

# The American Library Association and the Soldier



who wander about from one bookcase to another, apparently quite hale and hearty.

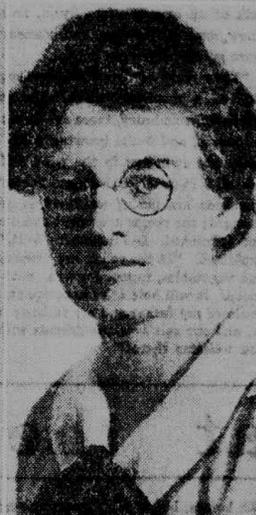
**A Mental Physician With Books for Pills**

Extraordinary care is taken in the selection of books for a hospital; there must be nothing morbid or unwholesome in these; neither must they be dull. A bright detective story or a love tale with "they lived happily forever after" as the ending are the most desirable. The responsibility of the hospital librarian is great. She acts as a kind of mental physician to the patients. A man who has suffered a complete loss of memory is given thrilling detective stories or tales of adventure which will keep him interested and prevent his brooding over the question of his lost identity. A shell shock victim must have less excitable tales, but the books that he reads must be amusing.

The service at the base hospital does not end with the men who are able to join the gathering in the big, sunny library. Every day Miss Jones, the librarian, makes a tour of the hospital wards, pushing before her a little tea wagon laden with books. This is wheeled in between the beds and the sick men make their selections. Very few so-called "heavy" books are included in the piles on that little wagon, and poetry is considered the proper mental food for these invalids. Directly they begin to convalesce, however, their minds invariably crave something more substantial and they are put on a diet of history, philosophy or any technical works in which they may be interested.

A wise hospital librarian can do a vast amount of good. She can often help a man to readjust his entire manner of living. There was a case of a man who had lost a leg and received a bad wound in the lung at Chateau Thierry. He had been a contractor and builder, but his injuries made resumption of this type of work impossible, and he was very low-spirited over his future. The librarian aroused his interest in the study of woods, and before he left the reconstruction hospital he had received an appointment for the purchase of lumber.

Can you see the part the Library War Service is destined to play in the great reconstruction period after our boys come home from across the Rhine? And have I told you enough about the uses to which that three and a half million dollars are to be put to make you want to add your mite to help in the work the American Library Association is doing? If so, I am content.



Miss Blanche Galloway, Librarian at the Camp Hut, Pelham Bay

As a library is crowded from morning till night with men in all stages of convalescence, from those who are wheeled across the covered passage from the ward by a white-robed nurse to those

FOR the past year and a half the American Library Association has been hiding its light under a bushel. It has been plodding steadily along, performing a most important service for our fighting men, modestly refraining from proclaiming its good deeds, quite content to let its work speak for itself. But its days of seclusion are over and the time has come when it must come out from behind its bookcases and receive the plaudits of its grateful fellow countrymen.

To be sure, we have all known in a vague sort of way that the American Library Association was supplying reading matter to our men in the service. We have seen the poster of the soldier with the huge pile of books in his arms which adorns the steps of the Public Library. Inspired by his smiling countenance, we have depicted our bookcases to add to his store. (And in this connection I take the liberty of hoping that the philanthropic soul who sent a full set of "The Elsie Books" and "The Young Mother's Guide" for the delectation of our fighting men was not among "our readers.")

The fact that it is one of the seven important civilian war work organizations included in the United War Work Campaign which begins to-morrow morning shows the importance attached to its work by the War Department. Three and a half million dollars is the amount for which the Library War Service is striving. Maybe at first thought this seems a great deal of money to put into books, but if you could realize the incalculable amount of joy that it will bring into the lives of the boys who are serving with the colors on land and sea, that three and a half million would be over-subscribed in just about three and a half minutes.

## A Bird's-Eye View of Books and War

As a general bird's-eye view of the way this money is to be expended, here is a statement of the work which the Library War Service has accomplished up to October 1. It has established forty-three libraries of 30,000 volumes in the larger training camps, 900 in the smaller camps and army posts, 148 in naval and marine stations, 350 branches overseas, 1,547 branch libraries and stations have been established in the butts, canteens, clubrooms and hostess houses, 405 vessels and naval stations have libraries, and there is a deck li-

brary on every transport; 3,011,510 second-hand volumes have been collected and placed in circulation; nearly 6,000,000 new volumes have been purchased, more than 5,000,000 copies of periodicals have been distributed to our men in the service, and there is a library service in charge of a trained librarian in every military hospital.

Mr. Raymond B. Fosdick, in a letter to the officers of the American Library Association, writes:

"Just back from France, I want to express my keen appreciation of what the American Library Association is doing for our troops abroad. I found your books everywhere, from seaport bases to front-line trenches. I found them in hospitals and dressing stations, in scattered villages in the training area where our men are billeted, and in remote parts of France where our forestry units are carrying on their lonely work."

