

Series VII.

Number III.

BULLETIN

OF THE

University of Notre Dame

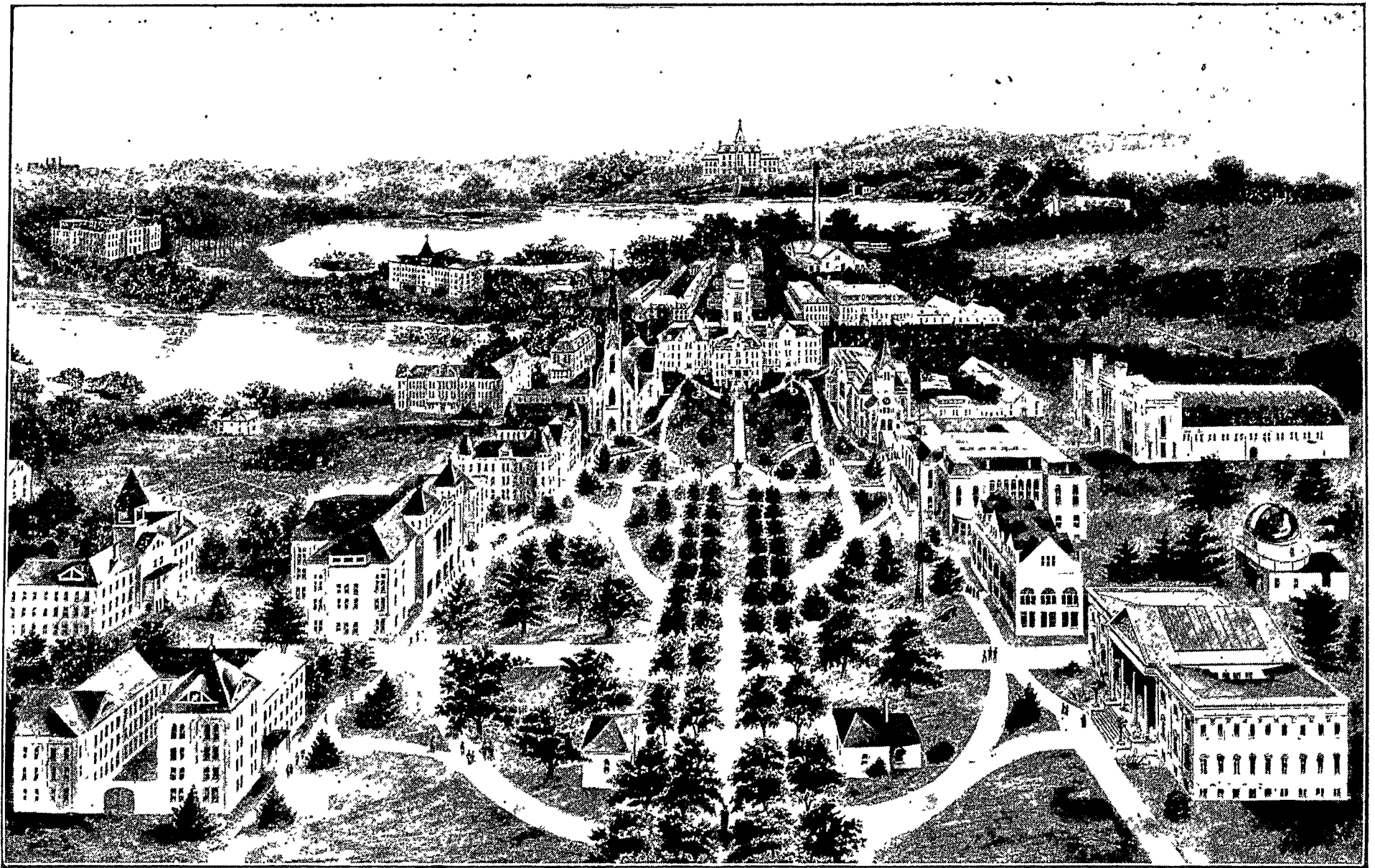
NOTRE DAME, INDIANA



PUBLISHED QUARTERLY AT NOTRE DAME

THE UNIVERSITY PRESS
JANUARY, 1912

Entered at the Postoffice, Notre Dame, Indiana, as second-class matter, July 17, 1905



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME.

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DIRECTORY OF THE UNIVERSITY

The FACULTY—Address:

THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME,

NOTRE DAME, INDANA.

The STUDENTS—Address:

As for the Faculty, except that the name of the HALL in which the student lives should be added.

A Postoffice, a Telegraph Office, a Long Distance Telephone, and an Express Office are at the University.

The University is two miles from the city of South Bend, Indiana, and about eighty miles east of Chicago. The Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, the Grand Trunk, the Vandalia, the Indiana, Illinois & Iowa, the Chicago and Indiana Southern, and the Michigan Central railways run directly into South Bend. A trolley line runs cars from South Bend to the University every fifteen minutes.

