

The Position of the Library in the Community.....

To those who in 1901 and 1902 organized the Lydia Brunn Woods library, it will always hold a position of prime importance. They put into all the arrangements their best efforts. They planned not for one year, nor two, but for all the future. The building was made plain but substantial. Every detail was carefully studied with one aim in view—to make the library of the greatest good to the greatest number.

The work of the first book committee meant hours of hard labor, even after using all help attainable. That their work was well done has been noted many times by the satisfied readers who have found "just what we were looking for."

To these few at the time of the opening, the library had a large meaning, marking a definite step in the intellectual development of the town, but to the community at large it was experimental. It meant every thing intellectually good to those who had worked to make it possible, but it was still not much more than a name to many. It had no standing whatsoever for them.

After a while there came a time when it seemed that some aggressive measures were necessary to put the library where it should be in the public mind. Then the members of the Woman's clubs made a house to house canvass and told all the town people about the institution and did their best to make it of importance to every one. The results were astounding, and in less than two months the library began to assume its rightful place in the community. But for the club women it had already been attained, for their work had shown them the great empty places which only good books could fill. And since then, for these women, the library has been one of the indispensable things to the town.

The working principle of all libraries is "The library is an integral part of public education." The librarian, with the help of the teachers, set about making this real to the pupils in the schools. The narrow outlook on subjects as treated in text books has given way to the broader outlook on the same subjects as treated in well written books and magazines. A few hard dry facts are no longer considered a sufficient knowledge of a subject, for the means of clothing those dry bones with living flesh of the best thought is at hand. And for the teachers and pupils the library takes its place.

Finishing or stopping school is not finishing or stopping education. Some one has called the public library the poor man's university. It is the means by which many continue their education even after finishing the university. To these it is an institution of higher learning, and is used as such.

Not so very many years ago, little children were controlled, made to mind, learn their "three R's" and keep still. Nothing was done for their pleasure intellectually for they were not supposed to have any. But in these days of free kindergartens and libraries, the little child assumes a vast place in the scheme of things. Books have been written about and for him. Pictures are made for his edification, and whose sections of the library are given over to them, that the small person may know and enjoy the best in his youthful world. Perhaps to no one else does the library hold so high a place as in the life of the little boys and girls.

But if a library has become of importance only to these

special individuals because of their special interests, it has failed to live up to its name. A public library is a library for the public and according to Webster the public is "all the people collectively or in general of a particular community." Until every person in that public knows and uses the library, it does not stand as it should in the town. With this end in view, an effort is made to buy books to interest the business man, the lawyer, the student along scientific lines, the traveler, the housekeeper and who-soever cares to read.

So if a library fulfills its mission it holds a well defined position in the community, as a part of the educational plan and intellectual development. Its kind and importance depends upon the individual. It is not of a relative standing, to be compared with other institutions, but is standing of utility, and is dependent upon the use to which it is put by the public.

LOIS SPENCER.

MISS GEORGE'S CHRISTMAS

Happy Memory of a Season When She Did Not Write One Glad Holiday Story.

G H, my happiest Christmas! I did not then realize it, but I recall it now with a radiant glow of delight. It was my first season upon the stage. I was only a novice, one day soaring upon the buoyant wings of boundless ambition; the next plunged in an abyssal depth of doubt, despair and self-depreciation. It was a very tiny part that had fallen to me. The compensation was but sufficient for the barest necessities. The route bristled with all the horrors of the one-night stands.

At midnight, huddled, miserably worn, dejected, and wretched, in the waiting room of a country station, listening in vain for the whistle of a belated train, I confess to a sudden flood of tears. What a mockery this Christmas day had been. Even the chimes had sounded like the tolling of a funeral knell. The cheerless discomforts of a cheap hotel, the unsavory, sullenly served travesty upon a Christmas dinner, the cold chill of a shabby, musty dressing room, the added toil of an extra matinee for a mere handful of people, and now the hungry wait for an accommodation train of dingy day coaches.

That was all Christmas had meant to me. Iowa was blizzard swept. Mails were delayed and tangled wires hung useless in gathering snowdrifts. No message of cheer, no souvenir of remembrance, had come to any of us. Our hollow, half-hearted exchange of Christmas greeting had carried no conviction. We were only strolling vagabonds, outside the pale of sympathy, debarred from the domestic joys of living, mere dispirited rainbow chasers, with success ever mockingly elusive.

But as I recall it all now, I am submerged by a great wave of passionate, longing regret, for I know that such a Yuletide will never come to me again while I am upon the stage. It was my happiest Christmas, because the first and only one, since I began to tread the thorny and tortuous path of my profession, that I have not been called upon to write a Christmas story.

GRACE GEORGE.

Speak as you think; be what you are; pay your debts of all kinds.—Montfort.

TOMMY AS GOOD AS A CHART.

Nurse Had No Trouble Remembering Time for His Medicine.

A Boston physician tells a story of a youngster of his own that an over-strenuous vacation had put on the sick list. The father had an appropriate prescription filled, and left the bottle with the child's mother. As she, however, is very forgetful, he gave her a chart, and suggested that she set down the hours when the medicine should be given, checking off each dose as taken. Upon returning from his evening calls, however, he found the chart blank.

"Good gracious, Mary," he exclaimed; "surely you haven't failed to give Tom his medicine?"

"Oh, no. I did not miss a single time," his wife assured him.

"How in the world did you remember it without the chart?" he asked.

She smiled.

"That was easy. I just told Tom this morning at what hours he was to have it, and half an hour before each time he would begin hallooing that he wouldn't take it."

Good Nature.

The man who is always complaining that people are imposing on his good nature is pretty sure to have a hazy idea of what good nature is.

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Before You Decide Where and What to Buy for Christmas

Some New Ideas in Overcoats

Out-of-the-Ordinary Designs and Styles in Sincerity
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A PARENTLY the clothing world has gone crazy over "freak" styles. You see lots of them on the street that you wouldn't have for a gift, and yet there are a great many styles that come

under this classification that are highly attractive. It depends upon how much care you take in making your selection. We have plenty of styles that are out-of-the-ordinary; take this "*Grenadier*" Coat, for instance, shown on the left. In medium brown color; this is one of the most striking coats we have ever seen or sold. Other colors equally as good. The *Ulster* known as the "*Columbia*," shown at the



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