

Libraries Workers

Public Libraries Aid the Industrial Workers

By DR. HORACE G. WADLIN,
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THE public library provides for the industrial worker the books that can help him to better work and higher pay. It provides opportunities in this direction never before open, not yet fully used, and only partly appreciated. Nevertheless, many, young men especially, are using them to their own profit, and ultimately to the benefit of the community. Others will follow their example, as the advantages become more clearly seen.

It is unfortunately true that many persons have been drawn into our industries without much preparation. They have, so to speak, drifted into them, pressed by the necessity of earning a living, without training in an industrial school, and under the conditions of the modern factory system, even without such training as the old apprentice system provided. Their knowledge is limited to what they can pick up in the place into which they drift. They usually become mere cogs in a machine, without individual initiative, doing one of a few things well, but without hope of advancing to the higher positions, which require a foundation of technical knowledge only to be obtained from books.

It goes without saying that the more a man knows the more useful he becomes, and the knowledge and experience of the past is crystallized in books. The men who have advanced in the modern world, which is distinctively a world of industry, are those who have supplemented native talent and keen observation of men and things by wide reading. Formerly books were hard to obtain. The boy Lincoln reading at night the coveted volumes by the light of the log fire, the printer's apprentice Franklin, going without bread that he might possess books, these are types of the hard conditions under which, in the old days, the influence of the printed book operated to enlarge the individual life.

But to-day the public library, practically everywhere, supplies freely all these indispensable aids. Its attendants are ready to counsel and advise those who need help in selecting the best books. No one need hesitate to ask for such help. The modern library is, above all things, a democratic institution, and welcomes those who come to it with a serious purpose.

Besides the books of general information, useful to every industrial worker, the library supplies the special books relating to the various industries, books on building, on metal working, on the textile processes, on agriculture, on industrial chemistry, on the new developments in electricity, and many others. These enable a workman to obtain a broad general view of his trade, or of the sciences which affect it, a view he seldom gets in the shop or factory. There are also books on design, and on elementary mechanics, adapted to the comprehension of the ordinary workman or woman, not written in terms that presuppose a college education. Many books, especially those treating of the fine art side of industry, are so expensive that the wage earner cannot himself buy them, even if disposed to do so. These the well-equipped public library supplies, and it so displays and advertises its resources that those who would benefit by them may know where and how they can be used.

The larger libraries in industrial towns also do useful work by means of exhibitions and lectures on industrial subjects, intended to improve the taste and raise the standard of skill among artisans. Such, for example, are the three lectures on printing, arranged in co-operation with the Boston society of printers, and given in the free lecture course this winter at the Boston public library.

Eventually, as the important plans for enlarging the opportunities for industrial education in Massachusetts are carried into effect, public libraries will be found important adjuncts in supplying the essential literary material required, just as they already co-operate with the existing public schools.

Horace G. Wadlin

City or Country—Which?

By PATRICIA FENBLETON.

There seems to be a general impression that city life is enervating alike to physical health and to morals, that for real bodily vigor and the uncontaminated virtues you must go to the country.

There is a shop-worn saying about the necessity of returning to the soil every third generation. It is argued that, like the fabled Antaeus, the human race must be renewed and rejuvenated by actual contact with another earth. Isn't this really one of the pretty fictions that pass current because no one ever took the trouble to contradict them?

A great deal is said about the dreadful nervous strain of life in a city, and quite as much about the healthy wholesomeness of country life. The natural way of settling the question of superiority would be by comparison of the product of the two environments.

Take a score of business and professional men, 60 years of age, and compare them with farmers of the same number of years. The city men are more erect, more vigorous, more alert mentally and physically. They look five years younger than the farmers. Compare their wives, and the same conclusion is inevitable. Despite the "dreadful nervous strain" the city people are younger in thought and feeling, not to mention looks, more alive to the world's interests.

Granted that the country life is the life of tranquillity and repose. That is the trouble with it. It lacks mental stimulus. It is a life of dull quietude, spent in a round of ever-recurring tasks centered on a few acres and lacking outside stimulation or change. There is little of the friction of mind upon mind that produces flashes of intellectual brilliancy or arouses the mental energies by the introduction of new ideas.

The principal thing the farmer gets out of his occupation is fresh air. Incidentally he gets rheumatism and lumbago and stiff joints. Hygienically, he is supposed to live under the most favorable conditions. People go to the country for health. Those who live there seem to somehow manage to miss that blessing. Who are the best patrons of the patent medicine men? Who buys the pain-killers and the tonics? Whose wives and daughters fill up the insane asylums?

