

guests for a fortnight. Again, in increasing the number of good books, we may utilize the Christmas-gift mania which runs its fierce course at the close of each year. Then countless lace handkerchiefs, embroidered ties, and other forms of art needle work spring to existence and change hands; and all this time an attractive volume of the Everyman's Library may be had for forty cents.

In buying books we may well begin at some center and work out—Shakespeare, of course, as the greatest, or Lowell, to name a charming American—and gradually accumulate what he has written and the best things that have been written about him. And how the appetite grows with what it feeds upon! Then, too, there will be some better books for the lighter moments. Thus, one of the most prominent teachers in the country reads "Treasure Island" regularly two or three times a year and enjoys Jim Hawkins and John Silver with all the zest of an old-time friendship. Again, there will be the clever talk of such clever people

as Arnold Bennett in his "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day," or the brilliant, chatty pages of Samuel Crothers and Agnes Repplier. Furthermore, there will be some books that challenge our best thought, such as a volume of Carlyle or Matthew Arnold. In these days, when many of us take our enjoyment from canned music, the canned theatre, and canned locomotion, it is good for our mental health thus to wrestle each day for a time with some one who calls forth all our powers of mind, as Dr. Johnson felt of Burke. It is good to take some great thought or magic phrase and to ruminate and digest it, and to know that it has become a part of our mental being. Sometimes it may be a few lines from Herrick's "To Daffodils," which may open our eyes to the beauty and meaning of life; sometimes Wordsworth may show us the heavens lying all about us; or Shelley may call us to rise to a finer spiritual ether; and we—do we ever give them audience, or do we spend all of our leisure reading moments upon the Ladies' Home Journal and the Saturday Evening Post?

PREPAREDNESS

It is true that I have been trying to keep out of the schools distinctively military training, but that does not mean that I am opposed to preparedness. On the other hand, I am wishing that the state might conscript everybody to give some service to the state, under a plan of constructive preparedness, commandeer every selfish luxury and waste and indulgence, call to the colors periodically every useful skill and science and art and industry, and compel a general mobilization for the common defense of our ideals, but not alone with the gun. And I am opposed to compelling the boys in school to take the gun end of it except as a final necessity, not because I want them to be spared any hardness or discipline, but because I do not want them to carry into a new generation the idea that this fighting with the gun is the supreme

or only valor or means of patriotic service. We of our generation may have to stain our hands with the blood of our world brothers, but it were better so if we could only let our children build with unstained hands the thing we desire for our beloved country.

For see what we are doing: we talk with patriotic air, we boast of what we'll do and dare, and then—we make the boys prepare to do it. Let us who have the vote put the service upon ourselves and give our boys that basic physical training, nurture of spirit and discipline of mind which will not only enable them to endure hardness but will make them willing and eager to undergo later special training to take our places if need be.—Extract from an address by John H. Finley, New York Commissioner of Education.