

Old Book-Shops

By CONSTANCE TOWNER

I THINK every time I go into a second-hand book-shop that much might be written on the subject, "The Charm of Rereading Old Books." For most of the people who come in are seeking, not a new thriller, but something they have read before. A gray, wise-looking professor is handling the big volumes in the corner, absorbed in erudite research. A young man, a business man perhaps, comes in hurriedly and asks for a copy of Kipling's "Jungle Book." He read it when he was a little boy, and wants to see it again, perhaps this time to hand it over to another youngster. An older man is fingering a leather-bound volume of Dickens. Just for a few minutes, he pauses to renew his old acquaintance with Mr. Micawber and Sam Weller and Little Nell. Then there are a few people wandering about, looking for nothing in particular. But the books that bring that special reminiscent, happy gleam to their eyes are the ones they are meeting again, I am sure, and not new books.

One little shop I know of, my favorite, consists of innumerable small rooms, one back of another. They are all jammed to the ceiling with books, and as you wander through, it seems as though they must go on forever.

I suppose one of the fascinations in frequenting old book-shops is the possibility that we may, perhaps, come upon something valuable! I am sure the proprietor knows everything he has on his shelves. And yet how many tales we have heard of the gratifying discoveries that brought fortunes to the finders! I remember, for instance, that just recently a man found in an old barn a letter containing the signature of one of the signers of Declaration of Independence! I remember that the manuscript of "Alice in Wonderland" sold for many thousand pounds not long ago. Of course, I do not expect to find an old manuscript or a valuable letter, but such incidents encourage me to think that there may be treasures lurking on these very shelves.

Even without this romantic possi-

bility, however, there is a charm about an old book-shop. I pick up an old novel at random, a not-so-very-old novel. "From Frank to Hazel, Christmas, 1900, with love," it says on the fly-leaf. And for a few minutes I turn the pages of this old book, listening to the rain outside (it is always pleasantest to visit an old

book-shop on a rainy day) and wonder who Frank and Hazel were, and why he gave her the book and what happened to them, and how the book found its way to this shelf—for sale, twenty-five cents.



I HAVE an old book of sea charts, found in such a shop. They are like maps, only instead of land the sea is charted, instead of towns there are islands and shoals, passages and narrows. It has little pictures of Spanish caravels on a line drawn from Spain to the islands of the Western world. It has funny drawings of the Old

Man of the Sea puffing out his cheeks with wind. But by far the most interesting point about the book for me is the fact that an old sea captain has scrawled his own data on the backs of the charts. "Shallow here, beware . . ." "Saw whale here, March 15." . . . "Bad storm area" . . . all written in a clear, concise hand in black ink. If my copy of this book of charts had been carefully preserved in the publisher's office all these years (since 1790) I should still be glad to have it because of the material. But my book has sailed the seven seas, the mainstay and guide of an old ship's pilot. It has rested on the captain's own table, open, while he followed with a stodgy finger the narrow lines and deciphered the tiny figures while the seas beat against the ship and the masts creaked in the wind. . . . I can see the old captain close his book with a bang, satisfied, now, with his course.

Imagination you say . . . but all so well within the bounds of possibility! That is what makes the old shops exciting. And I shall go on haunting them, rainy days. I may find other treasures, such as my book of sea charts. And then I *might* find almost anything!



"The Books I Most Enjoyed"

The Public Library and the Common Good

The recent convention of the American Library Association at Washington calls attention to the remarkable growth of the library movement and the development of the public library service.

One of the timely themes was the discussion of co-operation in all its phases. Library associations and librarians, it appears, are attempting to found a basis of friendly and proper co-operation between booksellers and library service. To this end, booksellers of standing are now invited to address library meetings in order that libraries may understand the point of view of the bookseller; and vice versa, in one conspicuous instance last year the librarian of the Carnegie Library, in the District of Columbia, gave an instructive and illuminating discourse to the American Booksellers' Association. It is with a view to better service and to prevent duplication of effort that library clubs now meet in over twoscore States and in all the large cities.

And to bring about co-operation between libraries and schools the National Education Association now holds annual exhibits of library collections adapted to various grades.

Some big libraries, as in New York City, co-operate by granting the use of their assembly and club rooms in the branch buildings for local educational and welfare societies, for classes for the study of English by foreigners, and for foreign societies. The smaller public libraries are being utilized as social centers, particularly in industrial communities.

Then there are the municipal reference departments, now a useful feature of most city libraries, as is the legislative reference department of the State library. The latter supplies (in classified and condensed form) information regarding economic conditions, laws, and law enforcement in other States, thus having a decided effect upon legislation.

In the same way many commercial houses have established business libraries to bring back book knowledge into the lives of their employees.

The librarians' meeting at Washington heard all sorts of useful suggestions along the line of co-operative effort: among the speakers being the librarian of the Bureau of Railway Economics Library at Washington, the director of the Bureau of Legislative Reference at Indianapolis, and the president of the Boston Co-operative Information Bureau, which for three years has been conducting a survey of Boston libraries of all kinds, and especially these which are noted for special collections that would be of National service.

The American Library Association itself has undergone a notable expansion. Its annual conventions are formidable affairs, with public mass-meetings; a score of sectional (simultaneous) sessions; round-tables, exhibits, etc. The whole library movement is reflected in these annual assemblies, which are record-keepers of the steady growth in all directions of library endeavor and the popular appreciation—constantly growing—of the usefulness of the library in helping to make books the every-day tools of the every-day man and woman.

