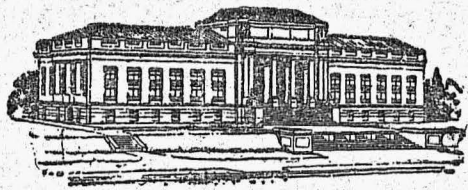


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STATE LIBRARY ECHO

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

VOL. V

DECEMBER, 1928

No. 2



Editorial Staff

Editor, Effie M. Prickett

Associate Editor, Irene H. Mix

Art Editor, Eugenia Maslen

Printer, Nellie P. McCue

Reporter, Mary E. Smith

Reporter, Elsie K. Lawton

You will note some changes in the Echo's staff for the coming year. We intended that you should have an entirely new staff but administrations and cabinets, club officers and editorial staffs do not always turn out as planned, even in a well organized community.

However, as you know all about the editor and printer you can give full attention to the associate editor, the art editor and our two new reporters. With two reporters we expect to "cover" every thing that happens with ease and accuracy. And as for the art editor you have only to contemplate the cover design to feel that this part of your paper is in competent hands.

Right here we make our apology for not calling attention in the October issue to Miss Maslen's illustrations. Several have inquired, "Who did the drawing for you?" and all the time we supposed our modest artist was putting her name to the work.

Besides the regular staff, "we point with pride" to the following list of contributors who have promised to be responsible for our special features.

Ruth B. McLean - You Might Like It
Irene H. Mix - Wit and Wisdom
Lillian G. Grant - Come Into the Kitchen
Beatrice Barker - Out of Town Re-echoes
Adella M. Green - Speaking for the Men.

Already friends have promised articles of interest for the coming numbers and we here invite contributions, suggestions and criticisms from each and all. Anything to keep us on the map.

The ECHO extends Christmas Greetings and most sincere good wishes to all its readers. If the paper has a purpose, it is to increase Good Will.

Our thanks are due Ruth McKimmon, Isabelle Maclean and Dorothy Bidwell for their assistance on our cover design.

CHRISTMAS STARS

It is Christmas Eve at the homestead,
From its windows warm cherry light
Shines out on the earth's snowy blanket
And the quiet of star-lit night.

In one cozy room by the fireside
Are gathered the children three,
And Grandpa is telling a story
As they sit there close by his knee.

Childish faces are lifted in wonder
And the old man, his voice deep and mild,
Recounts the holy story -
The birth of the little Christ Child.

"No room for Him in the Inn, Grandpa?"
In tender tone he said,
"No, dear, just a lowly manger
Was found for the Baby's bed.

"But in the blue of the heavens
There shone a star whose bright ray
Pointed down to the straw-filled manger
Wherein the Christ Child lay."

There was quiet for an instant,
Then a pair of little feet
Pattered over to the alcove
And climbed on the window seat.

A soft warm cheek pressed closely
To the chilly glass; wide eyes
Of deepening blue turned heavenward
To search the studded skies.

"There are millions of stars tonight,
Grandpa,
And the rays all bend towards earth.
Can each one mean that where it points
Is the place of Jesus' birth?"

Then Grandpa smiled. "Let us pray, dear
child,

That these myriad stars shine on men
In whose hearts on this holy Christmas
Eve - The Christ is born -- again."

- S. I. B.

Christmas Presents

To begin with the following remarks are going to "date" the writer and possibly the reader most thoroughly and if you are afraid to consider any thing except the very latest thing in emotions and sentiments you had better skip over to the next page. Assuming now that we have a sympathetic audience we feel easier about starting with "when we were young."

In those far-off days without movies, talkies, radio etc. our most absorbing indoor sport was getting ready for Christmas. It occupied our leisure not only during a large part of the fall but we put in good work in the summer earning money. It was an unwritten law that presents should be paid for from each person's private purse and we scorned any suggestion of a lump sum from Dad or Mother for buying presents. It was a case of pennies from sorting rags (white rags brought more than colored) picking berries, selling extra garden vegetables to the neighbors and any money scheme we could think of. The Youth's Companion premium list figured largely in our hopes and plans.

As far as possible we made our gifts. The boys had a jig-saw and created wonderful brackets and baskets and boxes which became unglued soon after Christmas; the girls outlines and cross-stitched and embroidered and made all those foolish things which are now being shown at the Essex Institutes, Salem, Mass. under the label of "early N. E. domestic art."

Granted that the results of our home manufactured gifts were sometimes funny and our inexpensive purchases would look like thirty cents without the three today, the fact remains we derived the greatest satisfaction ever out of our Christmas giving and we were entirely certain it was blessed both to give and to receive.

How about it now? When we contemplate the once joyous custom we feel like quoting the remark which greeted Mary's spotless little pet after Mary took it one day to Pittsburg - Look at the d--- thing!

Instead of eager planning, whispered consultations and mysterious secrets,

we encounter worry, uncertainty, disillusion. This isn't altogether an effect of getting older. All the seven ages of man but more especially of woman are affected by the modern method.

The more or less cheerful giver has been prodded all the year long into remembering birthdays, graduations (grammar, high and college) babies, house warmings, bon voyages, shut-ins, bridal showers, weddings, and anniversaries, - we even heard from a despairing victim, "And now they're naming the kids after me!"

Is it any wonder we approach Christmas without imagination or enthusiasm? What is there left to give? To be sure we tumble over and into gift shops in every nook on shore and mountain and city street, every magazine has beautifully illustrated suggestions and shopping service and department stores offer special shoppers to help the puzzled purchaser.

But does this accumulation of things bring peace and goodwill? Do people give or get what they want? For our part we confess that the presents we buy look quite attractive when we select them but gradually the charm oozes out as we distribute them and by December 26th we know them all as flat failures.

To put it bluntly the modern giving strikes us as a maddening game of swatting back with something as good or better than the other fellow gave and the whole thing is speeded up by high pressure salesmen working on a naturally generous people till the giving of today bears about the same relation to that of the gay nineties as the motor car and airplane do to the horse and buggy.

