



How to Cover Books.

MANY persons regard books as among their choicest possessions, and handle them with loving care, but who can refuse to lend a book? and who knows what treatment it may receive in strange hands? Innumerable hundreds of nicely bound books are received annually into the homes all over our land, and are read, handled, passed from one to another, borrowed and lent, until in many cases, when their owners welcome them back again—if they be so fortunate as to do so—scarcely a vestige of beauty is left in the bindings that were once so tasteful and pretty with their flashes of color and glints of gold. Books in dull, worn and soiled covers are all that are left to take their places on the bookshelves.

The best way to preserve books that are to be much read is to cover them before they are ever used; with thick, soft, firm paper cover them so closely that no exposed edges are left to wear out, and so neatly that even the careless will see that they must respect the protecting paper and let it be.

Once learn to cover a book in a neat and lasting manner, and form the habit of covering every newly acquired book before it is handled at all, and one

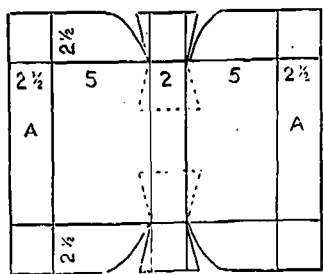


FIG. 1.

has accomplished something for which he will be thankful as long as he lives to prize the collection of fresh, nice-looking books thus rescued from dullness and tatter.

If boys and girls would begin to save the books they own, would learn to cover them securely, label them with their titles on the back with pen and ink, and number them in the order in which they were acquired, they soon would be surprised to see what a nice beginning of a library they would have, and what fresh interest in it every new book would arouse. Such a collection often forms the nucleus of a large and valuable library.

A young boy to whom it had hardly occurred that he was the owner of a dozen books was advised by his mother to begin a library. In some surprise at the idea he counted up his books, and found that he had nineteen.

Then he was told by his father that when he had twenty-five books, all nicely covered and kept, he should have a neat little book-case. This stimulated him both to increase the number of his books, and to cover them as soon as he had them.

This was several years ago; it seemed a small affair at the time, but the little library thus commenced now numbers over one hundred volumes, and its wide-awake, well-informed owner says its formation and growth has brought him more pleasure than all the rest of his possessions combined. It aroused a desire to obtain books that were worth keeping, and stimulated an ambition to earn the means of procuring some of them; the knowledge

thus gained and the efforts made will influence for good his future life.

Are there not many children and young people among the readers of MASSEY'S ILLUSTRATED, who, if encouraged by a little help from their elders, would like to start a library for themselves? If so, the first thing to do, after collecting every book owned at all worthy of preservation, is to get a supply of thick, firm wrapping paper—like that used on the books in public libraries, or by tailors for large heavy packages; having that, a pair of scissors, a tape-measure, a pencil and a rule, we are ready for work.

We will select a medium sized book on which to make our experiments; one eight by five, and an inch and a half thick, will do. We wish the paper to fold over two inches and a half inside the book-

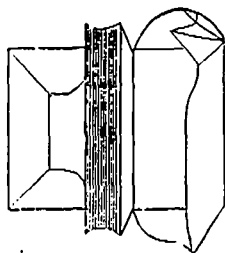


FIG. 2.

cover, so, drawing the tape-measure around the book from side to side across the back, and allowing it to project two inches and a half beyond both front edges, we find it takes seventeen inches—the measurement shown by the lines extending from right to left across Fig. 1.

Measuring the book lengthwise, allowing two inches and a half at top and bottom, we find thirteen inches are required—as shown by the perpendicular lines of the same figure; therefore from a corner of one of our large sheets of paper we cut a piece measuring seventeen by thirteen inches, and, with the rule and pencil, proceed to mark it off into portions according to Fig. 1, which plainly shows just where and how to shape the rounded corners and the ends of the two-inch back piece.

