IMAGE EVALUATION
TEST TARGET (MT-3)

Photographic Sciences Corporation
23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503
The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

- Coloured covers/
- Covers damaged/
- Covers restored and/or laminated/
- Cover title missing/
- Coloured maps/
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
- Bound with other material/
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
- Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
- Additional comments:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Reduction Ratio</th>
<th>10X</th>
<th>14X</th>
<th>18X</th>
<th>22X</th>
<th>26X</th>
<th>30X</th>
<th>12X</th>
<th>18X</th>
<th>20X</th>
<th>24X</th>
<th>28X</th>
<th>32X</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Selected Ratio</td>
<td>☑</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>☑</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

Hamilton Public Library

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol —— (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ▼ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:
The American Library Association this year comes of age and auspiciously marks the event by crossing the Atlantic to exchange counsel and cheer with its British cousin. At such a season a word of retrospect may be in order, carrying with it, as it must, somewhat of forecast.

When the American librarian takes a backward glance as far as '76, and contrasts what he was able to do then with what he can do now, he finds abundant room for gratulation. Every passing year has meant more of usefulness, a corresponding growth of public regard. Toward this happy issue influences of two kinds have impelled him.

The first of these influences was born with the Association itself. In the very act of union there was an inevitable strengthening of hands. At the yearly musters workers from lonely outposts, or from busy centers slow to acknowledge the claims of literature, have been comforted and inspired. They have found how goodly the army in which they were enlisted. Old friendships have been quickened and deepened; new friendships, soon as warm, have been kindled at every gathering. A young man, just across the threshold of his profession, would bring his perplexities with trustees or aldermen to the sympathetic ear of an elder. Forthwith the hill Difficulty
which had so much dismayed him, would disclose the easiest of curves and gentlest of gradients. At these meetings, too, administrative details, upon which so much of success may turn, have year by year been compared and discussed, until now they emerge as a tolerably clear code of practice. There is substantial agreement today as to how our buildings should be constructed, planned and furnished; how books should be selected, classified and placed in the hands of the public. Meanwhile the publication of indexes, bibliographies, and the like, has gone on apace—aids which would never have seen the light without the Association to create them and provide their market. Alliances, already fruitful and big with promise, have united the public library with the public school, the art gallery and the museum. And one State after another wheels into line to form a chain of Library Commissions, soon to stretch, let us hope, from Maine to California. How much all this would astonish the old-line librarian who here and there lingered on the stage of '76! A grim warder of alcoves was he, grudgingly dispensing his stores to a favored few, reluctance in his step, suspicion in his eye. To-day we have no more turnkeys of literature, but bankers rather, whose capital is accumulated in the sole aim that its value be multiplied fifty or a hundred-fold by the freest using. The librarian's doors stand open; he all but compels us to come in. Little wonder that his hospitality is requited by the heartiest public appreciation. In not a few of our towns and cities the public library is the acknowledged center of intellectual life, of every movement which stirs the once separated and removed cream of culture back again into the plain people's milk—to enrich their toil, to sweeten their leisure, to lift and widen their outlook. Let a user of libraries, who owes much to librarians, here add his word of thanks to the general chorus.

