

given rise to very wide and general discussions that will increase in volume and weight until the Milwaukee Biennial, and bids fair to give rise to as diverse opinions as the discussion of the per capita tax at the Denver Biennial.

The following account of the somewhat contradictory actions taken by the Worcester Club in the past is from the Western Club Woman:

Naturally the Worcester Club has brought upon itself some criticism, and it is especially cited against its present stand that six years ago it opposed state federation. This is a rather small charge, since the federation exists, among other things, for the purpose of helping women to acquire the courage to change their minds. On the other hand, having remained out of the state federation for five years, because it did not wait to be organized by the General Federation, it would certainly have been wise and saved a little friction had it taken its proposed changes to the next Biennial, where they can be acted upon, or to the proper authorities in the General Federation board, rather than to its own chairman of State Correspondence.

In replying to the resolutions, the club is advised to lay them before the council meeting of presidents and officers of clubs to be held in Philadelphia the first three days in June. Undoubtedly there will be a prolonged discussion of this subject at that time.

Already there has been a committee, of which Mrs. Platt, Mrs. Philip Moore and Mrs. Emma Fox are the members, to define the relative positions of the state presidents and state chairman of correspondence, for while the president may be much in her own state, laboring indefatigably for the federation, in the National organization, hitherto, she has been of quite secondary importance compared to the chairman of correspondence. It has been said the only place where state presidents have a hearing is in the department devoted to them by Miss Winslow, in "The Club Woman."

It would certainly simplify and unify club work if the delegates to the Biennial were from states, rather than from clubs, and certainly there is no fairness in giving exactly the same privileges to a club of ten that are given to a club of a thousand. If the per capita tax prevails this unfairness will be more glaring.

On the other hand, there are clubs that oppose state federation. This question is now being agitated in California, and it is possible that state may inaugurate the change desired by those who find the present organization unwieldy.

There is a strong sentiment in the Philadelphia clubs in favor of reorganization under which "the number of delegates could not exceed a rational limit, and no state could fail to find the 'floor' when desirable." In the meantime clubs will find much to consider, and those whose representatives expect to be at the council will do well to discuss all phases of the subject before the June meeting.

Mrs. John C. Printup, of Rome, Ga., is president of the Library Board of Trustees in that city. A new lecture hall for this library has just been finished, which will seat about 300 persons. The entire amount necessary for the building of the hall was solicited by Mrs. Printup and Mrs. John H. Reynolds from the business men of Rome. Arrangements have been made to keep the library open in the evening, and to give men and boys an opportunity of reading there.

In our zeal to establish traveling libraries all over the land we may lose sight of some very important stationary libraries that are being established by large monied companies for the benefit of their employes. The one established by the Metropolitan Street Railway Company,

of New York, is typical of the class, hence we append the following description from the Herald:

"See here," said the librarian, "you're way behind schedule on that 'Hamper-ton's Intellectual Life.' It costs you two cents a day for overtime. Two weeks today you've had it."

The librarian of the Metropolitan Street railway was speaking. He was formerly a motorman, and now he has charge of the books stored in the top loft of the company's "barn" at Seventh avenue and Fiftieth street. I had heard about this library, and I looked over the catalogue and found all manner of books under the sun except those which you and I would suppose conductors, motormen, and gripmen would read.

"Hamerton is pretty good," said the librarian. "A fellow gets carried beyond his power once in a while, though—has to get some one to push him along to the next circuit."

Literature is cultivated for its own sake in the barn. The men are furnishing their own toplofts with all manner of thoughts. The library was the selection of a literary young man attached to the forces of the company. H. H. Vreeland, the president, evolved the idea of the library, and the young man selected the books. The librarian was elected by the men, and he is gradually getting "broken in" as they say of green motormen. He dresses in the regulation uniform and handles books as though he were ringing up fares. He does not say much, but he is a keen student of human nature and has a book ready for every emergency.

"Hello, Smithson!" he observes to the newly arrived gripman. "Had a short tripper, eh? How about trying 'Around the World in Eighty Days?'"

"No, young man," he remarks to the sallow youth who inquires for the books of a popular authoress, "we haven't any of them Libby books. No, take it all back. Libby—Libby—'History of Libby Prison.' Don't want that? Now, if education and culture cut any ice with you I'd give you this 'Farthest North,' where they don't have any icehouses."

"How's that?" he asks of a new comer. "Had two collisions? Ran over a newsboy? Tough, wasn't it? Don't get excited."

The librarian takes from the shelves the "Reflections of Marcus Aurelius"

"Try that," he advises, "and if it doesn't suit your case here's another by a man by the name of a Kempis."

"Say, Jenkins," remarks the sympathetic librarian, as a broad-shouldered conductor enters the library, "hear a fellow fell off your car the other day and broke his leg. Better read up a little in case the company has you called as a witness."

"Thanks," remarks the conductor, laconically. A moment later I noticed him perusing Darwin's "Descent of Man."

There is no gainsaying the quality of literature with which the company fills the mow of its barn. All that the employes have to do is to devour the intellectual pulchrum in proportion to their needs.

Darwin, Huxley, Spencer appear upon the list. History, fiction, poetry—no department is neglected. If someone tells the conductor that he is a Chesterfield he comes to the librarian to find out how badly he has been maligned. The librarian could not find any Chesterfields in the back of the dictionary, so he wrote a letter to the young literary man down town. In the course of a few days "Lord Chesterfields Letters to His Son" were added to the collection. The gripmen read up on the history of the Transatlantic cables and the motormen wish to know all about Keely. The conductors feel the electrical currents of learning and the non-conductors, the gripmen and the motormen take up the ideas.