We see no relief in sight unless for the individual a tombstone inscribed not like the one in colonial graveyard which read "Died of wet feet," but "Died of Christmas Presents."

E. M. P.

Jr: Pa, one of the kids at school today, said I looked just like you."
Sr. Is that so? Well, well! And what did you do? Jr. Nothing. He was lots bigger'n I was.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING
(An Argument For It)

Twilight is falling, and the first stars of the evening are already twinkling, while snow flakes are flying merrily about, lending to all a glistening, sparkling radiance surpassed only by the jolly smile on Old St. Nick's face as he gleefully chatters with the children who are eagerly making him acquainted with the gifts they wish him to bring, as he stands outside of one of the big stores.

But we have errands to do and cannot stop, much as we would like to, so we pass on to the jewelry store. Here we witness the purchase of a magnificent diamond bar pin by a young man whose very expression indicates that he is pleased not only with his selection of the gift but with the fair recipient for whom it is intended.

Out of the jewelry store into the stationer's! As we pass one young lady we hear a most excited squeal and, upon investigation, learn that the cause of this sudden outburst is merely due to the fact that she has found just the right card for just the right person and we hear her exclaim, "Honestly, it must have been made for her!" Her enthusiasm is of such unlimited bounds in her task of selecting cards that several minutes elapse before we realize that time is fleeting.

Once more we make our way into the streets only to bump into this conversation, "No, dear, now listen. You go along and I'll promise not to look where you go. Honestly I will if you promise not to watch where I go. Well, I'll wait until you get into the store then, before I come in and I'll meet you here in fifteen minutes. (Laugh) You're sure you don't want me to help you?" Such an exchange of merry glances! There is no question but what Dad and Mother are just about to buy each other's present and each is fearful of being discovered during the purchase of the gift which, of course, must be a surprise. Later, in our trip through the store, we find "Dad" at the electrical department, one eye on an electrical waffle iron, and the other on the various aisles, evidently keeping watch lest "Mother" put in an unexpected appearance at the

wrong minute.

We stop at the handkerchief counter. A small child is critically and seriously considering the several "Hankies" displayed. "Oh, I dess I want this one wiv the lace on it. It's pretty 'spensive but it's for my teacher an' she's awful nice an' I fink she'll like that lace border."

We see mothers and dads buying coats and clothing for sons and daughters, sons and daughters buying for mothers and dads less practical things, perhaps, but with the greatest enthusiasm. We see friends buying for friends, sometimes without much thought apparently of cost, and then again, more conservatively, and,

as we rush in this store and that in seemingly every department, we feel confident that everyone in every family is going to be provided for. We ask the clerks occasionally if they are not dreadfully tired and they admit they are but on the other hand, they assure us that for the most part, they derive much pleasure in helping select the gifts and seeing the satisfied look on the customers' faces and hearing occasional satisfied remarks such as "That's just the thing for John" or "That's a good idea."

It is almost supper time and we have one more errand to do and that's at the charity organization. We enter rather hurriedly only to find a group of perhaps ten young women earnestly engaged in tying up bundles and tucking them in a large basket. One of the women explains to us that they are all excited getting this basket ready for a poor family on the east side whose Christmas otherwise would be cheerless.

Exhausted, we finally reach home and after a nice warm supper, we sit down to look over our purchases and we find ourselves almost at the point of squealing like the girl who was buying Christmas cards, and hear ourselves saying, "This is lovely, I wouldn't mind getting it myself." We are indeed dreadfully tired and our dispositions are none too good, but we cannot help thinking how awful it would be to find yourself at Christmas time with no stores

from which to buy gifts for those near and dear to us and how awful it would be to have no one whom we considered near and dear enough to give to and no one who considered us near and dear enough to remember. Surely we have much to be thankful for. By the way, don't you want to join us tomorrow? We have just a few more errands to do to finish up our Christmas shopping, and we'd love to have you come with us!

L. G. G.

"IT CAN BE DONE"

Somebody said that it couldn't be done,
But he, with a chuckle, replied;
That, "Maybe it couldn't, but he would
be one

Who wouldn't say so till he tried."
So he buckled right in, with a trace of
a grin

On his face. If he worried he hid it;
He started to sign as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done- and he did it.

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that,
At least no one ever has done it."
But he took off his coat and he took off

his hat,
And the first thing we knew he'd
begun it.
With a lift of his chin, and a bit of
a grin,

Without any doubt or quiddit;
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done - and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it can
not be done,
There are thousands to prophesy failure;
There are thousands to point out to you,
one by one,

The dangers that wait to assail you.
But just buckle in with a hint of a grin,
Then take off your hat and go to it;
Just start to sing as you tackle the
thing

That "can not be done" - and you'll
do it.

Contributed by L. R. F.

THE STENO'S COMPLAINT

Big Leather Couch, in the boss's office
What good does it do me to have you
there,

With your welcoming arms to me always
extended,

When I have to sit in a straight-
back chair?

Again and again your luxurious comfort
Is praised by the callers who happen
in.

They tell me you are a most excellent
companion --

And all I can do is admit it and grin.

Folks don't mind waiting with you as
companion,

And sometimes I get so mad I could
fly,

Because you sit so thoughtlessly near me
They watch every move I make by-the-by

Sometimes I get so terribly flustered
I can't do things straight until from
you they part,

While again I'm just as calm as they
make 'em

From the time that they join you
'til homeward they start.

There are times when the work is piled
high all around me,

And the boss has perhaps gone out
for the day,

AND YOU HAVE THE NERVE to sit there
and coax me

To come to your arms for a while
and stay.

It is then that I wish I never had
seen you,

For you know I can't do it no matter
how tired ---

Some "little bird" would be sure to re-
port it

And then little steno - you'd see
her get fired.

