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BOOKS



Presented to—
Miss Alice Boardman.
from her friend
R.M.

May-1931.

Scrap Book

*T*he pleasant books, that
silently among
Our household treasures take
familiar places,
And are to us as if a
living tongue
Spake from the printed leaves
or pictured faces!

— Longfellow.

In the Library

*These shelves are full of treasure—
(Yes, some of it's for me!)
And none can truly measure
The wealth that I can see
In all these books that border
This wall; yet I alone
Must mine the gold in order
To make it all my own!—H. C. LeC.*

Public Libraries

There is an interesting detail of modern life which enlarges very widely the life of women who are willing to lend a hand in it. It is the institution of public libraries. I see and hear a great deal of this in the correspondence of Lend a Hand. Sooner or later I have had a great deal to do with the administration of such libraries. Look up your June number of the COMPANION and see what I said there about the opportunity which women have in the administration of the village library. And let me add here something of detail.

Suppose that you have done what I suggested here a year ago, and established in Mr. Threadneedle's shop the most modest clubroom, where a woman who has ridden into the village may leave her umbrella or hang up her waterproof to dry. Try the experiment of bringing in to the table there your number of the COMPANION or some general magazine, or the Indian Reformer which Mrs. Tag-rag-a-dag has sent you from Bombay. Let it be a rule that everybody in the club shall do the same thing. Let Dorcas Crehore be the secretary or librarian. Let her correspond with Mr. J. L. Wyre of the State Library, Albany, New York, who is the secretary of the general librarian's association of the United States. You will find that before long you are consulting Dorcas about this or that which is printed in Chicago or in Washington or in San Francisco, which you would never have heard of but for one of the announcements on the library table. You and your husband have been talking about planting bamboos down by the brook. Dorcas will tell you how you are to send to Washington for instructions about bamboos.

And although I am interested in the bamboos, I am much more interested in your coming together, and that frequently, with some distinct object in sight and at heart which will belong to this business of the larger life of which we are talking.

It is not a week since I heard of twenty spirited women who had met together at a friend's house for the afternoon, and drank a cup of tea together, with chocolate for those who wanted chocolate and coffee for those who were not afraid of coffee. They met at three in the afternoon, and at half-past six their husbands came around with their elegant teams and carriages and took them home. And what they had done in the three hours together was this: They had played whist in one form or another, and for the entertainment of their husbands on their ride home, and for the older boys and girls when they got home, they had the narrative of this success and that failure, this misdeal or that "rubber"—and that was all. Now, I do not want to be stuck up. I do not want to imitate or to encourage the vanity of some of "them literary fellers," but I do say that if this meeting had been in a cozy room where there were two or three new books, six or eight new magazines, perhaps the *German Bazaar*, perhaps a *Lady's Weekly* from Melbourne, that for the whole week there would have been one and another new subject of interest in the home of each of those women, and that when the next club meeting came around she would go to another meeting with expectations of cheerfulness and novelty and a larger life which do not come as she rides over to the whist club.

SCRAPBOOK

by

ALICE BOARDMAN

When they
do and then their own obser-
vation of nature and life, they
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which the plain sense of the
laborer could not be exchanged
but at great loss. It deserves
attention that the greatest men
have been found among the
studies which at present are
thought by many most useless
to improvement. Homer, Plato,
Demosthenes, never heard the
name of chemistry, and knew
less of the solar system than a
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portant but the lesson is that
human improvement never
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purpose of it is deep and
true.

—William Ellery Channing

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BOOKS

BOOKS



Scrapbook

by

Alice Boardman

BOOKS are chiefly useful, as they help us to interpret what we see and experience. When they absorb men, as they sometimes do, and turn them from observation of nature and life, they generate a learned folly, for which the plain sense of the laborer could not be exchanged but at great loss. It deserves attention that the greatest men have been formed without the studies which at present are thought by many most needful to improvement. Homer, Plato, Demosthenes, never heard the name of chemistry, and knew less of the solar system than a boy in our common schools. Not that these sciences are unimportant; but the lesson is that human improvement never wants the means where the purpose of it is deep and earnest in the soul.

—William Ellery Channing.

BOOKS are the best of things,
well used ; abused, among
the worst. What is the right
use? What is the one end,
which all means go to effect?
They are for nothing but to
inspire. I had better never see
a book, than to be warped by
its attraction clean out of my
own orbit, and made a satellite
instead of a system. The one
thing in the world of value is
the active soul. This every
man is entitled to; this every
man contains within him, al-
though, in almost all men, ob-
structed, and as yet unborn.
—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

I Am a Book

*In tables of clay I first was formed.
A shaken reed from the river gave me substance.
Soft vellum bound me round.*

I AM A BOOK.