## Books as an Antidote For "Going Nuts!"

Lieutenant Dorr, the son of Rheta Childs Dorr, who has just been invalided home, tells of an experience which he had sitting cramped up all day in a dug-out with five or six companions waiting for the darkness to come so that they "could get another crack at the Boches." They had nothing to read but an old magazine, which they divided and devoured, advertisements and all.

"Going nuts," says Lieutenant Dorr, "is one of the few things that the boys in the trenches dread, and nobody back home can ever realize what books mean in relieving the mental and nervous tension of the trenches when the men are relieved and come out. After days of action any sort of book is a big mental antidote in forgetting the horrors that they have seen and gone through. The men who 'go nuts' are those who can't get their minds off of it. Can you imagine how much good a rattling adventure story would do them?"

It's the same story with the men in the navy. The crew of the submarine destroyer hull with childish delight the instalment of the little library of fifty books which is placed on shelves neatly fitted under the berths and which they can exchange at any port where the Library War Service has a station.

## A Fine Type of Camp Library at Pelham Bay

Many of the camps have new library buildings in charge of a trained lib-

rarian, where the men can read or study in quiet surroundings, which is impossible in the huts, where the phonograph is never silent. Pelham Bay has such a library, with rows and rows of bookshelves, a big brick fireplace and comfortable Windsor chairs filled from 9 in the morning until "taps" sound at night with men in blue sailor blouses.

"What sort of books do they read?" I asked Miss Galloway, the librarian.

"Every sort," she replied, "but only about 35 per cent are fiction. You would be surprised at the books they ask for. Poetry is extremely popular, and there are calls for all sorts of technical books. Here are the requests which we had yesterday," and she gave me an envelope containing slips of paper on which the men had written the titles of books that were not on shelves but which they wished to read. They included Riley's poems, Masenfield's poems, a book on steam-fitting, a trigonometry, a Greek grammar, a book by Henty, "More of Zane Gray's works" and a treatise on embalming.

## No Red Tape Binds the Travels of These Books

To my mind one of the most admirable points about the work of the Library War Service is the absence of red tape. If, for instance, a man in Camp Merritt or Pelham Bay wants a book to cram for an exam, he notifies the librarian; she telephones in to the "dispatch office" in New York, and in less than a day the volume is in the man's hands.

A man in the service who is going overseas can go into the Eagle Hut in Bryant Park and select from the shelves any books which he would like to read on the voyage. He can return these at the Paris headquarters of the Library War Service, or, if he prefers, he can pass them on to his comrades. So long as the books are kept in circulation the Library Association is content.

Red Cross nurses, Y. M. C. A. workers or members of other war relief organiza-

tions going overseas are urged to carry all the books that they can for distribution to the men at the front. The transports are supplied with libraries in rather a novel manner. There is always at least one war worker, a Y. M. C. A. man, a member of the Salvation Army or of some kindred organization on board, and he is given as many cases

does not pretend to supervise the reading of the men whom it serves. It does not even attempt to improve their taste in literature, but it sees that nothing but clean, wholesome reading matter finds a place on its shelves or in its packing boxes. And yet the educational work which is being fostered by the Library War Service is incalculable. Boys



Sick or well, indoors or out, "the boys" crave books

of books as the government will allow him to carry. These cases are fitted with shelves on which the books are arranged. They are placed on the deck of the transport, the covers unscrewed and the men invited to help themselves. On the last day of the voyage the man in charge collects the volumes, screws down the covers and the cases are ready to be sent to the men in the trenches. The American Library Association

whose college courses were interrupted by their going into the service find time in their leisure hours to carry on their studies by means of the books which the Library War Service provides for them. Thousands of our men are studying foreign languages, French, Italian and Spanish, and thousands of others who speak English with difficulty are improving their knowledge with the help of these books. Men who before they

# War, Science and Domestic Service

## The Dignity of Dietetics

By ANNE LEWIS PIERCE  
Director, Tribune Institute

SOME people eat for fun, some as a background for conversation, some as a foreground for a smoke; some eat so they can go on, as we stoke a furnace; and others "love" their food as one enjoys sunsets and the odor of flowers. Some eat anything that will not give them indigestion and others eat what they know will

There is the High Table at King's College where there is always a feast of reason and a flow of soul along with the food and drink—and there are family tables where all the sorrows and petty irritations of the day and the shortcomings of the family are discussed; where contentious discussions and argument make it impossible for the digestive juices to flow!

