

# Books---"The Monument of Vanished Minds"

We are writing today of books. The great and wonderful civilization of today is possible only because we have books. One of the world's philosophers speaks of books as "the monument of vanished minds." All that man has accomplished, all that he has thought, his songs, his scientific discoveries, his history—are in that great monument. Until books came there was only legend to pass on the work of man to posterity. In those days each generation lived much on its own knowledge—it could not draw upon the experience of prior generations because there were only imperfect records of what had gone before.

Then came printing and the printing press and—books. Now each generation in man's progress in civilization is able to draw upon all the wisdom of preceding generations. Now nothing is lost. The results of study, of experiment are set down in books and these books find their way into the schools, where generation after generation, the accumulated wisdom of man is piled higher and higher.

Because of books the children of today are wiser than many grown ups of only a few generations ago. They are wiser in the absorption of a vast accumulation of knowledge and yet with each succeeding generation it becomes increasingly difficult to use our knowledge.

There was a peace and tranquility for the common folk in the ignorance of the middle ages. They were able to take so many things for granted. There were no prying minds to delve into the secrets of nature. And too there was always and everywhere an "authority" of some sort in the middle ages that told men and women what to do. With the coming of books and the ever widening spread of knowledge these persons in "authority" were driven off—whether they were kings or princes or lords of the manor.

When our forefathers drove off those in "authority," they made it necessary for their children to take on an ever increasing degree of self-authority, self-control.

Books did all these things for man. Books are doing it even more today than in the past. Thus it is that with all our knowledge—a knowledge passed down to us through books—the problem of life becomes an ever more intricate problem. There is no "authority" now to tell us what to do. We must work it out for ourselves in our books.

Books then, have been the movers of the world—the makers of a new world. When one looks at the long rows of books in the library he knows that in them is a greater power than in all the armies and all the navies of all the world.

A great man once spoke of this power in these words:

"The world so loud—the movers of the world so still." Books, the "movers of the world" do not call out nor make a noise, but in them is all the power and all the wisdom of mankind.

Disraeli, one of England's greatest prime ministers, sitting in his library wrote thus of his books:

"Golden volumes! richest treasures!"

Objects of delicious pleasure! To my eyes rejoicing please, Brilliant wits and musing sages, Lights who beamed through many ages! Left to your conscious leaves, their story, And dared to trust you with their glory;

And now, their hope of fame achieved, Dear volumes! You have not deceived."



There is beauty too in books, beauty of language, beauty of thought. Then there are the poets, who sing the songs of the world. Who does not recall with cherished memories the hours he has spent with Shakespeare—with Browning and with Robert Burns?

The characters of Dickens walk the streets—they step out from the pages of our books—and we know them even better than we know our

neighbors. Mark Twain created playmates for the childhood of the world. Thackeray is ever new. If we go with Albert Hubbard on his "little journeys," we come back refreshed and glorified. It is in books that we find the "foot prints upon the sands of time," left by great men and great women, who tho' dead, will live always.

Over the entrance of the great Egyptian library at Thebes, were

carved these words—"Medicine for the Soul."

In books there is a medicine that all the physicians cannot gather together. There is solace in books, for the aged, courage for those who would fail, and hope for the youth who would reach up to higher things. In books we find always something to respond to our wants. Those who know books, who love books, are the "happiest of the children of men."

## A Stranger in a Strange City

By O. O. McIntyre

As this is written I am alone in a strange hotel in a strange city. With it is only a night side to New York I am homesick. Nostalgia is the worst of all mental anguish.

Next door a man now and then gives one of those drawn out ho-ho-hum yawns. Across the way a window whose blinds are not drawn reveals a sprawling figure on a bed making out, I imagine, an expense report.

An Irish maid raps at the door to turn down bed coverings. She tells me she is very tired. She works 12 hours. Someday she expects to give up her drudgery and return to her native country. She has been in this city five years and outside of those with whom she works she has no acquaintances.

"People can find happiness in solitude," she says. "I telephone for ice water. A bright faced young man in his early twenties brought it. In the winter he works in Florida hotels. Bellhops, it appears, are a migratory lot. This one has worked in New York, Chicago, Denver, Los Angeles, Pasadena, New Orleans and Houston hotels."