*Fire-Bringer of Civilization,
I am the Immortal Voice of the Ancient Ones.
I speak and the Ages listen, for they are safe with me.
Knowledge is my Acolyte; Wisdom, my Minister.
Understanding attends my steps.*

I AM A BOOK.

*History's footsteps echo through my numbered corridors.
Philosophy bends her wieght beneath my Lintel.
Science is my Neophyte.
Law leans upon my strength.
By my grace, Religion works her Alchemy of Sublimation.*

I AM A BOOK.

*I bring the Far near: I make the Difficult plain.
I uncover the Hidden: I reveal the Unknown.
I am a swift Messenger of Peace to the Nations
Winging down the Centuries from of Old.
I carry healing to the Sons of Men,
For Medicine is my Handmaiden.
The Pageantry of Life streams across my page:
Love and Romance speak through me.
The Muses wait at my Threshold.*

I AM A BOOK.

*The Wizardry of the Generations is mine.
I make time one.
Children find counsel with me.
Youth sips inspiration from my Cup.
Age seeks consolation within my Gates.
I am companionship for the Lonely.
A Friend, when others fail.
Poverty does not banish me, nor Wealth unlock my store.
I steal to the Fireside in the teeth of the storm.
I shed content in the glow of the lamp.
I am the wish unfulfilled.
All that man strove for—and is not . . .
All that he dreamed—and could not be . . .*

I AM A BOOK.

He alone is poor that has me not.

—From the Triple Wing of Pi Sigma Gamma.



THE MEANING OF BOOKS.

A GOOD book is the purest essence of a human soul. The good of a book is not the facts that can be got out of it, but the kind of resonance that it awakens in our own minds. A book may strike out of us a thousand things, may make us know a thousand things that it does not know itself. Every one able to read a good book becomes a wiser man. He becomes a similar center of light and order, and just insight into the things around him. A collection of good books contains all the nobleness and wisdom of the world before us. Every heroic and victorious soul has left his stamp upon it. A collection of books is the best of all universities; for the university only teaches how to read the book: you must go to the book itself for what is in it.—Thomas Carlyle.

The World of Books.

Dreams, books, are each a world, and
books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and
good.
Round these, with tendrils strong as
flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will
grow.

—Wordsworth.

THE LIBRARY.

GIVE me the room whose every nook
Is dedicated to a book,
Two windows will suffice for air
And grant the light admission there;
One looking to the south, and one
To speed the red, departing sun.
The eastern wall from frieze to plinth
Shall be the Poet's labyrinth,
Where one may find the lords of rhyme
From Homer's down to Dobson's time;
And at the northern side a space
Shall show an open chimney-place,
Set round with ancient tiles that tell
Some legend old and weave a spell
About the firedog-guarded seat,
Where one may dream and taste the heat:
Above, the mantel should not lack
For curios and bric-à-brac,—
Not much, but just enough to light
The room up when the fire is bright.
The volumes on this wall should be
All prose and all philosophy,
From Plato down to those who are
The dim reflections of that star;
And these tomes all should serve to show
How much we write — how little know;
For since the problem first was set
No one has ever solved it yet.
Upon the shelves toward the west
The scientific books shall rest;
Beside them, History; above,—
Religion,— hope, and faith, and love:
Lastly, the southern wall should hold
The story-tellers, new and old;
Haroun al Raschid, who was truth
And happiness to all my youth,
Shall have the honored place of all
That dwell upon this sunny wall,
And with him there shall stand a throng
Of those who help mankind along
More by their fascinating lies
Than all the learning of the wise.

Such be the library; and take
This motto of a Latin make
To grace the door through which I pass:
Hic habitat Felicitas!

Frank Dempster Sherman.



THE FRIENDSHIP OF BOOKS.

By William T. McElrov.

MARK TWAIN once remarked that he liked books as friends because when he got tired of them he could shut them up. Beyond recalling this gibe—which was uttered because it was humorous and not because it was true—many people never learn what the friendship of books means. Some do not even know there is such a friendship. They go through life missing one of its rarest treasures, sometimes even growing bitter because life seems so barren and unsatisfying, when all the while there is a charmed circle waiting for them to come in and find a royal welcome.

A good book is a companion of which one will never grow weary, and which will lead one in pleasant ways and to profitable meditations. It is not always convenient to have our human friends with us—and perhaps it is not always expedient. There are times when a person needs to be alone. It is not so with our books. There is no time when we need to dispense with them or to be without them.

