

INSPIRATION IN BOOKS

THE praises of books have been sung ever since the time when books began to be made. The services they perform are so immeasurably great that, like nature and music and art, they are sometimes completely overlooked.

Roughly classified, the gifts that a book may bestow upon its reader are four.

It may, first of all, inform. There can be no doubt about the desirability of that function. A book that tells of coral formations in the southern Pacific, or of the lace-making industry of Europe, or how to camp out, performs a useful service. It may do nothing more than to convey knowledge; but that in itself is so highly praiseworthy that it is hard to imagine our civilization without it.

Secondly, a book may entertain. Nor is that an insignificant part to play. What Poe once termed "the fever called living" is at best a serious matter, as every mature person realizes. Therefore, any volume that does its best to add to the wholesome pleasure of existence is to be welcomed.

In the third place—and this is a point that is often emphasized—a book may increase your circle of friends; not with new companions whom you can see and talk to, but with comrades of the spirit who so work upon your imagination that they seem to step from the cold page to your very side, to enliven or encourage.

And finally, there is the greatest blessing of all that a book can bestow upon the human race. It is something greater than the function of informing, or the service of entertaining, or the gift of providing imaginary friends that seem real and vital. It is nothing less than the power to inspire the reader to richer life and activity. Let critics of all time say what they will of art for art's sake: it is not to be compared with that quality in a book which lifts the reader to better thoughts and impels him to nobler deeds.

A wise Englishman, in an address On Popular Culture, once said:

"You have often heard from others, or may have found out, how good it is to have on your shelves, however scantily furnished they may be, three or four of those books to which it is well to give ten minutes every morning before going down into the battle and choking dust of the day. Men will name these books for themselves. One will choose the Bible, another Goethe, one the Imitation of Christ, another Wordsworth. Perhaps it matters little what it be, so long as your writer has cheerful seriousness, elevation, calm and, above all, a sense of size and strength which shall open out the day before you and bestow gifts of fortitude and mastery."

Those words of John Morley's sum up the matter. There is unspeakable gratification in the knowledge that a sheaf of paper, stitched together and covered with little black marks, has power to go forth and inspire mankind to heights of thinking and of character that otherwise they might not reach.



The Public Library

By Grenville Kleiser

I like the public library,
With its cloistral, hushed repose;
I like to browse among the books
In vari-colored rows,
To mingle with those loyal friends,
And have them speak to me
In captivating English prose,
Or whispered melody.

The magic lines of Shakespeare
And Milton's organ phrase,
Bring golden recollections
Of scented summer days;
Bacon, Lamb, and Coleridge,
Macaulay, Keats, Carlyle,
And Chesterfield of courtly grace,
They cheer me and beguile.

The wondrous words of Wordsworth,
Harmonious and pure,
And many another poet
Whose name will long endure;
The rippling verse of Tennyson,
Ambrosial to the lips,
The stately lines of Newman,
Like graceful moving ships;

Byron, Browning, Eliot,
And dear old Dickens, too;
With Thackeray and Stevenson
I while an hour or two;
Irving, Lowell, Emerson,
Masters of perfumed prose,
Bryant, Hawthorne, Whittier,
All redolent of the rose.

'Twere easy to extend the list
Of much beloved names,
From learned Aristotle
To brilliant Henry James.
I like the public library,
Its books bring peace and rest;
Of all those friends I cannot say
Which one I love the best.

places, and to provide
and preservation of
abbey; and to use, or
exceeding twenty-five
alleys, lanes and pub-
holes, drains and other
der the surface thereof,
icity and its inhab-
oth, for heat or power
nt, for periods not ex-

Hot water
heating, etc.

A BOOK TO LOVE

By DR. FRANK CRANE

(Copyright, 1923, by Frank Crane)

There are some books we read for information, some for diversion, and some to say that we have read them.

But occasionally comes along a book that gets into our hearts. Such a one is the last book W. H. Hudson wrote before he died, "A Hind in Richmond Park."

It is nothing but an account of what he thought upon seeing a deer in a park. That is all.

But that is enough. For beginning with this fountain the stream wanders on through the pages of rich experience, whimsical observation, questioning philosophy, and hearty feeling till it waters the whole landscape of the reader's nature.

I like to commend this kind of a book because it is real, it is healthy, it is as wholesome as a garden or as a pine wood.

It is not about any particular subject. I doubt if books ever ought to be written upon some given theme. How much life we sacrifice to system and how often thought has its head and feet lopped off to fit the bed of logic!

Of course Hudson, being a naturalist, has mos to say of animals and plants and all naked life. In all the book there is no suggestion of clothes.

It is very difficult to quote from this book because any quotation will be taken as a sample of the whole. But the totality of Hudson can not be sampled any more than a little piece of wood can be a sample of the majesty of the forest. But here, for instance, is a striking thing he says about how we lose our sense of smell:

"It is a common idea, and is in the books, that man's sense of smell has decayed; some writers have gone so far as to describe it as obsolescent. It would be nearer the truth to say that the more civilized man becomes, the more he secures himself against the forces of nature by improving his conditions, the less important to his welfare does this sense become. The dangers he is warned against by smell in a state of nature have been removed artificially; in an environment in which the function of the olfactories has been superseded, the inevitable result is their decay. This is in accordance with nature's economical principles; she will not continue to do for us what we have undertaken to do for ourselves, and will cheerfully scrap the exquisite apparatus she has been building up for our safety in thousands and millions of years."