To fit the cover to the book, turn in the ends of the back piece as shown by the dotted lines, lay the open book, face upward, directly in the centre; fold the portions marked A over to the inside of the covers; close the book and crease the two front edges so they will remain smooth in position; lay the book down, turn one cover back, push the square corners of the paper in between the book cover and the paper over it, and crease it down, when it should

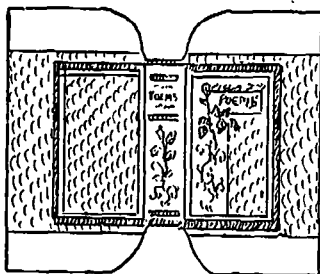


FIG. 3.

look like the upper right-hand corner of Fig. 2. The lower corner on the same side shows the same work; it has been loosened and drawn out to show how it is folded and creased; when replaced, the point is to be slipped back outside the cover. The projecting flaps now left at top and bottom are to be folded inward, and smoothly creased down, when the finished cover will look like that at the right of Fig. 2. Treat the other side of the book in the same way, and the cover is completely adjusted; write or print the title of the book and the name of

the author in plainly readable letters, upon the back with a coarse pen. The exact measurement, the underfolding at the corners, and the close creasing at the edges all combine to fit the cover so neatly and closely that, after it has been in position a few days, one would almost as soon expect to see the leaves drop out as to find the cover unfolding or slipping off. If for any reason one wishes to secure the cover so that it cannot be removed, the spot marked by short lines at the upper left hand corner of Fig. 2 shows where a bit of paste or mucilage may be applied just before folding in the end.

Having covered one book satisfactorily, the rest may be covered very quickly, let them vary in size as they may, the only difference being in the measurement taken; of course, for small books less than two and a half inches should be turned in, and for very large ones a little more.

Fig. 3 is the same as the opposite or right side of Fig. 1; it shows how the printed paper covers—duplicates of the cover designs—that often accompany new volumes nowadays may be pasted to the outside of the home-made covers if desired, making them stronger and more attractive. Such a cover usually lasts until the volume which it protects has been its rounds as "the latest thing out," and returned "an old story," when it deserves to have its soiled working dress removed (and laid away, to be donned for future journeys) and, with binding fresh and neat, find repose behind the draperies or doors of the bookcase.—*Youth's Companion*.

The Deathless Heart.

The flames ran riot o'er roof and wall
And wrapped the house in a lurid pall.
Through the glare and smoke, through the din and heat,
All eyes upturned in the crowded street
Were filled with pity and yearning fear
For the children thought to be dying there!
Just at the moment of speechless dread,
At an upper window the curly head
Of a girl of twelve in the red light shone,
Her arms in the tenderest fashion thrown
Round her weeping brother of five years old,
And her dark locks blent with his looks of gold!
The people urged her to leap in vain,
While the sparks came down like a fiery rain,
And the boy was dropped 'mid the widening glow
To the haven of outstretched arms below!
The girl rushed back through the eddying smoke
And never a word to the watchers spoke,
But swiftly again to the window came,
A babe in her arms, and her dress aflame!
She wrapped the baby in blankets tight,
And leapt at once with her burden light
To the eager hands that were opened wide,
Fronting the crest of the crimson tide!
The infant, happy and safe at last,
Was quite unharmed by the peril past,
But the sister who saved her, though breathing still,
Was beyond the reach of all mortal skill!
The fire had fed on her cheeks so fair,
Nor left the ghost of a dimple there.
No trace remained of her eyes so bright—
Those marvellous wells of truth and light,
And her hair, where the sunbeams loved to stray,
Like sudden darkness had passed away!
The doctor told her, in gentlest tone,
She must go through the Valley of Death alone,
For his healing art and his wish were vain
To bring her back to the world again!
"Oh! thank you, doctor, but don't mind me,
I know you, sir, though I cannot see.
"I've saved our Bobbie and baby too,—
'Twas almost more than I hoped to do,—
"But now I'm tired and feel some pain,
And I hear a voice like the far-off rain,
"Or is it—because I know He's near—
Oh! tell me, sir, is it Christ I hear?
"Our Saviour will take me to His kind breast
'Where the weary cease'—you know the rest."
With the words unfinished, but smiling said,
The girl sank back on the pillow—dead!
When her body was wrapped in its winding sheet,
'Twas found that the terrible smoke and heat
Had raged and revelled in every part,
But had left unscathed the stainless heart.
The watchers whispered below their breath:
"What a wonderful token of life in death."
And a poet, standing in silence near,
Spoke out in a tremulous voice, yet clear:
"The flame in reverence dared not touch
The loyal heart that had done so much.
"For more than all triumphs of earthly art
Is one grand deed of a deathless heart."

WILLIAM H. HAYNE, in *Youth's Companion*.