

## LAST WORDS

I knew not how it came about, but there it stood—as if it had indeed been there since the time of the flood—the new library, the high windows of its upper story reading room dazzlingly bright in the April sunlight. Several students sat reading quietly in comfortable chairs on the sun terrace. I blushed to see that it was larger and more magnificent even than the Gymnasium.

Swallowing my chagrin at such a denigration of accepted principles, however, I went through the gate and couldn't help admiring the fine symmetry and dignified simplicity of the modern structure. Passing through the portal I found myself in a large exhibition room with row upon row of cases containing, so the cards said, the latest acquisitions of rare books and manuscripts, purchased from a special fund donated by the New Jersey Taxpayers Association.

Over the door of one of the seminar rooms upstairs was an inscription saying that it had been furnished by contributions of students and alumni at a cost of a month's supply of chewing gum, a week's Coca-Colas, and ten television sets. The books in this room, the librarian told me, had been paid for by the fraternities, who had voted to give up for the purpose exactly one tenth of their annual budget for initiations and parties. These great sacrifices had started a wave of self-abnegation unequalled since the nobles renounced their titles in the first democratic enthusiasm of the French Revolution.

But how had the building itself been constructed, I asked. It seems that the deans of the colleges and schools throughout the University had formed a solemn pact not to accept money for any new building for their own departments until the institution had an adequate library. Then the legislature appropriated three million dollars for the purpose and this was supplemented by several large gifts from New Jersey residents who had prospered from the favorable tax laws of the State.

I was profoundly shocked by such a reversal of accustomed values. I thought I must be dreaming—I was, but was brought back to reality by an amiable librarian with a pleasant Virginia accent saying, "If you are not going to read, go outside and let someone else use your seat; there are students waiting for a place in the reading room."

—L. A. M.