To those for whom thought is not pain, but a delightful exercise, to those for whom the mind is a beloved kingdom and not an annoyance, to those who love thoughts as they love pets and for whom reflection is a chosen delight, this volume will be a treasure.

Hudson's was an amazingly rich and fecund nature. We can never be too grateful that he turned to literature and endowed the world with some of the beauty of his mind.

LIBRARY EXPERIENCES.

Queer Requests Made by Persons in Search of Information.

Some notion of the queer requests made at public libraries is afforded in an article dealing with the library of a western city. These instances are given:

Recently a man came in and asked for some of the arguments against woman's suffrage. The proper articles were sought out, and the librarian suggested that he might care to look at those in favor of woman's suffrage as well. "No matter," he replied warily; "I get those from my wife."

The widespread belief that a library can furnish a book on any subject, no matter how vague, is illustrated by this request:

"I have been asked to write a composition on what I saw on my way to school today. Can you give me any book on it?" Thus a boy in the eighth grade. And then there are the high school boys who, in a period of revolt from poetry, return the "Idylls of the King" and ask if they can't get "this crazy stuff in prose."

Children about to participate in a debate cause some inconvenience. The following subjects are not easy to give references on: "Which Is Necessarier, Water or Fire?" "Which Is Mightier, the Pen or the Sword?"

The impression which some persons have that a library can give information on any topic is not only odd, but pleasing. It may be set off against the opposite notion, equally exaggerated, that a library is of no practical use whatever. As a sample of the first idea consider the woman who called over the telephone the day before Thanksgiving and asked how to pluck a turkey. The librarian hunted it up in a cookbook and read it to her over the telephone, too. And the one who asked for a brief sketch of the French revolution over the telephone.

Those who work in the reference room seem to consider the reference librarian as a bureau of supplies as well as of information. Pencils, paper, even spectacles, are asked for temporarily. "I left my glasses at home today. Can you lend me yours?" As though, as far as the librarian went, the glasses were merely for ornamental purposes.—New York Sun.

Among My Books

My nights among my books are spent;

Here joy and peace I find.
When wrong and loss my heart
have rent
I seek the balm of mind.

Like monk of old in soul's retreat,

In cloisters dim and dear,
I find surcease from noise and
heat

And learn that God is near.

That God and good attend the
way

Of those who good bestow,
And light the path with cheerful
ray,

As through the vale they go.

But, while I here my cares lay
down,

Forget the strife and shout,
My soul is armed for morrow's
frown

In books, my sure redoubt.

My nights among my books are
spent,

The past I soon forget;
Nor look elsewhere for real con-
tent,

Nor ever pine or fret.

—William H. Kettler, in the
Philadelphia Bulletin.

Sacred Book Bound In Skin of Indian

A SACRED book, "The History of Christianity," bound in the skin of an Indian warrior killed in hate, revenge, and a lust for blood, is the property of Denver (Colo.) University.

It is an ironic quirk of fate that the man whose love of vengeance prompted him to have his victim skinned and then have the skin treated and made into a book binding is but a memory, while the skin of the Indian warrior, his victim, is highly prized.

The book with its binding of human parchment, was once the possession of Gen. John Hunt Morgan, famous confederate raider. It was published in 1752, and its text is in Latin. Morgan was no Latin student, and the book he chose at random satirizes the whole affair. It was "The History of Christianity."

The elements of hate were established when Morgan met the redskin in a desperate encounter. With knives and muscles they fought until, with a heart stab, Morgan killed the warrior. The skin of the Indian is well preserved. It has been bleached to banana color, but is not broken or cracked.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

Donated to Public Library by Many
of Hillsboro's Liberal Citizens.

A Complete List of Those Who Gave During
the Thanksgiving Book Shower—Now
For Christmas List.

As a result of the Thanksgiving
Book Shower 436 books have
been added to the library
shelves.

List of Donors to the Hillsboro
Public Library.

BOOKS

Mrs. Frank Ambrose
Miss Ella Bartley
Mrs. Geo. Beecher
Chas. Bell
P. O. Berg
Mrs. L. B. Boyd
Harry Calvert
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The Girls' Friendly Society
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Mrs. Ellis Pence
Mrs. Conard Roads
Mrs. Harry Spargur
Mrs. J. D. W. Spargur
Walter G. Smith
Mrs. J. H. Wolfe

The Library Board extends
thanks to all who so kindly con-
tributed to the Thanksgiving
Book Shower.

Persons delayed in sending in
their books or magazines may
send them in any time before
Christmas and be placed on the
Christmas list. The Christmas
list is open to all and donations
of books and magazines will be
gladly received all during the
coming year.

DECEMBER 11, 1914.

LIFE IN BOOKS.

BY JOHN MILTON (1608—1674).

BOOKS are not absolutely dead things, but do not contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are. Nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon's teeth; and, being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book. Who kills a man kills a reasonable creature—God's image; but he who kills a good book kills reason itself—kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth, but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. It is true no age can restore a life, whereof, perhaps, there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse.

We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labors of public men, how we spill that seasoned life of man preserved and stored up in books, since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed.

—From *Areopagitica*.

Amounts Authors Write Daily Vary

Sir James Barrie considers that an average of five to six hundred words is a good day's work, whereas H. G. Wells has often written ten thousand words in a day.

