

that instrument, and had written two very creditable light operas, "The Wizard of the Nile" and "The Sere-nade."

The first of these two in melodic quality was certainly superior to any comic opera that had been originated in this country for many years. The instrumentation was broad and skillful and the opera was rich in naïf and catchy arias. The first thing Mr. Herbert did after he took charge of the orchestra was to enlarge it from sixty to eighty pieces, putting in a large portion of brasses, which he declared indispensable to the production of Wagnerian music. "The trick of the ex bandmaster," as Frederick Archer, the organist, contemptuously declared.

From a business point of view, Mr. Herbert's directorship has been a most successful one. He is a good business man and a born manager of men. His musicians swear that he's the best fellow in the world and the most generous. He has helped the orchestra to get clear of debt and to make money. He has discharged his duties faithfully and yet found time to swell his private income by writing such execrable musical nonsense as "The Ameer," "The Fortune Teller" and "The Singing Girl," besides several orchestral suites and one symphonic poem, "Hero and Leandar," which abound in cleverness, yet totally lack any reason for existence.

The truth of the matter is simply that Herbert is wholly mercenary and is in no sense a conscientious musician. With the constitution and animal energy of the Irish giants who may have been his direct ancestors, he is able to eat and drink and work enormously without showing any evidences of wear and tear.

An organizer, a clever workman and a good citizen the man surely is, but to ask for inspired composition or for reproachable interpretation from him is, to reverse Charles Lamb's simile, like asking for champagne at a mutton shop.

FROM MEMORY'S RIVER.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Not every air that a master composes
Can thrill human heart-strings
with pleasure or pain;
But strange, simple chords,
like the scent of the roses,
Breathe out of some measures,
tho' simple the strain.
And lo! when you hear them
you love them and fear them,
You tremble with anguish;
you thrill with delight;
For back of them slumber
old dreams without number,
And faces long vanished
peer out into sight.

Some airs are like outlets
of memory's ocean;
They rise in the past
and flow into the heart;
And down them float shipwrecks
of mighty emotions,
All sea soaked and storm tossed
and drifting apart.
Their fair timbers battered,
their lordly sails tattered.
Their skeleton crews of dead days
on their decks;
Then a crash of chords blending,—
a crisis—an ending,—
The music is over,
and vanished the wrecks.

An exchange says that a Nebraska editor dreamed that he died and, of course, went to heaven. He knocked at the golden gate and was promptly admitted. After spending several hours taking in the sights of the city he came upon a man in chains. This greatly surprised him, so he inquired of St. Peter if they had to punish men in heaven. "Oh," said the good saint, "that man is just from Nebraska and we always have to chain Nebraskans to keep them from going back."

CLUBS.

Edited by Miss Helen G. Harwood.

All clubs belonging to the N. F. W. C. who have retained library books longer than six months will please return them at once to the state librarian, Mrs. Belle M. Stoutenborough, Plattsmouth, Nebraska.

Mrs. Stoutenborough wishes to make a new catalogue of the books before the meeting at Wayne.

A following comprehensive report of the twenty-third annual meeting of the American Library association, contributed by the state librarian, Mrs. Stoutenborough, will be of interest to club workers:

The association has not met in the middle-west since 1893, but the progress made in library work in this section during the past few years seemed to "beckon" to the eastern librarians to come west and interchange ideas and experiences—not over the teacups, but over a glass of the famous Waukesha springs water.

Waukesha is an ideal place for a meeting; and Fountain Spring House, with its wide halls, beautiful parlors and grand porches, was selected as headquarters for the A. L. A. The general sessions and section as well as the committee meetings were all held at the hotel, and the management spared no pains to give their seven hundred and fifty library guests a good time.

"It doesn't look as though the country was going to the dogs because of the lack of library privileges," I overheard a gentleman say in the elevator at the Fountain Spring House. One can only realize the wonderful impetus given to library work this last year when she reads the report of George Watson Cole, chairman of the committee on gifts and bequests made to the A. L. A. The magnificent sum of \$16,130,220.12 has been distributed this year in 405 separate gifts; 394 in thirty-nine of the United States, nine in the British provinces and two in Scotland. The amount so vastly increased over that of last year is largely due to the munificent gifts of Andrew Carnegie. His gifts alone aggregate \$11,219,500.

The transfer of the John Carter Brown library to Brown university by the trustees of the Brown estate, is one of the important library events of the year. This library contains one of the finest collections of Americana in this country. It is estimated that the library is worth \$1,000,000, and carries with it legacies of \$650,000 for endowment fund and library building.

The topic which seemed to bring out the warmest discussion was "Trusteeship of Literature." Mr. George Iles of New York and Dr. Richard T. Ely of the University of Wisconsin addressed the general assembly on opposite sides of the question. At the close of their papers a general discussion followed which lasted until the hour of adjournment.

Mr. Iles supported the plan of trusteeship, saying that a great many people waste much valuable time in reading worthless works, when a proper system of trusteeship would post them as to what books would be of value to them and what ones they should let alone. He also thought a criterion could be established for the selection of library books, stating which should be used in libraries with reference to topics.

Dr. Ely objected especially to this plan. "Have we," said Dr. Ely, "a judicial body of men who could render these estimates?" He spoke of the frequent narrowness and prejudice of book reviewers. "Above all things," he said, "the effort should be to keep a free way for new truths."