## Some Professional Aspects of Housekeeping

And now comes "The Journal of the American Medical Association" with a timely word on the dignity of dietetics. It sounds ponderous, doesn't it? It isn't. This is one of the few authoritative technical journals extant that has enough clarity and breadth to be illuminating to the everyday person. "The Journal" is an editorial on "War-Time Difficulties in Practical Dietetics" has this to say about the new movement in home economics:

"In the face of such emergencies it behooves the medical profession to welcome and encourage in this country a movement that is destined to bring help and stimulus in meeting these problems of the art of living. HOME ECONOMICS HAS TOO LONG BEEN LOOKED ON AS A FAD. Rule of thumb methods are no longer synonymous with household arts. Witness the changes with which substitutive cereals have been employed in cookery throughout the United States within the last few months. From the primary schools to the colleges for women our girls are being taught the dignity of home economics and the underlying sciences. Our profession is all too slow in realizing that these newer forms of theoretical and vocational education actually are destined to mean, not only to the hospital or institutional dietitian and to the trained nurse, but also to the nation at large. Let us dignify the art of dietetics."

This paragraph ought to settle any doubts as to the professional status of housekeeping. If your housekeeping is a trade merely, with no content of "why and wherefore," that is because you have a low ideal of your job—not because the job is a routine one.

ish, be-ruffled, be-slippered, old-womanish man playing tiddlywinks in a rocking-chair.

Housekeeping isn't tiddlywinks by any manner of means, even in peace. Marketing brings you in touch with the real economic problems of the day, and sympathetic but intelligent dealing with your retailer means better food for less money and a real contribution to the solving of our desperate problem of food distribution.

The servant problem has its root deep in Bolshevism, and is a part of the "woman in industry" problem and the whole readjustment of our attitude toward "domestic service." Endowing dietetics with dignity will attract a very different class of women to domestic service. See the servant problem big, in relation to the whole, or you can have neither the patience nor the wisdom to cope with it at all.

And the food itself. The oldtime dreary round of three meals a day and dish-washing now means, if one raises one's eyes above the dishpan, a vision of starving children to be fed all over Europe and also throughout one's own state and in one's own city. In the home it means choosing food that insures energy and efficient living for the grown-ups and building strong, vital bodies for our children, bodies in which their minds and spirits can live happily and serve others, unfettered by a nagging physical environment. Building children's bodies aright is the carrying on of woman's most highly specialized job. All these big possibilities are in the market basket, along with the milk and butter, spinach and cheese, if we have the insight to see them.

## A New View of an Old Job

Under war pressure we are getting an active consciousness of what these things mean. We are having it brought home to us by seeing that our nation-wide thrift, not sacrifice, can feed whole nations, and we realize what spendthrifts we have been. The lessons of war carried out into times of peace, when the abnormal demands no longer need to be met, would make some of the desert places in our cities blossom like the rose. It will mean much if we can only keep this feeling of responsibility when the war is over, this larger sense of professional, civic housekeeping, and not "slump" back into our old narrow ruts, seeing only our own isolated brick of service, with no vision of the great structure into which it fits.

With the coming of the vote women will have a chance to "dignify the art of dietetics" to the point of assuming responsibility for every hungry, under-nourished child in the community. We in-

spect the building materials that go into every building that goes up; why should we be less careful of the building mate-

rials of the bodies of little men and women in the making—their food? We owe a debt to "The Journal of the

American Medical Association" for putting the proper emphasis on this branch of woman's work—"Feeding the family"

# Shall the Hands That Murder Childhood Make Our Toys?

By JOSEPHINE BENNETT SCOTT

THE world stops to smile at the perfect trust of the French child in our American soldier and sailor. Their complete understanding seems not in the least affected by their not speaking the same language—both knowing the language of love.

When we were so rudely awakened from "our deep dream of peace" our greatest shock came from the German invaders' treatment of children. Introduce

harder for a foreigner to visit their public schools than their Reichstag.

An American sailor, looking about eighteen, who had stayed in a port "over there" for some weeks, was asked what had impressed him most. Instantly the boy froze into the fighting man and snapped out, "The children."

He gradually thawed and told of brave little fellows who are trying to take care of themselves with what is given them by American sailors. He melted so entirely

too-old way we needed all the food we had, but he would take the pennies we gave and buy food in the village.

"Some of the boys saw him staring down into the water so strangely. While they were talking to him he said, 'The water looks like a good place to rest!' Oh! I'd have given all my pay to have taken care of that little kid." Then the boy sailor froze up again.

Germany has sent a consignment of toys to the children of America. She also has martyred thousands of helpless chil-



ing kindergartens and quoting bits of Froebel, we had pictured Germany as the nation that most appreciated and gave the greatest care to childhood. After the first drive we knew that, while they began with the child in order to build the kind of men they needed for "Der Tag," they were also learning that the most effectual way to annihilate a people is by breaking or exterminating the children. Just what training in cruelty has been given their soldiers is not known. About the end of the nineteenth century Plosser wrote that for years it had been

that tears were not far off when he told of one little curly-haired boy. "That little kid," he said "was only nine years old, but he talked like an old man. He had lost his father and mother in the first German drive, but would never talk about them. Our crew bought him a sailor suit and he was just about the proudest kid you ever saw when he went away with it on. A few days later he came back without it. He had sold it for something to eat. His appearance showed how hungry he had been. At first he wouldn't eat with us, because he explained in his

children in the bombarded villages of Belgium and France. She has replaced the wonder of childhood with nameless terror. One American woman who went into these villages to care for the children says that they averaged between two and four years of age and most of them will not know their own names when older. The hands that tore away these children's natural protectors are the hands that have made in past years the toys that brought joy to the children of the world everywhere.

