

The Evening Times-Star

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SAINT JOHN, N. B., APRIL 21, 1926.

LIBRARIES—HAVE WE FORGOTTEN NEWBOLT'S LESSON?

The Regents of Mount Allison have taken the preliminary steps to erect a \$75,000 library building at Sackville. The library collection there has been increasing rapidly for a generation and it has now outgrown its quarters. More accommodation is urgently needed, if the present rate of progress is to be maintained.

The late Hon. H. R. Emmerson presented Acadia College some fifteen years ago, with a handsome freestone building, expecting it would be sufficient for the then next fifty years. It is already overcrowded with both books and students. Its enlargement is one of the pressing problems before the Board of Governors.

The splendid library of King's College, Windsor, the gift of many benefactors of that institution has by the agreement between Kings and Dalhousie become the property of the latter institution. A portion of the books have already been moved to the Dalhousie Library, Halifax. When the two libraries become consolidated, there is likely to be a large number of duplicates which ought to be available for other libraries.

The Woodstock Library, the splendid bequest of the late L. P. Fisher, is doing excellent service. Last year there were 15,000 calls for books.

A modern up-to-date library is one of the few wants of the University of New Brunswick. The Government Library at Fredericton has served hitherto to check any serious library movement amongst the citizens of the capital, or by the Government of the University.

The Free Public Library of Saint John and the Acadia College Library, Wolfville, are splendidly organized, and well equipped. They are centres of intellectual effort.

Halifax, thirty years ago, was offered a library building by Andrew Carnegie, but as the opinion then held that the value of a library, like a corner grocery, depended upon the exact location, the concept fathers had not yet been able to agree upon a site. Consequently that Imperial City, that boasts of being one of the four great ports of the world and is visited by kings and consuls and high dignitaries from all over the world, cannot receive its distinguished visitors in a palatial library building but often prefers a Barrington street restaurant.

St. Francis Xavier, Antigonish, set itself at work a few years ago to build up a library, and its efforts are meeting with very creditable success. St. Joseph's College, Memramouc, is also gathering a fine collection.

Yarmouth has a town library, the beginning of it being a handsome gift from the late Hon. L. E. Baker. Lawrencetown also has a small but good collection made by the enterprise of a few ladies led by Mrs. (Dr.) Hall, which is doing excellent service. Bridgetown also possesses a growing library. New Glasgow, Sydney and Truro, by private efforts have been furnished with libraries. Amherst, owing to the energy of the late Inspector Laj, possesses an excellent collection of books.

In New Brunswick, the I. O. D. E. at Moncton have instituted a library which has proved so successful that the city contributes \$500 a year to its upkeep. It needs to be greatly enlarged to meet the requirements of the youth—numbering some hundreds—who form the Municipal Club. Their studies in civics cannot proceed very far without technical books. They need and deserve access to a good library.

Finally, it may be said that while a rich man can buy a library, a poor man cannot do so. The great mass of the population, therefore, are dependent upon a public library. Not only is that the case, but a very great many more people need and should have a clearer knowledge of how much a good library can do for them and their families. The people of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia are certainly intelligent, but a great percentage of them would be able to make their lives much more useful if they were brought, particularly in early life, into contact with the liberating and inspiring influences given by books.

In some respects we have too much education—but not the education that is derived from free libraries. We have too much educational machinery, built up upon too extensive a scale for our population, particularly if we give thought to the fact that some parts of the machinery are not well suited to the purposes in hand. It is being improved, of course; but too often false and sudden enthusiasms have led us into the wrong channels. One result is that we have created overhead expenses unwarranted by the real progress made.

One fundamental fact to be kept clearly in mind is that the schools are made for the people, not the people for the schools. Through our neglect and lack of insight we allow too many of our school children to fall into half-witted occupations. We have been outcounted for years by the fact that some of the pupils leave school after

they have completed the early grades, and in attempting to guide that portion into more promising paths we are setting up vocational schools upon a rather ambitious scale. We see the weak spots in our system, but we are slow to correct them, and in trying to better conditions we too frequently overlook the lessons of experience and show too little regard for basic principles.

