

a necessity to him even if it be not sufficient. To him the "presence of the busy under-class men" is a bore. But a roam in the literary field, with its rich verdure of prose, its garland of classics, its blossoms of history and its fragrancy of poesy, must surely give some stimulus to spiritual activity or relaxation to the mental, and soon he becomes attached to a fascinating issue. Properly enough! One can not be restricted entirely to one's own profession. One may profitably devote that "vacant period during morning hours to polemics, to antiquities, to postage stamps, to works of travel, to the daily papers or to the magazines—to anything, so that one does not detach oneself completely from the affairs of ordinary man or of the nation. "Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man and writing an exact man." The step from that of being a casual visitor to that of an habitue is an easy one. And think, the pleasure of it!

But two rules are to be laid down by him who would accomplish much at so illusory an occupation as is reading. Take time and occasion for the visits to the library and learn to read slowly; "all other graces will follow" in due course. Economize the hours of opportunity, not in parsimony, but in thrift, and having marked out the reading to be done and its duration by giving order and proportion to the whole a conscientiously broad discipline of the mind is attained without seeming effort. Regular visits and intelligent reading will soon form the habit. The taking of notes, the examining of indices and serial reading may be done in the fragments of time, but the solid reading can not advantageously be protracted nor a given thought too frequently be interrupted. That form of dissipation is particularly to be avoided by those who are busy.

Of the matter to be selected for general reading, one can but suggest that it be such as will produce lasting ethical or moral results and not merley of a nature as will stimulate transient emotions. The writer was pleased to note that out of a dozen Penn. State students on a railroad train who were whileing the hours away not one was reading a "trashy" work of fiction, and great was the treat to them when, in a remote hamlet, was met a bibliophile who had stepped aside from his profession at "vacant periods" to acquire a rare collection of old manuscripts upon which he decanted enthusiastically. A systematic application to the means afforded in catalogues and a concentration upon the object sought will place the student in control of the heritage of the best thoughts of all the ages and of all the realms. And this is within the grasp of the busiest mortal.