It might be thought that speed would be destructive of good quality production, but a sufficient retort is made to this in the fact that Robert Louis Stevenson wrote "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" in seven days.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has confessed to sitting up all night in order to incorporate in one of his "Sherlock Holmes" adventures incidents that had unfolded themselves during a conversation and discussion with several friends earlier in the evening.

W. W. Jacobs, prolific short-story writer that he is, has admitted that he has sat at his desk a whole morning pen in hand without writing a word.

GOOD BOOKS

IT SEEMS to us that while there never was a time in modern history when so many books were being written, there never was a time when fewer great writers appeared on the scene.

Just what makes a great writer; just why one book should appear to be great and another, apparently as well written, should seem inane, nobody in the world is wise enough to tell. There is no royal road to learning how to write a book, and, by the same token, no known law by which to judge a book.

We have just finished reading two books that to us seem great. Yet never were books and authors more unlike. Phyllis Bottome wrote one book. She called it "The Second Fiddle." It is a love-story; the story of a great, passionate, self-denying love. It was born full-fledged in a girl's heart for a man who had to pass through the agony of being helplessly crippled in the war, of being discarded by a woman he thought he loved before he was capable of recognizing what lay in Stella's heart for him. It is the story of a woman of extraordinary delicacy of perceptions, of basic common sense, of beauty of face and soul; of a woman with a sense of honor.

One of the most pronounced elements of strength in the book is the vivid portrayal of character. The common or garden variety of author describes certain attributes as belonging to his characters. The unusual writer does little describing. His characters themselves bespeak their own characteristics by their every act and speech. Of this latter type of writing is "The Second Fiddle."

Add to this the brilliancy and the tenderness of the author's style, the sureness of her vocabulary, and the depth and humanness of her philosophy of life, and you have a story that is a delight to read and to remember.

The other book is "The Life of the Fly," by Henri Fabre. It is as interesting as a novel, but slower reading. It is the tale of insect artisans and builders told in an inimitable delicacy of style; told with a humor, a pathos that are unforgettable. The story, we say, of insect engineering. Yet this is only the base of the structure Fabre has raised. For all about the fairy-tale of fly and ant and bee he has woven his own soul-story. Between the lines we get the man's fight with poverty, his love for science and his search for life after death.

The book is a triumph of unconscious literary effect. It is a human document of profound truth and pathos.

"Story hour" is a new feature of library work among children which has had marked success at the Carnegie Library of Pittsburgh. Children come to the building at stated times and listen to stories told by a skilled narrator. In Boston the centennial of the birth of Hans Christian Andersen was celebrated last year by a gathering of a large and interested audience of children at the Public Library, to whom a lady told Andersen stories. It is an expedient for providing wholesome entertainment for children which might well be adopted by all cities and large towns.

Stevenson Manuscripts

One of the most interesting manuscripts of R. L. Stevenson was sold at auction in London. It is the complete autograph copy of "Records of a Family of Engineers," showing as many as nine drafts of one chapter and eight of another, together with three more chapters that have apparently never been published. This unfinished biography of his lighthouse-building engineer grandfather is not the most popular of Stevenson's works, but the compilation of it certainly afforded him the greatest pleasure.

"No man but a blockhead," said Dr. Johnson, "ever wrote except for money," a sentiment accounted for by Boswell on the ground of his hero's indolence. "Rasselas" we know to have written solely to pay for his mother's funeral. "The Lives of the Poets" were paid for before they were written. Stevenson shared Johnson's lack of means, but not his lack of energy. Johnson was happy only when he was talking, Stevenson found his greatest happiness in writing.

One remembers his ecstatic letters to W. E. Henley while he was writing "Treasure Island": "A chapter a day I mean to do . . . and perhaps in a month The Sea Cook may to Routledge go, yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum! . . . it's awful fun boys' stories; you just indulge the pleasure of your heart, that's all; no trouble, no strain . . . I'll be the Harrison Ainsworth of the future; and a chalk better, by St. Christopher."

So he wrote at the age of 30. Dr. Johnson would have approved. It was a money-making venture. Eleven or twelve years later the ecstasy is unimpaired, but the writing is obviously

of the man. It is in his letters that latter we get self-revelatory glimpses for his art than his fortune; from the working craftsman, who cared more character as a conscientious hard-From the former we gauge his ing this for my own pleasure solely." charge . . . after all, I am writ- I had my ancestors' souls in my a strange feeling of responsibility as that is very peaceful. I have gives an idea of finish to the writer rather this way and that . . . and you sit and think, and fit them to- full of facts, little bits of a puzzle, and biography you have your little hand far better than fiction myself. In found peace . . . I like biography to my grandfather, and on the whole fiction wholly," he writes, "and gone to be his own reward. I have left

Man's Duty to Have Books, Says Henry Ward Beecher

Can you give me the quotation from Henry Ward Beecher about a library?

"A little library, growing larger every day, is an honorable part of a man's history. It is a man's duty to have books. A library is not a luxury, but one of the necessities of life."

BOOK CASE

For Library of Highland County Hospital Donated By Senator J. B. Foraker—Books Asked for.

Dr. William Hoyt has received word from Senator Joseph B. Foraker, of Cincinnati, that the Senator has sent a book case to accommodate the library of the Highland County Hospital.

The Library was founded by Mrs. Otto Horst, who contributed a large number of volumes. Senator Foraker, Judge Huggins, Rev. M. P. Zink and Vernon Overman have contributed largely to the library, while others have also added volumes.