"How did you happen to make such a remarkable selection of books?" I ask-

ed the library young man the other day.

"Well," he replied, "theoretically you may think I showed very little discrimination, but I tell you the results have justified my ideas. At first the men were a little afraid of this library. Then when they saw that it wouldn't hurt them they began to use it, and they are availing themselves of it with every month. The other day a motorman asked who we didn't have 'Quo Vadis.' We sent down and got two copies. There were inquiries for the 'Choir Invisible' and we telephoned to the bookstore and had it sent right up to the barn. They've got Kipling's 'Jungle Books' and 'Stevenson's 'The Wreckers.' They have Dickens and Scott. There is fiction in the library—good fiction, and plenty of it. The conductors see passengers reading 'Mr. Dooley in Peace and War.' They ask us about it and they get copies for the library. They can borrow the books for two weeks. The families get the benefit of them. It would surprise you to see how many books on electricity and railroad management this library maintains.

We are all loyal to Uncle Sam, and are bound to speak up promptly whenever his government is assailed, and are equally prompt to smile when some ape displays a desire to be "quite English you know." Yet when we contrast England's postal system with that of the United States we must confess an admiration for the former and impatience with the slow progress of the latter. Though there is much in common between the mother country and the United States, still this country is far behind England in her postal system. The English government owns her postal savings banks, postal telegraphs, and parcel post, while the people of the United States are at the mercy of rich corporations who own these lines and who continue to grow fat on their valuable franchises, preventing with their long pocket books any legislation tending toward government ownership. Under the postal laws of England a telegraph message of twelve words, including address and signature, goes for one cent a word and is delivered from any postoffice without any extra fee. Express matter is carried at an average rate of three cents a pound, and yet there is a handsome yearly revenue obtained from the English postoffice. Of course longer distances and more sparsely settled communities in large portions of the United States must make considerable difference in the ratio of revenue and expenditure, still that affords no reason for denying the American public the benefits to be derived from government ownership of these enterprises. The English government is about to add to its postoffice department a telephone system at an expense of \$10,000,000. Telephonic communication will be established throughout the United Kingdom with low rates. The government will take the lines of the present telephone trust at a fair valuation, and the long suffering public will be delivered from its extortion. These are great and wonderful reforms, and should be agitated in every country, and "the land of the brave and the free" should be the last one to supinely submit to merciless corporations. Earnest, determined, persistent agitation is the only means through which such reforms can be secured, and a long pull and a strong pull and a pull altogether will bring it.

Of the making of clubs there is no end. The latest of which we have heard is called the "Society for the Study of Life." From its constitution I judge that its members are the most direct, of the direct lineal descendants of the most puritanical, of the puritan fathers—and mothers. They agree "never, either in fun or earnest, to say or imply anything to the children save the truth."

Poor children! The time has come for you to cry aloud for protection from cruelty. Would they rob you of your belief in a veritable Santa Claus? Must you never revel in the tingle and jingle of the rhymes of Mother Goose? Must the fairy tales of Grimes and Anderson be banished with them, and all that bright world of unreal things which so delights the little ones? This is too much. Some one has said "we shall soon need a society to protect us from societies." The formation of this literal minded association would seem to indicate that that time had come. And that common sense should again be seated on the throne of reason. When these would be very wise students of life, have studied life closely enough they will find that young minds never expand more beautifully or rapidly than when carried along on the wings of imagination. That the imagination is a God given faculty, to be cherished, fostered, encouraged as one of the elements in the child's make up, through which parents may keep the close hold of their child which in time develops into the most complete confidence and companionship. The imaginative child can create a world of beauty and love for itself no matter how sordid its surroundings. It is the imaginative children who swell the ranks of our authors, artists, musicians, and optomists.

That reminds me that I saw a new title for optomists the other day, B. T. M. B. T. M., which put in plain English means Brotherhood of Those Who Make the Best of Things Mundane.

The sales of "David Harum," the book which Edward Noyes Westcott wrote on his death bed continues too be phenomenal says the New York Times. The original of the character was Dave Harum, a well known resident of the village of Homer, where Westcott's father once lived. The residents readily recall Harum who died in 1892, "Billy P." who personates William P. Randall of Cortland, and other figures in the book. Harum was a powerfully built man though only five feet six inches tall, and a master hand at horse training and horse swapping. His first enterprise in life was when he set out with a pair of "horse frames" and a wagon load of buck stoves to sell. He returned with the stoves all sold, and a splendid team, the result of successive trades in horse flesh, beginning with the two old scare crows,

The Hall in the Grove met last week with Mrs. F. S. Stein. The following officers for next year were elected: President, Mrs. T. H. Leavitt; first vice president, Mrs. Zara Wilson; second vice president, Mrs. F. N. Gibson; secretary and treasurer, Miss Mary Watson. A program committee composed of Mrs. Stein, Mrs. M. H. Garten, and Mrs. H. M. Bushnell was appointed. The subject for next year will be "Italy and Her Art." The usual custom of devoting about half of the time of the meeting to the discussion of the leading topics of the day will be followed. The hour of the meeting was changed from evening to afternoon. The gentlemen will retain their memberships and an occasional evening meeting will be held for their benefit. The chairman of the program committee requests that members who were not present yesterday and who wish to work next year will notify her at once.

The Social Literary Club of Crete has just finished its fourteenth year of study. Though its plan of work presumes an individual preparation in two lines of work each fortnight, the past year has been one of the most profitable ever undertaken. One hour each meeting has been given to studies in Browning, principally of the shorter poems. This work will be continued the coming year and probably for several years, as was the course