Some day when I'm rich and no longer a
steno,

I shall call at the office in a
leisurely way

And myself enjoy your luxurious comfort
And laugh at the days when I used to
say

Big Leather Couch, in the boss's office,
What good does it do me to have you
there,

With your welcoming arms to me always
extended,

When I have to sit in a straight-
back chair?

-Lillian G. Grant

Nov. 17, 1928.

A GALLERY OF GIFTS THAT ARE
DIFFERENT

I have a feeling something should be done about Christmas shopping to make it a real pleasure and not a time of intense fatigue. A week is not much time to leave for shopping. Some of us, of course, begin in August, but did you ever know of anyone who finished before Christmas Eve?

Already the shops are full of fascinating gifts ----- last minute suggestions. I have been around looking for weeks in order to be of help to you at this time and I have suggestions which I think are very interesting for Him, for Her, for the College Man, for the College Girl, for the Sub-Deb and from the tiny Remembrance for a Distant Friend to the important token for the Best Beloved.

For - Him

Mahogany or walnut finished tobacco box; rack for pipes; cedar and porcelain lining; moistener

Tool-kit including hammer, screw driver, chisel, file, pliers, knife and awl in leather case

Jigger set of nickel consisting of three gold lined cups, funnel, cork-screw and bottle opener in cow-hide case

Antique or reproduction magazine rack

Poker set

Leather motor cushions

A novel idea in dresser appointments for the man who continually misplaces his comb. In this two-in-one set, the

comb fits into a groove in the brush and slides through to the handle, completely concealed from view.

For - Her

Make-up box

Very large chiffon handkerchieves for evening

Shoe travelling bag, holds 12 prs. shoes, wardrobe style.

Set of different size scissors in leather case

Painted bridge table to be used as fire screen on rack in summer

Brass animal cigarette snuffers

Tea and coffee tables

Satin-covered hangers with clips for drying hosiery. Assorted colors.

Cape Cod Lighter with oil tankard tray and fire stick. Hammered iron, copper or brass.

Driftwood Blaze. A non-explosive, smokeless and odorless powder, which when sprinkled on the open fire will produce a wonderful coloring effect.

For the Sub-Deb

Complete closet equipment with fancy boxed, dress covers, hat stands and dress hangers to match.

Perfume atomizer

Tennis racket

Pencil Lighter. Pocket pencil with practical lighter under cap. Pencil with standard propelling and repelling lead.

Fur Scarf

Fitted case

Boudoir chair or Overnight bag

For the College-Man
Moving picture camera and projector

Travelling victrola with a dozen of the latest records.

Golf Clubs and bag

Desk set

Bill fold

Military brushes

Cane

Automobile robe

For the College-girl
Banner Scarf in College Colors

Evening scarf

Colored leather windbreaker

Visiting cards

Riding habit and boots

Tea set

Magazine stand

Book ends

Musical powder box

Isabelle M. Maclean.

HARTFORD LIBRARIANS CLUB

On the evening of November 20th the Hartford Librarians Club had one of the most interesting meetings in its history, when its members were the guests of the Travelers Insurance Company. The meeting was held in the spacious and cheerful library of the company, located on the eighth floor of the main building, with the State Librarian, Mr. Godard, as the presiding officer. A short business session included election of the following officers for the coming year: Mr. Truman Temple, librarian of Hartford Public Library, president; Miss Helena B. Alford, vice-president; Miss Kathryn C. Belden, secretary; Miss

Elizabeth Root, treasurer; and Miss Elsie K. Lawton, member of the executive committee.

Following the election, Mr. Godard presented Professor Bailey, a member of both the Library Committee and the Radio Committee of the Travelers Insurance Company. Prof. Bailey spoke briefly and then introduced Mr. James F. Clancy, manager of the Travelers broadcasting station WTIC. Mr. Clancy gave a very interesting talk from the manager's standpoint, telling of the history of broadcasting from the earlier days down to our own marvelous times, when only five years ago the first programs were put "on the air" by stations KDKA and WJZ. He spoke of the educational possibilities of radio, and of some of the difficulties which beset the maker of programs.

Mr. Clancy was followed by Mr. J. Clayton Randall, chief engineer of WTIC who tried to make plain to his lay listeners the technical side of radio broadcasting. After a short and most enlightening address, Mr. Randall showed several motion picture films, depicting men and scenes of importance in connection with the history of WTIC. He also told something of the plans for the new 50,000 watt station soon to be erected on Avon Mountain.

After his eager audience had asked many questions which he kindly and clearly answered, Mr. Randall had a brief rest while delicious refreshments were served under the direction of Miss Emily C. Coates, the Travelers librarian. Then came the chief thrill of the evening, for Mr. Randall personally conducted his guests through the broadcasting studios, there explaining everything in great detail and cheerfully answering questions. Altogether it was a red-letter evening for Hartford librarians. H. C.

GSG to Men high up on the ladder adjusting the lights in the chandeliers in Memorial Hall. "You don't see anything of St. Peter up there, do you?"

This automobile age is responsible for girls being driven away from home.

Simple Auction RulesWIT AND WISDOM

Edited by Irene H. Mix

A scientist says the earth is rotating at faster than regular speed. Well, Christmas does seem to come quicker than it used to. Dallas News.

Balky at the Post

Helen: "So Peggy's new boy is a Scotchman? How does he treat her?"
Mabel: "Very reluctantly, I believe."
-Sydney(Australia)Bul.

Many a stout heart beats under a loud shirt. - Elsie McCormick.

And there are others.

Andy Gump's wife said to him: "As a lover you are about as useful as a glass eye in a key-hole."

Philosophy

"A gift without the giver is bare".
Pessimism
A giver who freely gives is rare.
Optimism
With Christmas giving no joys compare.

Is it necessary for a person to have a set of false teeth in order to sing falsetto?

Pick up your cards as dealt. You will be ready to bid ahead of the others.
If you hold a poor hand, mention it. It will guide your partner in his bid and play.