PART OF FAMOUS ENGLISH LIBRARY COMING TO U. S.

Section of Britwell Collection
Sold to Philadelphian.

(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.)

LONDON, April 27.—Another portion of the famous Britwell Court Library has been sold recently, and of \$75,330 realized the proportion paid by Dr. Rosenbach of Philadelphia, totaled \$59,545.

He caused a sensation by paying \$19,000 for an Elizabethan quarto-volume "Aenone and Paris," published in 1594 (a plagiarism of Shakspeare's Venus and Adonis) believed to be the only copy in existence. Robert Aylett's "The Song of Songs," which was Solomon's metaphorized in "English Heroics by Way of Dialogue," (1621) was bought by him for \$3,100; Roger Bleston's "The New Nutbrown Maid" for \$3,800; a sixteenth century Thomas Lodge's "The Battle of the Senses" for \$1,750, and Sir David Lindsay's "A Dialogue Between Experience and a Courtier" for \$1,400.

A small quarto-volume of special interest to America, "Observations Divine and Moral," by John Robinson, who was the pastor of the Pilgrim Fathers, also was purchased by Dr. Rosenbach for \$800.

Nineteen sections of this Britwell Library have been disposed of for a total of \$2,460,330.

APRIL 27, 1925—

Books in the Home

WHEN the general Federation of Women's Clubs met at Atlantic City, New Jersey, last May, considerable attention was given to books and literature. Several of the programs were devoted to discussions and at one session Mrs. L. A. Miller, chairman of the Division of Literature, gave an address on the subject: "Literature as an Aid to the Fine Art of Living." Pointing out the important part which good books play in our home life, Mrs. Miller said:

"Considering first the keynote activity of this biennial period, the American home, which stands first alphabetically also, what can literature do to help us preserve the

morale of family life? Books, wisely chosen, will do much to restore companionship to the home, to bring back the serenity and repose which our modern days so sadly lack, to give us understanding of dangers which threaten and wisdom to meet them; they will open up a spiritual vista.

"The average home needs more books, not de luxe sets, shut in glass cases like specimens in a museum, but books in constant use. A library was once an escape from the turmoil of the world, but books for the home, to-day, are a discipline rather than an opiate; they are a stimulant rather than a soporific; they send us back to life with courage to 'fight it out.'"

The Federation recommended that women throughout the United States pay more attention to literature as a service to life, and as a powerful influence in the life of individuals as well as of the nation.

The resolutions which were adopted ran as follows:

"Whereas, we are convinced that literature is a vital force in human affairs and that books, wisely chosen, will do much to preserve the morale of the American home, create better ideals of American citizenship, interpret racial relations, make clear problems of legislation and public welfare, preserve the perishable message of the daily press, give sympathetic understanding of the younger generation, and by their beauty and spiritual inspiration make fine art of that most difficult and most to be desired of all culture—the art of fine living—therefore be it

(1) "Resolved, that the G. F. W. C. recommends the continuous and systematic study of literature as a discipline for life, and acknowledges the service of literature to every other department of federation work; be it

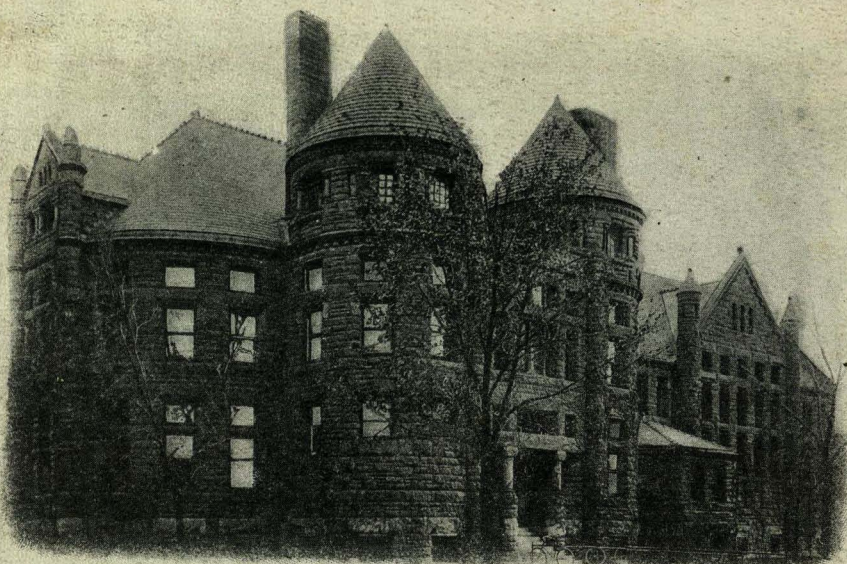
(2) "Resolved, that the G. F. W. C. endorses publicity for good books and no publicity for worthless publications, be it

(3) "Resolved, that the G. F. W. C. co-operates with existing agencies for adult education and urges the more general use of the State universities and State libraries; be it

(4) "Resolved, that the G. F. W. C. approves plans for the greater knowledge and appreciation of American writers, both men and women: the compilation of State bibliographies and the fostering of creative work; be it further

(5) "Resolved, that the G. F. W. C. urges the observance by all clubs of 'Children's Book Week' and the expansion of this idea into a year-round interest in children's reading."

In the New York public library musicians may borrow orchestra scores, symphonies, overtures, chamber music, compositions for solo instruments, and songs.



Public Library, Toledo, O.

ORIGINAL POE MANUSCRIPTS PUT IN SHRINE

Harding Writes Letter Honoring American Poet.