The farm is an excellent refuge for the man whose business abilities are below par; he can make a living off the land. The successful farmer, who as a rule makes his money in lines outside pure agriculture, could make more money and do it quicker and more easily in town.

The apostles of "the simple life," who prate about the peace and calm of country life, are glad enough to hustle back to the city after a month of its maddening monotony and routine. They get where it becomes positively necessary to have "something doing."

PUT SENATOR IN DILEMMA.

Statesman Mourned Absence of Wife and "Unhitched Tie."

Senator P. C. Knox of Pennsylvania has succeeded to the chairmanship of the senate committee on rules, vacated by ex-Senator Spooner, and comments on the diversity in the character of the two men have brought out some stories about Spooner's eccentricities. Spick and span, the term most applicable to the Pennsylvania, is not at all descriptive of his predecessor.

One day Senator Spooner's famous "string tie" was so noticeably "unhitched" that one of his colleagues, who called upon to bring the matter to his attention.

"Necktie loose!" exclaimed the senator, a look of helpless vacillation overspreading his face, "and Mrs. Spooner has gone out of town for the day," he concluded. "Thereupon it developed that the tie of the senatorial necktie always developed on Mrs. Spooner, the senator never having mastered the intricacies of the bow knot."

Incidentally the senator's penchant for a brilliantly illuminated room and his forgetfulness resulted in Mrs. Spooner preparing placards requesting visitors to extinguish the lights.

In the course of an evening Senator Spooner would make the rounds of the library, dining-room, sitting-room and music-room, turning on every gas jet in each room. Retiring, finally, the gas burned until morning unless happily interrupted by one more keen to appreciate the havoc wrought by the gas meter.

LIVES IN "STYLE" CHEAPLY.

Great Piece of Luck That Fell to the Lot of Senator Taylor.

Senator "Bob" Taylor boarded when he first went to Washington, but being chief entertainer to admiring audiences of department clerks in the parlors every evening got on his feet. So he decided to keep house. He heard of a handsome apartment in Stoneleigh court built by the late John Hay, and the most expensive apartment hotel in Washington. He confessed to a friend that he really did not expect to move there, but it would give him a chance to see how blasted millionaires really lived when they were cliff dwellers. As he passed from one to the other of the luxuriously furnished rooms he broke the bank each month a score of times.

"I covet this very much," he said to the lady who was trying to subvert his resolve, "but you know I come down south, where I came from, we are powerful poor. So don't go over \$500 a month."

"Why, senator, I will not charge you anything for the furniture," she replied. "I pay \$100 a month for the apartment, you can have it for that."

Taylor is now living like a hated plutocrat at the Stoneleigh court.

Roused Ire of Colored Citizen. Senator Taylor of Tennessee, who is an authority on "possums, tells this story about an old negro in his neighborhood:

"One of the most peaceful and kind-hearted old negroes I ever knew was Old Uncle Pompey, who liked to hunt 'possums and also liked to eat them. One day the old man was straggling before his boss for unmercifully beating another negro who was a town visitor to the plantation. The town visitor had his eyes bandaged and his nose was split, while his clothing was in tatters.

"Pompey," said the master, "is this the negro you had the trouble with?"

"Dat's de nigger, master," was the reply, "but I didn't had much trouble wid him. He's de one dat had de trouble." "But, Pompey, why did you beat him so unmercifully?"

"Master, I's gwine ter tell yer de truth. He come down here, all dressed up in bled shirt and high collar, an' while we niggers was 'tendin' ter our own business he axes me wuz er 'possum fitten fer ter eat. An' dat's de last I 'member."

Soldier Was Disappointed. At the Army and Navy club in Washington a number of "old timers" were one evening swapping stories of the civil war, when Gen. Young told of a soldier in the Army of the Potomac who entertained some unique ideas as to his financial value as well as of the method by which that value could be realized.

"I should like," he said, gravely, "to be appointed a duty by brevet, and be assigned to duty in accordance with my brevet rank."

"ASLEEP AT THE SWITCH."



ROADS CUT DOWN FORCE ACTION TAKEN TO OFFSET LOSS IN REVENUE.

St. Louis, Mo.—According to a recapitulation of statements of Missouri railroad officials published here Monday about 10,000 employees in the operating, mechanical and clerical departments have been dismissed recently to offset heavy revenue losses suffered by the roads.

