

VALUABLE INFORMATION

Relative to Carnegie Library Received From Member of Vancouver's Board in Reply to Letter Asking for Suggestion Sent by Board of Control.

The following communication was received by the board of control of the public library in reply to a letter asking for information regarding the Carnegie library at Vancouver which has recently been completed.

The communication is from a member of the board of library commissioners of Vancouver and contains some very valuable information and suggestions regarding the building and maintenance of the library and is as follows:

Vancouver, Feb. 12th, 1908.
A. Allaire Jones, Esq.,
Dawson.

Dear Sir,—Mr. Townley has handed your letter of Jan. 23rd re Carnegie library matters, to me, to answer which I do personally and unofficially.

I regret I am unable to send you a copy of the city bylaw re election of commissioners as it was only last week changed and has not yet been published, but the gist of the new by-law is as follows:

(1) Two aldermen and five persons are appointed by the city council to form board, to act until successors are appointed.

(2) To be elected annually after election of council.

(3) The board to appoint their own officers and committees.

(4) The board to meet once a month, and as many more times as they deem fit. Notices always to be sent to members.

(5) If a member misses two monthly meetings his seat is considered vacant and successor appointed by the council.

(6) Board has power to engage and dismiss any officials necessary to run library.

(7) Board has power to buy books, papers, magazines, maps, publications etc., and to sell same.

(8) Full statistical report to be made to council every year.

(9) Vouchers signed by chairman of the board, secretary and chairman of committee to be cashed on sight by city treasurer to extent of appropriation. (This is something new. The board used to appoint own treasurer and have separate bank account into which city appropriation was put from time to time in \$500 to \$1000 as required. I think this is the proper plan.)

(10) Board makes its own rules and regulations for government, and regulation of reading room and lending library to suit circumstances.

(11) Appropriation not to exceed \$5000.

This is all there is in the bylaw. You will find \$2500 a year a very small allowance to run on. We pay librarian \$85 a month; he acts as secretary to the board. Two ladies \$30 and \$35, janitor \$15 for lighting and sweeping only—staff keep

the train had a passenger who was minus a ticket, for the huge djinn floated out of the lamp's neck and curled and waved behind the train as if it were trying to rival the smoke from the engine.

"What do you want?" said he crossly. "Hurry up, for this motion is making me ill."

The djinn was probably five or six thousand years old and yet he had never before ridden on a train.

Harry had a fellow feeling for him as he was apt to be train sick himself and so he wished his wish as quickly as possible.

"I want a splendid pair of horses and an A No. 1 carriage to meet me at Metuchen Corners. Oh, and have somebody to hold 'em, but I want to drive, you know. And I want 'em to be faster than any automobile."

"Enough," said the djinn, turning deathly pale throughout his whole dusky sinuous length. "It shall be as you desire, but call me no more on these moving houses, for the motion is intolerable."

So saying the djinn vanished, and Harry, taking his lamp, went back into the car.

The train now seemed to creep, so anxious was Harry to see his new possession. But at last the cars be-

gan to slacken their speed and the station came in sight and there stood two mettlesome chestnut horses champing their bits, tossing their heads, switching their beautiful long tails—for of course they had not been docked, that being a barbarity reserved for civilization—and pawing the ground in impatience to be off. An Arab sheik was standing at their heads, but there was no one in the carriage.

Harry hurried off the train in great excitement and almost ran into his Cousin Sam.

"Hello, Sam. I've come to spend Sunday. Did you drive down?"

"No," said Sam. "Father was using both horses for ploughing. I came down in Asaph's ox cart. Do you mind riding back in it?"

"Wouldn't mind most any day but this, but I know something a heap better than that."

fires going during day. Library open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., books issued from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m., and 10 a.m. to 9 p.m. on Saturdays. Open on Sunday afternoon in winter for which special attendant is put on at I think \$1 a Sunday.

The magazine and newspaper bills come to about \$400 per annum. There is light and fuel which will be big items with you, and insurance on books.

I do not think you will have anything left to purchase books when you have paid these bills. Would suggest you ask the city for light and fuel before they consider the cost. City also to undertake all repairs and insurance of building. City should supply all furniture and give special grant to start lending library.

