

HUGE GROWTH

Of Library Recounted

As New Structure Opens For University Students.

Shelves Provide For 600,000 Books
—1,100 Readers Accommodated
At One Time.

Highlights in the history of the University of Cincinnati library during the present century were narrated yesterday by Miss Gertrude Wulfekoetter, Assistant Librarian, in commenting upon forward strides made recently in offering library facilities to U. C. students. These were made possible by the new library structure opened for complete service for the first time this fall.

While housing facilities are ample to accommodate the University's needs for years to come, there is a noticeable lack of adequate collections of reference books for a number of varsity departments, Miss Wulfekoetter said.

"In 1900 the University library was occupying one large room on the third floor of McMicken Hall, with 20,000 volumes, just the size of a medium-sized department library at the University of the present day," she said. "There were then a trifle more than 500 students in the academic departments on the campus.

"In the summer of 1901 the Van Wormer Library, as it was called, was opened. It had been erected at a cost of \$60,000 and was thought to be adequate for many years.

"During these years there came to the library gifts of valuable collections of books from Eugene F. Bliss, Judge Moses F. Wilson, William E. Merrill, Lewis Seasongood, Gustav Bruehl and others.

"By 1904 the University had an efficiently managed library of 40,000 volumes, administered by Mrs. Harriet Evans Hodge. At this time the University had about 600 students and a faculty of 150.

"By 1914 there were almost 2,500 students on the campus, five times the number of the previous decade, but the library had less than doubled itself, having only 70,000 books. During the war years, of course, conditions remained somewhat static.

"After the war the University's enrollment grew as rapidly as did that of all colleges and universities over the country; in 1920 there were 3,400 students, by 1925 there were 8,000.

"The library, too, had grown to 110,000 volumes by 1925. By this time the library so badly needed both shelving and reading room space that something drastic had to be done. The library of Nathan Gallizier, a valuable collection of 3,500 volumes, left to the University in February, 1927, had to be stored unopened in the basement of the Law School for lack of space to shelve it adequately.

"The new library is on the hillside, south of the old library and is in reality a six-story building, built in modernistic architecture of brick and Indiana limestone.

"It has reading room space for almost 1,100 readers, and shelf capacity of more than 600,000 volumes.

"With its light, airy reading rooms and workrooms, its glass-doored, steel-cased rare bookroom for the care of the valuable books and manuscripts which the library possesses, its high-vaulted main reading room—it is a building of which we can all be proud, both now and for years to come. The Van Wormer building is being remodeled for an administration building, so that it will stand as a memorial to its donor for many more years."

SEPTEMBER 28, 1930

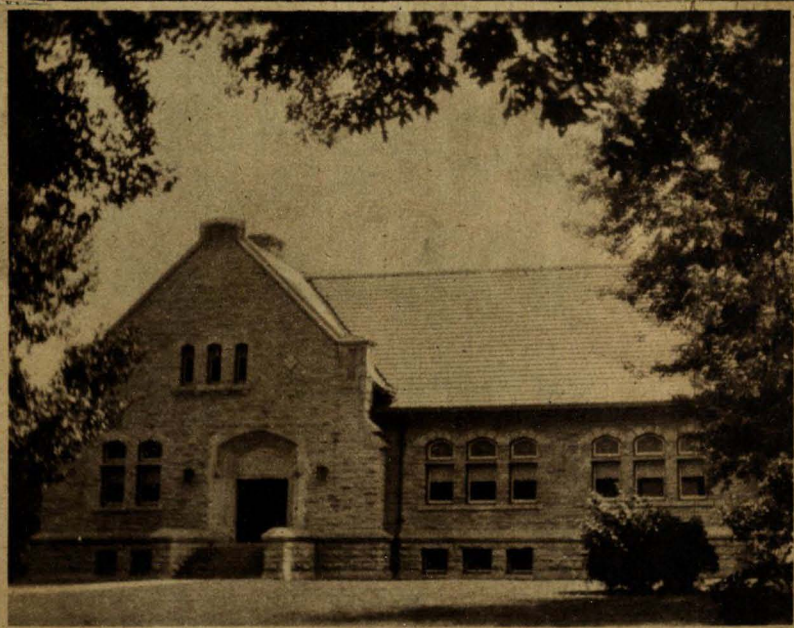
What a Library Is For.

Librarian Wheeler of the Reuben McMillan institution says too many persons look upon a library in the wrong light. "Think of it as a great many books scattered about the city, and don't consider it merely a building," he says. This is good advice, well expressed. But a small percentage of us appreciate the library or take advantage of its opportunities. A stranger in a city who has not access to clubs finds two places always open to him—the public library and the saloons. If he is the right kind of man he seeks out the former. He gets education and recreation there. To see the hundreds assembled in the reading rooms of a public library in one of the large cities of the West where there are many transients is an education in the use of the library. It can be made just as useful to a man at home. Don't look upon it as a mere place with four walls outside and furnishings inside. A person who would consider a theater only as a place where there is a stage and a collection of seats would be considered foolish. Yet that's the view often taken of the library that invites your company.—



THE LIMA PUBLIC LIBRARY, a Carnegie institution, contains 20,000 volumes.