(BY THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.)

1923
RICHMOND, Va., April 27.—Several original sheets of Poe manuscripts were deposited in the museum of the Edgar Allen Poe shrine here yesterday, the ceremony featuring the first annual exercises commemorating the dedication of the shrine. The gift, announced as "an indefinite loan," was made by Merrill Griswold of Cambridge, Mass., on behalf of himself, Roger and Anna Griswold, grandchildren of the Rev. Rufus W. Griswold, Poe's first editor and biographer.

A number of letters from Poe admirers throughout the country, including one from President Harding, which paid tribute to the poet, were read by Rosewell Page. The President said he had long been "a particularly devoted admirer of the literary productions of the Poe genius" and had had much satisfaction

in recent years in the "universal recognition that has come to this American master of good English."

A LIBRARIAN'S PUZZLE.

FAMILIARITY with books is to be highly commended, yet the particular kind of intimacy cited by the late Senator George F. Hoar of Massachusetts, in his "Autobiography of Seventy Years," might not appeal to the book-lover. The story told by Mr. Hoar is of a student, a freshman of about 1842. During the first part of his first term the boy took from the college library the largest and thickest volume it contained, the works of Bishop Williams, one of the prelates persecuted by James II.

It was an exceedingly dull treatise of theology, and the freshman, who had no literary tastes of which any one knew, was the only student who had ever called for it.

The boy kept it the six weeks allowed, and then renewed it, taking it back only when the spring came on. He repeated this in his sophomore, junior and senior years.

Doctor Harris, the librarian, was very curious about the matter, and asked some of the boys in regard to it, but none of them knew any explanation. They used to see the book lying on the boy's table, but they never saw him reading it.

At last, during the winter term of the senior year, some of the students broke in unexpectedly on this classmate. It was late in the evening, and he was getting ready for bed. Standing on edge, close to the fire, was Bishop Williams's book. The mystery was solved. It was the student's habit to warm the volume thoroughly and put it into his bed before he got in, thus using it as a warming-pan.

The originator of this scheme became a famous bishop himself. Doubtless he acquired doctrine by absorption.

Works Never Printed

John Dee, an English mathematician of the time of Queen Elizabeth, whom he instructed in the principles of astrology, enjoys a distinction rare among writers. He wrote 79 works, most of them still unpublished.

LIBRARIES OF THE ANCIENTS.

Two Centuries Before the Beginning of the Christian Era Egypt Had a Collection of Seven Hundred Thousand Volumes of Manuscript, Which Finally Supplied Four Thousand Baths with Fuel for Six Months.

IN the United States there are several libraries that have on their shelves more than half a million volumes. The Congressional Library, in Washington, and the New York Public Library have more than a million each. Foreign libraries have even more. The Bibliothèque National, of Paris, has 3,000,000; the British Museum has 2,000,000; and the Imperial Library, of St. Petersburg, has 1,500,000. Some of these institutions have collections of manuscripts, but nearly all of the volumes mentioned above are products of the printing-press.

But however wonderful these vast treasures of knowledge may appear, they sink back into the commonplace when we read of the libraries that were accumulated by the ancients. Since the invention of the printing-press the supply of books for big libraries has presented no very formidable obstacle. But when we consider that every volume in one of those ancient libraries was carefully written by hand, we are fairly staggered by the fact that the Alexandrian Library, in Egypt, held within its walls no fewer than seven hundred thousand volumes, two centuries before the birth of Christ.

The earliest library on record is that of Osymandyas, who reigned in Egypt B.C. 1754 (?). He caused this inscription to be placed over the door: "The Treasury of Remedies for the Soul."

Diodorus Siculus mentions a considerable library at Susa, the residence of the Persian kings. The Temple of Vulcan, at Memphis, in Egypt, contained a valuable library, as the assailants and defenders of Homer have ample reason to know, from the warm controversy respecting the alleged theft of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey."

All preceding collections of which we have any record are eclipsed by the Alexandrian Library, founded by Ptolemy Soter, B.C. 290. It was designed by him for the use of an academy of his institution, and was contained in the Bruchion, where were 400,000 volumes; to which Ptolemy Philadelphus added the library in the Serapeum, which was augmented until it numbered 300,000 volumes; making the Alexandrian Library to consist of 700,000 volumes.

Much zeal was evinced by Ptolemy Eurgetes in adding to his literary stores;

the Athenians were not the only sufferers, but a vigilant watch was kept for all books imported into Egypt, which were seized, carried off to the academy, transcribed, and then placed on the shelves of the library.

It is but justice, however, to Eurgetes to state that he was careful to deliver the copies to the rightful owners of the originals. This is much more than modern book-borrowers do, as all who are mourning over lent volumes can testify.

After the lapse of two hundred and forty-three years (B.C. 47) the library in the Bruchion (of 400,000 volumes) was accidentally consumed by fire, by the auxiliary soldiers under Julius Cæsar. The library of the Serapeum, however, increased in numbers until it exceeded the whole of the former collections.

An important contribution was received from Mark Antony, who presented Cleopatra with the Perugean Library, consisting of 200,000 volumes.

The Alexandrian Library was often plundered, but maintained its bulk by new accessions until A.D. 640, when it was barbarously destroyed by the Saracens by order of the Calif Omar.

The philosopher Philoponus, by his zealous effort to save his precious storehouse, precipitated its ruin. He solicited Amron, the Mohammedan chief, to give him the books of philosophy.