It is not education that is at fault, but our lack of understanding of the real aims of education as applied to the people at large. We are crying out about the crisis, about our failure to establish and maintain a prosperous agricultural class, about the depravity of a percentage of our boys and girls in both city and country districts. The outcry continues, but intelligent and practical efforts to remove the underlying causes thus far are by no means encouraging.

Let us consider the public library for a moment from the standpoint of the pocket book—divine, provincial or federal. The percentage of educated people who come under the census of the law is comparatively small. It is, in the main, the ignorant and the untutored who make up the population of the poor houses, the jails, the penitentiaries, and the asylums. Crime and poverty cost us infinitely more every year than our expenditures upon education and other preventive measures, large as we find the bills for these enlightened services.

It is a commonplace, therefore, to say that it is a matter of national economy and prudence as well as a vital human service to promote general well being, that ignorance and its grievous consequences should be corrected—in reality prevented rather than corrected—by the best means civilization has yet devised for such purposes. No money could be better expended than that for more free libraries. They give the taxpayer dividends in hard cash, as well as in other more important forms of betterment. There are criminals and failures and misfits who have had the benefit of a liberal education, but they are the exceptions, and the majority by no means numerous, comparatively speaking. Rather the rule is that the educated citizen is the good citizen and needs no policing.

All these principles are so thoroughly recognized that there is scarcely a legislature on this continent north of the Mexican line which has not stimulated the creation of community libraries largely under combined municipal and government control—except the legislatures of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

Ontario and the Western Provinces possess hundreds of free public libraries supported by voluntary taxation with government aid, while the two Maritime Provinces referred to possess only one. The city of Ottawa last year expended more than \$80,000 upon such libraries, but scarcely a dollar or at most a few cents was expended during the same period for this purpose in Nova Scotia or New Brunswick.

Surely inasmuch as many of our legislators, our municipal councillors, and our leaders of thought fully comprehend the basic principles affording guidance in this matter, we should do better—and speedily.

A great many of the conditions of which we have been complaining in the Maritime Provinces can be cured through education, properly understood and properly applied. Sir Henry Newbolt, when he came here rendered us a service far more valuable than we seem to have realized. He reminded us that the real purpose of education was to give us preparation for a useful life, using the word useful in the highest sense. The sailing directions are written large before our eyes, and yet in many respects we either forget or ignore them. The cost of this practice and attitude is heavy. We are constantly paying it, and unless we mend our ways we shall be grossly untrue to this generation and to those which are to follow.

Not long ago the athletic world—of more than one Continent—was worshipping at the shrine of Nurnal, the flying Finn. Today there is a new king in the running world—a modest young gentleman from Cape Breton, one John C. Miles. We should remind ourselves that we have not enough faith in our own stock, and also that, having as the athletic material as can be found anywhere in the world, we should give it a chance to develop. What Canadians have done in the Marathon should inspire us to see that the right number of them are given a real chance to train for the Olympics.

If He Had Any.
(Goderich Signal.)

Florida boasts of filled churches every Sunday, which moves the St. John's Sun to declare: "If we had money, in Florida real estate would pray, too."

When girls were long skirts, they could hardly climb on a street car. Nowadays they have no trouble getting up stairs.

Odds and Ends

The Foolish Ghost

(R. W. Porey in New Statesman.)

By day, my heart is like a market place. Where loud-voiced merchants wrangle, sell, and buy. Where one may never see the self-same face. Twice in the stirring crowd, where tricksters ply, Where little urchins sport upon the ground, And cunning, lean old mendicants abound.

By night the noisy riot of the day is strangely dead. . . . Silenced each merchant's tone. The trickster's boots are dumbly packed away. And all the square is dark, and chill, and lone.

Save for a wistful, foolish ghost, who lingers Of love that passed—and other idle things.

Mr. Shaw and the Censor.

(London Sunday Times.)

"The stuff in the papers is blinding nonsense." Uttered in vigorous tones, this was the characteristic comment of Mr. George Bernard Shaw to a Sunday Times representative yesterday in reference to the published suggestion that the Lord Chamberlain is to be challenged by a few lines which Mr. Shaw is said to have added to "Mrs. Warren's Profession" since the play was licensed for production.