Now that the case is provided for the books through Senator J. B. Foraker's generosity, Dr. Hoyt hopes that many others will aid in providing reading matter for the patients of the Hospital by giving books or magazines. If you have any books or magazines to spare and will give them to brighten the hours of the sick, kindly leave them with Dr. Hoyt.

All books will be promptly marked and preserved.

The appreciation of your gift will continue for years to come.

Q. Where is the American library in Paris?—T. N. T.

A. It is at 10 rue l'Elysee. The library was founded in 1918 by the American Library association in connection with war work. In 1920, the book collections and library equipment together with \$25,000 toward an endowment fund were presented by the A. L. A. to a society formed to make the library a permanent institution. The greater part of the library's income is from the endowment fund, a three-year grant by the Rockefeller Foundation, and special gifts from patrons and life members.

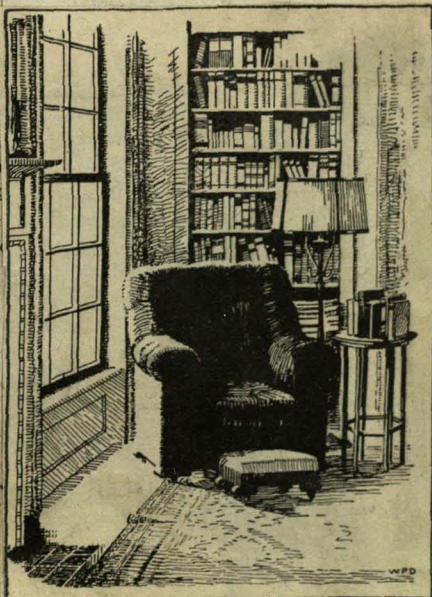
Siam's National Library

THE king of Siam recently reopened with formal exercises the National Library, which has just moved into its new quarters. This library was established in 1881 by the children of King Mongkut as a memorial to their father. In 1904 it became the depository for the national archives of the kingdom. The library has three sections: one for religious literature in the ancient Bali language, another for the Thai or Siamese literature, and the third for foreign literature. Books, libraries, a general education, are necessary to the

highest national life, more important even than the fertility of the soil or other elements of material wealth. Though there are traces of printing from blocks of wood, the ancients knew nothing of the art of printing as we have it now. They wrote their books on skins or papyrus and rolled them into scrolls for reading and safekeeping.

In Babylon they had a library where these rolls were preserved. There is this mention of it: "Then Darius the king made a decree, and search was made in the house of the rolls, where the treasures were laid up in Babylon." (Ezra 6:1.)

May 30, 1917



*That place that does contain
My books, the best companions, is to me
A glorious court.*

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

PENWOMEN TO CREATE HOME AROUND LIBRARY OF MRS. SOUTHWORTH



Prospect Cottage, in the old Georgetown section of Washington, where Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth wrote the novels which thrilled thousands during the latter half of the last century, has been acquired as its permanent home by the National League of American Penwomen under the leadership of its President, Mrs. Bonnie Busch (right) of Washington and Miami. It will be remodeled under the direction of Miss Florence E. Ward (left), Chairman of the Clubhouse Committee.

By SUE McNAMARA.

(Associated Press Feature Writer.)

WASHINGTON.—Flamboyant and emotional writing has its place in literature as well as the coldly correct and the classical, says no less an authority than the National League of American Penwomen.

The league has just purchased the quaint old home of Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth and will remodel it into a national home for the league. It will make the complete library of Mrs. Southworth, including all her golden-haired heroines and wily villains, the center of the home.

A writer who can command the allegiance of her generation for thirty or forty years, as Mrs. Southworth did, is entitled, in the league's opinion, to permanent recognition. Her books were always of the tone that one could have safely in the home, the penwomen point out, holding that she made a definite contribution to American literature.

It may surprise many to learn that the complete set of seventy-three novels written by Mrs. Southworth reposes in the Congressional Library. Some of the titles of the books which brought her fame and fortune are "The Phantom Bride,"

"The Fatal Secret," "The Haunted Homestead," "A Beautiful Fiend" and "How He Won Her."

Mrs. Southworth had a dramatic flair for situations and phrases which was unusual in her generation. Describing the tragic death of a character in "The Phantom Bride" she writes: "A young chemist who happened to be among the wedding guests and one of the first who had flown to the assistance of the fallen bride detected a faint odor of bitter almonds about the beautiful but still lips and whispered: 'Prussic acid!'" Then the hero, Laurenz Levierres, and the author adds: "The same faint odor of bitter almonds hung about his dark mustache."

Mrs. Southworth received \$5,000 yearly for her serials, an unheard of sum for a woman writer in those days. And, as the National League of American Penwomen points out, her villains always got their just deserts.

Prospect Cottage, as the modest little home in Georgetown is known, is also famous as the place where Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote the first chapters of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It was Mrs. Southworth who urged her to start the book.

The room Mrs. Southworth used as a library will be preserved and her books installed in it. A roof garden overlooking the Potomac, a formal garden and an office are other features planned by the Penwomen.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1928—

American Library in Paris

THE library which was established in Paris during the World War by a group of Americans for the benefit of soldiers has become a permanent institution, although its purpose has changed considerably. Instead of providing reading matter and diversion for soldiers, it now aims to serve the Americans who live or are traveling in France. Even more important, however, is its effort to interpret America to Europe by providing a large and carefully chosen collection of books, magazines, and periodicals published in the United States. In other words, those in charge of the American Library in Paris are endeavoring to make it a place where any person can obtain accurate information upon any phase of American life—political, social, industrial, agricultural, educational, and religious—with the hope of enabling the people of European countries to get a more fair and unprejudiced picture of the United States.