Amron declined acting until he could obtain permission from the Calif, and accordingly stated Philoponus' request to his master. The reply was brief, and, no doubt, to the Calif's mind, perfectly unanswerable.

"If these writings of the Greeks agree with the Koran, or Book of God, they are useless, and need not be preserved; if they disagree, they are pernicious, and ought to be destroyed."

This noble collection, which had now numbered nine hundred and thirty years since its foundation by Ptolemy Soter, was distributed among the four thousand baths of Alexandria, and supplied them with fuel for six months!

Whether actuated by remorse or not, we cannot tell; but certain it is that the Saracens afterward collected large libraries—especially at Tripolis, in Syria, and at Cordova, in Spain, which latter contained 250,000 volumes.

The Public Library

THE law as it is made by the legislators and unmade by the courts is a weird and wondrous thing. One group or generation of lawyers makes a law and under it great enterprises are built up thru a period or years. Then suddenly another group of lawyers finds the first bunch hadn't dotted all their i's and therefore, wherefore and whyfore, everything that had been done under the so-called law is null, void and without force.

A case in point is the tangle in which Cincinnati's Public Library system finds itself today. For years it was operated under a law which provided for its support from a county tax levy and its management by a Board of Trustees, two of whom were appointed by the Cincinnati Board of Education. Under this law the entire county received library service.

NOBODY found any fault with the law until after a bond issue of \$2,500,000 was authorized four years ago by the voters of the entire county for the erection of a new, badly needed main public library building. Then the fatal flaw was discovered. The courts held in their great wisdom that the law under which the trustees had been operating all these years was unconstitutional because it applied specifically to Cincinnati and Hamilton-co and was not a general law of the state. It was held that the issue of bonds would be illegal. They were not issued and an urgent public project was indefinitely postponed.

The library system continues to function in a makeshift way under a general state law which provides that boards of education may establish and operate libraries in any school district. The library trustees in Cincinnati now are appointed by the Board of Education, but they have no jurisdiction in the county outside the Cincinnati school district. They are given county service, however, under a temporary, special arrangement whereby the county commissioners pay for that service.

But under this general state law, any new bond issue for a public library building would have to be paid for by the taxpayers of the Cincinnati school district. This would be unfair when such a building would serve the entire county as in the past.

CINCINNATI is in urgent need of a new main Public Library Building. The present edifice, built in 1870, has been outgrown. It is overcrowded and valuable book collections are deteriorating for the lack of proper facilities for their care and preservation, to say nothing of the unhealthful conditions under which the library personnel works and the inadequate service they are able, with their best efforts, to give the public.

What is being done about it? Apparently, very little. The whole Library Building project seems to be in a state of suspended animation. There seems to be a vague hope that the State Legislature at its next session in 1931 will enact some sort of law that will place the library on its old basis as a county wide institution. But nothing positive is being done about it. So far, nobody has drafted such a law.

A governor's committee of 200 has been appointed to revise the state's obsolete tax laws. There is a subcommittee on tax laws to support libraries. The only hope of relief seems to lie in this subcommittee. Cincinnatians who have the welfare of the library at heart, and they should include every citizen, should see to it that this subcommittee is impressed with Cincinnati's library needs and that it drafts a law that will clear up the present legal tangle.

CARELESS PAY PUBLIC LIBRARY \$6000 YEARLY

If there were not so many careless people in Cincinnati the Public Library would lose between \$6000 and \$7000 it obtains in fines the careless ones have to pay for keeping books overtime.

By pausing to consider that the fine for keeping a book longer than two weeks is two cents a day, a fair estimate of the number of careless persons may be obtained.

Buy 10,000 Books Yearly

By contributing so liberally to the fine fund, the forgetful ones enable the library to buy about 10,000 books each year, library officials estimate.

Still, says Librarian Hodges, the amount of fines isn't so heavy when one considers that 1,603,187 withdrawals of books were made in the fiscal year just ended.

Cincinnati is getting to be such a reader of books that the main Public Library is already too small, says Hodges.

He wants a skyscraper library on the site of the present one.

Could Use 10 Stories

"What we need is not a monumental structure, but a substantial, business-like building right downtown," he says.

"We could use a 10-story building, each floor to house a department. We also need an auditorium, because the giving of lectures is one of our many activities."

This coming winter lectures are to be given in Yiddish, Greek, French, Italian, German and English.

A Possible Explanation.

"I can't understand," said the librarian, "why it is that so few women come here. We have a beautiful and comfortable reading room, and I should think the ladies would like to come in, not only to read, but to rest."

"Yes," replied the trustee, "but I notice that you have at the entrance a big placard which says 'No Talking.'"