But forces other than those active within the profession have profoundly stirred the librarian's pulse; they were potent enough two
decades ago, to-day they are simply irresistible; they move under the banner of Science. It is science applied which has augmented wealth and so diffused education that the ability to write a book—of some kind or other—is commoner than ever, while the cost of the making falls lower and lower. The first and most evident result, then, of the reign of science is to engulf the librarian in a flood-tide of printed matter which mounts higher and sweeps faster every twelve-month. In the United States alone about 80,000 new books or new editions have been published since '76. To pass from quantity to the weightier matter of theme, new books by the thousand deal with subjects barely recognized, or indeed utterly unimagined twenty-one years ago. Consider the recent advances in chemistry, especially in its single department of photography; bestow a glance at the triumphs of bacteriology, with its new defiance of disease and death. In '76 aluminum was still made into jewelry, to-day electricity gives it to us as kitchenware. The new physics, chemistry, biology, psychology and the rest, have been won in large measure by new instruments of exquisite ingenuity. These sciences converge in welding a body of scientific method in itself incomparably more powerful as an instrument of exploration than telephone, or spectroscope, or Röntgen bulb. So revolutionary are the victories of science that literature, to its remotest corner, breathes its ozone, its stimulus to scrupulous exactitude, to unaltering faithfulness to fact directly observed and patiently interpreted. Accordingly we to-day find the candor once rare in biography steadily growing common. Plain-speaking certainly went its full length last year in Hare's "Story of My Life," Hamerton's autobiography, and Purcell's "Life of Cardinal Manning." As a shining example of the modern historian take Francis Parkman. With toil unwearyed, and at an outlay only to be met by a private fortune, he gathered the documents upon which his works were based. These documents, open to his critics, are in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society in
Boston. Mr. Parkman visited every town and hamlet which he has described. Frequently in the foreground of his canvas are Indian chiefs and tribes; wherever their descendants survived, he sought familiar acquaintance with them. Hence he gives us those minor traits of race that are detected only in close and sympathetic scrutiny, together with the traditions, the fringe and tassel of custom, never to be conveyed in second-hand impressions. Whether such a man as Parkman devotes his life to the telescope, the test-tube, or the pen, equally is he the servant of truth.

Turn we for a moment to the novelist and we shall see him bowing to the new scepter, for all that his imagination is as chainless as ever. There is Stevenson, in his last days at Samoa, penning his strongest romance, "Weir of Hermiston," and minded to try Archie Weir on a charge of murder elsewhere than at Edinburgh. But could he do so with truth? He deemed it incumbent to question a legal friend in faraway Scotland. The response, with its detail of time, court and place delighted him; all was reserved for fullest use. Introducing a fact as a fact, novelists before Stevenson have been careful, but his scrupulous anxiety is quite characteristic of a day when chemists are engaged on analyses true to the fifty-thousandth part, by the help of scales freely turning with a half-millionth of their load. And what does Naturalism, that scrofulous offspring of Realism, attempt but to tell the truth about the gutter and the sty? And further, if we refresh ourselves in peering for a moment over the fence that divides letters from art, we shall again see the dominion of the spirit which makes for reality, for immediate impressions, for consent between partners too long at cross purposes. Observe Seymour-Haden as he etches a landscape, not from a sketch in the seclusion of his studio, but at the very brookside itself. See Timothy Cole in the presence of the masterpieces of Da Vinci and Raphael translating their ineffable beauty on the block before him. Note Meissonier as he corrects his
drawings of the horse at full gallop with the aid of an eye swifter and surer than his own, that of the instantaneous camera. Listen to Wagner, who, beginning his career when an opera was formed of a libretto and a score that looked askance at each other, gives us at last the music-drama in which sound echoes sense, in which language and music but interpret and exalt each other.

To return to the library. It is of course in the field of its own literature that the compulsions of science chiefly appear. A little more than a century ago Oliver Goldsmith could indite a "History of Animated Nature," not because he knew more than his neighbors about animated Nature, but because he could re-state the writings of others—themselves perhaps borrowers—with fluent grace. To-day for the task he assumed so light of heart, how elaborate would be the attack! First of all would be installed, as editor-in-chief, a naturalist whose mastery of a particular branch of natural history had brought maturity of judgment as to work in other branches. Around him would be assembled a corps of specialists, each a man of wide and thorough familiarity with birds or insects, beasts or fish. Every chapter would be copiously illustrated by the camera. The multitudinous facts of form, color and habit would be threaded upon clue-lines of cause and law, while philosophy would redeem, for illustration and instance, every jot and tittle of detail otherwise oppressive through sheer mass and variety. The naturalists of Goldsmith's day looked upon Nature as a tableau disposed by the Master long ago, to stand unchanged forever. The naturalists of our time show us that in truth Nature is a drama,—of shifting scenes, of personalities mutable to the very core, molded by forces as coercive now as in the illimitable past. A change of view surely no more significant for science than for its twin phase of reality, literature.