—Adon



THE LIBRARY, Heidelberg University, Tiffin, Ohio.

Public Library Opened 50 Years Ago Today, With Little Over 1,000 Books

A half century ago today, February 25, 1874, Cincinnati's Public Library was opened in its present location. For half of that time N. D. C. Hodges has served Cincinnati as Librarian, and it is safe to say that Mr. Hodges could lay his hand on any one of the hundreds of thousands of volumes at a moment's notice, if asked to do so, from his long association with these silent friends of his.

From something a little more than a thousand volumes it has grown to enormous proportions, and its shelves and cases are filled with books, periodicals, pictures, art treasures and lantern slides, worth hundreds of thousands of dollars.

However, there will be no formal celebration of the anniversary. It will be "business as usual" at the Library today, for the needs of the army of students and others who use the institution are to be met.

Yeatman's Tavern, which played a conspicuous part in the history of Cincinnati in more ways than one, may be considered the birthplace of the Cincinnati Public Library.

A notice appeared in The Western Spy and Hamilton Gazette, the leading newspaper of Cincinnati at that time, on the date of February 13, 1802, asking those interested in a public library to meet at Yeatman's Tavern.

The present library on Vine street

is the outcome of that first meeting. Jacob Burnet, Martin Baum and Lewis Kerr formed the first committee to sell stock at \$10 a share. Arthur St. Clair, the first Governor of the Northwest Territory, bought the first share. The list of all the subscribers is in the possession of the Historical and Philosophical Society of Ohio. Lewis Kerr was the first Librarian.

Today, in addition to the thousands upon thousands of books, more than one hundred newspapers are on file in the reading room and these are gathered from many countries. There is a department for the blind, a children's room, with a day set apart for story-telling.

From this center of books, too, there have gone out nearly a hundred delivery stations and traveling libraries carrying books to the remote corners of the county, and these are but a few of the many channels by which the Public Library serves its public.

BOOKS AND BLUNDERS

LIBRARIANS and clerks in bookstores have to cultivate their wits as well as a knowledge of literature if they are to serve successfully many of their forgetful or muddle-headed patrons, who ask for queer things. Some new examples of the problems of librarians have recently been given in the Boston papers.

Not long ago a determined lady made the round of the Boston bookstores inquiring for something that sounded like "My-less-ton-ees." In one place they thought she meant a disease; in another—probably with Miltiades in mind—they thought she meant some ancient Greek or Roman general. But the book was to be found neither under medicine nor under history. Finally the exasperated lady discovered it on a counter, and it was the play, *Milestones!*

At another Boston bookstore a small boy wanted Ida's dog book. No, not Ida anybody,—it wasn't a lady,—but Mr. Ida that wrote the book he wanted. He thought it was Ida. He was quickly supplied with *O. of Flanders.*

That was an easy guess. It is harder when the error is one of analogy or phraseology, when by a natural mental twist the purchaser asks for something very much like what he wants. A customer was baffled for some time in his search for a novel entitled the *Next Turn*, though he insisted that it was recent and popular, until a clever clerk suggested the *Kingdom Round the Corner*, and that was it. India on the March is asked for as *Keeping Step with India* and *Marching in India*. An insistent person who wanted "Noyes's book on astronomy" was at last very dubiously offered instead Mr. Alfred Noyes's poems and pounced triumphantly upon *Watchers of the Sky*. Another who wanted *Let's Talk About It*, by Gibbons, was satisfied to accept *Now It Can Be Told*, by Sir Philip Gibbs.

All the mistakes are not on the side of the purchaser and reader, however. It is not his fault when *Leaves of Grass* gets tucked upon the shelves with botanical treatises, as happened the other day; nor when, as librarians whisper has happened at times, *Poe's Gold Bug* and the *Pit* and the *Pendulum* are classified respectively under entomology and horology; *Henry James's Portrait of a Lady* under art; *Miss Temple Bailev's the Trumpeter Swan* under ornithology;

and—with a complimentary optimism that the sex should appreciate—Sir James Barrie's charming play *What Every Woman Knows* under domestic science!

When was the first book published in America?

It is supposed that "Pierce's Almanac" was the first pamphlet published in the United States. It was issued in 1638 or 1639 by the Cambridge Press, ancestor of the present Harvard University Press. The first full-sized book published in America was Steeven Daye's "The Whole Booke of Psalmes, Faithfully Translated into English Metre," issued in 1640 from the same press. The Spanish in Mexico and South America issued books in 1540, exactly one hundred years earlier.

FEBRUARY 25, 1924.



minutes of course



MILLCENT LIBRARY, AT FAIRHAVEN, BUILT BY MR. ROGERS IN MEMORY OF HIS DAUGHTER.

Born in the village of Fairhaven, Mass.

Van Wormer Library,
University of
Cincinnati.