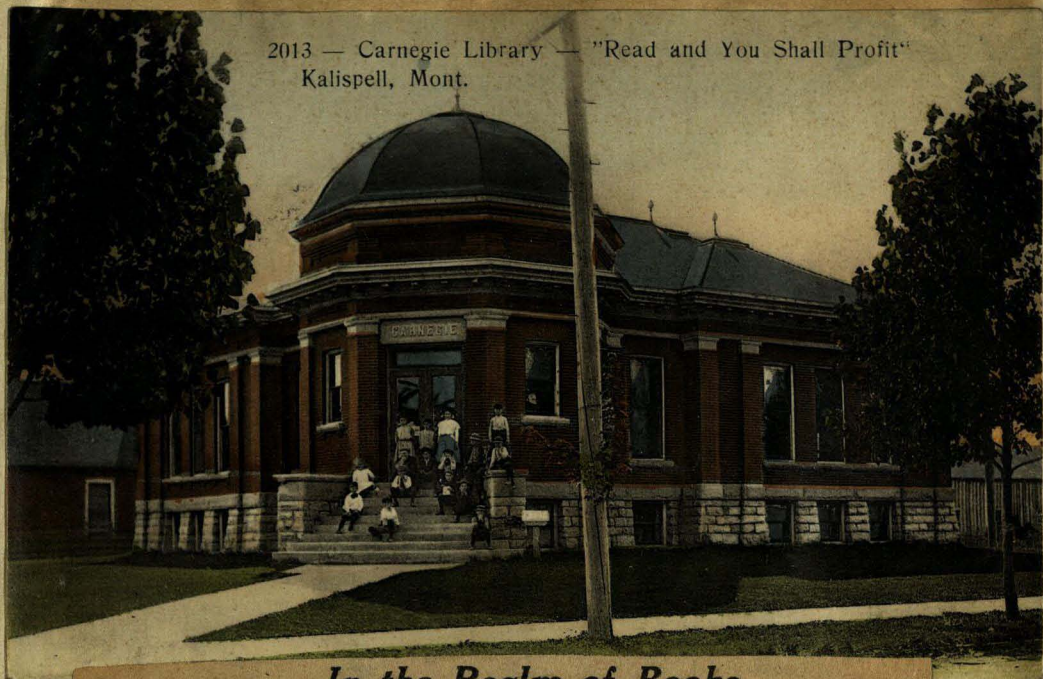
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Magazine

When was Collier's Magazine established?

It was established in 1888.

2013 — Carnegie Library — "Read and You Shall Profit"
Kalispell, Mont.



In the Realm of Books

Under proper guidance the other day, the writer saw the Cincinnati Public Library from the inside, so to speak. We started from just under the roof where assistants were binding pamphlets and cataloging new publications, and we came down flights of inner stairs that wound among book stacks and afforded strangely dramatic views of the deep well of the edifice, with lights and readers far below. The library building was intended for opera uses, and the glimpses were like those you get from the upper part of the Metropolitan during the season, or from the gallery of the Music Hall at a May Festival. Just as truly as at a concert these readers were achieving their own escape from reality.

Books were everywhere, book stacks where they were never intended to be, yet where they will multiply still further, since the more or less august minds of the Ohio Supreme Court bowled out a statute that had stood as good law for a generation. We had reached the street floor, but we kept on descending. One flight of stairs below the level of Vine Street we traversed, and then another. There, so far beneath the sewer line that water has to drain through holes in the concrete into the gravel beneath, we found another great library, and on the shelves a book of value absolutely unique, which one of these days we shall hope to draw and read. We doubt if there is any structure in the country, perhaps in the world, which houses so much learning to the cubic yard. One wishes that the learned judges or others who may be responsible for a legalistic impasse could have taken that trip.

May 27, 1929

DAY LIBRARY

100 YEARS OLD

Collection of Technical Books
Result of Various Mergers
During Century.

The Timothy C. Day Technical Library of the Ohio Mechanics Institute has reached its hundredth anniversary, Charles J. Livingood, President of the Board of Directors, announced yesterday.

No special ceremony or celebration has been planned, according to Mr. Livingood, to commemorate the anniversary.

The Day Technical Library is the result of a collection of libraries and a merger of libraries located at various places during the past century. The Cincinnati Directory for 1829 states that the Apprentices' Library, as it was then called, was situated on Fourth street, over the Council Chamber, and contained about a thousand volumes. It was founded early in May, 1824, by a group of persons who contributed a number of books.

During the first few years the library had a difficult struggle for existence, according to Mr. Livingood, for it had no revenue other than voluntary donations and receipts from fines. It was necessary from time to time to canvass the city from house to house, soliciting contributions of books or money.

In 1837 the Apprentices' Library absorbed the books of the old Circulating Library, but owing to lack of funds it declined steadily, until fifteen years later it was merged with the library of the Ohio Mechanics Institute.

Between 1856 and 1870 the library was merged with the library of the Philosophical Society of Cincinnati and the Cincinnati Common School and Family Library. This union library became an object of public interest and liberal donations were made by various societies.

It was at this time that Thomas A. Edison, who was working in Cincinnati as a telegraph operator, is said to have done much of his technical reading at the joint library in the Ohio Mechanics Institute Building.

The Day Library was moved to its present location in the fall of 1911. It has stack room for about 25,000 volumes and there are now about 11,000 volumes on the shelves. In addition to the modern books on engineering that are owned by the institution, eighty-five leading technical and scientific periodicals are on display.

The library was named for Timothy C. Day, who, when he died in 1879, left a bequest to the institution which must be used for the purchase and repair of books. This endowment was increased later by a gift from Mrs. Floris A. Sackett. Miss Mary Jane Sparling, a graduate of Miami University, has been in charge of the library for the past two years.

APRIL 28, 1924.

18,000 LIBRARIES.

[New York Times.]

Statistics just compiled by the United States Bureau of Education show that there are more than 18,000 regularly established libraries in the United States, containing more than 75,000,000 volumes. This represents an increase of 20,000,000 volumes since 1905.

Of the 2,849 libraries containing 5,000 volumes or more, 1,844 are classified as "public and society libraries," and 1,005 are school and college libraries. Public and society libraries have an aggregate of more than 50,000 volumes, with 7,000,000 borrowers' cards in force; 1,446 of these libraries were entirely free to the public.

