

Color Your Last Year's
Straw Hat With

COLORITE



Makes Old
Straw Hats
Look New

Splendid for fixing up
Ladies' and
Children's Hats

EASY TO APPLY

Dries in 30 Minutes Waterproof and Durable

- | | | |
|--------------|------------|-------------|
| Jet Black | Navy Blue | Burnt Straw |
| Dull Black | Cadet Blue | Brown |
| Cardinal Red | Sage Green | Violet |
| Cerise | Lavender | Yellow |
| | Natural | |

COLORITE

is also suitable for coloring Satin, Silk and Canvas
SLIPPERS; also BASKETRY

Insist on **COLORITE**
Look for the yellow package

Department and Drug Stores Sell It
or send 25c. in stamps to Dept. M

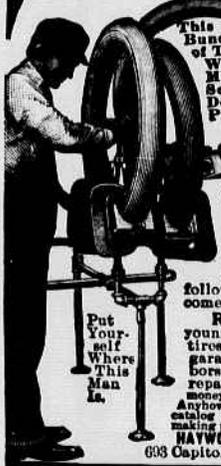
CARPENTER-MORTON CO.
Boston, Mass.

\$250.00 MONTH
REPAIRING
TIRES

Automobile business growing
fast. Enormous field for tire re-
pairing.

Each Auto Sold Means More
Tires to Mend

Punctures and blowouts are common. Tires
need retreading and vulcanizing. Something
going wrong all the time. Thousands forced to
buy new tires be-
cause they can't
get old ones re-
treaded. Think of
the old bicycle
days, repair
shops on every
corner—all
making money.
Autos make
same proposition—
only ten times
bigger and
better. Users of
Haywood Tire Repair
Plan are making big
money. A man who
bought a plant Septem-
ber, 1911, writes he has
reared over \$3,000.
Be the first to start. Ex-
perience unnecessary.
You learn quick. Simply
follow directions. Business
comes fast and easy.



This
Bunch
of Tires
Will
Make
Several
Dollars
Profit

Repair Tires at Home
young men—repair father's
tires—get the money he pays
garage man. Get the neigh-
bors' work. Auto owners—
repair your own tires—save
money—have outfit for home use.
Anyhow investigate. Send today for
catalog explaining wonderful money
making possibilities in this field.
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693 Capitol Ave., Indianapolis, Ind.

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Direct to you at factory prices.
Beautiful, sanitary. Enameled
snowy-white inside and out;
revolving shelves, cork cushioned
door and covers; porcelain
drinking water reservoir and
cooling coil attachable to
city water system if desired.

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a lifetime. Adopted and
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KEY TO THE NATION'S BOOKS

By **LODILLA AMBROSE**

THE greatest contribution of the Library of Congress to the public and private library interests of the whole country is simply a printed card. It is about three by five inches in size, with a circular hole in the middle near one of the five-inch sides, and the printing upon it describes a book of the day, giving the author, title, and other items. It seems a small matter, but there are more than thirty million of these cards in storage at Washington, covering more than six hundred thousand works.

Just a printed card; but it may be bought by anyone at the cost of material and press-work plus ten per cent.; that is, two cents for the first copy of each card called for by an order, and eight-tenths of a cent for each additional copy ordered at the same time.

But why have any sort of card describing books? Because, if a library is to be of service, we must have a clue to each of its volumes, even as we must have an alphabetical index to any book of serious import if it is to be worth anything as a working tool. And the only index to a library that can be kept arranged alphabetically and up to date is the catalogue on cards. To describe correctly and usably every book that may come into a library is not easy, and consequently the amount for cataloguers' salaries is one of the heavy items in the budget of any library that is in shape to do the business for which it was founded.

FROM the very beginning of organized library effort in this country, reckoning from the founding of the American Library Association in 1876, the leaders in librarianship have been searching for means of co-operation between libraries and the resultant reduction in running expenses. Part of the motto of this association is, "For the least cost." There are too many places in a library to put a dollar, and too few dollars to put into them, to make it wise to have any unnecessary places. The spirit of co-operation has found varied expression; but it was not until Herbert Putnam undertook the conduct of the Library of Congress that this spirit embodied itself in a man, a library, a building, in such a manner that the needs of the libraries of the nation could be grappled with effectually.

