

would cause a long unbroken vacuum in your pocket book. Now If you have a blank album there is no need of having that dismal empty space. Just put the other stamps in the set along in a row, and there you have it, looking just as well and being as satisfactory as if you had the lacking specimens, and if by some wonderful fortune, you should get the absent rarity, I venture to say that there would be little trouble in providing a place for it.

The minor variety is sought after by every collector no matter how much he may deride the rest of us for getting them. With a printed book, for a time satisfactory, you shortly find some pages surrounded by a fringe-like string of minors having a rather bedraggled appearance. I saw the collection of a gentleman who specializes in French, but who still clung to the old printed album. The pages devoted to France were a sight for men and angels! Nearly every stamp had under it another, which was a variety of some sort. The space inside the margin was entirely filled and the margin itself was covered. Now, while such a sight is indicative of great study on the part of the owner of the collection, it would present a far more imposing appearance in a blank album and would be far more convenient for reference.

Now, finally to have a blank album in the place of a printed book, would arouse a more intimate acquaintance with one's stamps and a more personal, almost, feeling toward his collection, since he arranged it himself instead of following blindly the course laid down in the album, however excellent in its way that may be.

—x—

Read Albert H. Hall's advertisement on page 2.

Greece and Switzerland.

An Appreciation by A. M. MUIRHEAD.

Of course we all have our favorites, our bright particular stars, among the stamps. I don't know any issues that appeal so strongly to the artistic portion of this particular mind as the stamps of Greece and Switzerland.

Look at the stamps of Greece, before those gaudy and ill-arranged commemoratives of the Olympian Games, has the majestic in art any fairer embodiment? That chaste, classic head of Hermes, like some perfect cameo, which always brings to mind the celebrated lines of Poe:—

Thy naaid airs have brought me home
To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Hermes, I presume the effigy is, corresponding to the Roman Mercury, serving, sometimes as messenger of the gods, sometimes as a sort of wind spirit, the confused strains of Grecian and Roman mythology tell sometimes inconsistent tales. Contrasting, for there can be no comparing, these Grecian issues with the later emissions, the large numeral and Olympian, one sees the decadence of this classic nation.

Turn we, now, to Switzerland, the ideal commonwealth of our Bourgeoisconomists. Here we again find stamps which are neat and artistic. The absence of gaudy effect makes room for art that is true. We see now, no pagan relics, but a more modern effigy. It is always symbols. A seated figure of a woman with a long staff or spear and white crossed shield. A symbol of the Republic we presume. One strange thing about symbolism is the eternal persistence of identification. "The Republic to me is a strong woman," as one of our French writers says. Switzerland might