The library conducts a training school which is directed by the American Library Association. Applications have come from students in twenty different countries who wish to attend the school and become librarians.

NOVEMBER 29, 1926—

THE RAREST BOOK IN AMERICAN LITERATURE

THE recent discovery, in Worcester, Mass., of a fifth copy of the first edition of Poe's "Tamerlane," published just a century ago, lends a timely interest to the mystery that for years has surrounded the disappearance of the edition and its publisher. More than any other volume in American *belles-lettres*, this particular volume is sought by dealers and collectors, and it is an extraordinary fact that in the sixty-five years that have elapsed since the discovery of the first copy only five in all have come to light. A copy sold at auction in New York in 1919 brought \$11,600.

The title-page of the tiny book reads, "Tamerlane and Other Poems, by a Bostonian," followed by a quotation from Cowper, the imprint of the publisher, Calvin F. S. Thomas of Boston, and the date, 1827. In its original state the book appeared in tea-colored wrappers, on the front of which the title-page is repeated. It was the first published performance of Edgar Allan Poe.

Thomas was a job printer at Washington and State streets, Boston, and may have god-fathered other volumes, although no other book bearing his imprint has yet been found. How many copies of "Tamerlane" he printed is not known, but it is assumed that several hundred came from the press, and there is a legend to the effect that, when only a dozen had been sold, Poe called in and destroyed the rest. That is a plausible tale to account for the rarity of the volume, but it rests upon no sure foundation.

Thomas, of no earthly interest save for his connection with Poe, is an almost legendary figure among book collectors. He is known to have removed to the West and is said to have died in Springfield, Ohio, as late as 1876, where his daughter, Martha Thomas Booth, was still living in 1884. There is, however, nothing to indicate that he ever mentioned an acquaintanceship with Poe, and many students of the problem believe that the author of "Tamerlane and Other Poems" was known to him under another name, or by no name at all. It is to be remembered that the book was published anonymously.

The first copy of "Tamerlane" to be discovered is in the British Museum. It was sold to the museum in 1860 by Henry Stevens of Vermont, for one shilling, while Stevens was acting as a sort of agent in America for the museum authorities. This copy lacks the wrappers and has been rebound.

A second copy was found by a Boston bookseller and sold at auction in 1892, realizing \$1850. It finally found its way together with another copy into the famous library of Mr. Henry E. Huntington.

The fourth copy to be discovered came to light about 1914; the lucky finder was P. K. Foley, a bookseller. The fifth and latest copy to be turned up was the possession of Mrs. A. S. Dodd of Worcester, Mass., and was sold by Goodspeed's book-shop, of Boston, for a sum that has not been made public. It was presented in 1834 to a girl of ten, by a friend only slightly older, and is still in the finest condition. That still other copies of the excessively rare booklet exist, somewhere, is a fascinating possibility, and dealers and collectors continue the search with tireless enthusiasm.

August 18, 1927

Our First Free Public Library

By MORRIS WADE

The young people of the present day have free reading privileges far beyond those of the young people of half a century ago. The free public library is to be found in hundreds of our cities and towns, and free reading matter of all kinds is widely circulated. Never was there less excuse for ignorance than in our day of free education and free public libraries. Mr. Andrew Carnegie's gifts of free libraries to hundreds of towns or cities have provided the best of reading matter for literally millions of readers, and great memorial free libraries are now so common that they do not attract particular attention. It is worth while to know something of the history of the free library in our country. The circulating library is not a thing of modern origin. There were libraries of this kind in our country more than one hundred years ago. They were not, however, free to the general public, nor did the general public contribute to their support. Usually they were owned by literary societies or educational organizations, and a small fee was charged for the use of the books. Two or three New England towns have claimed the distinction of having established the first free town library in the United States, but it seems to have been clearly established that this distinction belongs to the little town of Peterboro, in New Hampshire. The first free library came into existence in a beautiful environment, for one would find it difficult to discover a more charming or picturesque little village than Peterboro. What was then known as a social library was established in Peterboro in December of the year 1799. This social library consisted of about one hundred volumes, and one may be sure that there were very few volumes of "light reading" among them. "Solid reading" was more universally in demand than it is to-day. The Peterboro Social Library existed for about thirty years, when interest in it seems to have lapsed and it went out of existence. The Peterboro Library Company was established, with an annual membership fee of fifty cents. It accumulated about three hundred books and existed until the year 1853, when its three hundred books were transferred to the Peterboro Ministerial Library.