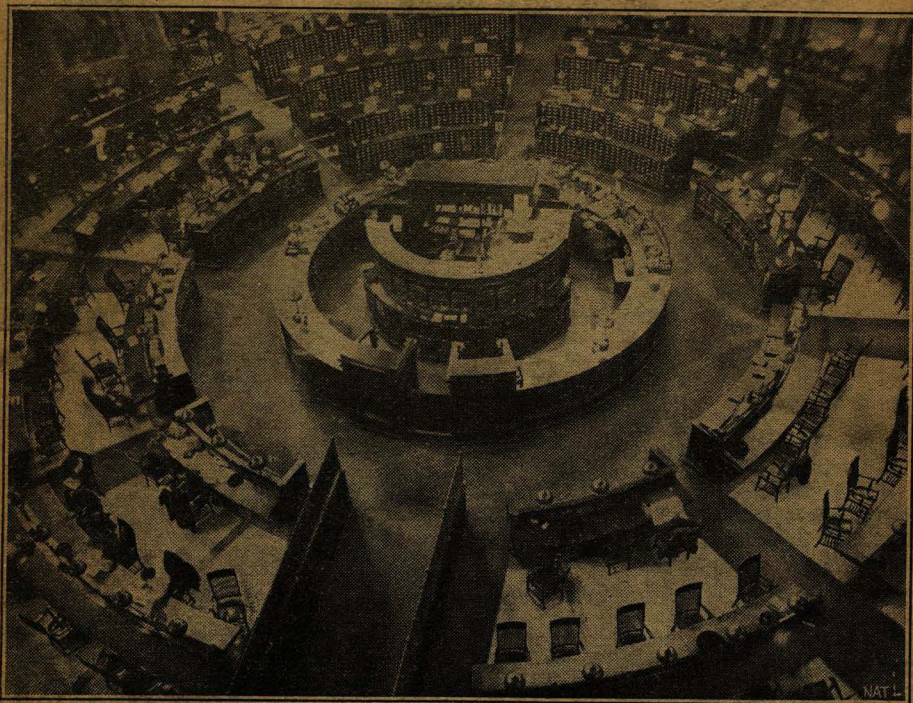


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THE next time you pass the new library in your town pause a moment and think what it *should* mean to your community, and if it doesn't yet mean all it should, see what you can do to make it. For it's more than a building; it's the heart of a man—of Andrew Carnegie—and of this woman, too—his wife.

Our Growing Library of Congress

Gifts by Public-Spirited Individuals are Making It Possible
to Create the World's Greatest Center of Learning



The Great Reading Room Resembles a Legislative Chamber

THE Library of Congress at Washington, regarded as one of the most beautiful pieces of architecture in the world, is also one of the three largest libraries. The other two are the Bibliotheque Nationale, of France, and the British Museum. However, if our library continues to grow as it has in recent decades it may some day be the largest in the world. Its librarian of a half century ago predicted that by 1975 the library would contain 2,500,000 volumes, while today, 46 years before the time set, it contains around 3,800,000 volumes.

Founded in 1800, the library has twice suffered by fire, in 1814 and 1851. The building was completed in 1897 at a cost of some \$6,000,000, besides a half million for the ground. Of the Italian Renaissance order of architecture, the building has three stories, with a dome, and covers nearly three and a half acres. With its 2,000 windows, it is the best lighted library in the world, which recalls the fact that the French library for 600 years depended solely

on the sun's rays for its light. Electricity was installed there only a few years ago.

Under the librarianship of Herbert Putnam wonderful strides have been made by the Library of Congress in the

last 30 years. One of the biggest gains made was the creation of the Library of Congress Trust Fund Board in 1926 which made it possible to receive gifts without having to unwind governmental red tape. "Honorariums" also were made possible, which means that additional payments may be made to em-

ployees out of the fund, at the librarian's discretion. By this means specialists may be engaged for important positions and held onto when they are tempted by large salary offers outside the government.

Large donations by individuals have made it possible to establish "chairs" similar to those at universities. Mrs. Frederic Coolidge's (no relation to Calvin) endowment for the erection of a music hall within the library court started the money ball rolling. Her gift



Arrangement of Bookshelves at the Library of Congress

made possible a "chair" in music. A second "chair" was established in American history through a gift by William Evarts Benjamin, and a third "chair" for the fine arts was made possible by a gift from the Carnegie Corp. Altogether the library now has at its disposal more than \$2,000,000 in gifts from private sources.

Special collections acquired by the library have been Thomas Jefferson's Library, the Force Historical Collection in 1865, Smithsonian Library in 1867 and the Toner Collection of Washingtoniana in 1882. The library possesses the originals of the Declaration of Independence and Constitution of the United States and all papers collected by the State Department relating to these two documents and all papers relating to the congress of the confederation. There are also collections of manuscripts of our past presidents. A prolific source of accessions has been the copyright system, which requires the deposit of two copies of every copyrighted work.

September 14, 1929

SO UNUSUAL

Nick—What's the excitement in the Congressional Library?

Nack—Why, a Congressman wandered in!

Some of the Biggest, Oldest, Costliest Things

THE largest library is the National, in Paris, which contains three million books.

The tallest monument is in Washington, D.C. It is five hundred and fifty-five feet high.

