

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname)—St. Pacien, 4th Century.

VOLUME XXXVII.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1917

2032

The Catholic Record

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 29, 1917

SOCIETY

A wordy wit defines Society as "That privileged portion of the community whose sayings and doings are regarded as important enough to be chronicled; the people who live apart, whose adventures and fortunes and marriages arrest attention as the lives of the common average fail to do."

Fashionable journalism deals with these people at large, offering to the student of manners a spectacle of variegated interest. To one whose perceptions are acute, it is as though an endless procession were passing; not a crowd like that which the Vision of Mirza typifies in Addison's parable of mortality, but a select assemblage moving towards some desired goal. The personae changes, some falling out and others slipping in; the march goes on unceasingly. It is a demonstration of the upward and onward impulse, the urge of life in spectacular form. As in Nature, so in the human sphere—life ascends as the grub evolves into the butterfly, utility sports brave tints and patterns—is sometimes absorbed by them. Climbing approves itself as the most dignified exercise. To be in a forward place, to follow the band, to consort with those who have the air and habit of taking the lead, so as to be at home in the charmed circle—is the sole ambition secretly cherished by many. Pageantry plays a prominent part in the world's affairs. Animals and the aboriginal tribes who are nearest to them delight in ornament; they also have their exotics and entrances, sedulous to act their favorite parts. So Society moves in spacious quarters, wears fine raiment, cultivates exclusive living and behaviour. The manners of gentlefolk vary widely; for as wealth is now a ready passport to social importance, exacting standards of speech and conduct no longer obtain.

NOT ESSENTIAL

Education in the full sense never was a sine qua non of high society; and the morals of people without obligatory duties are as may happen; the old usages that lie upon the surface being still the chief consideration. The pageant sweeps on. Its pauses give point to the main drift of the whole. An "At home" here, a dinner party there, a fashionable wedding or charity-fete now and then, vary the routine of dressing, shopping and other diversions. No doubt the pomp and glitter, the costly clothes and throbbing automobiles, all the color and variety of the spectacle have their attraction for young and old. Golf and gossip, bridge and tennis, changes of costume to suit the exigencies of the season or the occasion—these and a thousand other trifling details are embodied in the ensemble which we envisage as Society. The honours of this social pageant might well fill a part of our space. Caste has been riddled and routed by satire in every age, in spite of its rational ground. Poets and playwrights have revelled in its comic aspects. We all remember the soaring cloister who had an invitation to the mansion of an aristocratic debtor. "It was a very mixed company," he told his host. "Well," was the reply, "you couldn't expect them to be all tailors." Patricians and Plebeians are made of the same clay; some fine and fragile, others strong to endure rough wear. When they deserve respect they usually receive it. The envy that moves restless folk is ill-judged. The cares and vanities and vexations that conceal themselves under Fashion's bravery are not worth struggling for. Our real needs are few after all.

"The battle of our life is brief. The alarm, the struggle, the relief—Then sleep we, side by side."

THE GENTLEMAN

Culture may take a false direction; indeed it is bound to do so when a nation allows itself to be dragged into subjection to imperious demands which clash with modern ideals of freedom and international justice. All the same, the law of harmonious development is at work in subtle ways. Thus we may trace the evolu-

tion of the gentleman from the old feudal state. Few would take offence if told "You are no saint;" but it would be quite unsafe to say to the average male, "You are no gentleman." The fact is that even where coarse manners and sordid notions prevail an undefined idea lurks and occasionally manifests itself in behaviour; it is the budding sense that manhood is shaping for something higher than mere self-pleasing. The grimy laborer in the street car, who gives up his seat to the elderly traveller is, to say the least, on his way to become a gentleman. All the epics of chivalry and romance take this mood of fine service for granted. Gallantry now gives place to a reasoned sense of what is due to man as man. Woman's share in the great transformation cannot here be noted. That it is momentous, who can doubt?