Now it appears that the State of New Hampshire had a State literary fund which was raised by an annual tax on the capital stock of the banks of the State. The original purpose was to use this fund for the endowment of a State university, but in the year 1828 this plan was given up and the State legislature passed an act by the terms of which the fund was to be divided annually among the several towns of the State for the "support and maintenance of common free schools or other purposes of education." We are told that it was under this statute that Peterboro organized the town library, having become alive to the fact that "other purposes of education" might easily be construed into the establishment of a library. On April 9 of the year 1833 a vote was passed by the town that must always have great significance in the history of the free public library in our country, for on that date it was "Voted, that out of the money to be raised the present year from the State treasury on account of the literary fund, so much be added to the literary fund of the town as to make the principal thereof amount to seven hundred and fifty dollars, to remain a permanent fund. Voted, that the remainder of the said fund be appropriated the present year. Voted, that the portion of the literary fund and the interest thereof the present year be divided among the small districts and applied to the purchase of books for a town library. Voted, that a committee of one from each school district be raised to make the division and appropriation mentioned in the foregoing way."

It was in this way that the Peterboro free library came into existence. One may search American history in vain to discover a record of any earlier act creating a free library. Little old Peterboro was unquestionably the leader when it came to a town voting money for the formation and the support of a free town library. There having been some controversy over the question of the first free library coming into existence through a vote of the town, a resident of Peterboro in 1876 wrote to General Eaton, the commissioner of education, asking for his opinion in regard to the matter. In reply, General



PETERBORO LIBRARY

Eaton said: "So far as the bureau is at present advised, Peterboro may, rightly claim the honor of having established the first free town library in the United States."

Other authorities have agreed with this decision. Indeed, it is asserted that the Peterboro library was the first in the world supported by popular taxation. The library has been in continuous existence since it was first established, and it is to-day one of the best libraries in the State. It has been housed in a number of places and did not come into possession of its present substantial building until the year 1894. The building was a gift to the town from a number of persons, Mrs. Nancy Foster Smith contributing fifteen thousand dollars of the sum the building cost. We have not the space for all of the details relating to the establishment of the first of the great chain of free public libraries that now fairly girdle our country. We hold them cheaply, regardless of the fact that they have been of incalculable value as public educators and have given lasting pleasure to millions of readers.

Contingent expenses

FEDERAL LIBRARY ENLARGED.

Washington, December 6.—The library of Congress, generally ranked as the third largest collection of books in the world, now consists of 2,614,523 volumes. A total of 70,000 volumes was added during the fiscal year ending last June 30, according to the annual report of the Librarian, made public to-day.

THE BOOK OF GOSPELS OF THE CATHEDRAL OF REIMS

LITERARY treasures of all kinds were lost during the late war, particularly in Belgium and northern France. Many libraries were deliberately burned; others were damaged by the terrible destruction of modern gunfire, and many rarities were stolen. But conspicuous among them was the famous Book of Gospels, not only the greatest treasure of the Cathedral of Reims but an object of veneration to the French people and the Slav race as well, which vanished with the German army after the battle of the Marne.

Princess Anna of Russia, the Slav consort of Henry I, brought it into France in the eleventh century, and thereafter every ruler of France used it at Reims when he made his vow to safeguard the rights and privileges of the Roman Catholic Church. King Charles X, the last French king crowned at Reims, kissed the sacred volume in sealing his coronation oath in 1825. Peter the Great of Russia journeyed to Reims to see it, and received it while kneeling and pressed it to his lips and breast. It survived the French wars of a thousand years; it was hidden away during the French Revolution; it reappeared with the Bourbon restoration in 1815.

The book was written in the Bulgar language and was magnificently bound with golden coverings set with precious stones. Throughout eastern Europe it was held in the greatest veneration for it was the most ancient Slav copy of the gospels.

When the armistice was signed, Cardinal Luçon of Reims received the assurance of the Pope that every possible effort would be made through the Roman Catholic clergy and the religious orders in Germany to find the book, and a still wider search is now quietly going on. Should it be sent into any of the Allied countries the customs officers at the port of entry will probably intercept it. It is believed that the book is still in existence and that ultimately it will be recovered.

SOME DEAD LIBRARIES.

**Mausoleums at Oxford For Works
Long Since Out of Use.**

In his book on "Old Oxford Libraries" Strickland Gibson describes the old library of Jesus college, built and founded by Sir Leoline Jenkins about 1676, "as a mausoleum for books long since dead."

"For can any change of scholarship," the author asks, "quicken old Testatus and raise him from the grave? Will any theologian, save out of mere curiosity, ever pore again over the sixteen folio volumes of Alfonso Salméron? It is only by a few antiquaries that the old books are taken from their shelves. The undergraduates never enter; indeed, some have never heard of the Old library. It is elsewhere, in the Undergraduates' library, that the present generation seeks learning."

But even this is not the deadest of libraries, for Mr. Gibson describes a less frequented one within the precincts of Christ church:

"Dr. Richard Allestree, regius professor of divinity, in 1680 conveyed the whole of his books to the university in trust for the use of successive regius professors of divinity. The university, by the deed of trust, was to exercise the right of visitation, but no money was left for the maintenance of the library, nor has provision ever been made for it. In a secluded cloister within a small chamber and a long, narrow room paved with red tiles the books, unvisited, pass their days in dusty desolation and unbroken peace. Only the professor has the right of entry, a right probably exercised but seldom by one whose duty it is to interpret the living Word and who may well hesitate to explore the wastes of long exhausted theological controversies.

"The eighteenth century library of St. Edmund Hall is worth visiting for the sake of its picturesque appearance and its diminutive size. It is situated above the chapel and is approached by a narrow and tortuous staircase, on which, unless the visitor follows his guide very closely, there is some likelihood of his being temporarily lost. The library is the smallest in Oxford—a little room with a gallery running round. Originally the books were all on the walls, but recently some transverse cases have been added, thus rendering perambulation difficult. It is a library for the sedentary only."