The highest chimney is in Glasgow, Scotland, and is four hundred and seventy-four feet high.

The deepest coal mine is near Lambert, Belgium, and is thirty-five hundred feet high.

The largest monolith is in Egypt—one hundred and six feet.

The biggest dock is at Cardiff, Wales.

The strongest electric light is at the Sydney lighthouse, Australia.

The greatest bank is the Bank of England, London.

Nathaniel D. C. Hodges Resigns Post As Head of Cincinnati Public Library After Almost 25 Years of Service

Advancing Age, Increasing Burden of Work and Responsibility Given as Reasons.

Nathaniel Dan Carlisle Hodges, 72 years old, Librarian for nearly a quarter of a century of the Cincinnati Public Library, resigned yesterday and thus severed his connection with an institution which he had seen grow under his direction to nearly four times its size since May 1, 1900, when he entered its service.

Mr. Hodges assigned as reasons for his resignation his age, his belief that the work had grown too heavy for him and that he wished to have time to devote to some special work. He had hoped that he could continue his connection with the Public Library at least until a new building could be constructed to house the collection which has been assembled at 629 Vine street. But with the failure of the extra levy for the Library at the 1923 election, and with the future unassured for such a building, Mr. Hodges said he felt that he could no longer bear the heavy burden.

When Mr. Hodges came here more than twenty-four years ago, there was an Assistant Librarian, W. E. Barnwell, who died suddenly several years ago. From that time no one had ever been appointed to take the place of the Assistant Librarian. This caused an increased amount of work and responsibility to devolve upon Mr. Hodges.

Mr. Hodges had dreams of having a young man appointed to the assistantcy, who could have been trained in the work under the Librarian, so that when Mr. Hodges resigned there would have been some one equipped and experienced to continue the work without interruption.

The President of the Board of Trustees of the Library, Charles W. Handman, said he heard Mr. Hodges's request with great regret. "Mr. Hodges has brought our library to a high standard of excellence until there is none better, considering the size of the city. Mr. Hodges has

been of inestimable value in this work," said Mr. Handman.

James Albert Green, Chairman of the Finance Committee, expressed his great reluctance to accept the resignation of the librarian whose work, he said, had been onerous and whose duties have been discharged with great efficiency. He said that it was with a shock that board members realized their loss.

Mr. Hodges came to the library on the death of former Librarian A. W. Whelpley, in 1900. Mr. Hodges was a graduate from the Harvard University, class of 1874. He spent two years at Heidelberg in the study of physics and chemistry. He was elected a Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences in 1879, a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, a fellow of the same society, for ten years editor of Science. He entered the library service in the New York Public Library and afterward was elected by the corporation of Harvard University to a life place in the library of that institution.

There were only 34,108 borrowers when Mr. Hodges came here in 1900 and a circulation of 511,108. Today there are 109,330 borrowers and a circulation of 2,090,000. There are today eleven large branches, fifteen small branches and 300 other library activities in successful operation.

The President of the board appointed a committee to be called in two weeks to discuss the appointment of a successor to Mr. Hodges. Washington T. Porter, who was re-appointed by the University Board to succeed himself on the board for another three years, will go East next week to attend the American Library Association.

Permission to plant a tree on Memorial Day in the Avondale Library yard in honor of William Martieu, Chairman of Troop Committee of Troop 11 of Boy Scouts, was granted, and Secretary Clarence L. Stanley was instructed to select the tree and location for its planting.

A letter of appreciation of the gift of a catalogue of the Lloyd Library was ordered sent to John Uri Lloyd.

MAY 22, 1924.

An Efficient Librarian

A school teacher in a Western town wishing to learn more about the stories of Edgar Allan Poe, inquired at the delivery desk of the rural library for the Gold Bug and added: "I can't seem to find it in the catalogue, but I am sure you have it. A friend of mine had it out last week."

The librarian, who was new and very young, says The Youth's Companion, glanced at the drawer of the card catalogue over which the teacher had been poring and then smiled.

"No wonder, Miss Smith," she explained with patient gentleness. "You were looking under 'fiction.' I think that if you will turn to 'entomology' you won't have any trouble."



THE ALUMNI LIBRARY at Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio.

The World's Epoch-Making Books

By Thomas Bragg

"THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

John Bunyan died in 1688, the year of the great revolution under William of Orange. John Wesley broke into the Established Church in 1740, and between these two dates there was experienced one of the greatest spiritual evolutions of history.

With Bunyan, the inspired tinker of Bedford, first saw the light of day religion was in a bad way in the British Isles. It was about as low down as it could get, spiritually speaking. It was largely an affair of half-believed creeds and soulless ceremonies. There was but little sincerity in the worship. The pulpit had degenerated to the point where the sermon was a mockery in its shallowness and heartless and the service was but so much perfunctory genuflection and pious mumbling.

If the Lord Jesus had come to the England of the Seventeenth Century he would have found but little to rejoice over. Instead of a living Christianity he would have found a moribund paganism that was but a parody on the Gospel.