Thus we may proudly and profitably envisage the social pageant. No superficial estimate suffices. Extreme theories neutralize each other. Facts give the lie to ardent upstarters of the order of the Society as they also do to those who denounce and resist timely adjustments. Generations pass, kingdoms break up and recombine, the watchwords of civilization change, but the race moves forward to its goal. The ideal humanity floats before, and at times faith in its triumph waxes faint, but amid all the confusion, the trampling and crowding and blaring music of the foremost files who roughly represent the moral urgency that never slackens or fails, the end is decreed and the means serve to promote it. The heirs of all the ages will one day appreciate their inheritance to the full. In that day seers and sages will be honored—kings shall be philosophers and philosophers kings, for in the fraternity that banishes sanguinary strife men shall discern the chief good clearly and pursue it joyfully to the predestined end.

CONVERTS FROM NON-CATHOLIC CLERICAL FAMILIES

At an out-of-the-way Scottish seaside resort, recently, Mass was celebrated in a small cottage for a Catholic visitor by a priest who was also on a visit to the island. Only eleven persons were present at the service. By a rather remarkable coincidence, the celebrant was the son of the local Episcopalian minister, and one of the most prominent members of the congregation was the son of a former local Presbyterian minister. Two other members of the small congregation were daughters of Protestant ministers. The gathering formed thus a remarkable object-lesson in the attractiveness of the Catholic Church for the more thoughtful of those connected with non-Catholic clerical circles.

A FLOWER IN A WINDOW

As we whizzed past the dingy tenement we noticed a single sickly geranium blooming in the window. At first we were inclined to smile and then we were provoked to pity. It might stand, we reflected, for courageous effort unrewarded, or for a bitter hand-to-hand fight with the world that found solace in a crimson blossom, or an appreciation of beauty but partly gratified.

The human heart, even in its blackest moments, craves the comely and the good. The man in whom the love of flowers or music or little children is unextinguished has still a basis upon which to build, sunk in sin though he may be. Light sometimes shines in dark places, and whatever of sorrow or failure may lurk in the tenement by the elevated is mitigated by the flower that nods its head in the window.—New World.

WHISKY DISTILLERIES CLOSED

On September 8, the manufacture of whisky ceased in the United States, under provisions of the food control law. Millions of bushels of grain heretofore used in making that form of drink will be diverted to food. Importation of whisky also stopped on the same date. It is not known how much grain will be added to the food supplies as a result, but experts say about one hundred million bushels are used by the distillers each year, of which about forty million bushels are used in whisky manufacture. Customs officials throughout the country will seize all importations of spirituous liquors reaching the United States. Officers of the Internal Revenue Bureau throughout the country will see the distilleries make no more whisky.—Sacred Heart Review.

WHO ARE OUR SOLDIERS?

"Man for man, the soldier is as good as anybody," says Mr. Bickerstaffe-Drew, one of England's best known army chaplains, and the ranking Catholic chaplain of the British armies. If we took 1,000 soldiers and 1,000 civilians, this experienced priest declares, we would not find among the soldiers the slightest degree more of sinfulness, unfaithfulness to God, brutality, coarseness or meanness than we would find among the same number of civilians. Speaking of the "boys" with whom he has come in contact in Flanders during the present War, the Monsignor says: "There was no drunkenness, but a most perfect sobriety among them; and it was not only that the men were brave to a degree, bearing their terrible wounds and hurts with most heroic patience and silence," that, after all, "is the fashion of their profession," but their cleanliness, their decency, their irreproachable behaviour in the midst of what was supposed to be the license of war." He had heard that in war one would see the soldier not at his best; but he had learned otherwise. "During the War he had found his respect for the soldier immensely deepened."

After all, these soldiers are only our own home boys wearing the uniform of the country's defenders. Who are they but our own brothers, our own sons, warm, human hearted fellows, who have only one life to give and who give it freely for others? "A soldier comes more nearly than a King to the pattern of Christ," says Cardinal Newman. "He is not only strong, but he is weak. He does and he suffers. He succeeds through a risk. Half his time is on the field of battle, and half of it on a bed of pain. And he does this for the sake of others. He defends us by it. We are indebted to him. We gain by his loss."