"What do you expect to do," I asked, "when you tire of this sort of work?"

He was engagingly frank. "Become a bootlegger," he said. I asked him if he had ever saved. He never had. Nearly all his money goes to race track bookmakers.

Somewhat I felt that there was a boy who might have a promising future if he were out of his environment. Receiving tips stifles self respect.

The telephone girl's "Allrightie" is quite the most cheerful note about the place. I believe telephone girls do more to brighten the loneliness of strangers than anyone else. I never heard one in a strange city who did not appear cheerful.

Tragedy of Age. I sent out for a messenger boy. He came. The "boy" was one of those silver haired souls with whom fate had played battledore and shuttlecock. He had a pathetic obsession.

He, too, seemed lonely and so I talked to him and drawing him out he became garrulous as old men will who have long been denied social contact. He was once employed in a railroad yard. It was hard work and he became too old.

He tried odd jobs—passing hand-

dishes, dish washing and the like. He became a messenger because it was about the only thing left. He fears the winters. A wife passed on several years ago. He has children—he doesn't know where. He heard a son was a telegrapher in Kansas.

"They don't write to me anymore," he said. "I tried to give them a com-

mon schooling but they ran away from home."

The elevator operators are all colored girls. Their heads are bobbed. One had remarkably straight hair and teeth that would be the envy of a New York leading lady. They appear bright and courteous.

I believe the hotel of the future will be small and intimate and restore the Mine Host flavor that is gone. Too many of the modern hotels are like railroad stations where guests are ticketed and tagged like so much luggage. They are known by numbers.

This is a cold procedure and the lack of hospitality is not made up

by the glitter of marble and plush. Hotel clerks are too rushed to be more than half way civil. I think they try but their courtesy is forced. The chief requisite of a hotel is cordiality.

This I believe is lacking more in New York than elsewhere. Lobby crowds in a strange city

patrons of hotels where they are employed.

How to Get Rich. Porters are generally genial Irishmen. They are great friends of the traveling public and through gratuities they make more money than almost any other hotel employe. In some cases their income is greater than that of the manager.

The landlord is no longer a landlord. He is a manager or a managing director. He has his private office and it is from this citation he directs the machinery. Patrons rarely see him. If there is a complaint his assistant handles it.

Crowds in other cities vary little from New York crowds. The absence of exaggeration in dress is noticeable and that is about all. There are no spats, monocles and very few walking sticks.

I think there is more laughter on the streets in other cities and, of course, more pleasant salutations among pedestrians.

I approached a taxi driver. He wanted my destination. "Just drive me about," I said. He had a keen sense of civic pride and pointed out local spots of interest. He thought it was the best town in the country.

He waved friendly greetings to many of his brothers as they passed along.

Police Tax Driver. He did something a New York taxi driver rarely does. He thanked me for the modest tip and expressed a hope I had enjoyed the ride. The city seemed almost deserted at 10:30.

Back in my room the man next door was still yawning. There is adventure in prowling about a hotel room.

In one bureau drawer was an empty whisky bottle. Also a woman's discarded glove. And on the writing table was an unfinished letter. It began: "Dear Ann: I hope you are re-

considering. This is a momentous moment in our lives. I left suddenly because I wanted you to think it over. Some day you will understand. You have listened to gossip. I have—

And that was all. I wonder if any man ever left home with everything he needed. I find unpacking haven't pajamas and I also neglected the shaving soap. A bellboy can find no pajamas but furnishes a night shirt several times too big. I am wondering in case of fire and a sudden exit if it would be possible to appear dignified in a night

shirt. That ever I believe is achieving the impossible.

The lights are switched out. Odd noises prevent sleep. You have a feeling the transom should be opened. And you cross the floor and bark a shin. You wonder what is going on at home.

Little trivialities are greatly magnified. You toss and turn—turn on the light, smoke a cigarette and read awhile. And then you suddenly forget it all and awaken to sunlight streaming into the window



In case of fire would it be possible to appear dignified in a night shirt?

# Growth of Education Must Keep Pace With Factories---by H. G. Wells

By H. G. WELLS.  
Author of the Outline of History.  
London, July 26.—In these newspaper articles that I have been writing now for the better part of a year I have been dealing with very various aspects of current problems, but nearly always with one main proposition very evidently in mind. I have been harping continuously on the vast disorder, the uncertainty and waste of the world spectacle today and I have been clamoring for more education, for much more education, for a more strenuous and devoted effort.