"Every single word that is going to be spoken on the stage will be submitted to and passed by the censor," went on Mr. Shaw. "All this about the censor is perfectly ridiculous so far as I am concerned. I have no intention whatever of doing such a thing. The play has been licensed, and it is not necessary to do anything to the contrary. Why should I try to renew the quarrel?"

"You may state uncompromisingly that everything that is going to be spoken with my consent on the stage and passed by him. Nothing has been added of any significance whatever. 'Of course, you will understand the stage business almost always requires that one or two words should be added here and there to make it sound more natural. These are the only things that have been added.'"

"The play will be produced as it was written, and as it is known to the public and as it has been licensed."

French and English Football.

(London Sunday Times.)

M. F. Bouvier, the French captain, interviewed by the Sunday Times at the close of yesterday's Rugby match at Twickenham, was loud in his praise of English Rugby.

"Your players are still our masters in Rugby," he declared, "and have still a lot to learn from them. With all due respect to the Irish, Scottish and Welsh players, I think the English are the best of the five nations in the handling code—not only do they always play a fair game, but their team work is super-excellent."

"Every player in your team plays to give his side the victory, and not out of culture of fear they created their tyrants. Their unsafe anchorage lay in the late Louis H. Sullivan, famous architect who transformed the ungainly skyscraper into a thing of beauty as well as utility. It is a value for the thinking man's library."

In the history of mankind there are recorded two great invasions, he observed. The first set forth by the Aztecs, to the effect that love is a greater power and more real than vengeance. The second, proclaimed the earth to be a sphere revolving around the sun.

"These affirmations were made in the face of all evidence sacred to the contrary. Who could feed the earth re-voiced? Who could fail to see the sun rise and set? What but blood could satisfy, or an eye for an eye?"

Just Fun

SOME men play golf and others merely walk over the grass.

HENRY FORD has been used for \$11,000,000, and the hard part is that he has the money.

MATCHMAKERS sometimes get their fingers burned.

SHE NEEDS A RAZOR STROP! Geneva had such pretty hair. It really was her glory. "Was" is the verb you have to use. And thereby hangs a story.

When first she thought to cut it off. She cut it to her shoulders. "It is easy combed—her skirts are so. But soon she grew much bolder.

She cut it to below her ears. And wore it soft and fluffy. But soon "was whacked and plastered flat."

Because it looked too fluffy. She shingled it to make it cool. And wore it thus a season. And then acquired "Ponytail" curls. "It's stylish," was her reason.

When Anna Q. was out of date. She slicked it like her brother. She had it that way quite a month. She'd sue now for another.

She simply has no glory left. She's only got one hair cut left—All she can do is share it!

MAY the good Lord deliver us from the folks who are always saying, "Ain't it the truth?"

BEING president of the senate probably isn't so bad if one can enjoy a daytime nap.

A HERO is most any jay, who says to you, "I'll raise your pay."

THE absent minded man jokes are with us again. We are thinking of the man who kissed his shoes good night and put his two daughters under the bed.

A STORE called the "Bee Hive" is where you are liable to get stung.

THE following letter was received recently by a company which manufactures corn syrup:

"Dear Sirs,—Though I have taken six cans of your corn syrup, my feet are no better now than when I started."

Sure Sign of Spring



—From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

POEMS I LOVE

"Recollection," by Anne Reeve Aldrich.

THIS New York poet, who died in 1902, is fast becoming known. I am not saying that the greater portion of what she gave us is invaluable; but certain brief lyrics have a quality that places them above the run of the verse published so promiscuously by ardent publishers and versifiers.

The lines I quote have long remained in my memory, and they refuse to leave me. They are marked by a great gift for contrast; and any poet who has known Love, and the sorrow that usually accompanies it, will be affected by Miss Aldrich's deep feeling—a remembrance to keen that it brings almost a physical pain.

How can it be that I forget
The way he phrased my doom,
When I recall the arabesques
That cupped the room?

How can it be that I forget
His look and men that hour,
When I recall I wore a rose,
And still can smell the flower?

How can it be that I forget
Those words that were the last,
When I recall the time a man
Was whispering as he passed?

These things are what we keep from
Supremest joy or pain;
For memory locks her chaff in bins
And throws away the grain.
(Copyright, 1926.)

