

leaning against an empty building on Lexington Avenue above Twenty third Street, hoping that something would happen. And presently something did.

A boy from a rich family in Gramercy Park came along all toggled out like Little Lord Fauntleroy. His face was flushed. Looking neither to right nor left, the rich boy marched straight ahead. He had the bearing of one carrying a heavy load of emotion. Immediately the everyday kids began to scoff at him.

"Pipe them shoes!"

"Look at that lid!"

"Get on to the shirt front!"

To all this the dressed up boy made no answer. His fists were clenched, his lips tightly closed, and he kept moving onward.

But finally one of the gang yelled:

"Hey, kid, who cut your hair?"

And then the rich boy turned, and said through set teeth:

"My mother, *God damn her!*"

From royalties on book and play Mrs. Burnett gleaned a fortune. For a long time several companies were producing the piece in various parts of the country. When the author died at seventy five Wallace Eddinger, who as a child played the rôle of Little Lord Fauntleroy, explained that he was "one of eighteen originators of the part". Elsie Leslie was Fauntleroy in the initial production in this country, and Master Tommy Russell was an early portrayer of that character.

Whether or not Mrs. Burnett was an eccentric dresser in the nineties, her attire in her latter days gave rise to a good deal of comment on the occasions when she appeared in public. One who observed her in her seventies said: "She crowns her venerable head with the coiffure of a Titian of twenty, and arrays her body in sky blue, plumes and wampum."

IF I WERE GOD

By Marjorie Hillis

IF I were God, I'd match each spirit
To the body that would bear it.
If I made an ugly body
Then a stupid soul should wear it.

Souls like streaks of shining silver
Should be sheathed in loveliness;
Never should a fragile spirit
Droop beneath a heavy dress.

God is wise. And yet, I wonder
If this point is underrated.
Surely, souls should match their bodies.
Mine are very badly mated.

THE MENTAL PATIENT AND THE LIBRARY

By John E. Lind

ONE of the popular pictures of an insane person is that of a vacant faced individual counting his fingers all day long, or engaging in some similar occupation. This is a third hand idea; a writer hears of such a case, or he imagines that the *modus dicendi* "losing one's mind" is to be taken literally and that a person either has all his mental faculties, or none of them. He then introduces a crazy person into one of his stories and pictures him as employing himself all day in some such way as finger counting. This story is read by thousands who have never seen a mentally ill person; they form a corresponding association of ideas which they in turn transmit in conversation.

With such an idea of mental disorder, the average layman reacts in a curious fashion to the mention of a library in an insane asylum. His first expression is to the effect: "A library; what for?" His next idea is that it might be well to have a few books for the amusement of such of the patients as could be trusted not to tear them up—a few picture books perhaps, and primers.

Nothing could be further from the real state of affairs. The circulating library in a large insane asylum differs very little in its content from the library in the average neighborhood, except that in the asylum there is a comparatively greater demand for books of a more serious sort; books on mathematics, philosophy, astronomy, and biography are more popular than in the ordinary library.

Let us consider a specific case. The St. Elizabeths Hospital in Washington,

D. C. has about 4,000 patients, of whom about one fourth are women. About two thirds of the male patients are from the army and navy and hail from all parts of the country. The other thousand male patients and most of the women patients come from the District of Columbia.

The circulating library at this hospital has at present about 10,000 volumes. About 400 new volumes are bought every year and about 300 donated. The library subscribes to thirty magazines and eight newspapers and receives a great many old periodicals from various sources. Those patients who have parole, or permission to walk about the grounds unattended, come to the library and select their own books. The male patients as a rule refuse to be waited on except by a female attendant, and vice versa. Several times a week selections of books are taken to the various wards and the patients encouraged and aided to choose those most suitable to them.

Books of reference, such as encyclopædias, are always in great demand. By their aid, patients often engage in vast research undertakings which are never destined to be published. One patient spent several years going through the Encyclopædia Britannica, working eight hours a day. He was especially interested in the ages at which famous men had attracted attention by their achievements. Thus he found some geniuses who even before their teens had produced works of merit. Next came a list of the thirteen year olds who had done likewise; those