Comments and replies, a very considerable correspondence, has brought home to me two things very plainly. One is the deep resentment aroused in many minds by the statement of what is to me an obvious fact, the littleness, imperfection and unscientific and transitional nature of all contemporary life. Manifestly they think Fifth Avenue in a state of traffic congestion, Ascot week, charity balls, Palm Beach, the opening of parliament, the movie industry, or an American presidential election, are all right. Or at least right enough to live with very pleasantly. They think it a dismal and cantankerous humor for wanting, as I seem to them to do, to shatter and reconstruct a world which sustains such delightful things. They do not realize that this world is being shattered anyhow and will not be reconstructed by any automatic process. They want this world left as it is and not "messes about with" it by innovating people. They have a will to be satisfied, an obstinate will to contentment. Mixed up with that and probably fundamental to it, is a profound disbelief in the power of men, wiffully to alter their conditions and determine their collective fate.

Now, if I have any claim to distinction among journalists, it is that I do not share that widespread scepticism and fatalism. I do not let the fact that some of us, myself included, are having an undeservedly good time, hide the fact that the system such as it is, is wasteful, that it cripples the possibilities of nearly everyone and is, to millions of people, actively distressful and cruel. I belong to a small but growing minority which believes that man has come to such a phase of knowledge and power, that he is already able and may very soon be willing to put a bit between the teeth of the monster of wild change that is now trampling this world. We believe that human society could be and presently will be deliberately reconstructed, more boldly, more elaborately and with more definite intention, upon a scale commensurate with the greatness of modern mechanism and to an extent that will enable it to anticipate and discipline what are now the incalculable forces of change. And our faith is that the way to this expansion of life, this release from chance, lies through universities and schools, through a universal education of the entire population of the world and through a universal and sustained thought process keeping pace with ever changing necessities. We are all democratic socialists in so far as we regard it as the general concern to maintain order and law, to secure the common needs of everyone by carrying on the exploitation of natural wealth and the production and distribution of staple necessities for the universal and not for particular profit, and to provide education and health services for all; but we are aristocratic individualists in demand-

ing world-wide freedom of movement for all, the utmost scope for self-realization and the freest utterance and hearing for every creative and innovating spirit, for everyone indeed who may possibly be creative. We see as the only way to the sort of human life we desire an immense development of the reorganization of every sort of research and of the whole educational system of the world.

A rough parallelism of things mechanical and things mental will put the case as we see it. In the last two centuries the means of transport has developed from the stage coach and sailing ship to the automobile, express train, great liner and aeroplane, there has been much more than a tenfold increase in speed and a corresponding increase in security, versatility and comfort. Our mechanical power and mechanical productivity have increased in far greater proportion. There has been an educational advance also, but it has not kept pace with this. More people in the country are educated now, certain elements of education, reading and writing have been spread very widely, but the education of a fully educated man is not conspicuously better than it was 200 years ago, and education has not spread, as railways and factories have spread from the Atlantic countries, all over the earth.

We believe that we are now in the dawn of a phase of educational thrust, corresponding to the mechanical thrust of a century ago, and which we foresee through the population of every country it affected, created new towns, altered the build and lay-out of every town it touched, created new suburban systems and revolutionized the vis-

ible aspect of life. The new thrust will reconstruct the scattered and confused mental life of the age, will create mental nuclei everywhere, link up the whole countryside to new and more powerful mental centers. I doubt whether at present apart from school children, one person in a hundred in either Europe or America could be described as a mental worker; we foretell a time when something like one in eight or one in five will be definitely employed in work that is primarily mental, either as student, as teacher, as scientific investigator, as artist, or writer. In every village there will be a school, a reading-room, a theater, closely associated with the health service and recreation of the place. It will be the central architectural fact of the place, the group of buildings about which the homes will cluster. In every town there will be the district schools and the great high school, the art studios, the theaters, the laboratories. Every considerable town will have a university as its chief expression and its crowning glory. The agricultural and industrial life of the land will be closely linked to the technical research of the colleges; they will go thither for advice and direction. The business and financial system will no longer be secret and private, a system of competitive conspiracies, but it will be working in close touch with the general scientific life; the banker will be a professor of economics, the iron-master will be a metallurgist. That is the order of the world we desire, and which we foresee through our hopes. That is the world that will replace the system of stampedes, scrambles, riots and traffic jams in which we live today.