Those historians-in-the-large, the evolutionists, tell us that chief among the faculties of mind which have lifted man from brute are
those which flower in language. Golden though the spoken or written word may be, immeasurable harm has been done by its permitted usurpations. Too often the writer who should first have been an observer, an explorer, a doer, has been but a scribe, putting forth with a scribe’s lack of authority the distortions of hearsay, the unavoidable falsities of second or third hand impressions. Why does so dreary a desert separate the science of Aristotle from the science of Galileo and his compeers of the Renaissance—a desert across which commentator and disputant flit, one after another, all with empty hands? Simply because Aristotle was followed only in the repetition and discussion of what he had said, not in his direct appeal to fact. Only when Nature was probed anew in his own fearless way did the reign of the schoolmen come to an end, did man enter upon his modern comprehension of Nature, the new mastery of his fate. We have only to turn the pages of metaphysical abstraction to come upon words that float in a serene detachment from real things, from genuine thoughts, words independent of the solid earth, and useless there. In the juvenile debating clubs of the last generation a favorite question was, “Is the pen mightier than the sword?” Commanders all the way from Julius Caesar to General Grant have demonstrated that the pen is never mightier than when the sword has been laid down that the pen might be taken up. And in other fields than those of war the pen has might only because the chisel or the brush, the scalpel or the lens, has been exchanged for it. To-day, therefore, we find the desk set up in the workshop, the studio, the laboratory, with incalculable profit to literature. The new books of science gain by qualifications, exceptions, side-lights from bafflement and failure a value incomparably greater than was possible in the recent days which it is no disrespect to call pre-scientific. Thus draws to its term the ancient discord between theory and practice: theory takes on modification and limit in the face of the complexities which it is the darling vice of language to ignore
or over-simplify. Practice, enlightened by generalization, passes from the rule of thumb to the sway of law. By virtue, too, of a knowledge which comprehends many a distant province of truth there spring up what Clerk Maxwell happily called the cross-fertilizations of science. The physicist has only to dig deep enough to find that the chemist and himself occupy common ground. Delve from the surface of your sphere to its heart, and your radius at once joins every other. Mark Sir Archibald Geikie as in his "Geology" he cheerfully lays hands on what the physicist and chemist, the astronomer and meteorologist, might once have regarded as estates exclusively their own. Behold, also, the fruitful reaction of adequate records upon invention and discovery as they march to new victories. Visit Mr. Edison, and you will find his library as generously equipped as his laboratory.

Perhaps in no part of our modern life is the new adjustment of words and deeds more telling than in education. In our best schools, all the way from the kindergarten to the university, books are being gradually withdrawn from work they should never have been allowed to perform. No longer is memorizing the printed page the be-all and the end-all of instruction. Anything that should be observed is observed; anything that should be done is done instead of being merely talked or written about. Books come in for reference, for direction, as means of continuous explanation, as sources of knowledge concerning observations, experiments, generalizations far beyond the horizon of the student. Restricted thus to its rightful sphere a book rises to a utility, because it has a truth it could not know when the Word was a substitute for the Act, instead of being its complement.

In those wider spheres of letters whose aim is recreation, charm, inspiration, there is obedience to the same tidal impulses. We have a fiction as true in essence as history; a body of poetry as rightly echoing the perplexities and aspirations of our age as the pages of a cau-
tious annalist may record the commonplaces of trade and treaty. The novelist, the dramatist, the essayist, all the writers who are the servants of Beauty, are to-day effectively so in proportion to their allegiance to Truth. Thus are the standards of literary criticism heightened and sharpened by that world-movement whose citadel is science, whose conquests are arrayed in provinces of new knowledge such as no thousand years before our century ever won.