Only a printed card—but Mr. Putnam stood for using it in recataloguing and re-classifying the national library according to modern standards, and by combining with this work good business methods he made possible the distribution to libraries and individuals of the results secured by his great staff of cataloguers. The minutiae of the routine necessary for carrying out all this make the matter look a bit appalling,—it takes a pamphlet of seventy-six pages to describe it all,—but it really works out easily, and much of the detail would not concern the small public libraries at all.

As the Library of Congress receives all copyright books, its cards naturally cover every American book of importance. There is no reason, therefore, why any ordinary public library may not have its catalogue in printed form, and so have a better catalogue and at much less cost than it could be prepared for in manuscript in the local library. There were in 1913 more than eighteen hundred subscribers to these printed cards; three hundred of them individuals and firms who buy cards on certain subjects, and the rest libraries ordering them chiefly for cataloguing purposes.

This little, nimble, printed card has found so much favor that two other great libraries (the John Crerar Library and the Harvard University Library) are printing cards for their own catalogues, and also selling them for a nominal sum to other libraries and to individuals.

All this means the more accurate and complete cataloguing of libraries, and as a result great saving of time to the public in making use of the libraries. In this wise the Library of Congress has become in a very real and practical sense the national library, as its cataloguing work may be utilized in any part of the country.

IN recent years the Library of Congress has taken on other activities for all the people. It is almost a national bureau of information, and furnishes bibliographical data in printed bulletins and in manuscript on a great variety of subjects. As the first step toward getting facts is to know where they can be found, this service of furnishing good references on worthy topics means much to those who study.

Another service to all the people is the provision for loans from the Library of Congress to people who are investigators. Thus the real worker in some part of the country

distant from Washington is not excluded from getting at least some of the benefits of his national library because he cannot afford to go to Washington.

Possibly the average citizen, if he thinks at all, thinks that it makes extraordinarily little difference to him what the Library of Congress does, whether it has any cards at all, printed or other sort. But this card made a great difference to one of the largest universities in the country. From its foundation no adequate provision had been made for the organization of its library. The laconic reply to the librarian's plea for a sufficiently large staff was "No funds." In the years when these printed cards were a new thing they looked to the long-suffering librarian like a possible source of relief. In fact, the defective equipment for making the contents of the library readily available was crippling the entire educational work of the institution. Of what use is a book, or a pamphlet, or an article, if it cannot be found, and found promptly, when needed? The estimated cost of the printed cards was so ridiculously small compared with the probable resultant benefit that this item was allowed on the budget. The Library of Congress people took a special interest in the undertaking, as it was the first attempt to use their much studied printed card system on a large scale in an important library. The nimble card conquered a situation that was inherited and becoming increasingly difficult.

Just a printed card—but it increases the possible service of every public library staff in the country. Dome, statues, mosaics, frescos, of the Library of Congress building at Washington—a building that covers three and a half acres and cost upward of six

WORTH WHILE FOLK

Continued from page 8

cot bed, and someone was giving him spoonfuls of warm broth to swallow.

Days passed before he was able to leave that hospital and attend other meetings in the big hall. And then the unaccountable happened. One night Brown went with firm step to the officer in charge, looked him in the eye, and said:

"Major, I will never drink again as long as I live. I want a chance to work and make good."

They talked for a few minutes, and the following morning Brown was sent far uptown to one of the industrial homes, where he was given light duties to perform in payment for his board, lodging, and clothes. When he became stronger he was sent on errands around the city—but did not know that every time he left the industrial home he was carefully watched, so that those in charge would know whether he really was trying to make good, or merely shamming. Those who kept track of him reported with unvarying regularity that when Brown was sent on an errand he went directly to the place designated, and came straight back to the home, without entering a saloon, or trying to beg money on the streets, or loitering at all.

After three months of this tryout F. D. Underwood, president of the Erie Railroad, was called upon by a Salvation Army officer, who told him every last detail he could ascertain about Brown and his career.