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## Amateur Farmers Will Like This McMillen Book

"THE FARMING FEVER," by Wheeler McMillen, associate editor of Farm and Fireside, D. Appleton & Co., New York, publishers.

Mr. McMillen, who knows both ends of the game, has set down some very readable pages for the amusement and the information of the city man who wants to get into the farming business. He answers mainly the questions any man should ask before embarking on an agricultural venture, and answers them truthfully and with authority. That is why his work is worthy the notice of any city dweller who longs for the carefree life of the farm, and why any of such should read it before making the plunge.

## Burroughs Takes You Into New World That Is Old

"THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT," by Edgar Rice Burroughs, A. C. McGraw & Co., Chicago, publishers.

Mr. Burroughs unleashes his imagi-

nation in this tale, and runs the whole gamut from ultra-modern invention to the very beginning of animate life and back again. He leads a group of castaways from the victim of a U-boat in war time to a land in the South Polar seas, where they find a veritable nightmare of monsters, from the Mesozoic on up. Every known or imagined form of reptile, fish, bird or beast, is encountered and along with them the reader gets acquainted with man in the making, from the earliest up to almost the finished product. In fact, some are so fine that two of the party bring home brides from among the tribes. The mind that created Tarzan has never felt freer in its imaginative flight than in "The Land That Time Forgot."

## Valentine Williams Tells Best Story He Has Yet Produced

"THE THREE OF CLUBS," by Valentine Williams, Houghton Mifflin company, Boston, publishers.

Mr. Williams has never been more successful than in this tale of wild adventure in the English secret service. He has departed from his "Clubfoot" model, and taken on a new set of characters, although the dashing young Englishman and the charming American girl are present

in the leading roles. "The Three of Clubs" is a swift and thrilling romance of love and mystery, a game of international intrigue, played for colossal stakes and with all Europe for the gaming table. It is in many ways the best of Mr. Williams' efforts so far, and denotes a real advance in his efforts as an entertaining story teller.

## Unique Way of Showing Off Magazine's Wares

"MY STORY THAT I LIKE BEST," by Edna Ferber, Irvin S. Cobb, Peter B. King, James Oliver Curwood, Meredith Nicholson and H. C. Witte, published by the Cosmopolitan Magazine of New York.

Prompted as it is by a desire to increase the popularity of writers who already have attained considerable popularity, this book is nevertheless an interesting one, largely because these writers seem sincere in the choice of stories they have made for the book, and honest in their comments on the stories.

In his introduction Ray Long, editor of Cosmopolitan, has a word to say about the "self-appointed" critics who announced that they have selected the best short stories of the year. He picks a vulnerable spot in such selections with the deftness of a

surgeon, when he points out the fact that they indicate nothing but the critic's own taste.

There are six good stories in the book. It was published for complimentary distribution.

## Plays by Kummer That Show the Poet's Mind

"PHYRNE," by Frederick Arnold Kummer, Dorrance & Co., Philadelphia, publishers.

Three entertaining plays are contained in this book which has just lately been released by Dorrance. "Phyrne" concerns itself with the doings of the beautiful Greek courtesan whose sensational appearance before the Athenian council has been the inspiration for many paintings. Kummer has apparently devoted more effort to "Phyrne" than to the other plays, "Finer Clay" and "The Temptation," or it excels them in grace and polish. All three are worthy of considerable attention, however.

## Eat and Be Happy.

"Eat Your Way to Health," by Robert Hugh Rose, A. B., M. D., (Funk & Wagnalls company, New York, publishers) is a scientific system of weight control. The doctor gives reasons for dieting, tells how to put on as well as take off flesh, and presents many menus containing scientifically accurate proportions of food for the sustaining of life, the regulation of weight and the preservation of strength and health.