If your partner bids first, don't hesitate to raise. He has to play it.

Never hurry. Try several cards on a trick until you are sure which one you prefer.

Occasionally ask what is trump. It will show your interest in the game.

Walk around the table when you are dummy and look at the other hands. Tell them what cards are good and how many tricks can be taken if the cards are played correctly.

Don't show lack of interest when you are dummy. Help your partner out with suggestions.

Talk about other subjects during the game. It makes for good fellowship.

Be sure to criticize your partner. He will do much better as a result.

Always trump your partner's trick. Never take a chance.

Don't try to remember rules. It is too confusing.

If it is a money game, always stop when you are ahead. It will leave a lasting impression.

Always explain your plays, particularly when set. It shows your knowledge of cards.

Disagree with established rules and conventions. People will know you are a person of independent mind.

Eat chocolate caramels or other adhesive candy while playing. It will keep the cards from skidding.

Selected.

A Compliment

"Emitation is the sincerest flattery".
At a recent meeting of the National Committee of the Junior McAll, a copy of our own "ECHO" was shown and it proved so appealing and attractive that the Board voted to discard the printed "Junior Bulletin" and issue the edition for this year in mimeographed form, similar to the "ECHO", incorporating sketches and some of the subjects used therein.

SCRAFS FROM THE OFFICE DIARY

Sept. 17th. Mr. Godard gave an address at the Constitution Day meeting of the Capt. John Couch Branch, S. A. R. at the Highland Country Club, Meriden.

Sept. 27th. Among the visitors at the library were Elder Walter Shepard and Eldresses Sarah C. Burger and Ella E. Winship of the United Society of Shakers, Mount Lebanon, N.Y.

Oct. 5th. An address was delivered by Mr. Godard at the thirty-fifth State meeting, D. A. R. Putnam Hill Chapter, at the Second Congregational Church, Greenwich.

Oct. 16th. The cornerstone of the Bushnell Memorial Building was laid at which appropriate exercises were held. Mr. Godard was Chairman of the committee which had in charge the material to be placed in the cornerstone box. For the benefit of our readers who live at a distance, the Bushnell Memorial will be located on the corner of Capitol Ave., and Trinity St., across from the Capitol, and is being erected to the memory of Horace Bushnell, so prominent in the history of Hartford and Connecticut.

Oct. 23d. Former Governor Everett J. Lake was at the library and brought with him a portrait to be temporarily hung in Memorial Hall.

Oct 23rd. Mr. Godard was guest at the exercises and luncheon held in connection with the unveiling of the Connecticut charter memorial tablet on the southwest corner of the old Traveler's building. The exercises were sponsored by the Connecticut Society of the Colonial Dames of America and the Traveler's Insurance Company.

Oct. 26th. Mrs. Morgan G. Bulkeley was a visitor at the library.

Oct. 30th. Dr. John Calvin Godard whose articles frequently appear in newspapers of this locality called at the library.

Nov. 1st. Col. Webb C. Hayes and Mrs. Hayes made a brief visit at the library. Col. Hayes is the son of the late Rutherford B. Hayes, former president of the United States.

Nov. 20th. Professor Johnson of the Theological Seminary accompanied by several students, two of whom were from Germany and one from Scotland, visited the library.

Nov. 20th. We were honored by a visit from Dr. James Murphy, lecturer and writer; graduate of Royal University of Ireland; special correspondent for the Northcliffe Press in France, Italy, Switzerland; lecturer at Buckingham Palace by royal request of Queen Mary of England. Dr. Murphy was one of the principal speakers at the November 19th meeting of the Get-Together Club in Hartford at which time the topic under discussion was Mussolini.

C. L. A. Bridgeport, Oct. 25-26

The annual meeting of the Conn. Library Association was held at the Bridgeport Public Library, October 25th and 26th. The members of the Association convened for the opening session at two o'clock Thursday afternoon in the Lecture Hall of the splendid new library. President Orlando C. Davis presided and Gen. Henry A. Bishop, President of the Library Board, gave the address of welcome, following which there was a brief business meeting. Then Edwin Valentine Mitchell of Hartford spoke from the view-point of bookseller and publisher on "Book Reviews and Reviewers". After this, Galen W. Hill, Librarian at Quincy, Mass., outlined the methods he finds successful in "Buying Books for small libraries." The final address of the afternoon was given by Miss Corinne Bacon, ex-president of the Conn. Library Association, whose topic was "Some Recent Books Discussed from the View-point of their Suitability to large and small public libraries."

From four until five o'clock there was an opportunity to inspect the library which we found to be complete and up-to-date in every respect. At six-thirty there was a special dinner for members of the Association at the Stratfield Hotel, following which Miss Geraldine Mac Gaughan gave several readings. The first speaker of the evening was John A. Young, Ass't Sup't. of the Bridgeport schools, whose topic was "The Library's Opportunity". He

(Concluded on page 10)



THE FAMILY PAGE

Edited by B. Barker

ACCUSATIONS-CONFESSIONS-COMPLIMENTS

We have a grievance, and people in that state of mind often burst into print.

It seems that our Editor - who is always "on the scent" for ideas for the "Echo", laboured under a misapprehension, that she had run across a new, and brilliant, variety in our neighborhood. With that thought in mind, she gave us quite a little of her attention. We naturally attributed her frequent calls to our attractiveness, and were getting quite "set up" about it. Imagine our surprise and chagrin, when, in the midst of a call, she suddenly informed us, that, after repeated efforts on her part to get COPY, she had come to the conclusion, that we had a bad case of "inferiority complex". With this parting shot, and a very decided editorial and genealogical click to her heels, she left us to meditate upon our utter blankness. But then, one day, after her reappointment to office, she repented and returned to ask - if we knew of any charm that could be worked upon the outside friends and subscribers by which we could get more news, and (on the quiet) renewals of subscriptions? Dare we say her nay? Most decidedly we DARE NOT!!

