when the editor's eyes rested upon the sheet which had called forth so many expressions of approval, he gasped convulsively and said, "Take it away, it gives me a pain."

In the philatelic world there are sometimes found people who disapprove of the very things which others have hailed with delight ; and it often happens that these individuals are the readers whose good opinions we most desire.

Because everyone does not shower encomiums upon a writer, however, he should not yield to discouragement, and, fortunately for us, the most of our writers do not.

Philatelic fiction has been earnestly and repeatedly condemned by numerous of our critics, but that is no reason why it should not be written. Philatelic poetry has been likewise condemned, but its popularity has not decreased in the slightest degree. Statistical articles have met with determined opposition from many sources, and yet they are sometimes very desirable.

In short, room can and should be found in the philatelic press for those kinds of literary diet which are demanded by differing classes of readers. We should not run to extremes, when we can best conserve our interests by preserving a wise equilibrium in the contents of our papers. Every deserving literary work, be it a poem, story, essay or compilation, should receive a cordial welcome from our editors.

Let each author choose his own pathway. Let him follow where his inclination leads, even if his work has never before been attempted and is likely to come as a surprise to his brother collectors.

We have lately seen an exemplification of the opinions expressed in this article in the Columbian issue of the *Pennsylvania Philatelist*. Such a variety of matter has never before been presented to the public in a single number of any paper. All tastes are catered to. No narrowness is apparent. Who dare say that the result is not a pleasing one ?

There have recently appeared several magazines whose contents are exceedingly varied, and the regard of whose editors for all classes of collectors is as broad as is praiseworthy. Such periodicals are a comparatively new feature in our stamp-collecting world, and