Of course, we admire the soldier boy. Perhaps, even, some sense of what Newman says comes vaguely to us as we watch the man in uniform on parade, or read of his exploits on the field. But, nevertheless, there is no profession so little understood by the masses, so unjustly criticised and even reviled by the people, as the soldier's. The soldier is a marked man; and when one soldier falls, the whole rank and file of his fellows suffer. True, this is a good thing in a way for the soldier, a fact that acts as a deterrent on him, and checks against carelessness. But it is hardly just on our part; and if there is one thing that this War will bring home very close of us and personally to us, to 1,000,000 of us at least, it is this fact—that the soldier boy is our boy, just as we sent him out of our homes to take his place in the ranks. He does not change much, on the contrary, "the coercion of the service is a powerful influence for good," says Major Paul Malone. "Perpetual drilling develops subconscious obedience; thus the soldier develops the faculty of loyalty following his military leaders, and of courageously leading his subordinates; and if he returns to his community with this faculty fully developed, his influence will be a positive factor for good."

As for the Catholic soldier in the field, perhaps there is nothing in Shakespeare more Catholic or better fitted for Catholic soldiers, sailors and chaplains than the golden words of counsel given by Henry V. as he paced in disguise the English lines at Agincourt:

"There is no King, he his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrament of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some of beguiling virgins, with the broken seals of perjury; some making the wars their bulwark that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. . . . Every subject's duty is the King's, but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience; and dying so, death is to him an advantage; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost wherein such preparation was gained."

Fair words and true for the soldier boy, the son of our home, the pride of our nation.—Charles Phillips, in America.

METHODIST PAPER HANDS TOM WATSON HIS DUES

The Alabama Christian Advocate, official organ of the Alabama and North Alabama conferences, Birmingham, Ala., of the M. E. Church South, says editorially: "The Roman Catholics in America have certainly 'put it over' on Tom Watson. He has had much to say about their being subject to a foreigner, and consequently unable to be loyal to their own country; he has harped on their being 'non-American' until it is an old song. But in this hour of America's need Tom Watson is 'doing his bit' to embarrass and cripple the administration, while the

Roman Catholics claim that 40% of the men in the army and navy are members of their Church. In addition, the Knights of Columbus are raising a fund of \$3,000,000 to do for their young men in uniform what the Y. M. C. A. is doing for the Protestant soldiers. We are not a Romanist and are not contemplating uniting with that body, but when it comes to loyalty we must say we prefer the Catholic to the 'Watsonian' type."

OUR UNASSIMILATED IMMIGRANTS

Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis does not believe in the magical efficacy of the melting pot, he looks upon it as the great American delusion. Filled with sinister forebodings anent the future of the Republic, he recently gave vent to them in the following terms surlily and with tragic import: "Dark moments come when one surveys the multitudes [of undesirable immigrants], and their ignorance, squalor, filth, superstition, drunkenness; their contempt for the schoolhouse and the book, the social settlement and the church."

Our policy of throwing open the gates to all immigrants who wish to share the good things of the land has enabled us to grow from a mere handful to a mighty 100,000,000. But our growth, Dr. Hillis holds, has been akin to that of a fungus or a tumor, and the problem that confronts us now calls for the scalpel and the knife.

"First of all, the mere bulk of the foreign-born population is disturbing. Statisticians tell us that we have more than 50,000,000 of our people who are either foreign born or the children or grandchildren of foreign-born parents. Had the old native stock at the time of the adoption of the Constitution remained, growing by natural increase alone, we would have in the country today 48,000,000 people." In answer he said that if even the grandchildren of immigrants are to be numbered among our foreign population, it is much to be feared that the white native stock will dwindle to infinitesimal proportions. But that is neither here nor there. The point is that we might have, but have not, 48,000,000 people descended from the "old native stock."

The point is further that never raised their voice, whether from perversion of the natural law which has brought about the condition he deplures. While the old native stock reverted to the morality of pagan Rome in the halcyon days of the Empire, its Christian leaders remained mostly dumb. What a splendid opportunity they lost to fulfil a patriotic duty towards the country they love so dearly, when they let slip the chance to assail the hideous vice of race suicide that is gnawing at the vitals of the nation and decimating it before their very eyes.

"We must all confess," says Dr. Hillis, "that some immigrants mate the Republic with a deadly hatred. Their malignity is almost beyond words. Witness that meeting some months ago when a group of men assembled, put an iron pot on the platform, set fire to the kindling wood and then each man and woman marched by, dropped a little American flag into the flames, and took from the hand of the leader the red flag." Strangely enough, the speaker forgot to say that the leader in this dastardly performance was a Harvard graduate (1899), one Bouck White, a name that sounds strangely of the patronyms of the immigrants from "Austria, Serbia, Bulgaria," whom Dr. Hillis would especially banish from our shore. The vast number of foreigners, even if they read newspapers and listen to sermons in their own tongue, and use their own language in their schools, are quick to accept "the essential ideas of democracy." Their English obviously has no monopoly on these ideas and ideals.