The aforesaid tinker, at the age of 17, was serving in the army; by permitting a fellow-soldier to take his place one night as sentinel he escaped death, and, regarding the escape as a direct interposition of Divine Providence, he began thinking about religion, became a monomaniac upon the subject and went hither and thither preaching without the least regard to the rules and regulations of the Established Church.

He was thrown into Bedford Jail, and while a prisoner there wrote "The Pilgrim's Progress," one of the half dozen most influential books in the world.

The book was published in 1678, and of it was born the state of mind and soul to which we have given the name Evangelicism.

Now evangelicism means simply this, the Gospel versus man-made creeds and ceremonies, a live religion rather than a dead one.

"The Pilgrim's Progress" woke up England!

Translated into all the continental languages, it aroused all Europe.

Between 1678—the year of its publication—and 1740, the date of Wesley's secession from the Church of England, the book had been getting in its work, the evangelical leaven had been working throughout the theological dough, and the result was Wesley and the great Methodist Church.

The Methodist Church had not been without its influence upon other churches. In many ways it has been an eye-opener, an arouser of the drowsy type of Christianity, the live wire, so to speak, that has set the whole church a snapping with the fire of evangelical spirit—the spirit of earnestness that sings and swings its way to victory!

It all leads back to John Bunyan and his "Pilgrim's Progress"—the immortal book that has girdled the globe with its influence and that will continue to influence men to the end of time.

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THE PUBLIC AND THE PUBLIC LIBRARY

By I. K. Friedman

"IT IS another American swindle. I will not sign it. These Americans do nothing but scheme how they can cheat us poor foreigners," exclaimed Ignatz Deszynski, a stockyard butcher, frowning angrily on his daughter and glancing suspiciously at the librarian of Davis Square, who had visited his home to aid his daughter Marie in persuading him to sign her application for a public-library card.

"No; it will cost nothing—not a cent, papa," pleaded the towheaded, blue-eyed youngster. "The kind lady has come herself to tell you it will cost nothing."

The kind lady, to whom this conversation was as so much Greek, but who could guess the nature of it from the expressions that crossed the faces of the speakers, amused herself by watching the antics of the fat baby in the Old World cradle that stood in a corner of the cluttered room.

"Keep still, Marie!" shouted the mother through the open door of the kitchen. "I know these sly Americans and their thievish ways. They will tell you all sorts of sweet lies; they will make you believe they are too good to eat honey in order to cheat you into signing all sorts of papers—and then, when once you sign them, they will come round with lawyers and bailiffs to claim the eyes in your head."

Marie started to argue in rebuttal when her mother entered the shabby, poorly furnished parlor and turning toward the caller bawled:

"If dose books vas torn or lost ve must pay for dem—ain't it?"

"Of course," smiled the librarian; and she was going to explain the reasonableness of that proposition when the mother shouted a triumphant "I told you so!" in Polish to Marie and then aired her superior knowledge of American knavery in voluble Polish to the father.

Further explanations, arguments and pleas were all in vain; and a quarter of an hour afterward the tearful Marie, accompanied by her beneficent visitor, left the red-brick cottage for school, wending her way forlornly through the dismal streets back of the yards. Her companion offered what consolation she could, promising to visit her obdurate parents again, remarking that in her personal campaign to increase the circulation of books she had known elders even more stubborn to capitulate at last. She ended by saying that, even though Marie had no card, the privileges of attending the reading room and the lecture hall were none the less open to her.

Crowding Out the Dime Novel

And that afternoon, when the gong sounded release from school, Marie Deszynski, as cheerful as if her heart's desire had been granted, darted along neck and neck with some hundred other children—Poles, Bohemians, Hungarians—to the fieldhouse in Davis Square, the building recently conferred on a congested, poverty-stricken neighborhood by a farsighted, wise board of park commissioners. Neither the gymnasium, nor the bath, nor the restaurant—where food and Pasteurized milk were served at cost—nor yet the clubroom, was the magnet that drew these hundred avid, clean but ill-clad youngsters along. No; the gifted story-teller paid by the Chicago Woman's Club and working in concert with the public library was to lecture that afternoon on Abraham Lincoln, illustrating her talk with stereopticon views. It was a weekly treat not to be missed: sustaining food for the vivid imaginations of these sons and daughters of poverty who were starved by the harsh realities of their sordid surroundings; quickening light that filtered through the smoke-laden, murky atmosphere of Packingtown.

The juvenile audience, with an oldster or two and the towheaded Marie somewhere in its midst, scrambled into its seats in the big hall upstairs, and when the story-teller ascended the platform a silence fell as if the day for those restless urchins had just begun and they had started fresh from home, unworn by the long confinement in school. In simple words, naturally but dramatically, as picture after picture crossed

the screen, the lecturer told the story of the great War President's life, stopping now and then to ask questions that referred to a previous talk—questions that ever found eager answers competing for the honor—to give the titles and numbers of books in the library downstairs that dealt with the topic at hand and were ever at the disposal of the listeners. Book and lecturer, lecturer and book, cooperate to evoke for heroes worthy of worship the hero worship that is in the heart of every boy and girl, and to destroy by indirection the idols and ideas created by Oliver Optic, Horatio Alger and the dime novelist.

