

### A GOOD LIBRARY.

HINTS AND SUGGESTIONS FOR THE MAN WHO READS.

The First Law in Selecting Books—A Library Should Grow with the Mind. Keep Your School Books—Light Literature.

The first law in selecting books is, I am sure, to buy along the line of your special work. I do not say in the line, for that is precisely what is not wanted. What we want is not to be told what we can see or find out for ourselves, but what will enable us to see more broadly of that which our separate experience would lead us to see. Books, while not leading us away from sure and special lines of life work, should keep us from narrowing ourselves into grooves.

The second law is to buy books, in the main, as we need them. A library should grow with the mind. These two rules can be illustrated together. We will suppose a man's special line is anthropology. Plainly he must also be a good student of history. He must also be well acquainted with recent biological researches—which involve paleontology and zoology, at least as far as results of investigation go. He will not have gone far before evolution as a scientific problem, must be handled. Dealing fairly with this, he finds himself involved in ancient religious theories and comparative theology. I need not carry the process further, but I say his library should be (1) a working library along this line, and (2) his books should be bought as needed.

The possession of a large number of books is not the possession of a library. Books, however inherently valuable under certain circumstances, under other circumstances become lumber. It is like a thousand acre farm, of which only ten acres are worked, while the owner lives in a bit of a hovel. It is impossible to express too strongly the close relation that mind growth should bear to library growth. It should be like the growth of bone to a man's flesh.

No one should sell or give away his books that have been used and seen no longer needful. Especially should old school books and college books be sacredly kept. To no other books do we maintain so intimate personal relationship. We should surely miss the very copy of Horace and of De Amicitia that we grew familiar with, and some day will desire to turn to a passage in "Ars Poetica," or "Via Sacra," and it will not be quite the same as when we read it a sophomore year on the log in the glen with Classmate Stevens. I give every boy and girl warning not to part with their text books in literature and classics. Even my old Webster's spelling book would now be a treasure to me. Are such books part of a library? Most truly, yes. They are the very essential part of a library—the tools we need when we come along—but tools that never wear out.

Perhaps a careful distinction should be made between the books in our study and those in the library proper; for each man should have his library, and each family should have its library. The latter should be built on a less restricted plan; yet certainly under careful rules. A home library should, above all, have an atmosphere of refinement and good society. It should not admit a low bred book any more than our drawing rooms should admit the familiarity of low bred people. An hour spent in it should produce the refreshment that comes from a social hour with witty and good friends.

A really good home library must include rescripts; it is sometimes a pity—often not. There are not 100 good authors in general literature that cannot be wisely compressed. It will not pay to read them through. These "Half Hours" with the best authors are necessary and valuable. But when it comes to history I am not so sure. And as for "Benet's History," "Beauties of Goethe," etc., let us burn them. If I cannot go into a rose garden for myself, I will thank you for a bunch of flowers; but for you to run ahead of me with your nose and demand that I shall smell over again your bouquet, I am inclined to select for myself.

A good library grows as our souls grow; it widens out, its sympathies and gets a larger outlook. But at the same time a sloughing goes on. We only grow well as we can die well. Some people have great difficulty in dying to anything; they equally fail to grow; that is, to enlarge. Such are your religious bigots. I hate to see a man who reads a dozen a day—the way my grandmother took her Bible, and as many take it yet, but in smaller pellets. I have a friend who carries Shakespeare in his pocket, and boots a portion each day. He resembles for all the world a pump that is clogged up from having its chain run too deep. Shakespeare has always been too deep for the fellow, and he is only pumping sand and gravel. Another took to carrying a mathematical treatise. He is himself an equal angled triangle inscribed in a circle. We must be able to change intellectually, outgrow and grow away from old tastes. We all have our chromo period—some stop there.

The bulk of novels is of no more value than blank paper. Children who have little real world as yet need a great deal of the possible ideal. Novels, contrary to common opinion, are peculiarly the books for the young—true novels. Curiously, the world's earliest literature was mostly imaginative. We have poems and tales 7,000 years old, while logic did not find utterance till about 2,500 years ago. Voyages, travels, natural history gradually come to serve in the place of novels, the actual in the place of the possible. Lowell writes the use of such old volumes of travel as were written by voyagers "when the world was fresh and unbackpacked." That is just what Lowell tells in a story very fully. A well visited place in England was one that hackney coaches ran to and from—it was Hackneyed. Today the whole world is Hackneyed—"E. P. P." in Globe-Democrat.