Arouse then!! Mothers, children,

cousins, aunts and all Ex Libris relatives. Call upon the muses, the fairies, or your own choice experiences, but by some means, fair or foul, send COPY for the "ECHO".

If any of you folks are in need of having your faces "lifted" we know of a most delightful way of getting the thing done. Surprises - that's the idea, happy ones, (that make the corners of your mouth play tag with your eyebrows) - like the call from Harriett Bosworth Gray, with her first edition - little Mary - who came breezing in from the Pacific coast, full of enthusiasm for the west, and for the one man who resides there, but glad to see Hartford and her old friends, and they in turn were just as happy to see her friendly face again, and wish there were not so many miles between her home and theirs.

Then our glowing Theone Clark on her annual pilgrimage to the north, gave us another "lift" by dropping in for a few minutes chat.

From Mrs. Edna C. Strickland comes a note of appreciation from which we quote, "I enjoy reading the Echo very much and I know everyone has worked hard to make it such a success. My little daughter is very cunning and is growing every day. Perhaps next spring I can bring her up to see you all. Please give my regards to the Ex Libris Club!

Do come if possible.

Cards and letters give us brief glimpses into the lives of our absent members. Those from Harriet Lawrence and Mrs. Anna Gilnack Hill contain some pretty compliments and good wishes for the "Echo".

Miss Lawrence writes "the last "Echo" was a splendid number, and made me feel as though I were having vacation all over again." The drawings captured her eye, and now she is inquiring about the artist. Why so shy Eugenia? Ruth?

Mrs. Hill "does not wish to miss a single number" and speaks especially of her enjoyment of the "Tourist's Impressions."

This last note is echoed by all readers of our paper. Everyone greatly enjoys the canny way in which our Editor tells of her experiences abroad, and hopes that they may see more of them in type.

As we "go to print" a letter to Mr. Due from Matthew Longmore, written in his very best style, tells of a ten day patrol, in which they had to camp and sleep in the rain, hiking all day in wet clothes, but getting a good bit of excitement, from the capture of a real live bandit, with pistols, rifles and supplies which he had hidden away for others of his kind. These first hand experiences make interesting reading.

We are pleased to know that Matthew still has an eye for beauty - he speaks of the lovely flowers in his vicinity - and an appetite for peanuts - which he very generously suggests "Albert can eat for him, as he does not see much of them down there". It's a "long, long way" to Nicaragua, but good wishes travel far, and we send our speeding to Matthew. B.B.

(Continued from page 8)

C. L. A. BRIDGEPORT, OCTOBER 25-26.

He was followed by Everett Dean Martin, Director of the People's Institute of New York City, who gave an address on the subject "What Is an Educated Person?"

Friday morning the session opened at ten-thirty in the library Lecture Hall, the first speaker being Miss Alice I. Hazeltine of the faculty of the School of Library Service at Columbia University. Her subject was "Points of Compass for the Children's Librarian." Then Mrs. Mary E. S. Root of Hartford spoke on "Telling Stories to Children". She was followed by Miss J. Ethel Worcester, Director of Work with Schools in Bridgeport, whose subject was "Cooperation with Grade Schools." A business session including reports of officers and announcement of the new officers, brought to a close the last general session. Miss Greta Brown of New Britain was chosen president for the coming year.

At 12:45 luncheon was served at Christ Church and in the afternoon there were three Round Tables: High School Round Table, Library Supply Round Table and the Poster Round Table.

It was generally agreed that the sessions of the two days had proved both interesting and profitable.

Kathryn C. Belden-Hartford
Public Library

WANTED: A Club Song.

Do all the new-comers know our peppy yell?

"Who are we?

Who are we?

We are the staff of the librarians.

Are we in it?

You bet we be!

We are the crutches

Of G. S. G."

Now doesn't that inspire you to send in your ideas of a song?

It has been suggested that a song appropriate for relieving pent-up emotion at our "banquets" would be most desirable, so to promote such a worthy object the ECHO undertakes to print all efforts submitted and to offer a prize for the one judged most suitable.

The contest will be open till June 1, 1929 and we plan to obtain a popular vote on the merits of the offerings.

Please indicate the music to which your song is to be set. Here is an opportunity for all our song birds to twitter.

It was speeder's day in the police court. The first offender vowed he was traveling only fifteen miles an hour when apprehended., Next a notorious fast driver told the judge he was only going ten miles an hour. And how fast were you going?" asked the judge of Tim O'Brien, third in line.

"May it please the court," said Tim with straight face, "I euz backin' up, Yer Honor."

"I like to kiss a girl who hasn't a lot of rouge on her lips."

"Not me! I like to get there before the other fellows do."

"When the tourist arrived home he fell on his face and kissed the pavement of his native city."

"Emotion?"

"No, banana skin."



Edited by Lillian G. Grant

We are very pleased at this time to introduce MADAM MAE Q. WISE, whose lectures on the famous recipes of our readers, household suggestions etc. will appear in this department of the State Library Echo during the year 1928-29. Madam Mae Q. Wise will publish no recipes unless to her knowledge they have been tested, for it is the aim of the ECHO to make this department one of dependability and service. Each recipe published will bear the name of the person by whom the recipe has been tested and the initials of the person by whom it was submitted.

Any of your favorite recipes, therefore, or suggestions for making easier any particular household duty will be gladly received and should be addressed to "Madam Mae Q. Wise, State Library, Echo, State Library, Hartford, Conn."

Madam Mae Q. Wise will be glad not only to receive any recipes and household suggestions for publication, but also she will be glad to answer questions pertaining to them or to luncheon or dinner parties, etc., which may be submitted, so far as space and time permit.

The ECHO also wishes to announce that any advertising which our readers wish to do relating to candy, cakes, other articles of food or sewing and fancy work may be done through this department free of charge, provided it is submitted by a subscriber or relative of a subscriber.