In this manner during the course of the year the story-hour has reviewed Shakspeare's Tales, Homer's Iliad and Odyssey, the adventures of King Arthur and his Knights and the achievements of the epoch-makers of history—ancient, medieval, modern.

On occasion, a strictly Polish audience may be told how Kosciuszko came to the assistance of America at a perilous hour; or the children of Jewish parentage may learn how one Hyman Solomon gave his money freely and without hope of return to Robert Morris in the darkest hours of the Revolution; or the Norwegians may be entertained by the accomplishments of Leif Ericson.

Sick of Being a Pole

This interweaving of the traditions of the old country and the new into a sort of cosmopolitan pattern has a purpose that extends far beyond the mere weaving itself. The child of the immigrant, borrowing the scorn of his new environment for all that is foreign, is only too prone to scoff at his parents for their old-fashioned, non-American ways. Disrespect creeps into the scorn, contempt makes its way into the disrespect, and the tares of delinquency and crime spread everywhere like weeds in the bad crops. It is hard, for instance, for the Jewish boy, who sees the old folks held up to ridicule, to realize that they may know what is better for his salvation than the young tough who speaks English without an accent and shies stones at the heads of those who wear European garb.

"Obey your parents and keep out of trouble," said a probation officer of the Juvenile Court to one who was the despair of his honest, hardworking Jewish parents.

"Gwan!" he returned. "They don't know nothing. The old man don't know no English grammar and the old woman speaks Yiddish and wears a wig."

The boy is not only an illustration in point; he sums up a tendency and an attitude which are shown again in the case of the Polish lad who, on being selected for persecution by a crowd of American-born boys, tearfully sobbed: "Ma, I ain't going to be Polish no more!" When the astonished mother asked the reason for that explosive determination he rejoined: "'Cause I ain't going to be nothing no more that makes you get licked by them that ain't—that's all there's to it!"

When boys such as these, however—and they are only the natural product of a hostile environment—learn from the lips of a teacher whom they respect that the old country had its heroes who contributed a big share in the upbuilding of the New World they grow to admire the land of their ancestors' birth, to heed the counsel of their parents, and soon to be proud of instead of ashamed of their race.

Lincoln, however—to return to him—is the cosmopolitan favorite. Him the children of all peoples unite in loving and reverencing; for his struggle with and his victory over poverty make a more direct appeal than do knights and kings to the young folks who are in the thick of the fight against that ancient enemy.

On the afternoon chosen for our visit to Davis Square, when the story-hour was over, a fat Bohemian woman, who attended the entertainment with her two children, approached the speaker and, kissing her hand after the Bohemian fashion, said:

"Dis Lincoln vas only a poor kid, but he got dere yust de same." Then she looked significantly and affectionately at her two coatless urchins and passed on. Her place by their conduct they show their deep appreciation of the public's endeavors to assist them. We are told that the Russian Jewish children are the most serious, persistent and determined of all in their quest after knowledge.

Nor, while reaching out in every conceivable direction to capture the mind of the child, has the modern public library made any less strenuous efforts to meet the wants and the needs of the adult. In this field, too, the policy of diffusion, as against the old policy of concentration, works with such indefatigable force and such unflinching ingenuity that the question resolves itself into how one can get away from books rather than how one can get to them. Fully equipped branch libraries, stationed where they are most needed, are the pride of all our big cities, but none has so many that it is not now planning to erect more. Chicago has sixteen and its wideawake librarian is leaving no stone unturned to gain thirty-five; Manhattan fifty, and it is reaching out for seventy; Brooklyn twenty-seven, and it is demanding forty; Philadelphia fifteen, and it is ambitious to claim thirty. And so it goes.

Numbers are far from telling the whole story, however, for along with a multiplication of libraries there comes a change of system and method that is multiplying the circulation of each separate library to an astonishing extent. Yesterday Chicago permitted the drawing out of but one book on each card; but today, according to a new rule just in vogue, each single card may claim two books at a time, to say nothing of the issue of vacation cards, of special value to teachers, permitting, as they do, the use of ten books for a period of ten weeks. Hitherto a library member presented his card and book list at one of the sub-stations for transmission to the downtown library, and if the volumes desired happened to be out the card and the list were returned to the disappointed reader. Under this obsolescent plan it is estimated that twenty-five per cent of such demands for books went unanswered.

Nowadays the reader may walk back to the shelves of the sub-library, survey the books and help himself; and the chances are that if the volume he desires is missing he will find something else that will come pretty near to filling the bill. In one of the sub-libraries the inauguration of this open-shelf scheme raised the circulation from seventy to five hundred volumes a day; and in yet another, only ten days after its adoption, its collection of fifteen hundred books was practically swept clean, leaving only reference books behind—and these, too, would have disappeared were they subject to withdrawal. And the newer idea has another great advantage to recommend its installation—it is far cheaper, requiring far less personal service and cutting down the expenses of salaries.

The Industrial Deposit.