"He was pretty far gone, Mr. Underwood; but he's on his feet today, and I think he will stay there if given a chance to earn a living. I want a job for this man."

"Send him over here and let me look at him," said Mr. Underwood. "If I can help out, you know I will do so."

The Salvation Army officer did know it, from past experience. He knew further what is not suspected by the general public,—that heads of many great corporations, railway and other, let neither time nor money interfere with such work; that they devote part of their best thought and effort to aiding men who are down and out to brace up, to take hold of life with a new grip, and face the world determined to make good at last.

BROWN started in the job Mr. Underwood gave him,—a small job with few responsibilities, and at a salary of fifteen dollars a week. He worked hard, twice as hard as he had been working for himself, because he realized that if he failed it might seriously affect the chances of the next man in his situation for whom the Salvation Army should ask an opportunity. As soon as he really found himself standing on his own feet, and actually earning enough money for

million dollars—have doubtless made more impression on the public consciousness than have some of the painstaking activities going on in that great edifice. Of these varied functions of the national library, none is more far reaching in the development of American libraries than this same printed card. Title upon title, here a card and there a card, last year forty-five thousand different titles were added to the stock of cards from which any institution or individual may purchase. This card may appear insignificant to the uninitiated, but it means that the resources of the greatest American library are being made easily accessible to all comers, and that the work of the most expert cataloguers may be utilized at slight expense by even the smallest public library or by an individual.

THE FIRE BAG

THE "fire bag" is a relic of the old days of wooden ships. Every whaler and sealer used to carry such a bag. It was of tarpaulin, about one foot in length and six inches in width. It was lined with waterproof material, with interlinings of oilcloth and thick flannel. In this was placed the flint and tinderbox for kindling fire. The bag was then securely fastened with double flaps and tied in such a manner as to keep its contents dry.

It was the duty of the second mate to look after the fire bag, and in case of shipwreck to attach it at once to his person by means of stout straps provided for the purpose. So, if officers and crew were cast away on some deserted shore, the means of obtaining a fire were not wanting so long as the precious fire bag was safe.

The modern steam whalers and sealers carry a fire bag stowed in the lifeboats with the bread and water; but it is of rubber, and contains half a dozen water-tight tin boxes of matches.

self-support, Brown's self-respect and courage returned. His old appearance came back. Before long he was holding himself as he had learned to hold himself at the Point. He was quick, alert, brisk, in speech and manner. The foreman under whom he served soon recognized in Brown a man of able mind which had been well trained; although for a long time afterward he never dreamed that this clerk had been through one of the most thorough courses of education provided for any body of men in the world. Mr. Underwood, true to himself, gave no inkling that this erect, eager man of forty or thereabouts had been a prison bird, almost a desperate suicide. And he, master of thousands of men, was not greatly surprised when he saw that Brown was holding a better position with higher wages.

This material proof that he was doing satisfactorily seemed to be the last thing the former army Captain needed. He grasped problems more easily than before; he saw through them at a glance; his skilled mind devised ways and means for overcoming difficulties that would have balked an ordinary clerk. He was given a position still higher, with another increase of pay, in which he had charge of others; and how showed one of the rarest attributes leading to success,—the ability not merely to command men, but in such a way as to arouse in them enthusiasm for their tasks, to set them on fire with ambition to "put a proposition over the plate," no matter how hard, how complicated, or how discouraging it appears at the outset.

SEVERAL years have passed since Brown got his first job with the Erie Railroad. Today he is living with his wife and children in a home radiating happiness and affection. He is still working hard. He has to; for now his "territory" has been enlarged until it is big enough for even a man of his caliber to handle.

What was that unaccountable something that happened to Brown when a Salvation Army scout spotted him on 14th street, and prevented him from crossing the great city to jump off the pier and "make a hole in the East River"? Various persons will have various theories as to it. But if you want to know what Brown himself says, go down to the Salvation Army headquarters and listen carefully. He is there regularly once each month, accompanied by his wife. They go there so that Brown can tell his story to other discouraged, battered human wrecks who are brought into that big hall; to tell them what he has been through, and by what means he was saved from suicide and restored to self-respect and his family.