Cider That Sells for Champagne. The innkeeper fished out from the gloomy and cobwebby depths of a sub-cellar closet a quart bottle which bore such marks of age as would have made the mouth of an epicurean wine bibber water with anticipated delight. The cork came out with a mighty pop, and a fine spray filled the air with mist and the aromatic fragrance of champagne. "Try a glass of that," said the innkeeper, as he filled two glasses with the sparkling fluid. The tourist needed no urging.

"Why, that doesn't taste like cider, neither is it champagne, exactly. What do you call it?" "Cider." "How did you make it?" "I bottled it three days ago. It was fresh, sweet, strained cider then. I put in each bottle a couple of raisins and a small lump of rock candy, and if you can find any champagne that costs less than ten cents a bottle that will beat that I will buy 1,000 cases of it."

"I should think it could be sold in some country places for champagne?" "I've sold a good many hundred bottles of it."

"In what country town?" asked the tourist. "In New York city."—New York Mail and Express.

### ART ON SAFE DOORS.

A Glimpse at the Artists Who Put Oil Paintings on the Iron Doors. "There are more than 400,000 safes in use in the United States," said a Broadway manufacturer to a reporter a few days ago, "and with a few exceptions their great iron doors are brightened with artistic designs in oil. The floor was laid with choice woods, and valuable specimens of his handiwork greeted the visitor from the walls. A tropical sun bursting through fleecy clouds shone down from the ceiling. This man got a good start from his father, and as I remarked, his ability was recognized; but it didn't pan out in cash. When he found a customer for a \$400 painting he lived in clover, and when the art mart was drugged and pictures went slow he found it hard work to make both ends meet. 'I've made a name,' said he one day, 'but the artist who lives on his name without money can do more than I can.'"

"A week after that," continued the safe manufacturer, "the applicant came for work. 'If you want to talk with him, come with me.'"

The reporter then went into the rear apartment and found their man at work. One was painting a scene in the Catskills on the cold black front of a 6,000 pound safe that was billed to be delivered within ten days to a western manufacturer.

"Don't imagine," said the artist after the introduction, "that I have given up being an artist. Oh, no! I am still turning out original studies, but my work goes with the safe like the chromo with the pound of tea. We paint two six by nine landscapes in a day. Ordinarily one man lays in the ground work, another fills in the middle ground and a third adds the fore ground. We get up quite a number of designs to order. On the inner doors of that safe over there you will find a good painting of the lower falls in the Genesee. That picture is to please the fancy of a Rochester man who ordered it."

"We have several orders for the Volunteer in oil. It requires more time to paint water-scapes and boats than anything else. Every line of a crack yacht must be perfect or fault will be found with it. If a landscape happens to be a little too red or brown or green, we can account for it by saying that the green painting shows the scene in early spring and the brown in midsummer and the red in autumn. That, of course, is one of the tricks of the trade."

"What do you consider the nature of your work on safes?" "We turn out work here," replied the artist after a moment's reflection, "that would sell for a couple of hundred dollars around the corner. When you are moving around town be particular to observe the paintings on safe doors and see if you don't agree with me."—New York Star.

### Changes in Parisian Habits.

It is curious to remark how greatly Parisian habits have changed since the war, and how few, and that, too, not a little owing to Anglomania. Outdoor exercise is all the rage nowadays, particularly riding and driving, and from 9 to 11 in the morning the Bois de Boulogne is the rendezvous of the prancers and piffleuses, who, after their morning tob (Anglican, bug), take a drive in their bogies (Anglican, buggies) or in their spezial, which we pronounce spider. But that is a detail.

The grave thing is that those gentlemen and ladies "very selected" get up early and go to bed early, and the consequence is that they do not go to the theatre so much as formerly, and, above all, they do not care any longer about first rights. For that matter the managers of the fashionable theatres are now much exercised to know how to arrange their programmes for the Parisian dinner hour is getting later and later and the bed hour earlier and earlier. At home few people dine before 7:30; at dinner parties one does not sit down to table much before 8 o'clock; what time remains for the theatre? Either one must dine exceptionally early or else arrive in the middle of the fourth act. At the Opera things are managed better. By tacit agreement some old opera is performed for the benefit of the foreigners and country cousins, and then toward 11 o'clock the ballet begins for the benefit of the subscribers, who drop in about that hour, and many of whom have never heard the overture or even the first two acts of any opera of the repertoire. Nor are they any prouder or happier on that account. But still this state of affairs is unsatisfactory, and the theatrical managers feel uneasy in consequence.—Paris Cor. London World.