Are we lonely? What better companionship than to explore his fascinating island with Robinson Crusoe, or to sail the bounding main with the daring hero of "Treasure Island," or to steal silently through the virgin forests with Natty Bumppo? If we are less venturesome, what better companionship than to spend an hour with gentle, lovable "Little Nell," or with Gold-

smith's village preacher, "more bent to raise the wretched than to rise," or to wander with the heart-broken Evangeline through the dim aisles of the "forest primeval"? Or, better still, go back through thousands of years, and thrill with the power of a great resolve as you walk the marble floors of the palace with Queen Esther; or listen to the harp of the shepherd king; or walk the wheat-fields with the noble-hearted Ruth; or, best of all, sit at the feet of the Carpenter of Nazareth, and hear one who speaks as never man spoke before.

Lonely! Not when thousands of the pure and noble and great of the centuries are waiting in our libraries to keep us glorious company.

We need the friendship of good books also because such a friendship will enlarge our vision. Sometimes we get so engrossed in the things necessary to the provision of our daily bread that they begin to bulk too large in our lives. One may hold a penny so close to one's eye that it will shut out the sunlight and all the beauty of God's world. One may look so long at a column of figures, estimating profit and loss, that he will grow too near-sighted to see the golden glow of the setting sun or the beauty of the stars. One may bend over a desk so long that he cannot lift his head to the hills from whence comes man's help.

Our friends, the books, will keep such calamities from us. We will look out over a field of daffodils with Wordsworth, or watch the flight of the lark with Shelley, or visit Paradise with Milton, or sail the seas of adventure with Homer's Ulysses. Or perhaps with Gray we will watch as "the lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea," and stand with bowed heads where sleeps "some mute, inglorious Milton," or in lighter mood tilt at the windmills with Don Quixote, or again with noble daring answer the battle-cry, "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled."

It is largely one's own fault if his vision grows narrow or his life self-centred, when always eagerly awaiting him are these friends, ready to take him across the seas to strange lands, to wander among strange peoples, to climb Alpine heights, to explore strange regions of the earth, and even to take him back through the centuries to a ruder age and a less civilized

environment. "Travel broadens one," it is said. But it takes money to travel. And here in our own homes are waiting our friends, ready to take us to the four corners of the earth without money and without price.

The wise man may have been sitting up late, or perhaps he had eaten too much rich food, when he wrote his complaint, "Of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flesh." There never can be too many books, if they are good books, the kind one is not ashamed to introduce as his friends. Milton had the true conception of books when he said, "A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

Blessed is that person—man or woman, boy or girl—who knows the friendship of good books!

Louisville, Ky.

Some books stir one up; others are decidedly soporific; but after the day's darg is done it is the book that soothes that we want. Try John Woolman's writings. Others besides Charles Lamb have commended them. (p. 8)

TEN THOUSAND BOOKS AND more are published annually in America.

FOUNDING OF OUR LIBRARY

**How, When and By Whom it
Was Started by Dr. Mc-
Surely, of Oxford**

GREAT CREDIT IS GIVEN

**Prof. Henry S. Doggett, Through
Whose Labors it Was Made
Possible--First Board
of Trustees.**

The following account of the founding of the Hillsboro Public Library by Dr. W. J. McSurely, of Oxford, will be of interest to all people of this community:

Recently looking over my diaries I was led over some of the history of the founding of the Hillsboro Public Library and Reading Room. I have thought that a sketch of this might be of interest to some of the citizens of Hillsboro. I also wish in this matter to pay tribute to Mr. Henry S. Doggett, whose intelligent and active service contributed largely to the success of the undertaking. And I am the more ready to do this in view of the sad ending of his activities, and of his life. Hillsboro owes much to Henry S. Doggett, not only for his work as Superintendent of her schools for many years but also for his work in founding the Public Library.

In the Spring of 1877, the evangelists Esther and Nathan Fraine (I put Esther first because she was first) conducted meetings in the M. E. church. The whole community became interested, and many men, hitherto careless, were moved to endeavor to reform their lives, and among these were some of the workmen in Mr. C. S. Bell's Foundry and Mr. Bell was anxious that the influences in the community be

made helpful to these men. It was thought that a Reading Room would be helpful and gifts of money were solicited for the purpose of buying papers and magazines. I remember that Mr. Doggett came to me and asked me to see certain men, whom he named, and solicit their donations, and I am happy to say that I did this successfully. A meeting of those interested was called for the evening of May 31, 1877. The attendance was small. Messrs. C. S. Bell, Henry S. Doggett, Henry M. Huggins, Frank Armstrong and the writer were appointed a committee to care for the matter. It is my recollection that Mr. Bell was named as chairman of the committee, and I know that Doggett was secretary. The Town Council gave us the use of the room above the fire engine, and engaged to provide the necessary furniture. I was appointed to go to Cincinnati and visit Reading Rooms there and report. I find in one of my journals awkward designs of paper stands and racks, and desks for periodicals, etc. Mr. Bell, who had more facility in drawing than I, took my designs and readily made the models for the guidance of the carpenters. This was on June 13. Many meetings were held and in making out the list of papers and periodicals, Doggett had the leading part. Having been at one time engaged in a newspaper office his journalistic knowledge was very extensive. On the evening of July 12 the Reading Room was opened; a large company was assembled, a speech of congratulation was made, and the occasion was a very pleasant one. Mr. Robert Duffey was engaged to care for the room.