By the time the next issue goes to press we hope we may be able to announce that Madam Mae Q. Wise has received word that orders may be taken through

this department for "Mother Grant's" well known ginger snaps.

Madam Wise offers the following recipe for

Coffee Sponge Cream

$\frac{1}{2}$ cups cold coffee, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup milk
 $\frac{1}{4}$ tablespoon granulated gelatine,
 2 eggs, $\frac{2}{3}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt,
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla.

Add gelatine, half the sugar and the milk to the coffee. Heat in a double boiler, Beat together the remaining sugar and the egg yolks, combine and cook, stirring constantly until it coats the spoon. Add whites of the eggs stiffly beaten, the vanilla and salt. Serve cold.

Tested by Mrs. H.W. Miner
 Submitted by E. M. P.

Try this for your Christmas Dinner.

Date Pudding.

1 cup dates, 1 cup of nuts, 1 cup of sugar, whites from 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons flour, 2ts. of baking powder, 1 teaspoonful of vanilla. Sift flour, sugar and baking powder together. Add your fruit and nuts, then whites of eggs and vanilla, and bake in slow oven.

Tested and approved:
 Minerva Norris.

Snow on the Mountain

1 cup of nuts, 2 cups of pineapple, two cups of white grapes, 3 cups of marshmallows. Peel grapes, and seed. Cut pineapple, marshmallows and nuts in small pieces. The dressing: Yolks of four eggs, juice of 4 lemons, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mustard, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of whip cream. Do not add whipped cream until dressing is cold. Then mix together with the salad. Place in ice box and let stand overnight. Serve on lettuce leaves with a tablespoon of whipped cream on top of each and sprinkle with paprika.

Tested and approved:
 Minerva Norris.

A Merry Christmas to all. Madam M.Q.W.

REPORTERS COLUMN

Ruth Holmes took an automobile trip to Brattleboro and Dover, Vt. over November 24th.

Mr. Whidden is now a resident of Hartford, having moved his family from Boston.

Mary Boyce Petterson visited her family during November.

Among our football fans who represented us at the games this fall we have Ruth McLean who attended the Yale-Maine game, Ruth Holmes who attended the Yale - Army game, Eugenia Maslen who attended the Harvard-Dartmouth game, and Mary G. Dresser who attended the Yale-Brown game. Oh, yes, and Minerva Norris and Mary G. Dresser did some good rooting for Wesleyan the day of the Wesleyan-Amherst contest.

Miss DeNezzo has been appointed custodian of the Ex Libris Club.

We are delighted to know that Miss Prickett has consented to accept the editorship of the Echo for another year. We have all appreciated the splendid work she has done and her fine enthusiasm has inspired us all to do our bit.

Eleanor Boyce celebrated Thanksgiving week by moving to Evergreen Ave.

The Connecticut State Library was represented at the Bridgeport Meeting of the Connecticut Library Association by Ruth McLean, Kathryn Belden and Mr. Due.

Renee Ramsden extended her Thanksgiving celebration over an entire week by having a house party made up of friends and relatives from Newport, R.I.

Miss Green spent Thanksgiving at her home in Westfield, Mass.

John Bucello is assisting as mail carrier and messenger boy as Dominic is lending a helping hand in the Photostat Department.

Flowers were sent to Grace Carver who was ill for several weeks with a severe throat infection.

Minerva Norris spent Armistice Day in New York where she visited her brother. While there she found time to see the two plays, "Three Cheers" and "The High Road."

In accordance with a vote passed at the annual meeting of the Ex Libris

Club the sum of \$10.00 was sent to the Newington Home for Crippled Children, and a letter of appreciation was received by the club in acknowledgment.

Adella Green celebrated Columbus Day by a week end trip to New York City and Oyster Bay, including a visit with her brother's family and a renewal of her acquaintance with her adorable little niece, Lois.

Leslie French spent the week end of October 12th in Boston and Manomet and set a record by taking an ocean swim on Columbus Day. It was her only way of keeping cool as the thermometer at Manomet registered 84 in the shade.

Milford Beach is an ideal spot to spend a Thanksgiving recess, according to Gertrude Cox, Mabel Patterson and Eugenia Maslen. They said they enjoyed the moonlight strolls on the sands but they haven't assured us as to whether they beat Miss French's record as far as ocean bathing is concerned.

A Christmas box containing candy, nuts, cigarettes, books and other presents has been sent to Matthew Longmore who is in Nicaragua.

Columbus Day is the best time to finish one's fall gardening. At least that is the way that Dorothy Bidwell feels about it and rumor has it that Laura McCue and Mrs. Colvin are of the same opinion.

Among those of our number who spent Columbus Day out of town were Minnie DeNezzo who attended the unveiling of the new Columbus statue in New London, Renee Ramsden who visited in Newport, Grace Carver who spent the week end with friends in New York, New Jersey and Long Island, and Isabel Maclean who visited in Waterbury and surrounding towns and attended the wedding of a friend.

Those who took chances from Mrs. Rudolph on the X.L.C.R. Thanksgiving turkey will be pleased to know that it was won by one of our associates. "Min" of the Probate Department, was the lucky person and we hope it helped to make her holiday a happy one.

"Big John" was also lucky and he won a big turkey for Thanksgiving.

Mr. Buttles certainly has an eye out for good weather for he chose the week end of October 12th to spend at his seaside cottage.

Boston was Mr. Thompson's objective for over Columbus Day.

Ruth McLean visited friends in Boston early in October.

Several of our number exchanged greetings with Elmer Young when he called at the library early in November.

On November 16th it was so delightfully warm that many of the girls ate their lunch on the lawn of the State Library.

Elsie Lawton spent a couple of days in Framingham during October.

Miss Prickett in company with Mrs. Andrews took in the sights of New York during the Thanksgiving holidays.