Libraries reporting from 1,000 to 5,000 volumes numbered 5,453, of which 2,188 were public and society libraries, and 3,265 school libraries. These libraries contained 11,689,942 volumes. Another group of still smaller libraries, comprising those that reported from 300 to 1,000 volumes, increased the total by 2,961,007 volumes.

The distribution of library facilities is still uneven. Of the 1,844 public and society libraries reported for the entire United States more than half were in the North Atlantic States, and they contained 24,627,921 volumes out of the total of 50,000,000; and of the 3,000,000 volumes added to library collections for the year 1913, almost one half were for the same section. New York state had 7,842,021 volumes in her 214 libraries; Massachusetts, 7,380,024 in 288 libraries; Pennsylvania, 3,728,070, and Illinois, 3,168,765 volumes. Four fifths of the borrowers' cards in use were in the North Atlantic and North Central States.

AUGUST 27, 1915

Q. Is it true that in olden times libraries kept the books chained to the shelves?—C. F.

A. In public libraries during the Middle Ages, books were often chained to their shelves. It is said that the volumes in the library at Oxford were secured in this manner.

Q. Is a book considered published when it leaves the hands of the printer?—F. W.

A. The publication date is the time when it is offered for sale.

The British Museum contains books inscribed on oyster shells, bricks, tiles, bones, ivory, lead, iron, copper, sheepskin, wood, and palm leaves.

King Edward's Library

THE royal library of England, at Windsor, is a place of treasures. King Edward was very proud of it. He once commissioned the court librarian, Sir John Fortescue, to make a complete card catalogue of the most elaborate kind. Besides the books, in many cases rare editions or priceless volumes, the Windsor library contains private royal archives of inestimable value. During the sixty and more years of Queen Victoria's reign, for example, the leaders of the House of Lords and House of Commons (both of them cabinet ministers) wrote every night to the Queen, giving an account of all business transacted. All these autograph letters are preserved, and also the Queen's tremendous foreign correspondence. These are letters of the highest historical value from every European ruler for years back.

In preparing the card catalogue, all sorts of valuable finds were to be expected, and Sir John Fortescue made a curious discovery. Hundreds of years ago, before the days of Joan of Arc, a splendid copy of Josephus's History of Jewish Antiquities was a valued possession of the royalties of France. It came from the brother of Charles V to Jean d'Armagnac, who was beheaded by Louis XI. Louis, having beheaded D'Armagnac, seized the book, and it now is one of the treasures of the National Library of France. But when Louis got it there were ten pages missing, evidently cut out. Where they vanished to remained a mystery until a few years ago, when the royal librarian at Windsor found them tucked away behind a lot of books that had been undisturbed since no one knows when. King Edward at once presented them to the National Library of France; and so, after hundreds of years, the volume of Josephus is complete once more.—*Forward.*

Happy Is Lover of Books.

Without the love of books the richest man is poor; but endowed with this treasure of treasures the poorest man is rich. He has wealth which no power can diminish, riches which are always increasing.

THE LIBRARY.

By Harriet P. Hunt.

"The love of learning, the sequestered nooks
And all the sweet serenity of books."

PUBLIC BENEFITS

Of Best Library in Country Pointed Out by James Albert Green.

That the Cincinnati Public Library is the best and most largely patronized institution of its kind in America was proved by James Albert Green, Library Trustee, at the noonday luncheon of the Ben Franklin Club yesterday. Mr. Green illustrated his lecture with a hundred slides, showing every section of the city, and how thousands of volumes every day are read by Cincinnatians.

"The Public Library reaches more people in this county than the public schools," declared Mr. Green. "It is the post-graduate course of a community."

Mr. Green explained how branches had been established on every hilltop and in every suburb. He said at first the people did not fully appreciate the value of the books, but they soon learned to use them properly he said.

"There are more than 6,400 men and women, boys and girls, using the downtown library," said Mr. Green. "There were that many on the coldest day in January, when the thermometer was at zero."

Mr. Green told how the home library had brought learning to the very hearthstone of the congested tenement settlements, and how even along the levee there were library clubs where the poor folks could get books to read.

"It was thought the colored children would not take advantage of the book when we established the Douglas School's library. At first they did not use them much, but now there are over nine hundred books read monthly in this branch alone."

HE BOUGHT BOOKS.

A man who had never had the time or opportunity to get much book-learning suddenly became wealthy. He gave up work, built himself a fine house, and settled down to enjoy life. Recollecting his early and unanswered longing for books, he went to a shop to order some. The *Voter* tells the story.

"I want a lot of books," he said to the clerk.

"What kind of books?" was the reply.

"Why, books," said the prospective purchaser.

"Good books, you know; reading books."

The books came, and were installed in the library. Soon after an old friend, slightly more learned than the rich man, came to call.

"Here, Hugh," said the host, "is my library. Here is where I intend to sit down with my books and read."

Hugh took down a book, looked at it and put it back; took down another, looked at it and put it back, and repeated the process several times.

Then he asked, "John, where did you get these books?"

"Oh, I bought them; just bought them. What's the matter? Aren't they good books? I haven't read them yet."

"They're good books," was the reply, "but they're all the same. John, as near as I can figure roughly, you have bought six hundred copies of the Fifth Reader. It's a good book, but there's too many of it here—far too many."

Religion and the Congressional Library

LUCIE MASON PARKER

While talking recently with a friend, he deplored what seemed to him a lack of the religious element in the beautiful new Congressional Library at Washington. Perhaps it is not in the province of a library to teach religion *per se*, nor even to indicate any general trend of religious thought; certainly sectarianism could not be expected in such a place by the most ardent denominationalist.