There were so many helpful suggestions given at each general session that one can scarcely tell where to glean—in writing a brief account of the Waukesha meeting.

The most interesting public meeting (at least to the club women) was held Wednesday morning, July 10. At this meeting papers were read on the influence of women's work in library schools, and how to secure state library commissions. Mrs. E. J. Dockery, secretary of the Idaho Free Library commission, told in a most interesting way how the women of her state secured a library commission. At Boise City there is a club of two hundred women, and they went to work last fall to secure legislation. "They lobbied," she said, "and the members of our legislature were only too glad to stand as sponsors for our library bill." There were committees on the press and committees on personal interviews—indeed, all the regular channels were worked to a finish. The bill, carrying an appropriation of \$17,000, passed with only one dissenting vote, and when the member who cast the "nay" was interviewed, he said the women had failed before to interview him.

The women who were interested in House Roll No. 2, in Nebraska, during our last legislature, would tell a different story.

Mr. T. L. Montgomery of Philadelphia, told how they passed a library bill through the Pennsylvania legislature.

The bill had been put off from time to time. It was the last session. Many of the members—those of sober standing—were asleep, and those who were not included in this list had taken "a wee drop too much." As the rolls of names was called off, an insignificant looking little man, over in one corner of the room, called off, from time to time, an "aye," which was duly recorded by the clerk. When the vote was announced it stood 127 affirmative.

"Well," said the little man over in the corner, "we only needed 107—that is what I call overdoing it."

Mrs. H. M. Youmans of Waukesha, president of the Wisconsin state federation of clubs, spoke of the proud place that Wisconsin holds in library work, through the patient labor of club women.

Mrs. L. A. Stearns of Milwaukee, the pioneer woman of the northwest in the traveling library movement, gave some personal reminiscences, which were most interesting.

Before adjournment an invitation from Portsmouth, England, was read, urging the members of the A. L. A. to attend their annual session the coming fall. The invitation comes from the library association of the United Kingdom.

There was a memorial to the late John Fiske, which was as follows:

"The news having reached us of the death of John Fiske, once our professional associate, we, the American Library Association, desire to make record of our profound grief at the departure of a writer who was a dominant force in American literature, and to express our sense that in this passing of a great thinking historian, our land and our time have sustained irreparable loss."

It was an inspiration to see and hear such men as Melvil Dewey and William A. Eastman of the New York state library; Herbert Putnam, librarian of the congressional library; Henry J. Carr (president A. L. A.) of Scranton, Penn.; William Fletcher, Amherst college; John Cotton Dana of Springfield, Mass.; Frank A. Hutchins, secretary of the Wisconsin library association; Dr. James H. Canfield of Columbia university; Johnson L. Brigham of Des Moines; J. T. Wyer, jr., of our own state university,—together with the brilliant speakers—the women, who were accorded not a little praise at this 23d annual meeting of the A. L. A.

As I looked over the large audience one evening, this thought came to me: "What a meeting of noble men and women, interested in this great work—educating the masses through the free public library—and Nebraska is in line."

Objectionable Advertising.

A discussion of disfigurement which starts with the appeal to preserve natural beauty leads us to the increasing ugliness of the modern city from which the contamination spreads. Henry B. Fuller, the novelist, a few months ago suddenly awoke to find himself a national issue, as the outcome of a frank talk on American art. He expressed the opinion that the American people were essentially inartistic. He went further and said that the entire English-speaking people were unesthetic and concluded by saying that the Anglo Saxon mind had no conception of art separated from ethical considerations.

This brought forth protests most bitter from the whole northern race—and became an astonishment to the gentle pessimist—who only expected to reach the limited group to whom he talked. Among other things Mr. Fuller based his assertions upon was the ugliness of American cities; not only upon their lack of good art but their amazing samples of bad art. And what patriotic citizen does not resent criticism of his city?

But much to our delight we find that the American people are becoming more and more interested in municipal art—the aim of which is to realize that dream of the artist and poet—the city beautiful.

There is much in our cities that is beautiful and well worthy of preservation, but is so surrounded by distracting elements that we often fail to see it.

The first step, therefore, is to remove these obstructions so that we can take an inventory of what is really available for the construction of the city beautiful.

Municipal reformers have already taken up the question of clean streets and smokeless chimneys with some hope of success.

And we women, while strongly seconding their efforts can turn our attention to more neglected questions.

Perhaps the most distracting of all these nuisances that mar the appearance of our streets are the signs and signboards. While walls are covered—whole houses are besmeared with hideous hues, and the high billboards full of glaring posters—the most offensive features are those which display in a prominent way nude figures.

It may be difficult to some to understand why we object to these and admire the beautiful classic lines as displayed by the master's brush, and hung on the walls of our art galleries. The latter inspire no impure thoughts, for we are only conscious of beautiful coloring and graceful lines; these only appeal to our love of the beautiful, while in the poster it is demoralizing, as it appeals to the baser feelings. It has been said by one, "The graceful form of woman may be made to picture a Madonna or a Magdalene." We surround our children with the beautiful and protect them from the contamination of bad books by our watchful care, but we can not protect them from the harmful influence of the glaring poster on the billboards that confront him on every side, and we, therefore, question the right it has to flaunt itself before the public. We think the crusade against it is a most just one and should be carried on most earnestly by our club women until it be made to conform with the most rigid ideas of decency or else compelled to go.

We have watched with interest the work of the British society for checking the abuses of public advertising, known