The children's librarian, seeking a center to wage his campaign for conquering the child with the book, hit easily on the public school as the natural point of departure; and just so the librarian for adults, whose business it is fast becoming to circulate rather than to collect books and let them gather dust on the shelves, came to what now seems the obvious conclusion that, since this is an age of industry and business, the way to reach the grown-ups is through the mill, the factory and the store. Acting on this inspiration, the city librarian, joining hands with the large employer of labor, who willingly supplies the space for the library and pays the salary of an attendant and the cost of transportation, has put what is known as an "industrial deposit" of books in machine shops and factories.

Numerous anecdotes prove how ardent the desire for self-improvement is; but one may be chosen as more or less typical of them all. A burly son of Erin, almost illiterate, but with an inborn gift for mechanics, drew from a deposit collection a difficult textbook on the construction of engines; and when the attendant asked him if he could read it he replied: "No, I can't; but me boy Michael, that is a born scholar, kin." Later on he returned the same work with the remark: "I'd like to kape the book anither two weeks, for it's slow business, this reading is. I'm that tired when I come home that I fall asleep and I have to whale Michael regular for not readin' loud enough to kape me awake."

Not long ago a laborer in the steel mills of South Chicago said to the present writer,

in an outburst of indignation: "It's all right for Mr. Carnegie to be giving us libraries, but what good are they if his mills work us twelve hours a day and we don't get no time to read?" Here, then, one can see how the battle of the labor unions for shorter hours is a battle being waged for the book against ignorance, and also how the book may help to inspire the battle. "Cut down the hours of the laborer," says one, "and the saloon will claim his leisure." "Cut down the hours of labor," says another, "and the library will give the saloon the longest run for its money it ever had." The nature and length of the run may be predicted from the fact that in Pittsburgh today, amid hostile conditions, its indefatigable librarians are making a personal campaign on the ground of gaining friends for books. Those who do read are urged to make readers of those who do not, and they are abetted by the loan of two or three volumes for distribution among friends. If a book happens to be lost in this way the borrower is not held responsible, and so pecuniary considerations put no handicap on him who may volunteer to act as an apostle.

Nor have the cities been left to shoulder alone the responsibility of practically forcing books on the people. The vast machinery and wealth of the states have come to their aid. Thirty-three of them, following the example set by Massachusetts, have

founded traveling libraries—collections of some fifty or sixty books, divided into groups and delivered at periods varying from three to six months to all villages and hamlets that will safeguard and care for these deposits. Wisconsin has established seven hundred of such stations, with the result that even the workers in the lumber camps, exiled for the long winter and cut off from the pleasures and the refinements of the cities, may find wholesome diversion in the book rather than in the bottle and the brawl. And what Wisconsin is doing for its lumber camps New Jersey is accomplishing for its fishing villages—Kentucky for its mountaineers—Georgia for the hands on its cotton plantations—Nebraska and Kansas for the dwellers on their rolling prairies.

Government Help

And to the assistance of the cities and the states the Government has come by carrying free of charge through the mails the embossed books which the various libraries may wish to send to the homes of the blind. Since our blind number some eighty thousand and since many of them are in straitened circumstances, it will be seen that this franking privilege is of considerable value in aiding the city librarian to distribute books for the blind throughout his territory.

Moreover, recognizing that society owes a duty to those of its adult unfortunates who, like the children, are not responsible for the condition in which they find themselves, the women's clubs and the municipalities themselves hire blind teachers for the blind to further the work of the libraries. These, following in the wake of the books, teach the sightless not only how to read and enjoy the masterpieces of literature but also, in many instances, how to become self-supporting by the mastery of light handicrafts. "For fifty years," said one old woman found in a tenement by her instructor, "I have sat in the darkness, black as the pit; now you have come carrying the lamp of learning and I see again. I no longer fear the darkness." She is but one of many—a member of the legions who have been rescued by the book and its devotees.

Glancing, then, at this rapid survey of the public library's new and increased activities in all fields of endeavor, from teaching the blind to read to persuading those who have eyes to make the best use of them, one has no reason to cry out with the pessimistic philosopher of old that "of the making of books there is no end." For too many books cannot be made if rightly distributed; and the question of the proper distribution of books has been left to the librarian of our own time for solution, just as the proper distribution of all forms of wealth—intellectual, social, economic—is the one big problem that engages our day.

The fact that in a period of sixty years the public libraries of America have increased from one to twelve thousand, and our proof that the power of efficiency of a host of these has been multiplied by human relationships which count for far more than the mere number of the books on their shelves, go to show how near we are to solving at least the problem of the book.



