

From Our Regular Correspondent.

From the Land of Steady Habits.

In looking over the criticisms of my articles by different scribes, I find that some dilate on their not being dryly scientific, others on their not being philatelically interesting, etc.; but I am pleased to note that generally my contributions are classed as being "readable." I am therefore satisfied, for I have always claimed that it is not necessary to confine one's self strictly in a philatelic publication to matters pertaining to stamps, nor is there any law to that effect. It certainly is not philatelic to make a business of quibbling and singling out the philatelic from the unphilatelic, and flourishing the result of the investigation before the public with the undoubted purpose of holding the victim up as an object of derision, and with the intention of creating an uncomfortable sensation in the breast of one whose intentions are well meant.

The month of August was made memorable by the holding of conventions of four philatelic organisations in New York city, following each other either in close succession or in a sandwiched form, so to speak. It was the lot of the writer to belong to all four societies, and he was the only member who attended the entire proceedings. The weather was excessively warm during the nine days he was in the city, and he can easily forgive any one for not spending seven days in the heated convention halls, where starched linen soon became anything else.

It was my intention to leave Rocky Hill on Saturday, Aug. 20, on the steamer Middletown, which runs direct to New York; but, a day or two before, Mr. W. C. Stone, of Springfield, Mass., wrote me that on Monday, the 22nd, he and Mr. J. A. Wainwright, of Northampton, were to go by cars to New Haven, thence by boat to New York, and asked if I couldn't accompany them. As misery and stamp cranks love company, I easily acceded to the request. As I had never met Mr. Stone before, he told me to look for a little fellow with a $\frac{1}{8}$ c. proprietary on the lapel of his coat. On reaching Hartford, I easily distinguished his and Mr. Wainwright's characteristic faces, and they "spotted" me at the same time. By the way, one of these gentlemen measures 5 feet, 3 inches, and the other 6 feet, 1 inch, so I was neither the largest or smallest of the members of the A. P. A., to whose convention we were all bound; and in passing, I will here state that my very companionable friend, Mr. J. F. Johnson of Salem, Mass., had the honour of being the tallest man I saw at the conventions, or anywhere else, while I was gone; his anatomy extending 6 feet, $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches heavenward. The jolly trio reached New York Monday afternoon, and of course struck a bee line for a stamp dealer's den.

The American Philatelic Association held its sessions, with one exception, by invitation, at the rooms of the Collectors' Club, 351 Fourth Avenue, commencing Tuesday morning. The sessions extended into