The motto of the American Library Association is, "The best reading for the largest number at the least cost." But how shall we know what part of the enormous mass of modern reading is best, and what other part, while not best, is still useful enough to repay the reader or student? You may tell me that reviewing is a somewhat ancient institution, that from among the criticisms which appear anonymously in such a journal as the Nation, of New York, or under signatures in such periodicals as the American Historical Review and the Political Science Quarterly there is much to meet our want. But such reviews, good as they are, do not fill the need of the librarian's public; commonly they are too long, too discursive; how shall they be readily found when wanted? What is needed is a brief note of description, criticism and comparison, written by an acknowledged authority, signed and dated, and placed where the reader cannot help seeing it, both within the lid of the reviewed book itself and on a card next the title-card in the catalogue—it being assumed that according to the practice more and more prevailing in America a card catalogue is freely accessible to all. If a book treats of a question in debate, as socialism or bimetallism, fact and opinion should be carefully distinguished, and views of opposed critics might be presented. By this means the inquirer would know which book is best, or among the best of its kind; he would be made aware of the defects which mar even the best books; he would learn how one work can gainfully piece out another, and would gather indication of the periodicals, or transac-
tions which bring a story of discovery or research down to date. In a final line he might be told where detailed reviews are to be found.

And where shall we find the persons qualified to undertake all this arduous business of appraisal? Chiefly, I think, in the ranks of professional reviewers. Many of these are busy in class-rooms, bringing books daily to the severest tests of experiment and study. Let them go on writing reviews of customary length for their present employers, and let them also boil down these reviews for us. Wherever necessary, other critics, skilled for the service we require, may lend their aid. Thus shall the seeker and the knower be brought together; thus may everyone who enters a public library have at his elbow competent and trustworthy pilots through the swirling sea of literature. Instruction or recreation may then be pursued with the utmost effect and pleasure, because with the soundest available intelligence. Of course, this aid should not be confined to the literature of utility: why should pleasure in fiction, or belles lettres, be flabby when it can so easily be hearty?

Fiction, indeed, in the circulation of some of our libraries rises to a figure exceeding 80 per cent. With this fact in mind, and believing a large part of the fiction to be poor stuff, Mr. Goldwin Smith impugns the whole principle of supporting free libraries out of the public treasury. "People," he says, "have no more right to novels than to theatre tickets out of the public taxes." The point of his objection can be turned only in one way,—by seeing to it that only good fiction is placed upon the shelves. Exclusion, courageous and tactful, must be the policy here. Mr. W. M. Stevenson, librarian of the Carnegie Library, Allegheny, Pennsylvania, has dropped from his catalogue a round of novels popular enough, but lacking literary merit. To the demand, Why cannot we have what we like, instead of what you think we ought to like? the answer must be, read Austen, Cooper, Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, Hawthorne and Stevenson, and you will soon
thank us for withholding Mrs. Holmes and Mr. Roe, your appetite for their screeds being irrecoverably lost. Reading, for all that Dogberry may say, does not come by nature; neither, when the art of reading is acquired, is it spontaneously partnered with power to choose the most gainful and pleasure-giving books. Just as fast as the school educates the public in the intelligent choice of literature, with equal pace will vanish the charge that the public library does aught but public good. There is a difficulty much more serious than that of wishy-washy fiction, with regard to novels of the Satanic school, deliberately produced to contaminate. Against these it is high time that danger signals were set up, so that neither carelessness nor accident may allow their intrusion.

The steps taken in America toward engaging the best available guidance for readers and students in our public libraries are briefly these: About twenty years ago Professor W. G. Sumner, of Yale University, drew up for his classes a short list of works on political economy, with notes. This list, enlarged to an annotated pamphlet of thirty-six pages, was soon after published in New York by the Society for Political Education. The pamphlet was favorably received, and when it passed out of print a widespread demand arose for its re-issue in expanded form. Accordingly, the “Reader’s Guide in Economic, Social and Political Literature,” a book of some one hundred and sixty pages, was issued in 1891. In its preparation the editors, Mr. R. R. Bowker and myself, were assisted by a score of representative American and English specialists. The “Guide” met with a warm reception; copies of it are to be seen in college libraries thumbed almost to tatters; to this day it is doing good service in hundreds of editorial offices, class rooms and public libraries: an appendix to it may appear next year. The next demand for an annotated bibliography came from the clubs of girls and women, which are constantly increasing in number and importance, and are establishing libraries
by scores every month. To meet this need, Mrs. Augusta H. Leypoldt, editor of the Literary News, New York, and myself edited two years ago, for the American Library Association, "A List of Books for Girls and Women and Their Clubs." This bibliography comprises 2,100 titles in the leading branches of literature. Each of its departments was contributed by a man or woman of authority. Although specifically addressed to girls and women, and setting forth especially the books which deal with their livelihoods and home toil, the "List" in the main is as useful to boys and men as to their sisters and mothers. The notes on good literature which chiefly fill it appeal to all readers. Take an example of its usefulness: Wisconsin is an agricultural State, with a population for the most part centered in small towns and villages. The chairman of the State Library Commission, Mr. F. A. Hutchins, writes that the "List" has doubled and quadrupled the purchasing power of the few dollars usually available in forming or extending small libraries. In Milwaukee, much the largest city in the State, the question might be: Which is the best exposition of Browning’s "The Ring and the Book"? But what the village of Fox Lake wants to know is: Which are Dickens’ six best books, and which are the best editions for six dollars?