LIBRARY KEEPER TO RETIRE

**British Museum Custodian
Has Served 32 Years**

By United Press.

LONDON, Dec. 13. — Forty-two years ago Robert Farquharson Sharp came to the British Museum. On Dec. 31, he will retire as keeper of printed books of the museum after having watched the volumes increase from 1,000,000 to 3,000,000 now housed on 46 miles of shelves.

Sharp, who will celebrate his 65th birthday Dec. 31, will hand over to his successor one of the most amazing libraries in the world. It contains books from the 15th century printed on solid blocks. These books consist of prayers and religious subjects.

Famous men of all nationalities have been visitors at the library. Carlyle, Samuel Butler, Karl Marx,

Prince Kropotkin, Trotsky, Bergson and Lenin are a few leading figures mentioned by Sharp. About 800 people daily visit the reading room.

The museum employs 40 former service men to dust the books. Each book is dusted about twice a year.

DEC. 12, 1929

STATE LIBRARY OPENED

**For Inspection By Public—Cooper
Radio Address Is Feature.**

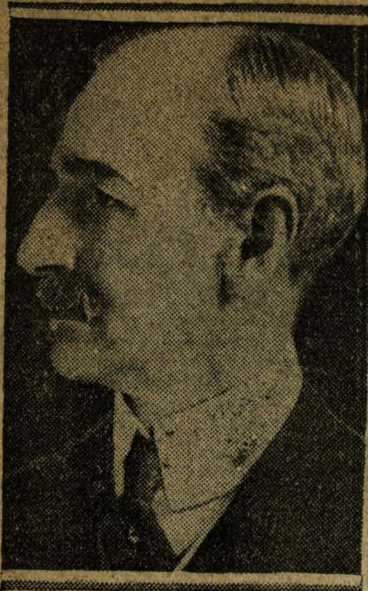
Columbus, Ohio, March 24—(AP)—For the first time in its history, the State Library tonight was thrown open for inspection of the public in a program to increase the interest in the state's activities in providing reading matter for every taste.

Governor Cooper opened the program in a brief radio address from the Senate chamber, following which the Governor and Mrs. Cooper, former State Librarian and Mrs. C. B. Galbreath and State Librarian and Mrs. George McCormick were hosts at a public reception.

The "curtain raiser" program for the library was broadcast from WEAO, Ohio State University station. In addition to the Governor's address the program included a musical recital.

The State Library will be open every night this week for the inspection of the public, McCormick announced.

LIBRARIAN GETS ROOSEVELT MEDAL



Dr. Herbert Putnam, librarian of congress, who has been awarded medal for distinguished service in the administration of public office, having served in the government library for thirty years. It was largely through his efforts that the library was developed from a small collection of local importance to an institution vital in the structure of the nation. The award is made annually by the Roosevelt Memorial association, on the anniversary of the late president's birth, Oct. 27.

JUNE 19, 1929.

Current expenses

EXECUTIVE DE

Salary of governor.....
Salary of secretary to the gover
Salary of executive clerk to the
Salary of commission clerk to
Salary of corresponding clerk t
Contingent expenses, executiv
cluding newspapers

HIGHWAY DE

Salary of commissioner.....
Traveling expenses of commiss
Salary of assistant commission

The Influence Of Books.

Ours is a reading people. We read books, periodicals, papers. We want to keep informed. Our street cars, our railroad trains, our hotel lobbies operate very literally as popular libraries, reading rooms.

But a very important question has been raised with respect to the character of the public's reading. It seriously is asked: Will the reading clubs standardize American literary tastes? Will they be harmful to the book business in general?

Possibly they will not, but there is the danger that this might be so. The club lends itself perfectly to the influences of propaganda of whatever kind; and the selling of books by a club suggests a dubious variant in cultural progress.

The regular book business is one of the most important activities in the Nation. The bookstall is your liberal and free university, and it has been uniformly kept conservative. The elements making for disruption of social standards and governmental ideas not usually are to be found in your legitimate bookshop.

We buy about 100,000,000 books a year, it is estimated, and the

number of books disposed of by clubs is placed at about 2,000,000. But this club business will grow—the growth may become portentous. It is growing in other countries than the United States. Ultimately it possibly, perhaps most probably, will influence standardization of minds.

Of course there is a fight between the clubs and the legitimate booksellers. The booksellers are put on their toes, so to speak. It is probable that they will win in the long run—they should. It is theirs to hold the public mind and thought in conservative freedom. They will give us the classics; they will give us the best in science and art and philosophy of the dependable kind. They should be the impregnable barrier against the rising tide of literature of all kinds which is motivated by sentiment, emotion and philosophical conclusion not helpful to the interest of the Government and its people.

JULY 26, 1929—

Cleveland Woman Serves 40 Years as Librarian

MISS ALICE S. TYLER.

FORTY straight years of library work with no break except for summer vacations, is the record of Miss Alice E. Tyler, who recently



By LILLIAN CAMPBELL.

resigned as dean of School of Library Science of Western Reserve university, Cleveland.

On her resignation, alumni of the school gave her a bank book showing a balance to be used in a trip to Europe.

"But I don't have to go right away, do I?" Miss Tyler asked. "Because

the American Library association has asked me to write a book on teaching librarianship."