## About "Blue Sky."

"Lost Dollars, or The Pirates of Promotion," a little volume by W. D. Hord, (the Investors Publishing company, Cincinnati, publishers), tells of the ways and the wiles of the swindling promoter. It contains an ample exposition of the methods of the swindler, and some excellent advice to prospective investors.

## "Romance in Science."

Prof. Bessie L. Miller in "Romance in Science" (the Stratford company, Boston) explains a lot of things that are good to know. Her book consists of a series of lectures collected under the general title of "Browses," and will be found interesting by the general reader as well as the student.

# ABE MARTIN On National Political Conventions



An Unbossed Convention.

We've seen two national political drosses lately and we're strongly convinced that such gatherings should not be permitted in the future. If a national presidential convention is cooked up affair it's a crime 't drag hundreds of one or two shirt or skirt delegates away from their homes at their own expense an' badge 'em up an' expose 'em t' a lot o' speeches.

An 'expos' 'em t' a lot o' speeches, an' turn 'em loose in a strange city to be flummied by barbers an' resturant keepers. An' if a presidential convention meets an' develops int' a real convention it becomes a riot an' reason goes out th' skylight. Besides there's no way t' control a real convention, no way t' stop it. It becomes a hardship on th' musicians an' th' Washington correspondents 't say nothin' o' th' highly paid comic writers. An' th' average, regulation presidential convention delegate travels very light, an' soon gets tired o' th' same underwear. Many women delegates at th' New York convention got as many as four permanent waves, while many o' them did not show up fer th' last three or four sessions as they had nothin' t' wear. There's allus plenty o' harmony at a convention where nobuddy's got a chance, but there's no way t' provision an' equip fer a real convention where any governor or silver throated orator is liable t' git anominated. How'd you like t' be a delegate livin' in a five dollar-a-day room, an' payin' sixty cents fere ever' two eggs you shirt. That ever' I believe is achieving the impossible.

The lights are switched out. Odd noises prevent sleep. You have a feeling the transom should be opened. And you cross the floor and bark a shin. You wonder what is going on at home.

Little trivialities are greatly magnified. You toss and turn—turn on the light, smoke a cigarette and read awhile. And then you suddenly forget it all and awaken to sunlight streaming into the window

worry down, an' have t' listen t' speeches about favorite sons you never heard of, an' th' sidewalks o' New York fer two weeks while your room rent piles up an' your cuffs turn black. Jest set an' set till your told t' check out an' go home. We're fer bosses, whether it's a cement block factory, a two-piece family, or a convention, that's t' be bossed. Lettin' th' "people rule" sounds good, but there's too many inferior brands o' people, too many favorite sons an' too many unscrupulous resturant an' hotel keepers. No delegate, no matter how intelligent an' earnest he is, kin do good work on one order o' spinach an' egg a day. A delegate

should show up each mornin' peppy an' full o' eggs an' bacon, an' git his orders an' take his seat, an' not be bothered about how he is goin' t' git back home. There's allus th' danger o' a big drawn out, wranglin' convention gittin' hungry an' desperate an' nominatin' anybody. Our idee is fer both parties t' name committees o' four or five good bosses from different sections of the country an' let 'em meet at Kenton, Ohio, or Dublin, Indiana, or any centrally located city, an' git together an' name th' presidential nominees. Th' people don't rule now. They only think they do.

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Firm, Plump, Fresh!

MANY are the eyes that are turned to gaze with keen admiration on the well developed healthy girl no matter where she may be—on the rapidly moving thoroughfare or gliding gracefully over the dance floor.

All eyes turn because we all appreciate the girl with the figure so firm and plump—the girl with radiantly red cheeks, cheeks that carry a touch of roses from nature's own garden—the girl with the sparkling eyes, keen and sharp—the girl with buoyancy and the swing of youth.

Not necessarily an out-of-doors girl. Just a girl with ever increasing blood cells. Just a girl filled with the vim and vigor of youth.

S. S. S., since 1828, has stood for increased blood cells. S. S. S. means restored strength—rekindled vitality—added energy. Take S. S. S. and watch the bloom of youth return to your cheeks. Watch that flabby, ill nourished flesh fade away before flesh that is firm and plump. Red blood cells will do it and S. S. S. will build them. It contains only pure vegetable ingredients. S. S. S. is sold at all good drug stores. The large size bottle is more economical.

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