## Housekeeping at the Front

—both in its literal and its broader sense, at a time when so many new calls are sounding alluringly in women's ears, and some of the new fields seem to offer bigger, better jobs only because we have done our special work in such an amateurish way in the past. Home economics and dietetics—these can tax any woman's ability to the utmost if she has any comprehension of their possibilities.

## Gently Bred Women as General Servants

THOSE Cinderellas of women's war work, the girls, many of them gently born and highly educated, who have cheerfully slaved as general servants since the war, in hospitals and hostels, washing the dishes, scrubbing the floors, sweeping and dusting and cooking the meals, have at last found a champion. To drive the wounded in an ambulance under fire is a thrilling adventure, nursing them in hospitals appeals to the ministering angel in woman, but the daily round and common task of the kitchen is a phase of war work very necessary, but certainly lacking in the picturesque or the spectacular.

## Blessed Be Drudgery

Yet many hundreds of English girls and young married women of high social rank are gladly rendering this form of service at the V. A. D. hospitals and other nursing institutions at home and in France, and are quietly pursuing their humdrum, war-time task of housemaid, kitchen maid and "general" without the decorations, "mentions" and social fame which come to other classes of war workers.

The heroism of the girls of gentle birth and breeding who have deliberately undertaken to work on the domestic staffs has so impressed Miss Tennyson Jesse, who has been studying the various aspects of women's war service in France, that she thinks there should be a special medal for girls who have worked as general servants during the war without—as she puts it—"a thrill of romance to support them."

"All the voluntary camps I have seen, all the hostels, the rest stations, and many hospitals, are staffed by voluntary domestic help," says Miss Jesse in "The Sword of Deborah," the book which contains her first-hand impressions of the British Women's Army in France, "and the girls they wait upon, the drivers and secretaries and suchlike are eager in recognition of them. But that seems to me about all the recognition they do get; they get no 'snappy parts,' no photographs in the picture papers, no songs are sung of them, no reward is theirs in the shape of medal or ribbon, nothing

but the sense of a dish properly cleaned or rugs duly swept under."

Miss Jesse instances the case of the Hotel Bristol at Boulogne, the headquarters of the British Red Cross, where all Red Cross people going on leave or arriving in France via Boulogne have to report. Practically all of them want a meal and many of them a bed.

In addition, the permanent staff amounts to nearly 150 people and the bulk of the domestic work is done by seventeen young Volunteer Aid Department girls. The average number of meals served is 2,500 a week.

## The Spirit Behind the Task

"Four or five girls act as waitresses in the dining room, and three are always in the pantry, which must never be left for a moment during the day," she says; "so it will be seen that the headquarters of the Red Cross is a sort of hotel except that nobody pays. There are French servants to do the roughest work, but the girls have plenty to do without that. The house staff begins work at 7 o'clock in the morning; at 7:30 in the evening they start to turn out the forty-two offices, which they sweep and dust every day. They wash all the tea things (not the dinner things) and clean all the silver and glass, they make beds and do all the waiting. A pretty good list of occupations is it not, carried out on such a huge scale?"

"The girls are well looked after, for it must not be forgotten that some of them are not more than eighteen and their parents in England have a right to demand that these children should be at once guarded and cheered. No Red Cross girl is allowed out after 9:30 o'clock in a restaurant, and none is ever allowed to dine out unaccompanied by another girl.

"The domestic staff at the Red Cross Hotel for the relatives of wounded at Boulogne, consists of cook, parlor maid and 'tweeny' with one chauffeuse." [A "tweeny," by the way, ranks between a housemaid and a parlor maid. There are fine distinctions in rank in "service" in England.] "They have troubles of their own, too, members of that staff. In the big kitchen, where among the dishes on the table a pink tye-dye bloomed, the fair-haired cook so busily working was just back from a leave in England that was to have been a marriage leave, had not her fiancé been killed the day before he was to join her. Now she is among her pots and pans again, and smiling still, as I can testify. The 'tweeny,' who also describes herself as a boot-boy, is a young war widow."

Drudgery is dignified as well as blessed when we do with our might what our hand finds to do. Recognition of the fine quality of ceaseless everyday service should bring finer folks to it. Another lesson perhaps to bring from our war struggles.—British Bureau of Information.