Miss Tyler began her library work in Decatur, Ill., where she was born, her parents having been pioneers, coming from Kentucky, where her grandparents had settled from Virginia. Her family connections include two United States presidents, John Tyler and James Monroe.

She attended the Illinois Library school and then became cataloguer for the Cleveland Public library, helping to install the open shelf system which is today being copied throughout the world.

In 1900 Miss Tyler became secretary of the Iowa state library commission, expending 13 years traveling about the state organizing libraries in the cities and larger towns.

She became dean of the Western Reserve school in 1913. During the war Miss Tyler was on the American Library association staff at Hoboken, New York, and after the war she was elected president of the association, the third woman to hold that honor since its founding.

AUG. 13, 1929—

Move Documents at Public Library

Space in Adjoining Building Is Filled.

Because of the crowded quarters at the Public Library, 40,000 public documents were being moved Monday to the sixth floor of the Enquirer Building. Metal cases are ready to receive the documents in their new storage room, which has 3,387 feet of floor space.

In this annex a reading room twenty feet square has been prepared for those who wish to consult the documents. Miss Katherine Strong will be in charge of the branch, with Miss Jessie Gregg as assistant. At first, the room will be open to the public from 12:30 to 5 p. m., and the hours will be extended as soon as the library finds it possible to do so.

A rearrangement of departments in the main library will take place when the documents have been removed. These measures will give partial relief to the congestion of the library, although the number of books continually flowing in makes its effects only temporary, it is said.

June 24, 1929

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, America's first famous poet, was born on Nov. 3, 1794. His father was a man of scholarship and a lover of books so that the boy had early encouragement in this direction. When he was 10 years old he had already begun to write poetry.

15 Years to Decipher Syriac Manuscripts

History of Ancient Religion
Written on Goatskin.

CHICAGO, October 30—(P)—Two goatskin Syriac manuscripts, believed to contain most of the religious knowledge of the era between the fourth and tenth centuries, A. D., have arrived at the University of Chicago and will be deciphered. The deciphering task, university officials said, probably will take at least ten years, and perhaps fifteen.

One of the volumes measures 25 by 18 inches, weighs 50 pounds and contains 622 pages, with 100,000 written lines. It is entitled "Collection of Selected Discourses of All Kinds on All the Feasts Composed by Orthodox Holy Fathers," and is devoted largely to sermons by the clergy of the Eastern church. Works by Jacob Edessa, who flourished about 700 A. D., and was one of the most learned men of his day, occupy half

the volume. Nothing in the book is later than 850 A. D., and some of the material goes back before 400 A. D.

The smaller volume is a compendium of liturgical acts, songs and Bible readings for every day of the year and contains 35,000 lines.

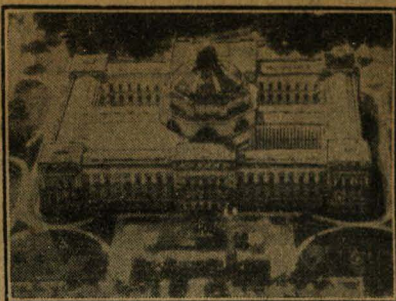
Among the most valuable portions of the manuscripts in the second volume, Prof. Sprengling said, are records of sermons by St. Chrysostom and of sermon on the vision of Ezekiel, which are believed to take up all the knowledge of that day relating to the Scriptures.

October 30, 1929

A Remarkable Library

Boston has a circulating theological library, the only one of its kind that is known to exist. With twenty thousand books in its possession, it loans twenty thousand volumes a year, and loans them only to ministers, of the various denominations, in the six states of New England. The cost of transportation is paid by the library, and this expense is estimated at one thousand five hundred dollars a year. Thus a practical working collection of the best and latest volumes dealing with subjects of value to the clergy—sociology, history, science, biology, and homiletics—is accessible to the ministry of New England.

Nine Million Books In Capital Libraries



AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

BESIDE possessing the magnificent Library of Congress, one of the most extensive collections of volumes in the world, the city of Washington, D. C., boasts about 200 libraries, with more than 9,000,000 books on their shelves beside manuscripts, maps, photographs, ancient tomes, and historical records.

The Library of Congress lends books to all other libraries in the city, and automobile vans of a special type are used by officials of the library to distribute and collect books loaned.

Attached to the War Department is the Army Medical Library, the largest institution of its kind in the world. In this institution there are 281,139 bound volumes, 390,822 pamphlets, 1,608 current files of medical journals, and 7,472 medical and surgical photographs.

Other large libraries include that of the Department of Agriculture, with 200,000 volumes; the library of the forest service, which has about 200,000 volumes; the Department of Commerce Library, with 110,000 books and pamphlets, and the patent office collection of 105,000 volumes.

The Department of Justice has one of the greatest collections of legal books and documents in the country and is one of several law libraries in the capital.

In the Library of Congress are 3,625,000 books, 1,015,000 maps, 1,025,000 pieces and volumes of music, 465,000 prints, and an almost countless collection of manuscripts.

A MAN WHO DID a great and useful work in putting the world's literature into books at once attractive and moderate in price died in England recently. His name was J. M. Dent, and his famous "Everyman's Library"—prototype of several other similar undertakings—contains nearly eight hundred titles and has sold to the extent of twenty million copies. More than once he has printed books the sale of which did not seem likely to meet the cost of publication. "If it's a good book," he would say, "and students want it cheap, they should have it, profit or no profit."

July 22, 1926