Re payment of grant. These payments are made in \$5000 lots. When builder is entitled to \$5000 or has done about \$6000 of work, a request signed by chairman of board and treasurer is sent to Mr. Franks for \$5000 together with architect's certificate of value of work done, and about one week later than return of post you will receive cheque for amount in current New-York funds which the banks here have cashed without discount.

A joint committee consisting of three aldermen and three library commissioners (not the aldermen) have charge of building operations here.

The money was at first sent to Harry's board, but some of the aldermen thought they ought to handle it, so it now goes through city hall.

You will find it more satisfactory to let the library board have the money; the aldermen do not give the necessary attention to this work and do not thoroughly understand the needs of the library.

Re the building. In my opinion the Vancouver library is too heavy and dark for a first class library—too much partition work inside. Have all the light you can, skylight and side lights. Don't have rooms too high. Don't have a lecture room; they are not a success in a small building—too much disturbance to those who want to read. Don't allow the reading room to become a sleeping place for loafers and drunks. If you have a games room don't have it next the reading room. Have librarian's office or lending counter central so that the person in charge can see everybody coming in, and also overlooking reading room if possible. This is most essential.

Have good ventilation to reading room and have metal shelving for books.

I cannot think of any other important point at present moment but will be pleased to give or obtain further information if required.

Yours truly,
S. M. EVELEIGH.

HARRY'S ROADSTERS TALE OF THE UGLY BRASS LAMP.

It was the first of the month, and as it happened to fall on a Saturday Harry Munn took his lamp with him and went to spend Sunday with his Aunt Sarah's at Metuchen Corners.

He had no clear idea as to what he should do about the djinn when he had summoned him. He was very much of a boy and generally wished on the spur of the moment, else he might have gone about the thing systematically and wished for a regular Rockefeller fortune at once. However, he continued to get more fun out of his wishes than most people do out of a fortune.

He had to go by train to the Corners and at one of the stations he saw a very handsome coach and pair, and it suddenly struck him that he would like to be met by just such an equipage—only he could get along without a driver who would simply be in the way. He preferred to do his own driving.

Now, in order to have the horses and carriage waiting for him when he arrived at his destination he must call the djinn then and there.

He took his precious brass lamp and went out on the rear platform of the last car. Then he took out his handkerchief and rubbed the lamp in the usual fashion and in a moment

red motor wagon of the French kind, those terrors to horses and pedestrians. Its owner and his chauffeur were just about starting for Philadelphia, having stopped at the road house for luncheon.

"Race yer," yelled Harry, drawing rein.

You should have seen the contemptuous smile on the face of the automobilist.

He was one of those fellows who never turned out for anyone. He had never been beaten in a road race and he never expected to be and he did not care a rap for anyone except T. Bailey-Chubb, which was his peculiar name.

Harry came to a full stop and told Mr. T. Bailey-Chubb that he would give him a start as he didn't want to be too hard on him. You know the way a saucy boy can talk to a man older than himself.

But T. Bailey-Chubb would not deign to speak to the boy. He did wonder what so young a fellow was doing with so fine a pair of horses, but he was not the man to bandy words with an ordinary boy. Why, his ancestors had been rich for nearly two generations.

Harry winked at Sam and held his horses in until T. Bailey-Chubb, working the machine himself, had gotten about a quarter of a mile start. The boy wound the reins around his hands and, saying to Sam, "Just you watch 'em and hold fast, he touched the horses lightly with his whip. If he had been twenty-four instead of twelve he might have hesitated about using the whip.

Well, both horses evidently felt insulted at getting such a strong hint that they were not satisfying their master, and their ears twitched angrily. Then they just flung out their legs and rushed through the landscape like a whirlwind. Not all at once, but very steadily they came upon the red automobile.

Mr. T. Bailey-Chubb had of course forgotten them. His eyes were straight ahead and he was looking for autos to overtake and beat, for he was going at a forty-mile-an-hour gait. But his man happened to look over his shoulder and—wonder of wonders! there was the span of horses overtaking them as if they were standing still. He told Mr. T. Bailey-Chubb—and that gentleman gave one glance over his shoulder and put on no more power.

But it was no use. Harry's horses were the fastest that ever trod the

earth and in less than two minutes he passed the red motor-wagon like a streak, yelling as he did so in boy fashion.

"You ought to get a fast machine."

Mr. T. Bailey-Chubb forgot his riches and used unpardonable words and pushed his machine to the limit and for a brief moment he held his own with the horses, but Harry leaned over and spoke to them and they began to go as if they were trying to beat a comet.

