

Written for THE CANADIAN PHILATELIST.

THE GERMAN'S TRIBUTE.

I know they consider them lightly,
And perhaps they are correct enough;
It may be they class them quite rightly
As that cheap continental stuff.
A thousand they buy for a quarter,
And think they are cheated at that;
It seems to them as no great slaughter,
But profit on such stamps as that!

But I look at our own native eagle,
The eagle of duplicate heads,
The arms that our land has made legal,
And my life to a former it weds.
I see not the common red stamp, sir,
That all of them here so despise;
But my cheeks often times will grow damper
From a mist shutting down o'er my eyes.

And I see through the midst, dimly gleaming,
The sunsets I knew long ago;
O'er the vineyards of dear Rhineland streaming,
And the castles lit up by the glow.
There's the little thatched cot that we dwelt in,
The Fader and Gretchen and I;
There the wide golden fields that we knelt in
As we gathered the stray sheaths of rye.

And there the long stretches of vine land,
Where we gathered the clusters, so sweet,
And the sunny-haired maidens of Rhineland
Pressed the juices beneath their white feet.
And there the broad sweep of the river,
Our own beloved, blue Rhine,
Flowing ceaselessly on forever,
Past the green fields all dotted with kine.

And when our own sunsets were glowing,
And shadows dimmed castle and hill,
The smoke from his long meerschaum flowing,
The Fader our young ears would fill
With tales of the Black Forest demon,
Of elfin, and goblin, and clown;
And how in the Baltic, the seamen
The phantom ship saw and went down.

A common red stamp, you are saying,
But its color recalls the bright glow,
The blush of a Fraulein displaying,
One I loved in those days long ago.
Trash! Worth not the paper and printing!
Ah, well, you can not understand;
To strangers 'tis not ever hinting,
The memories of dear Faderland.

—CHAS. E. JENNEY.

Are your Files

OF THE CANADIAN PHILATELIST complete? If not, now is the time to complete them. The supply of back numbers is small. While they last they can be had at the following prices: Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22 and 23 at 10c. each. Nos. 7 and 16 are 25c. each. Complete your files before it is too late.

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DRONES IN THE PHILATELIC HIVE.

BY ROY F. GREENE.

HERE is one class of collectors enrolled among us, who, while they do not retard our progress in the least, are surely doing nothing towards advancing it. They are moving carelessly about with no definite object in view, and they are only on our rolls because chance has placed them there, and they are too indolent to retire therefrom. They may be collectors who take as keen interest in their stamps as the rest of us workers. They pursue their studies idly, and with but a vague perception of what it is all worth. They live in a sphere strictly their own, and never get beyond its bounds. They are philatelic drones.

It is to be regretted that there are so many of these, and that their numbers never seem to diminish.

They seem unconscious of their idleness, and often wonder why other collectors who possess far less intellect rise to fame in the philatelic world, while they remain clouded in obscurity. They are not drones by nature, but they seem to be the victim of circumstances.

There are countless remedies for this, but I only propose to prescribe a few:

If you have been a collector for years, have a goodly collection of the gems, are a careful student of stamps, yet are known to but few outside of your own town as a follower of philately, why not secure the names of a few collectors in adjacent states and begin a pleasant correspondence with them on stamp matters in general; it will not be long before you will be known and honored in the collecting world, for all will see that you are a lively collector and not a laggard.

Or better still, join some good society, your name will go forth to the outside world, through the columns of the official journal, and you will be known as an active, interested student of stamps.

Another drone is he who never writes for the philatelic press. He goes about researches, makes valuable discoveries, collects important data, yet keeps it ever to himself, never thinking for a moment that some less fortunate brother would be happy with the knowledge he might impart. Of course some of these drones may think that they have not the faculty of writing for the press, and this keeps them back. Never let this discourage you; arrange your articles in the best language you can command, and the editor, if he be a good one, will revise your article and make it presentable before publishing it. Let your light shine!

And there are a few drones among the dealers. They have a good stock of stamps, give a good commission on sales, and are worthy of a large trade, but they are unsuccessful, and why? Because they are not appreciative of the power of printer's ink. They do not advertise, and if they do it is always where they get the cheapest rates. Generally these low-rate periodicals are dear at any price.

If they want to be workers in the philatelic hive, let them advertise constantly, summer and winter alike, persistently, yet prudently. Their office will soon hum with trade, and the drone will develop into a worker. Why be a drone? Others around you are laying in their supplies; why not go out into the fields and gather in your harvests?

Let the hum of activity be heard on every side. There's no room for drones, and unless you develop into a "busy bee," you'll meet the fate of the drone in philately as elsewhere.