THE POWER OF SELF RECOGNITION.

ANCIENT thought found its form in the long self-expression and self-gulphment of the world of mankind is preparing its way for a Third Invasion, the Invasion of the Future.

The world of heart and head is becoming dimly sentient that man in his power is free spirit-creator. The long dream of inverted self is nearing its end. Emerging from the heritage of long self-consciousness and self-phantasy, the world of mankind is stirring. Man's deeds are about to be come conscious deeds in the open. The past shall merge into a new beauty, as we hold steady the world's progress, and recognizing him, rejoices in him and with him, as born to a power.

For man's powers in certitude approach the infinite. They are bewildering—amazing in diversity. They unify their intimate complexity to our view as an equally amazing solidarity, as we hold steady the world's progress, and recognizing him, rejoices in him and with him, as born to a power.

MAN shall find his power in self-recognition. Such is Sullivan's conclusion.

Other Views

MUZZLING MUSSOLINI
(San Francisco Bulletin.)

No one else could muzzle Mussolini, but he can do so himself and has so decided. A wise man. A dictator should never talk. People will accept what he has the power to do, but talking is apt to set them thinking. A dictatorship is a moratorium in democracy and is best preserved by silence. Evidently the fascist premier has been studying American politics. "Watchfulness and silence," his latest slogan, is a counterpart of the feudal thought simplifies into a basic concept of self-delusions and self-fear.

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The Very Idea!

By Neil O'Shea

JIM AND JOHN.

WELL, Jim and John were a couple of men. Two types that we all have met, time and again. Just humans, of course, but with quite different views. In this case they seem to have been just the right men to use.

Jim had the habit of rushing through things. Said he, "I'll accept just whatever fate brings. Why plan and keep working, till all out of breath? Why worry, as long as I don't starve to death?"

And John—well, he always would figure things out. He knew what his various moves were, about. He bumped into obstacles—that can be said—but gained by the setbacks, and went right ahead.

They worked on those plans since their work days began. They've both had their fair, even chance—man to man. Today, you'll find Jim is still dragging, I guess, while John—he has earned what he is—success.

Norway fishermen are using telephone wires, with microphone attachment, to locate shoals of fish. Getting a line on them, as it were.

Man in Geneva, Ill., has found a new plaster that will make a wall waterproof. It can make kids' suits out of it.

"This coffee looks like mud," said he. "That's why this cup I'm scornin'." The waiter answered, "Course it does; 'Twas only ground this mornin'."

Little Tommy suggested going to the dentist in his pop's auto, 'cause he knew the car always broke down.

The only advantage to gout is that it keeps people from kicking.

ABSENT-MINDED. The doctor who listened to a patient tell how his breathing troubled him, and then offered to give him something to stop it.

FABLES IN FACT. HUBBY HAD BEEN KICKING ABOUT A MISSING BUTTON FROM HIS OVERCOAT FOR A LONG TIME PERIOD FINALLY FRIEND WIFE DECIDED TO SURPRISE HIM COMMA BUT SHE COULDN'T FIND THE BUTTON PERIOD WHAT TO DO QUEST-ION MARK THE NEXT BEST THING COMMA OF COURSE DASH DASH SO SHE SEWED THE BUTTON TOLE UP PERIOD THE SURPRISE WAS A COMPLETE SUCCESS.

could begin to talk as eloquently as the goods delivered.

CATARACT IN DANGER
(Buffalo Express.)

Secretary Hoover some time ago predicted that if steps were not taken to prevent the breaking of the escarpment at Niagara Falls, the cataract would become merely a rapid. This warning should impress every one who is interested in the preservation of the scenic beauty of Niagara. Non-technicians cannot have failed to note the recession of the waters from the shores. There are frequent occasions when the American fall is dry. It is hoped that the two governments soon begin joint work to distribute the flow of water over the falls and to preserve the escarpment so that the cataract keeps its old-time attraction. If the authorities do not soon take this matter in hand, some private international association should be organized for the purpose in order to induce the governments to take effective action. Protection of the escarpment and even distribution of the flow of water might make it practicable from the viewpoint of those who contend that the first business of Niagara is beauty—to permit additional have their wishes gratified if there the power interests are not likely to be rushing waters.

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