Two departments of the "Lists for Girls and Women" proved particularly helpful—that of Fine Art, by Mr. Russell Sturgis, and that of Music, by Mr. H. E. Krehbiel. Accordingly, these two critics, each a master in his field, were engaged for a fairly full bibliography of Fine Art, about one thousand titles in all. This work, which I edited, also issued by the American Library Association, appeared March, 1897, and has thus far met with a gratifying reception. However much we may wish to see notes of appraisal printed on catalogue cards, it will always be desirable to give book-form as well to such notes as those of Mr. Sturgis and Mr. Krehbiel. Only thus can
the reader take connected views of his subject, observe the canons of criticism in their broad application, and gather those suggestions which teem from a richly freighted mind as, in one masterly effort, it passes upon a whole literature from the first noteworthy volume to the last. The next task of the American Library Association, in the way of appraisal, will probably be a bibliography of American History. A scholar of the highest competence has said that if possible he will act as its editor-in-chief, giving his services gratuitously. An attempt will be made to issue its notes in both book and card form. Following this task we hope to issue a bibliography of applied science; for its departments we are already volunteered the aid of several contributors of mark. What I should like to see would be a series of bibliographies covering with tolerable completeness the whole round of literature, and comprising a selection of about ten thousand works. With these as a basis we might enlist our contributors for the appraisal of every noteworthy book as it leaves the press, distributing the notes on cards. In Boston is an agency of the Publishing Section of the American Library Association which selects from current literature and issues title-cards for a circle of subscribing libraries—this with a view to introducing uniformity, and of paying one printer instead of fifty. By adding notes of appraisal in the future, the value of this service could be vastly heightened.

What our Publishing Section is clearly moving toward is the foundation of a Central Superintendency (the title Library Bureau is preempted) which shall oversee this whole business of appraisal, of entering into relations with the plans, now international in scope, for indexing scientific and other literature, which shall make it easy to establish new libraries on sound lines, and to extend existing libraries with the utmost economy and efficiency. From the work of such a superintendency manifold gain would arise. Throughout America there are constantly appearing annotated lists of works
on economics and history, folklore and what not. The labor which
goes into their production, much of it duplicated, and all of it local,
both in origin and utility, might easily be organized for the service of
the whole country, with a decided improvement in quality, a saving
in time and strength. A systematic effort might also be made to res-
cue from neglect the great books which, from such causes as the un-
timely death of their authors, or the sheer brunt of advertisement are
overlaid by new and much inferior writing. To a competent hand
might be committed, for example, the sifting out all that still retains
worth and interest in Bagehot, who was at once an economist,
a wit, and a literary critic of distinction. Much that he wrote was
for his own day; much remains of the rarest value for our day.
What is true of Bagehot is true of Jevons, and of many more. We
are not so much concerned about the newest books as about the best.
Much might be done, also, in bestowing upon boys and girls a thor-
ough familiarity with the great classics. Here our hope lies in school-
libraries, chosen with the most enlightened care. There are, let us
say, fifty books which every one should read between his tenth year
and his fifteenth; let us enlist "the consensus of the competent" in
drawing up a list of these works, and then by creating a demand for
good and cheap editions stimulate to the full, not simply acquaint-
ance, but intimacy with the masterpieces of all time. A minor ser-
vice, well worth rendering, is in pointing out which books of the vo-
luminous masters are best worth having. Not more than half Scott's
are, and perhaps not so large a fraction of Cooper's. Publishers are
interested in supplying complete sets; we desire to see small libraries
expend their few dollars for the best choice possible.