Nevertheless, it seems to many that the great library at the National Capital does express to an unusual degree in its various decorations, not only reverence for religion, but also practically the positive assertion, through much of its adornment, that religion is the foundation both of family and State; and after a thorough study of the building, most visitors carry away the impression that this most beautiful building in the world belongs to a people whose God is the Lord.

This impression results from much of the painting and sculpture, and from many of the sentiments inscribed on the walls. Of course, these are by no means all of a definitely religious character; but such a number of them are that we can justly say religion, as a subject, has a greater representation among them than any other one element of civilization. All the others, both directly and indirectly, teach the highest moral thought.

Turning to the left of the entrance hall, one enters the north corridor, decorated by Charles Sprague Pearce with the seven pictures illustrating the chief elements of a pleasant and well-ordered family life. First in place and importance is Religion—a picture of primitive man and woman bowing before a rough stone, on which a flame has been kindled in lieu of a family altar. This is the most essential thing in which a family should unite—some form of religious faith. Then the artist pictures other things which they should have and enjoy in common—work, study, recreation, rest; but first and foremost, religion.

In the series of pictures by Elihu Vedder, representing the attributes of good and bad government, in the picture representing Anarchy and the destruction of government, one figure is prying out the corner-stone of a temple, and the tottering ruin is about to overwhelm the entire State in its destruction. The central figure, Anarchy herself, is trampling art, law, and science under foot, and is most conspicuously throwing away a Bible. The whole teaching of

this picture is manifest to the briefest glance of even the uninitiated in Vedder's symbolism; namely, that religion, as typified by the temple and the Scriptures, is a fundamental part of any government, and when a nation comes to a point where it is thrown aside, the ruin and desolation of that nation is certain.

On the walls and ceilings of the library are blazoned the illustrious names of those who have most benefited mankind by the legacy of their lives. Among these are the names of men famous as religious teachers and thinkers—such as Edwards, Channing, Beecher, Brooks; even Mather. Moses and St. Paul have the recognition given both to saints and heroes. More than once they are mentioned on the walls, and each is represented by a heroic bronze statue among the sixteen on the balustrade around the rotunda. In the reading-room are eight mighty pillars, apparently supporting the vast dome. Each of these is capped by a shelf-like capital, on which stands a colossal statue, and over the head of each is an inspiring and inspired quotation. One of these statues is Religion. Over her head are inscribed these words, which contain the whole duty of man: "What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." Over the head of her next neighbor, Science,

you read: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork." Surely that is not a materialistic science. Over History glistens the line, "One God, one law, one element; and one far-off divine event, to which the whole creation moves."

In the "collar" decoration around the top of the dome, at the base of the lantern, among the personifications of the Nations and Ages, with the special gifts that each has contributed to the elevation of mankind, we find Judea with her gift of religion. She is pictured as a woman lifting her hands in prayer to Jehovah. She is dressed in the sacred and symbolic vestments of a Jewish high priest. On the face of a stone pillar at her side is inscribed the eighteenth verse of the nineteenth chapter of Leviticus: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." This is the climax of all religion, the essence of all creeds, the unifying thought of all faiths, and it is set in the radiant climax of this gorgeous building. What better could even a holy temple have?

All the quotations on the walls are not only pertinent to a library, but refer especially to the best kind of knowledge to be obtained. At the top of the south stairway this quotation faces you: "Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get wisdom, and with all thy getting, get understanding." Near it we read:

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is—and God the soul."

These are examples of many others. Noble thoughts and the highest ideals are inculcated in each one.

Perhaps it is not among the special prerogatives of a library to instill patriotism either into the reader within its halls any more than it is to preach religion; and if it were, it may not seem a relevant topic in a discussion to prove that the library is not at least irreligious in the tone and character of its decorations. But there are people to whom patriotism seems very near akin to religion, and to these the library appeals irresistibly. The true American feels a thrill of patriotism now, not only when he looks at the dome of his Nation's Capitol, but also when he crosses the threshold of his Nation's library. It is American through and through—planned, built, decorated by Americans, and constructed mostly from materials that America could furnish.

His breathless admiration gives way to a warm glow of pride: he sees the names of great Americans everywhere. It is wonderful how many great names of our own people in all lines of human activity we had ready to enroll in this temple of fame as the result of our brief century and a quarter of history. The Pavilion of the Seals ought to inspire every American with the same feeling that the sight of our flag in a foreign land does. If this is not an ennobling sensation, where can you find it? If a man has no patriotism, he has no religion; if he is an earnest patriot, religion of a high type is not far from him—love of country is not far behind love of God. As you look at the ceiling of this Pavilion of the Seals, and see the decorations made of the American flags, and the great seal, and Lincoln's Gettysburg speech, and the products of the North and South, East and West, you begin to realize that you are in almost the heart of this great Nation. You look around the four walls of this little holy of holies of patriotism, and see the pictures signifying the eight great departments of our Government. Underneath them are the patriotic utterances of great Americans selected by Mr. Spofford. These you read with glowing enthusiasm, until you are ready at the last one, from Webster, to fairly shout it aloud: "Thank God, I also am an American!"