That "some immigrants" hate the Republic is too obvious to question. They hate all law and order and every form of government. They were dyed-in-the-wool Socialists before they landed here, and our large-hearted legislators never denied them the right to American hospitality. Events may soon show whether the course of the latter was right or not. Others have been made into followers of the red banner by what they saw, heard, and lived through in the factories, mines and other industrial enterprises of their adopted land. The heartless exploiters of the laboring man; the sweatshop proprietor who waxed-fat on the starvation wages of women and children, represent phases of our American life well within the memory of the present generation. In consequence of strong and persistent protests, of strikes and riots even, legislatures have had to step in frequently to better conditions, and then their enactments have so often been circumvented by greed that it is an utter perversion of the truth to denounce and condemn the immigrant and to hold up his native employer as an immaculate example

of true Americanism. Socialism is fundamentally wrong. But men being what they are, without the religious restraints which the Catholic Church alone provides, Socialism will continue to win converts as long as such conditions are allowed to exist.

If Americanism stands for anything at all, it stands for equal opportunity, fair treatment for everyone, in short, for social justice. From how many Protestant pulpits before which those "malefactors of great wealth" sit in smug self-satisfaction, has their unholly grasping been denounced? How often have the rights of their employees been set forth in unmistakable terms? The initial impetus towards reform was allowed to come not from those who should have been the leaders, but from the masses who will find a spokesman when their burden is beyond endurance. Meanwhile, the Protestant pulpits keep on fatuously prating about "American ideals and the faith of our fathers." The descendants of the fathers have become too few and too powerless to preserve the ideals of their forebears, and are loath to hand on the heritage to a new generation which, with supercilious airs, they would brand as "our unassimilated." Unassimilated or unrelaxed by ties of blood to the native-born yes. But physically and mentally and morally they are the peers of our colonial pioneers and founders. They are fully fit and willing, especially those of the Catholic communion, to take up the task that is dropping from the impotent hands of a degenerated stock. The Republic is safe in their keeping. Their ignorance, squalor, filth, superstition and drunkenness, their contempt for the schoolhouse and the book are but the swan song of a foolish and dying nativism. Rail at them as you may. But stop them in their conscribed task of fashioning a greater, a better and a stronger America, you will endeavor in vain to do. By reforming your own morals you may still share that honor with them who do not shirk the burden of life and manhood and nation-building.—J. B. Coleman in America.

EXALTING THE CROSS

Time was when the imperial diadem of the Caesars gleamed far and wide as the most resplendent gem of this earth. Rising like a glorious orb it cast its brilliancy to the farthest ends of the Roman Empire. The city of the Seven Hills, brooding over the Tiber, was the center whence radiated power and dominion throughout the civilized world. Decay and death, however, has ever been the fate of human institutions, howsoever grand they may have been in their prime. Babylon and Assyria, Greece and Carthage furnish eloquent testimony to this truth. Rome, in the minds of her citizens, was destined to last forever. But Rome was only human, and as the work of man she perished.

When Constantine, with one blow, shattered forever the bonds that held captive the whole Christian world, he decided to perpetuate the glory of Rome in a different sense. The most despised people of the Roman Empire was the Image of the Crucified. The Latin tongue with its flexibility, scarcely could supply expressions sufficient to register the contempt and the abhorrence which the average Roman citizen felt for that image. Constantine's act, however, snatched the cross from the mire, he rescued it from extinction, raised it high in the Roman firmament that it might shine forth as the beacon of hope to the oppressed peoples of earth.