It is estimated by the state railroad commission that probably 8,000 of the present unemployed forces have been laid off during the past 15 days. The Chicago & Alton management announced Monday that its 100 passenger train collectors would be dispensed with. Employees retained by the "Cotton Belt" road, it is announced, have been required to lay off five days each month without pay until further notice.

Sweeping retrenchments have been ordered by the Gould interests operating the St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern and Missouri Pacific roads. The operating officials of the Frisco road held a conference Monday at Springfield, Mo., to reduce operating expenses until the crop season to more than half. The Missouri, Kansas & Texas road has put into effect many economies, which, according to one of the officials have cut down operating expenses \$75,000 a month. The Louisville & Nashville, Mobile & Ohio, Southern railway and many other roads operating in the south out of here have made a ten per cent cut in the wages of all employees not identified with labor unions. The Wash. has laid off a number of men and closed its repair shops.

REPORT 76 DEAD IN BLAST.

La Rosita Mine Explosion Fatal to Scores of Tolsons.

Musquiza, Mex.—Details of the explosion in the La Rosita mine, near San Juan de los Rios, Mexico, which was made in Thursday's dispatches were received Friday, and indicate that the explosion was more disastrous than at first believed. Seventy-six men were killed by the explosion. The explosion occurred a few minutes before six o'clock in the morning, just as preparations were being made to change the shifts. The disaster took place in what was known as shaft No. 3, and in which most of the laborers were Japanese. It is now definitely known at this writing what caused the explosion, but fire-damp is believed to have been responsible.

Scandal in Patent Office.

Washington.—Ned W. Barton, an assistant-examiner of the patent office; Henry E. Everding, a patent attorney with offices in the Hale building, Philadelphia, and John A. Healy of York, Pa., an inventor, were Thursday indicted by the grand jury and arrested on a charge of destroying public records. Healy was fined \$10,000. The indictment charges that the three, "with intent to steal and destroy," carried away from the patent office letters, specifications and amendments and unlawfully and willfully destroyed them.

Would Tax Stock Sales.

Washington.—A bill to tax the sale and transfer of stocks was introduced Monday in the house by Mr. Hepburn of Iowa.

King Rex in Mardi Gras.

New Orleans.—King Rex of the Mardi Gras carnival and the first summer weather of 1908 arrived in New Orleans simultaneously Monday to the delight of thousands of visitors who recently left almost snowbound homes in the north.

Raid Louisville Poolrooms.

Louisville, Ky.—Acting under orders of County Judge Fred A. Taylor, made on the two poolrooms in South Louisville Monday afternoon and 29 persons taken into custody.

ROB BANK OF \$295,000.

Ambassador Creek's Institution Pillaged by Bandits.

El Paso, Tex.—A telegram received from Chihuahua, Mexico, late Monday afternoon says that the Banco de Minero, owned by Ambassador Creek, has been robbed of \$295,000 Mexican money. No persons have been arrested. Officers here, however, have been obtained to watch the border closely. The bank notes taken are in denominations of \$1,000, \$500, \$50 and \$20. A telegram from Gov. Creel of Chihuahua was received by Chief Ponce of Puerres Monday afternoon, stating that a liberal reward had been offered for the capture of the bank robbers, and asked that the United States immigration authorities be requested to keep a look-out for suspicious characters and for bills of the denominations.

TAMPA BURNS; SOLDIERS IN FIGHT.

One Death and \$600,000 Loss in Fire in Florida City.

Tampa, Fla.—The entire extreme northern section of this city was destroyed by fire, which broke out in a boarding house Sunday and raged unintermittently for four hours. The area burned covered 55 acres, or 18 1/2 city blocks, and 308 buildings were destroyed, with a total loss estimated at \$600,000 and one woman is dead from excitement. The burned section included four large and one smaller clerical and numerous restaurant, saloons, boarding houses, and over 200 dwellings. Half the inhabitants are homeless. The militia was called out to preserve order.

SWISS LANDSLIDE KILLS 13.

Noppen Stein, Switzerland, Avalanche Buries a Hotel.

Berne, Switzerland.—An avalanche descended Sunday near the village Goppenstein. The enormous atmospheric pressure, which accompanied it demolished a hotel at the mouth of the Loetschental tunnel, killing 13 persons and injuring 15. The occupants of the hotel, numbering 30, were surprised while seated at a table by sinister rumblings. Almost immediately two children rushed into the dining room and screamed "an avalanche, an avalanche!" There was a rush to escape, but the hotel fell.