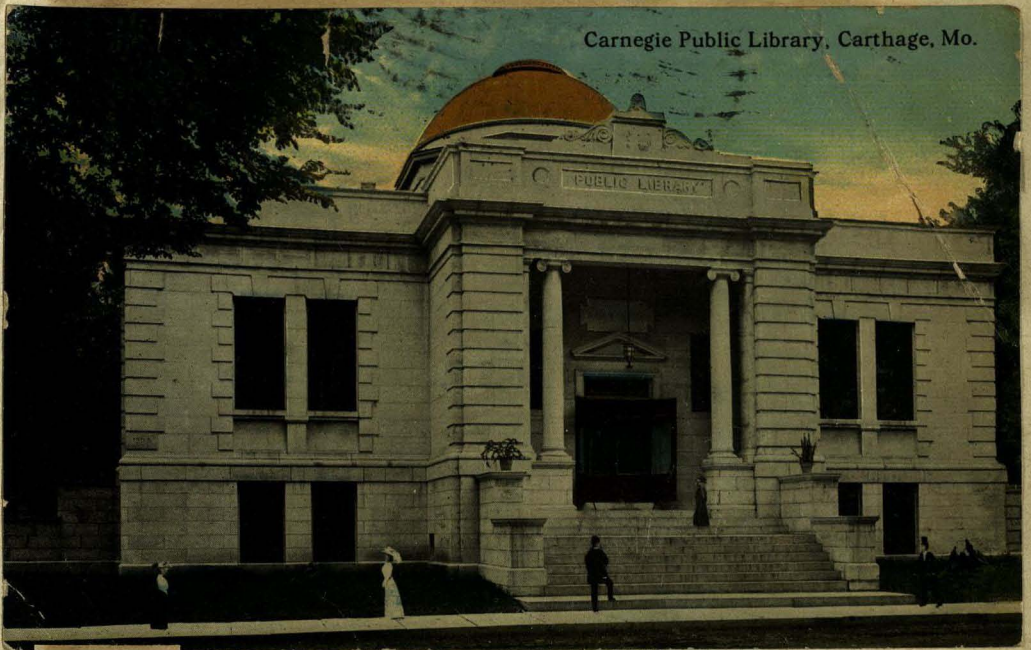
Picking the Best Among Books.

Listing the best, most popular or most improving, inspiring or informing libraries of twenty-five books is a favorite literary pastime. It settles no contentions and starts none that are harmful. The significant testimony to the variety of tastes in the versatility of literature is found in the fact that hardly any two or more witnesses agree among themselves. In committee verdicts one always suspects that compromise in opinions has secured uniformity in conclusion. Take the American Library Association and the National Educational Association composite list of selections for children. It is a good guidance, but by no means infallible. Look it over and see if you affirm:

Little Women, by Louisa M. Alcott; Alice in Wonderland, by Lewis Carroll; Robinson Crusoe, by Defoe; Tom Sawyer, by Mark Twain; Treasure Island, by Stevenson; Boy's Life of Abraham Lincoln, by Nicolay; Jungle Book, by Kipling; Fairy Tales, by Andersen; Aesop's Fables; Garden of Verse, by Stevenson; Merry Adventures of Robin Hood, by Pyle; Tales From Shakespeare, by Lamb; Boy's King Arthur, by Malory; Story of Mankind, by Van Loon; Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, by Wiggin; Home Book of Verse for Young Folks, by Burton E. Stevenson; Last of the Mohicans, by James Fennimore Cooper; Christmas Carol, by Dickens; Rip Van Winkle, by Irving; Mother Goose; Hans Brinker, by Dodge; Boy's Life of Theodore Roosevelt, by Hagedorn; Wonder Book, by Hawthorne. Wild Animals I Have Known, by Thompson Seton, and The Arabian Nights.

There we have more old favorites than new by far. This may be because the selectors are mature adults, with memories of their juvenile reading. Then, again, it may mean the maturer judgment of their adult reading. The method of selection was to take single votes on twenty-five choices and let the majority determine in each case. The book receiving the greatest number of votes was put first, the second next, and on down the line. That is fair, but it is not determining. "Big Foot" Wallace isn't recognized, neither is William Wallace of the Scottish Chiefs. Some gray head is going to take issue right there. Little Lord Fauntleroy is conspicuous by reason of his absence, and so are Helen's Babies and a whole host of latter-day favorites.

Books are books, boys are boys and girls are girls, and of the first-named there are a variety of favorites among the other two. Nor does age give wisdom which may infallibly determine from which fount of romance or reality one is going to quaff the soul-awakening inspiration that will mystically leaven life.



What Is a Good Book?

LET a good book be taken to mean a book which achieves immortality for its maker.

Scanning the titles of books and the names of their authors, you will find that those which have lived are those with some outstanding character or characters. You think of Thackeray, and Becky Sharp leaps to mind. Dickens suggests *Pickwick*; Irving, *Rip Van Winkle*; Hawthorne, *Judge Pyncheon*; Trollope, *Bishop and Mrs. Proudie*; George Eliot, *Silas Marner*. These, and other characters, are put upon the pages exactly as in real life, with their opinions, their very thoughts, as evident to us as if we lived in their presence. Their actions grow out of their natures, and the action of the book grows out of the collision of character with character, with subordinate characters influenced by them. And so it is in life, action growing out of conflict.

On the other hand, you will find yourself unable to remember any vivid character in books where the interest depends upon plot, and where, instead of real and living characters, the acting is done by lay figures and puppets. Who, offhand, can name the leading characters in Charles Brockden Brown's *Wieland*, in Fergus Hume's *Mystery of a Hansom Cab*, in Frank R. Stockton's *Great Stone of Sardis*; in any book by D'Arblay, or Maturin, or Gunther, or Mrs. Roche, or George Walker? Yet all these had a vogue in their day.

Character makes the book as it makes the man.