### The Boy and the Elephant.

Many years ago one of the most famous elephants that traveled in this country was Old Columbus. During one of his summer trips through Virginia he stopped at the town of D—. In the neighboring town of H— a boy, familiarly called Dave and notorious for leadership in all kinds of mischievous tricks, determined to show off before the other boys at Old Columbus' expense, and invited several of his companions to go with him.

Having come to the elephant's stable Dave gave him first candy, then cake, and then finally cried: "Now boys! and all up with piece of tobacco in his prostrator, intending to get out of danger and enjoy Old Columbus' disgust and anger."

But before he could move Columbus seized him and whirled him upward through the opening overhead against the roof of the stable.

Thrust by his unexpected rise Dave dropped on the hay now. The other boys below, supposing this to be the trick promised them, cried out in admiration: "Dave, Dave, do that again!"

"Dave, Dave, do that again!" Dave, comfortably seated out of harm's way, very earnestly answered: "No, boys! I only do that trick once a day."—Youth's Companion.

### A Million Postage Stamps.

Within the last year hundreds of benevolent people were actually busy begging for cancelled stamps in order to obtain admission for an old lady in a Philadelphia "home" by a German town physician took the matter in charge, and it was understood that when the necessary 1,000,000 had been collected they were to be handed over by his wife to a friend, who was to give them to another friend, who was to give them to a third, who knew some one who would arrange with somebody else for the old lady's final reception. The craze spread so far that packages of stamps arrived by every mail from New York, Washington, Chicago and Boston. Little schoolgirls and fashionable young women vied with each other in their eagerness to aid this good work, and half the requisite number had actually been scraped together before it began to dawn on people's minds that the only possible use that any "home" could make of 1,000,000 stamps would be to sell them for old paper.

Then an enterprising Philadelphia reporter undertook to hunt up the old lady, whose name was Peterman, and having found her, had the pleasure of hearing from her own lips that she had no idea of going into any institution at all.—Harper's Young People.

### A STEERAGE TRIP.

INTERESTING EXPERIENCE OF A PASSENGER WHO TRIED IT.

What the Steerage is Like—A Bit of Rough Weather—An Aggregation of Odors—A Bed on Deck—How Meals Were Served.

The berths in the steerage are not reserved; they are free, and the custom of leaving the baggage in them, denoting that they are taken, is not regarded. The usurper coolly throws out the first occupant, bedding, tins and baggage, not caring if they are injured or not, then falls asleep and does not awaken until its first possessor finds another place. Some one quietly appropriated mine and had thrown my tins in an adjoining bunk. All were found except that indispensable article, my bright iron spoon, which was either lost or taken to complete some one else's outfit. The stewards are good fellows and will give extra accommodations for a dollar or two. They will wash the tins for the small sum of \$1, and will place in your berth free of charge.

One of the difficulties of a steerage passenger is to dress and undress. The usual way is to hang the pants and set the shirt, jump into them and quickly grasp hold of the planks to keep from being thrown against the sides of the boat when it makes a lurch. Another way is to kneel, but many a head was bumped against the iron beams when the person arose to fix his suspenders. Nearly all, however, went to bed without undressing.

"Don't imagine," said the separate in the same part of the boat, and all became acquainted in a short time. They were engaged on busy conversations, and the different languages poured out in a torrent, which never ceased except when the boat gave a lurch, and then only for a moment. Dirty faced children, with their cries and screaming, added to the melody of sounds. I quarreled with myself for going steerage, but it was too late. With a sigh of regret I went on deck. The water was calm and beautiful; a pleasant breeze was blowing and the ride was enjoyable.

Toward night the water became rougher and the boat began to rock. Many began to experience dizziness and unpleasant feeling, which constantly grew worse. In a short time the gentle laughter and sweet songs had suddenly changed. I looked around. There was scarcely a woman on deck, and the men had well nigh deserted it. Lemons and oranges were in demand. The bar was profitably patronized. The countenances became a few hours before were bright and happy were now pale and troubled. I paced the deck, as did many others, in the bracing air, with the hope of driving away the miserable feeling. It was in vain. I had to give up. All had stopped walking and had taken their seats on the railing, and were gazing earnestly at the water. They may have been looking at the phosphorescent light, but I doubt it. We were made worse by the combined odors of carbolic acid, chlorate of lime (which was thrown around profusely), new paint, tar and grease, and other things known to those who travel on ships. 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