Some of the gentlemen employees of the library have formed a bowling league. No grand scores have been made as yet.

The sum of \$214.50 was subscribed to the Hartford Community Chest this year by the staff and employees of the Connecticut State Library.

Mr. Sweet spent Armistice Day at his home in Moosup.

Eugenia Maslen made a trip to Boston over the 27th of October.

Vacation Supplements

Miss Barker who reserved one week of her vacation for November entertained during that time her sister from the School of Religious Education, of the Auburn Theological Seminary.

Some of our number who took only two weeks of their vacation in the good old summer time enjoyed a week of this beautiful fall weather. Among them were Mary Dresser, Ruth Holmes, Laura McCue, Mabel Patterson and Irene Mix.

Elizabeth Osborn has returned from a three weeks vacation spent on a trip to Texas, the return being made by boat from New Orleans.

Mr. Due and family took an extended vacation for a week in October in the form of an auto trip through Middle New York state to Niagara Falls, returning via Watkins Glen, N.Y. Scranton, Pa. Delaware Water Gap and Storm King Highway.

Ex Libris Club Party and Annual Meeting.

The annual business meeting and fall party of the Ex Libris Club was held on the 25th of October in the parlors of the Wethersfield Methodist church. The rooms were attractive with their Halloween decorations, the large centerpiece for the tables being a huge shock of cornstalks with a blinking owl at the top and a stuffed opossum at the foot.

One extremely important event of the evening was the postponed initiation of Gertrude Cox into the mysteries of the club. All who attended the June party will remember that at that time we introduced Miss Cox to our goat farm on Talcott Mountain but because of the deluge postponed the goat riding and initiation ceremonies until a more propitious time. This being a near-Halloween party our committee-in-charge produced a real live ghost for the occasion who took in charge the solemn initiation rites and proved even a pst master at the art. Gertrude, even on an empty stomach, was able to acquit herself with glory and we were glad to give her the right hand of fellowship into the club.

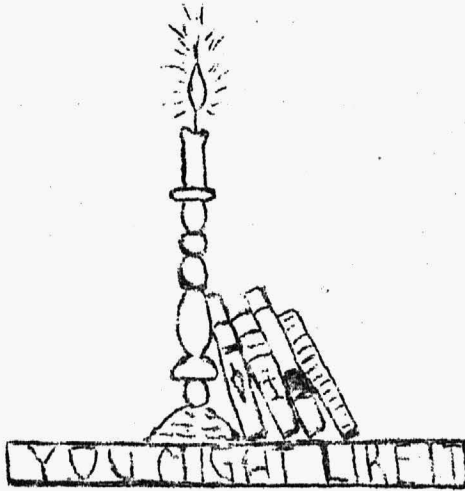
Then came a delicious supper after which games and stunts were enthusiastically entered into.

The chairman of the committee for the party was Mrs. Colvin who was assisted by Mabel Patterson, Adella Green, Laura McCue, Etta Chapman and Albert Schlatter.

At the business meeting the business meeting the new officers elected were Dorothy Bidwell, president, Grace Carver, vice-president, Leslie French, secretary, and Edith Colvin, treasurer. Thanks are due to our Nominating Committee, Nellie McCue, Helen Coffin, and Ruth Mackinnon for procuring for us a fine group of officers.

English from Iowa

Miss Lucile M. Smith, who was overcome by gas while taking a bath, owes her life to the watchfulness of Karl Royer, elevator boy. (Dubuque Herald)



Edited by Ruth B. McLean
Christmas Life-Savers

In the Grand Rush before Christmas new books are seldom read, and often thought of only in connection with Christmas gifts. How many of us would like to wander into a bookstore and purchase many of our gifts for Christmas - if we could only say at the time of reckoning "Hang the expense". By the middle of December doubtless the ECHO readers have their gifts daintily wrapped and addressed. Perchance there may be one "delinquent" who would grasp at a few book suggestions as a last minute life-saver, or a few who are mentally making New Year's resolutions as to their winter reading.

At the fall meeting of the Connecticut Library Association Miss Corinne Bacon gave an interesting talk about some of the new books. Among the fiction she mentioned as particularly good were Galsworthy's "Swan song", Edith Wharton's "Children", and Knut Hamsun's "Women at the pump". For a sweet and wholesome story (that rare type in these modernistic days) she recommended Ruth Suckow's "The Bonney family". Among other works of fiction she spoke of E. H. Young's "The vicar's daughter", which one critic states is "a story that is a story, exciting and civilized, really delightful", and Johan Bojer's New temple "of the finest of contemporary creative writing.

But perhaps you prefer non-fiction. If you like biography there is a wide fange to choose from: among them Harry Lauder's "Romin' in the gloamin'", Theodore Roosevelt's "Diaries of boyhood and youth"; the Log of Bob Bartle the extremely frank autobiographies of Isadora Duncan and Clare Sheridan; or Hilda Rose's "Stump farm; a chronicle of pioneering". If you don't care for biography but want some modern book on the times there is Thomas Millard's "China where it is to-day and why", A. R. Williams' "The Russian land" and "Whither mankind, a panorama of modern civilization" edited by Charles A. Beard.

If you prefer poetry there is "John Brown's Body" by Stephen Benet, a narrative poem on the Civil War, or Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Buck in the Snow" or Robert Frost's "West-running brook". And last but not least, children from four years of age to eighty will want to read the new Milne book "The House at Pooh Corner" - a book which reached its 41st edition three weeks after publication.

Say Not So

Truth from a woman is as reprehensible as treason from a man. At 15 every girl is an accomplished liar, at 20 an ingenious liar, and at 30 a habitual liar. - Fernec Molnar.

"Why did Jack yell 'fire' when you passed by?"
 "Because I'm an old flame of his."

A young school-boy was asked to spell "Pittsburgh". Immediately came the answer "K-D-K-A."

Rose's are red;
 Pearl's are white,
 I seen 'em on the clothes line
 Just the other night.