On September 14 the Catholic Church commemorates the exaltation of the Holy Cross. She calls her children to pause and consider what they and the world owe to the benign efficacy of that Sacred symbol. She started on her long journey down the ages to the end of time with the avowed purpose to bring all men to Christ. She is still laboring towards this end. She has done more. Her missionary-bands have gone forth to the uttermost recesses of earth to Christianize the peoples; the effects have been also to civilize them. Christianity, representing truth in its highest form, has tended to bring forth the most beautiful development of truth in a manifold sense. Art and letters, science and philosophy have felt the warming influence of Christian truth, and have been purged of the grosser elements that formerly debased them. The exaltation of the Cross has been the exaltation of the human race; it has been the purification of the peoples of the earth, and, relying upon Christ's promise, it will shine undimmed down to the end of Time until the last human being with convulsive gasp has given back his soul to his Maker. High over the portals of eternity will it shine to welcome us into the haven of unending happiness. To him who has been ashamed of that Cross during life it will be forever and aye a burning brand, torturing with all the vehemence of a loved one repulsed.—Catholic Bulletin.

PEACE NOVENA ADVOCATED

TO INVOKE QUEEN OF PEACE IN OCTAVE BEFORE FEAST OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

A nation-wide novena for peace is being urged as a practical way, on the part of the Catholics of the United States, of co-operating with Pope Benedict XV's peace efforts. The feast of the Immaculate Conception, December 8th, is suggested as a good day for the novena to end. Concerning the proposal America says:

"The pleading of the Holy Father with all who have been redeemed by Christ to lay aside their strife, though it has fixed the eyes of the whole world on peace and undoubtedly hastened its advent, has not been altogether successful. The Pope is not, of course, surprised. In fact, what has actually happened seems to have been anticipated by him some months ago when he bade all his children turn in their agony of pain to the gentle, the gracious Queen of Peace. Have we obeyed his bidding? Certainly in private. But have we made a united effort to win through her powerful intercession the priceless boon for which every heart is longing but which still seems so far away? We should do so at once.

An easy, practical way of doing this would be a novena to the Queen of Peace, made simultaneously in every Catholic church and chapel in the land. Much might be expected from the mystical novenas days of concerted prayer, if all the members of every parish and all the soldiers in every military camp would first purify their hearts from sin, and then, gathering each evening before Our Lady's statue, would humbly supplicate her assistance, uniting their voices in a common formula, voices lisp with childhood, trembling with age, and strong with the years of maturity. If our prayer for peace expressed in the words written by the Vicar of the Prince of Peace and directed to her whom he has called the Queen of Peace were to rise as a single petition from millions of pure hearts, it would have so mighty a volume that it would thunder at the gates of Heaven, and Our Lady could not but bearken. The Feast of the Immaculate Conception would be a good day for the novena to end, a feast that inspires confidence. For what is Lourdes but the gift of a compassionate mother to her suffering children? Perhaps the Queen of Peace will grant us no less a boon."

MOTHERS OF MEN

Some of the mothers of the men of the Sixty-ninth must be proud women to-day. We have read of the recruits at the army, Lexington Avenue, refusing their dinner of ham and cabbage because it was served to them on a Friday. The sacrifice was none the less because after all, it turned out to be not necessary, for troops on active service are dispensed. It is the principle of the thing that is so fine. Only those who have had to do with hungry boys will fully appreciate what it meant to go without their meal rather than violate the command of the Church, yet these recruits left it untouched and went hungry. Irish? yes, of course almost to a man, and their good mothers would expect nothing else, but that does not make their gesture any the less noble. The lady who, in her training and the lady who, in the best sense of the word, we feel confident that they will conduct themselves like the knights of old, permitting nothing, no reserve or trial to mar their chivalry.—Truth.

RHEIMS SHALL NOT BE MUSEUM AVERS CARDINAL LUCON

DETERMINED THAT CATHEDRAL IS TO REMAIN SUCH IN ANY EVENT

Suggestions are being publicly advanced as to the destiny of the Rheims Cathedral, says an Associated Press news item. Discussion centers on whether it should be restored as a Cathedral or transformed into some sort of a national memorial dedicated to those who have lost their lives in the War or left as a monument to Teutonic barbarism. The question cannot be definitely decided perhaps until the German guns have been driven from Fort Brimont and the final condition of the historic fane, after so many months of bombardment, can be ascertained.

Meanwhile, Cardinal Lucon, Archbishop of Rheims, who has remained beside his beloved Cathedral throughout the bombardment, is firmly determined that Rheims shall always have its temple.