Just then they came to a turn in the road and Harry swept out of sight of the other man. Seeing several vehicles ahead he slackened up and waited for his late opponent to come around the turn.

But he did not come.

"Guess he's had an accident," said Sam and the boys turned and went back.

They found Mr. T. Bailey-Chubb dropping out of a tree while his man was scrambling out of a pool of water. The machine was a heap of rubbish.

Harry expressed a good deal of sympathy for T. Bailey-Chubb because he was a sympathetic boy, as the auto-gentleman had been the cause of five runaways directly owing to his disobeying the rules of the road. I do not think he was entitled to much sympathy. Nor did he take it in the right spirit, but used language to the boy that Harry would not have used to any one.

"Come on, Sam," said he at last, a dull red burning in his cheeks.

They got in the carriage which they had left and turned their horses' steps toward Aunt Sarah's.

"Where's my lamp?" suddenly said Harry.

"You didn't have it when you got off the train," said Sam.

"I must have left it on the car," said Harry with a gone feeling at his heart.

"Well, let's drive to Princetonville and ask the conductor when the train comes in."

The suggestion taken, they again turned about and went at top speed for the station which lay some twenty miles away and they actually arrived there five minutes before the train did.

When the train came in Harry made his way to his seat, but there was no lamp. He asked the conductor and the brakeman if they had seen it, and the brakeman said, "Yes, I saw a battered lamp on the seat and I chucked it out of the window as we

were coming into New Brunswick."

Back to New Brunswick drove the boys, and leaving the horses at a livery stable they searched along the railroad bank for the lamp, but they did not find it—then nor at any later time.

If any boy does find it and will send it to Harry Munn he will be suitably rewarded. But the trouble is that if any boy does find it and knows its magic properties he won't need any reward, so Harry's chances for receiving his lamp are slim.

But he still has the horses.

HELPS MANY MEN WHO LOSE RICHES

More than a century and a half ago Alexander Pope wrote of "Humble Allen," who "with conscious shame did good by stealth, and blushed to find it fame." Modern heroes could not easily find inspiration in such a theme. "Humble Allens" are not many nowadays. Charity has become an institution, and like murder, it will out. Philanthropists are sorely distressed to avoid publicity for their benefactions and one cannot endow a refuge for orphans or indigent cats without a noisy flourish from the housetops.

It is curious and somewhat startling, then, to find that right here in Philadelphia has existed for nearly fifty years, without the knowledge of more than a few persons, an association of men devoted to a unique and unostentatious, well-doing. Public ignorance of their enterprise is all the more remarkable from the fact that among these men are some of the wealthiest, most influential and best known citizens of the community.

Included in the membership list are such names as Jay Cooke, N. Parker Shortridge, Lincoln Godfrey, Joel J. Baily, Justus C. Strawbridge, Isaac H. Clothier, John H. Converse, Richard Wood and others of equal standing.

But it is the unusual character of their beneficence that attracts interest. All these men are wealthy—some beyond the dreams of avarice—but their purpose has nothing to do with the amelioration of the condition of the pauper. On the contrary, theirs is a society for the rescue of the decayed millionaire.

They call it the Merchants' Fund Association and the forty-ninth an-

nual meeting was held the other day in a little old room in South Fourth street, away from the clamors of the more pretentious virtues.

In a word, the plan of these kindly old gentlemen is to relieve once wealthy companions of their early days, who have since lost their fortunes or in other ways suffered the vicissitudes of time.

The act of incorporation, dated 1854, says that the object is "to furnish relief to indigent merchants of Philadelphia, and especially those who are aged and infirm," and there is a commentary on the ironic whims of circumstances in the fact that since that time \$300,000 have been paid out in benefits.

In that first year seven merchants were aided at an expenditure of \$1,500, while in the year just passed forty-three beneficiaries were on the roll and \$10,200 were disbursed. Comparison of these figures might afford matter for interesting speculation by the merchant of today more reckless than he of a half century ago, or is it that the number of merchants has increased and, therefore, of course the number of unsuccessful merchants.

More than \$400,000 are now in the invested fund of the organization, and it is almost constantly receiving accretions, so that there is plenty left over for the future, if the supply of unfortunate plutocrats holds out.

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