During the winter there was much talk about establishing a Public Library, and in the spring of 1878, the Town Council voted money for the purchase of books and for putting up the necessary cases. They also appointed a Board of Trustees made up of the men who had set up the Reading Room. When this Board met for organization, upon the motion of Mr. Bell the writer was elected President, and continued to bear this office for nearly 10 years, and until he resigned membership Mr. Doggett was elected

secretary and continued in this office for ten years and until he resigned. In a wide knowledge of books he was first on the Board and also in styles of binding, sizes of volumes and quality of paper. My journals make frequent mention of him as making out a list of books. On Aug. 31 a list of books was agreed upon, and a contract for their purchase was made with Mr. Peter G. Thompson, who at that time had a small book store at the east end of the Arcade in Cincinnati. (Mr. Thompson is now President of the Champion Paper Co., in Hamilton, Ohio and has become very wealthy.) On Sept. 16 the Board met to frame rules for the Library and to determine a system of cataloguing. It happened that during my summer vacation I had visited the Library at Manmouth, Ill., and there met my old friend and college classmate, Prof. Rogers, who explained to me their catalogue system, and this became the system we followed here.

This work of cataloguing was a tedious business for men who had other cares and duties. But on the 10th of October, 1878, the Library was opened for the loan of books. At first it was opened for this purpose three afternoons of each week, and Mr. Robert Duffey continued to have charge. By February of the next year Mr. Duffey asked for help for Saturday afternoons as the school children came in then, and Master Will McSurely was appointed his assistant at a salary of 50c per week. I remember that Judge Hugins hesitated to vote this amount, saying that he didn't think it was enough. Will is now a judge in the Appellate Court in Chicago but I doubt if his salary today affords him any more satisfaction than his 50c per week did 40 years ago.

So much for the founding of the Library. It took a great deal of patient and perplexing and gratuitous work and no one did more of it than Henry S. Doggett. If I were a Roman Catholic I would most heartily say—God rest his soul. Certainly the Hillsboro Library should keep his memory green.

As I have perused this sketch I have been weighted with a feeling of sadness as I have been reminded that I am the only survivor of all that group associated in the founding of the Library.

IN A LIBRARY.

Here in their stately or their sober dress
They wait, who first held out life's
wealth to me.

This for my town-bred eyes unrolled
the sea;

That starred the meadows with pale loveliness.

A gipsy here, I braved the storm's wild stress,

And here I was a queen of pageantry;
Here had rude share of peasant toil and glee,

There strove toward some dim height of holiness.

Which pages hold the dearest message now?

Which do I touch with thrilling finger tips,

And lay, for love, a moment to my lips?

The answer canst thou hear so far, O thou
Of whom each task, each joy, has
aching need?—

The books we two together used to read.

The Blessing of Books.

The service one renders another in commending to him a good book, which he comes to value, is like that he performs in introducing him to a person who subsequently becomes a close friend. For it is in the power of books to enter into the very substance of our lives, and to become fountains of strength and joy. Nothing, of course, can ever take the place of the force that radiates to one in association with a noble and strong personality; but next to that probably stands the power of books. In them we also come into relation with the personal forces transmitted through the medium of the printed page. And some writers have the faculty of transmitting themselves through that medium with singularly little diminution of power. It is not within the resources of many of us to have large circles of acquaintance with the choicest people. But for a dollar or two, and the price of a light, one may have spread before him the thoughts, the fancies, the discoveries, and the speculations of the wisest and brightest human souls. For one who has tasted of the

pleasure of communing with a congenial author, there are few human satisfactions comparable with that of reading a book that appeals to you with a message for which you are ready.—*Selected.*

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

—R. L. Stevenson.

Friends

MY BOOKS are friends, whose pages hold

What's better than the purest gold.

I turn to them and always find

The best of help for heart and mind.

No matter what my need may be,

My books provide their best for me.

Deep in the hearts of these good friends

Is faithfulness that never ends.

—*Wanamaker's Jollybook.*