"I protest with all my energy," he has said, "and I shall never cease to protest, against any project that seeks to make Rheims Cathedral into some kind of a museum or necropolis. Those who have such ideas do not consider what Rheims is for the Church, for France and for the whole world. All such proposals are impossible."

CATHOLIC NOTES

There are one million one hundred thousand persons under catechetical instructions for Catholic baptism in China and Africa.

Rome, Sept. 4, 1917.—After consulting with Archbishop Cerretti, the Pope has created a new diocese at Wagga, Wagga, Australia.

The new chapel of St. Paul in Westminster Cathedral was erected entirely by offerings from recent converts to the Church.

Lady Chylesmore, formerly Miss Elizabeth French of New York, established a Belgian convent school on her estate near Windsor. Eighteen nuns from Antwerp are in charge.

The Right Rev. Rene Ferros, P. F. M., established in Bangkok, Siam, a college which has enrolled 1,050 students, one-fourth of whom are Christians.

An act of the U. S. Senate provides for a monument, in Arlington Cemetery, in memory of the Catholic Sisters who gave their lives for their country on the battlefields of the Civil War.

The famous French monastery, the Grande Chartreuse, from which the monks were expelled by the French Government in 1903, has been converted into an internment camp. The monks of St. Bruno founded this abbey nine hundred years ago.

The closing exercises of a retreat conducted by the Dominican Fathers at Lorrha, Tipperary, were held in the ruins of the Dominican Abbey which was founded in 1269 by Walter De Burgh, Earl of Ulster, and for over five hundred years owned by the Dominicans.

The Most Rev. Daniel Cohalan, D.D., Bishop of Cork, has been left property valued at \$80,000, in Dublin and Kensington, by the will of the late Miss Francis Mary Hetrick, formerly of the Shelburne Hotel, Dublin.

A dispatch states that the Vatican has asked the good offices of the American and British governments in behalf of the priests and religious orders in Mexico which are threatened with expulsion from that country. The Vatican adds the assurance that there is no reason justifying such a measure.

The author of the beautiful "Salva Regina," was Blessed Herman the Cripple, who was born in 1098. His prayer is one that came from the heart of the crippled monk. Millions of Catholics every day utter it with fervent devotion. In every known tongue they cry out, "O clement, O loving, O sweet Virgin Mary."

A fine mosaic of the early sixth century Christian church has been discovered by British troops in Palestine northwest of Beersheba, under works recently occupied by the Turks. It bears a Graeco-Syriac inscription referring to a Saint George. Bones were found beneath the mosaic. The mosaic has been somewhat injured by Turkish trench digging, but is, nevertheless, a fine specimen.

By Bishop Favau, C.M., comes news of a great event which has just been celebrated in his diocese, namely, the three hundredth anniversary of the first Mass said in Hang Chow. It hardly seems possible that the Faith had a foothold in Che Kiang long ago, but such is the fact. The occasion was one of great solemnity; not only neighboring bishops but the principal mandarins and civil and military authorities were present.

Catholics throughout the country will be interested in the election of Walter George Smith of Philadelphia as president of the American Bar Association, an office considered to be one of the highest honors that can come to an American. Mr. Smith was elected at the convention which closed recently at Saratoga Springs, N. Y. Mr. Smith is one of the most prominent Catholics in the country, being a trustee of the Catholic University of America and a former president of the Pennsylvania Federation of Catholic Societies.

A Lincolnshire farmer was fined £5,500 lately, for selling potatoes at above the maximum prices fixed by the food controller, says a dispatch from Spalding, Eng. Thompson sold his potatoes at an average of 41s a ton while the price fixed by the controller was £11, 10s. There were fifty-five charges against Thompson, to which he pleaded guilty, and he was fined £100 on each charge, in addition to £250 costs. Thompson sold more than 1,000 tons of potatoes above the legal price.

The old Boston library contained ten thousand volumes, many of which were gifts, being largely reports. The present public library contains more than three million volumes. It has thirty branches, which, if put together, would cover sixty acres of floor space. The library subscribes for 350 daily and weekly papers, and 1,700 other periodicals. Among the collections given to the library are the Quincy, Thomas Prince, and President John Adams libraries, the Allen A. Brown collection of 80,000 volumes, and the Barton collection of 14,000 volumes. The library property is valued at \$8,000,000.