No one has gone very far in bibliography without discovering
many gaps even in copious literatures. In the Atlantic Monthly for
June, 1893, Mr. Justin Winsor described the Société Franklin, of
Paris, which acts as a central agency for the libraries of France: it has
found that with an assured sale for its round of libraries, a trained writer and a responsible publisher can be engaged to supply any needed book. This plan avoids the heavy tax for advertising inexorable when a new book lacks an organized circle of buyers: in the ordinary practice of publishing the odd purchaser here and there, hit through the press, wellnigh costs his weight in ammunition. When the "List for Girls and Women" was being edited, it became clear that however imperious the voice of science may be upstairs, its echoes in the kitchen are rumblings of the faintest. Scarcely one cook-book in a hundred recognizes that cooking is a branch of chemistry, having vital relations as well with physiology and economics. In the colleges where domestic economy is taught I have been informed that its themes, in their scientific treatment still in the experimental stage, are as yet not crystallized into literature. In this department of household well-being take a singular example of a lack where one would expect repletion. For years the electric-light companies have waged war upon the gas interest: one would suppose that the fight would give us many a good pamphlet on the incandescent mantle which multiplies the light from gas, on the ventilating fixture which has the chief merit of the electric bulb, on the multifarious uses of gas for cooking, heating and manufacturing. Yet not a page on the subject could I find published in America two years ago. Nor could I discover any succinct, connected description of the scores of ingenious devices for relieving household drudgery which attract the eye at every American fair. Nor, as far as I know, is there to this day any brief account of the principles which underlie the judicious care of property, a matter of prime importance, especially to women who may inherit an estate with little qualification for its guardianship. The fact is, publishing is a somewhat haphazard business, and librarians organized for the public behoof can on occasion do something to supply a declared want for a pamphlet or a book. Every twelve-
month sees works on Rhetoric, Botany, Geometry, tumbling from the press by the score; but scarcely ever a book to tell ordinary people an acceptable word about the sciences of food and clothing, shelter and health. Much is said, and truly, about the claims of original research; much, with equal truth, may be said for giving knowledge already acquired, the widest diffusion.

Here a word of caution must be spoken. Easy it is to say that a book is needed; it may be impossible to lay hands upon the writer who should give it to the world. Why is there no American work on zoology as sound and good as that on botany by Asa Gray? Because America has no zoologist the size of Asa Gray. Literature lacks a comprehensive work on American forestry; but think of the extent and variety of American forests; so recently has their systematic study been begun that the first American to be thoroughly trained and equipped for the task is still a young man.

To sum up: on one side stands the great public encompassed by mountains of books rising ever higher and higher; on the other side stand the critics who know which of these books are best, which are merely good, or offer here and there a helpful chapter or page. It is plainly time that these critics were judiciously organized by librarians for the aid and comfort of the great public who read or study, or may be induced to read or study. The spirit of science has entered the world of letters, but in more than one province of its empire there is sturdy resistance to its sway: an echo is still heard where there should only be a voice. Let every movement that makes for accuracy, sincerity, truth in literature, be generously and wisely promoted, and in the only possible way, by organization with its attendant boons of economy and scope. In these latter days of democracy culture ceases to be the possession of a caste, of a class apart, and works as a leaven throughout the whole mass of the people. To-day workmen and clerks listen to the university lecturer; the great art of the present
and the past migrates from the metropolitan museum to the suburban hall; in the concert-room Beethoven and Bach are now appealing to the million instead of the upper ten thousand. So also in the field of literature; the records of the best that has been thought and done in the world grow in volume and value every hour. Speed the day when they may be hospitably proffered to every human soul, the chaff winnowed from the wheat, the gold divided from the clay.

GEORGE ILES.

New York, June, 1897.