SPEAKING FOR
THE MEN



Edited by Adella M. Green
AFTER THE HARVEST

At this season of the year, when man's thoughts turn to the selection of a shapely Christmas tree, the gathering of festive greens and the last minute selection of family gifts - for every man shops at the eleventh hour -, gardening has no place. The season is over. The crops and bulbs are in the cellar, the beds fertilized and covered for the winter and the garden tools packed in a secluded corner. What remains to be done? Now is the time to consider proper care and winter storage of the crops. Vegetables housed in proper winter quarters will keep well into the spring, and the labor and forethought involved will prove a financial saving.

After onions have been thoroughly cured and the outer skins shed, the tops should be cut off about half an inch from the bulb and all bulbs that are not perfectly rigid and firm should be sorted out for immediate use. The best storage container for onions is the crate, slatted on all sides, thereby assuring ventilation. To economize in space, one box may stand upon another in any dry store-room where the temperature will never fall below 34 to 36 degrees F. The last of January it is well to go over the bulbs by hand, and, to prevent sprouting, rub off the outer layers of skin,

Winter squash and pumpkins, after having been cleaned and dried and carried one by one to the cellar to prevent bruising, should be kept in

the driest place possible where the temperature is not less than 40 degrees F.

Potatoes should be dried in the shade and carefully kept from strong light which makes them bitter, then stored in any cool place. If they are spread out in shallow crates, or on the cellar floor, rotting spots on any one of them will not infect the others. It is wise to look them over often during the winter, pick out the imperfect ones and thus guard against any trouble of this kind.

Beets, carrots and turnips may all be stored in about the same way. After they are dug up they should be cleaned, leaving the tap-roots uncut, and stored in boxes of half-barrels of clean, dry sand, making sure that each is perfectly buried.

Parsnips may remain in the ground over winter, but as it is difficult to gather them when the ground is frozen, it is better to dig at least half of the supply and replant in boxes of earth. Leave the boxes in the garden and let them freeze as hard as they will. When some of the parsnips are to be used, bring the box into the cellar and let it thaw out.

All members of the cabbage family improve with frosts, and some will bear any degree of cold without injury. Cabbages themselves are well stored if hung by the roots in a cold place. Even if they freeze they are not spoiled, provided they stay frozen. Sprouts may be left where they grow and gathered as needed, except in very cold climates where they may be gathered and hung by the roots in a cold place. Cauliflower may be treated in the same manner, but this must be gathered before frosts and will not keep as well as cabbage.

Store celery by taking it up with as much earth on its roots as naturally adheres to them and set the plants as closely together as they will go on three inches of sand spread over the bottom of a box that is as deep as the celery is tall. Put the box in a dry, cold and perfectly dark place, perhaps in a corner of a shed, if the temperature there can be kept around 28 degrees F. Celery, thus packed, will be ready for use in about six or seven weeks from the date of storing, and by making two or three boxes at intervals of a fort-

night, an all winter supply can be insured.

Apples may be left in barrels in a dark place, but from time to time they, too, should be sorted out and the specked ones removed, lest the others spoil.

I. H. M.

CARBALLOY

"Cutting a screw thread in a glass rod, boring a smooth hole in a block of concrete, handling porcelain on a lathe, and cutting the hardest of steels - tasks difficult or even impossible with present-day machine tools - are among the things that can be done easily with a new kind of machine tool material announced by Dr. Samuel L. Hoyt, of the Research Laboratory of the General Electric Co., at the annual convention of the American Society for Steel Treating, held at Philadelphia on October 11th. The new material, named Carballoy, is composed of tungsten carbide and cobalt, the carbide being extremely hard and the cobalt giving it the necessary strength for cutting tools.

"The possibilities of the new tool material were indicated by Dr. Hoyt in his references to experiments conducted with molded materials containing metal inserts, such as fabric gears used in automobiles. Cobalt-chromium alloy cutters, which had given the best previous service in this work, required re-dressing for every 150 parts machines; the new tungsten carbide tools operating under identical conditions, finished 11,000 parts before they required sharpening.

"The peculiar virtues of tungsten carbide promise to make it the dominant tool material in the field of weak or 'low Tensile' materials, which are also uncommonly abrasive to present tools. Here the durability of Carballoy tools has been found to be of the order of 25 to 75 times that of high speed tools', Dr. Hoyt said. 'The new material can machine harder and denser grades of steel than can be handled

economically by high-speed steel, and steels with higher alloy contents than are now commercially machineable will be brought into the machineable class.'

"The usual cutting tools will not affect a glass rod; instead, a rod of glass in a lathe will wear off the edge of a cutting tool that is pressed against it. The tungsten carbide tool quickly cuts into the glass, and can even be used for cutting a screw thread into the rod. Likewise, hard porcelain insulators can be machined on a shaper with new material. For drilling a hole in concrete and rock it previously was necessary to use either an expensive diamond drill or a "star" hammer, which really breaks its way roughly through the concrete. A drill made with the new cutting material has advantages over both of these, in that it is less expensive than the diamond drill and that it cuts a smoother hole than does the "star" hammer drill.

The Televox which was displayed under the auspices of the Hartford Times at the recent radio exhibit is already doing its bit in the line of electrical mechanics. As explained at the exhibit, distance is no barrier to Televox, as the ordinary telephone is used and Televox received its instructions via the telephone. Its present usefulness is limited to operating and supervising lighting circuits at distant points from a central station by one centrally located supervisor without human assistance at distant points.

Three electrical men are already working twenty-four hours a day with no vacation, watching the height of water in three reservoirs at Washington, D.C., reporting by telephone to the War Department whenever called upon to do so.

This uncanny human device is far from beautiful. It has veins of copper and bones of porcelain. Televox was invented by R. J. Wensley, Westinghouse.

Little Girl: "When I was born I was so surprised I couldn't speak for a whole year and a half!"