Seven Terrorists Hanged.

St. Petersburg.—The seven terrorists who were condemned to death by a court-martial for complicity in a plot against the lives of Grand Duke Nicholas Nicholasievich and M. Chichogov, minister of justice, and whose sentence was confirmed by Gen. Hosenkoff, chief of the general staff, were hanged Sunday.

Storm-King Grips West.

Chicago.—Record-breaking destruction of telegraph and telephone property was averted Sunday by a narrow margin. Sleet that covered wires and poles 25 to 50 miles north, west and south of Chicago and 100 to 150 miles east was melted during the day by a few degrees rise in temperature just in the nick of time.

Roads Agree to Law.

Washington.—American railways have made arrangements to comply with the provisions of the "nine-hour law." The operation of the law will mean the employment by railroad companies several thousand additional operators and the closing of a large number of small stations on the principal systems.

Quarrel Fatal to Two.

Helena, Mont.—Big Louis, a chief of the Kallispell Indians, was shot and killed in a drunken quarrel on the Flathead reservation by another Indian supposed to be Alexander Ford who was also shot and killed in turn by a friend of the chief.

Iowa Lawyer Dead.

Oskaloosa, Ia.—Lucian S. Blanchard, prominent in public affairs in Iowa for the last 40 years, as a lawyer, judge, representative and senator, died Monday.

Chicago Directory

"The Great Central Market"

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LOST TEMPER WAS COSTLY.

Post Banker Threw Away and Bought Back His Own Property.

Edmund Clarence Stedman, the poet banker, had a high temper and was exceedingly sensitive. One day, exasperated by the crass stupidity of a servant, he asked his butler at his head. The boy ducked and the book sailed out of the window. After it buried the mental, but he was too late; a passerby had caught it up and walked off with it. Stedman began to wonder what book he had thrown away, and to his horror discovered that it was a quaint and rare little volume for which he had paid \$50. His chagrin was intense, as the work was almost unique and the prospects of replacing it were remote.

Some time afterward, when browsing in a second-hand book shop, our splenetic poet banker perceived in his great delight a copy of the very book he had lost. He asked the price. "It's very rare," replied the dealer, "but as you are an old customer I'll let you have it for \$40; nobody else could have it for less than \$50." Stedman gladly paid the \$40, got home with his treasure as soon as possible, and sat down to glaze over it. A card dropped out of it, and he found it was his own. Further examination showed that he had bought back his property. It cured him of casting books at servants' heads.—New York Press.

Sunday School Lessons for the World.

A power greater than that of kings seems to have been wielded by the little group of thoughtful men who gathered at the Fenway residence of W. N. Hartshorn to select the lessons for the Sunday schools of the world. It says the Boston Herald. Every year they gather to make this choice, and when a decision has been reached the lessons are handed out to the printers and sent literally scattered over the planet. The word thus goes forth not in one but in scores of languages. Europe and Africa, east and west, are all getting these helps to religious study in the vernacular. There is a supply for Hawaii, Japan and the islands of the sea. For India alone 400,000 have to be provided for. Some 500,000 Sunday school leaflets are thus distributed every year.

With an Eye to the Future.

Queen Alexandra attended last spring's annual Mansion House fete in London because of that auspicious fact there is a tale to tell of the while. One of the diminutive dowry maidens was both pretty and plump, and when her majesty stopped for a instant to smile down upon her, what did she do but put up her wee (and tempting) mouth for a kiss, which she received.

"Molly!" gasped her astounded mother, and after the distinguished visitor had passed on, "how could you?"

"And Molly gave a good reason, 'I thought,' said she, 'it 'bids' me to interest 'in' to tell my grandchildren.'—Harper's Weekly.

Wonderful Phrasology.

A party of American tourists who were comfortably established in a hotel in Germany discovered a new contribution to "English as she is spoke" only this time they found it in the written word. The building had been recently wired for electricity and under the bulbs in each room directions were posted in French, German and English. The French was irreproachable, the German nearly so. The English read as follows: "The room is open and shut the lightning electrical on, is requested to turn to the right hand. On going to bed it must be closed. Otherwise the lightning must be paid."

Where it belongs.

"Excuse me," said the playwright to his friend who was hissing the piece, "do you think it is good form to hiss my show when I gave you the ticket that admitted you?" "Certainly," resolutely replied the friend. "If I'd bought a ticket I would have contented myself by going out side and swearing at myself."—Succes Magazine.