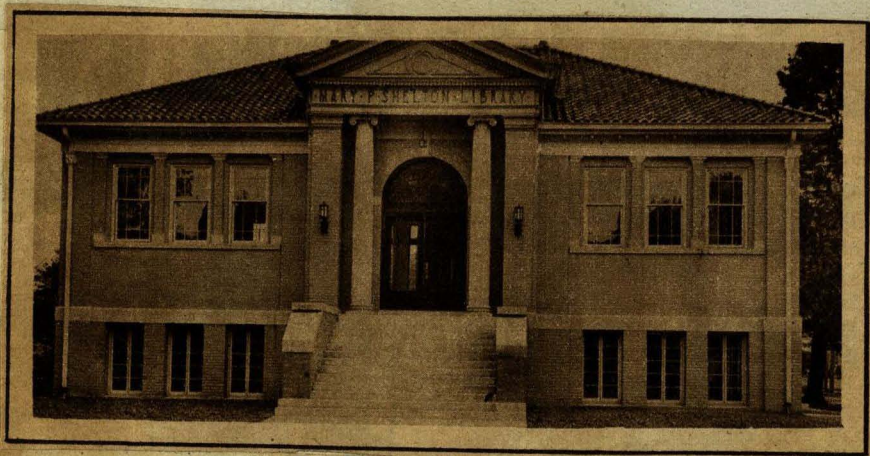
Library of Congress, Washington, D. C.—B. & O. S-W.—B. & O., The Washington Line.

ONE OF A SERIES REFLECTING THE PROGRESS OF CHICAGO



HARPER MEMORIAL LIBRARY

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO



THE SHELTON
LIBRARY, George-
town.

The ORIGIN of the "BLUE BOOK"

THERE is a great deal of intensely interesting human history buried in the Dictionary. The etymologist, if he is learned enough, can dig it out, and when he takes the trouble to do so he can tell of many things that explain the mysteries of words or correct misapprehension about them. In "Curious Survivals," recently published by Messrs. Herbert Jenkins, Ltd., Dr. George C. Williamson traces the past of some common words, and shows what they tell of past races and customs.

One interesting survival explained by the learned author of this book is the origin of the "blue book." The books issued by the House of Commons are known as Blue-books, and the word Blue-book has become a generic phrase in the English language. The books, of course, derive their title from the fact that their paper cover is blue, and the interesting circumstances concerning them is that in this color they date back to 1644. Archbishop Laud, it will be remembered, was brought to the House of Lords to make a recapitulation of his answers to the charges brought against him. This was Sept. 2, 1644, and the eminent ecclesiastic, who was beheaded in the following year, writes in his diary thus—

"So soon as I came to the Bar I saw every Lord present with a new thin book in folio in a blue coat. I heard that morning that Mr. Prynne had printed my Diary, and published it to the world to disgrace me. Some notes of his own are made upon it. The first and last are two desperate untruths, besides some others. This was the book then in the Lords' hands, and

I assured myself that time picked for it that the sight of it might damn me and disenable me to speak. I confess I was a little troubled at it, but when I had gathered up myself, and looked up to God, I went on to the business of the day."

This is believed, says Dr. Williamson, to be the first mention of a Bluebook, and the habit of having a blue cover on the books issued for the Lords and Commons has been in use ever since.

Books are appropriate gifts for all manner of people. They are a pleasure to give and they give pleasure to others. Without a love for books, the richest man is poor; but endowed with this treasure the poorest man is rich. He has wealth which no person can decrease in any degree.

THE BACKS OF BOOKS

IT was a saying of Dr. Johnson's that after their younger days most men read little. That was probably true then and is probably much truer now, so far as reading standard authors is concerned. The rush of current literature, especially of periodicals and newspapers that must be daily scanned, crowds out the classics and the immortals, and we are lucky indeed if we can say that we read them in the past and not that we merely meant to read them. The wise struggle to get a few moments from the pressure of to-day to give to the undying truth of yesterday.

Dr. Johnson said also that he supposed there were few people who were as familiar with the backs of books as he was. The remark may seem trifling, or even satirical. It is not. The acquaintance with the backs of books is precious. It means that we know where knowledge is to be found when we are in dire need of it, that we are familiar with the classification and system that will lead us at once to the sources of wisdom without long struggle and confusion and blundering.

Moreover, familiarity with the backs of books usually means reverence for them, and reverence for books is a vastly commendable thing. It seems to be fading from the world, and much good goes with it. To be sure, the fading is natural. We have far too many books. The greatest lover of them cannot deny it, in fact is the first to admit it, with a sigh. We are crushed, smothered, with books. Incalculable folly and tediousness are daily getting gravity, if not permanence, from print, and there seems to be no means of checking the flood, or even of diminishing it.

Yet, after all, if books contain the pitiable folly of the world, they also contain all its wisdom that has not perished, and they are worthy of all honor on that account. The Turks will not tread upon a scrap of waste paper, lest it should have the name of God upon it. It would be well to teach our children to respect a book, since the spirit of God may be within. Keep your books clean, keep them orderly. In the house of one who loves books they stand neatly ranged upon their shelves, not in and out and upside down and tattered and bedraggled, as if they were waiting for the junkman to carry them away. Touch your books, handle them. Know the outside of them. Knowing the outside leads to knowing the inside. A large, wise spirit longs to know the faces of many people and the backs of many books.

Making Covers for Early Books

The discovery of a fine and unknown fragment of Gutenberg printing (1450) is announced by the Bookman's Journal, the only other specimen, smaller and less complete, being in the British museum in London. This fragment had obviously at one time been part of the lining of a large binding. Before mill-board came into general use, about the middle of the Sixteenth century, binders made up book covers very frequently from loose pages of printing or manuscript.