FOREWORD

THE papers that are gathered into this bulletin are believed to be of interest to inquirers about the University as well as to former students.

Mr. Evans, the writer of the first three articles, is a journalist and his work shows not only the haste of the journalist but the marvellous power of absorption as well. It is astonishing that even this skilled newspaper man should have been able to get at the heart of things in such brief time.

As for Doctor Smith, his skill is a matter of national admiration. Though he has never been a resident within the University, he knows it from Old College to Walsh Hall.

The editor of the bulletin desires to express his thanks to these distinguished gentlemen for their appreciation of the work done at the University as well as for the pleasure they afford all who read the papers assembled here.



Notre Dame: Marvelous Outgrowth of Mission in Wilderness.

BY ARTHUR M. EVANS.

[Staff Correspondent of the Chicago Record-Herald.]

NOTRE Dame, Ind., Dec. 14, 1911.—The University of Notre Dame is the largest Catholic college in America and the largest boarding college in the world. Its student body contains nearly 1,000 young men and boys who live in halls of residence and take their meals in commons. It is nothing less than a vast family, with the faculty performing a paternal as well as an educational role. Twenty-four hours a day the students are under the eye and control of the university. At 10 o'clock at night all lights are out; at 6:30 in the morning the entire student body arises. Meals are served at the same hour each day; periods are specified when the students must be at their books; hours are allotted for exercise and lounging—a plan intended to develop the ability for intense application by fostering a well regulated mode of living and systematic habits of thought and work.

The distinctive feature of Notre Dame is the home life of the students. The intimate relationship between the faculty and the students impresses the visitor and is one key to the intensity of the college spirit at Notre Dame. The university is a town in itself, that fur-

nishes on its campus all necessities and diversions demanded by healthy, normal youths. Each residence hall has its own recreation room, with billiard and pool tables, bowling alleys and pianos. The college has its own shops and stores, its own theater and its own hospital.

The career of the university is little short of a marvel, and its history is an inspiring record of sacrifice and devotion.

Sixty-nine years ago a French priest with a great vision came here with sixty-six dollars to establish a university in the wilderness. He found a log chapel and a ten-acre clearing. Today the university has twenty-two large buildings, a campus of 2,000 acres and a farm of the same area, all valued at \$3,000,000; its curriculum has grown from one course to eighteen; it has a chapel of cathedral proportions; its halls are storehouses of treasures, while from a liberal arts college in 1842 the university has expanded until it now embraces in addition colleges of science, engineering, architecture, journalism and law.*

The astonishing feature about this growth is that the university has no endowment. The explanation lies in the faculty, which is composed of priests, brothers and laymen. The laymen, numbering forty-one, are all salaried, but the priests and brothers, who number forty-four, give their time, labor and energy without compensation. A majority of the faculty serve without pay and the university is supported by the tuition fees of the students. Its sole endowment has been one of flesh and blood.

* "It were a great pleasure to salute Notre Dame, the first of American Catholic Colleges" -- *Archbishop Ireland*, May, 16, 1908.

The University of Notre Dame was founded Nov. 27, 1842, by Rev. Edward Sorin of the Congregation of Holy Cross, an order devoted to missions and to education. Father Sorin came from Paris at the request of Bishop de la Hailandiere of the diocese of Vincennes to found a mission and to establish a college near Vincennes. Not liking the site, however, he asked the bishop for another location and was given a section of land on the St. Joseph River near Lake Michigan on the condition that he build a college and novitiate within two years, and that he attend, at the same time the Indians and white settlers within a radius of 100 miles.

With seven brothers of the order Father Sorin set out from Vincennes Nov. 16, 1842, some on horseback and some with an ox team. On the eleventh day the party arrived at South Bend and a few hours later reached Notre Dame du Lac.* They found a log chapel, a log hut occupied by the Indian interpreter and a ten-acre clearing. The lower story of the chapel, through which the winter winds blew, formed their lodgings and they experienced great hardship. "Lately," wrote Father Sorin in a letter of that period, "one of our good brothers had a foot frozen, and another one of his toes; and I had just 50 cents, sufficient, however, to permit me to show that I was not altogether insensible to their sufferings. But as each one understands his mission we are happy and contented. Behold in this what grace can do. We have at present but one bed, and they insist that I shall take it. They them-

* This old mission was founded by Rev. Stephen Theodore Badin, the first priest ordained within the present limits of the United States.—ED. BULLETIN.

selves sleep on the floor, just as they did for three weeks at St. Peter's. Tomorrow I shall give up my room to Brother Marie to be used for his shop."

The first college building, a modest two-story brick structure on the shore of St. Mary's Lake, served to house the faculty and five students. It is still standing and is used as a residence hall. The first student to enter was Alexis Coquillard, who afterward became a wealthy wagon-maker in South Bend. In 1843 a second colony of religious arrived from France. For years the college felt the pinch of poverty. Sometimes necessities had to be sold to pay debts, in one instance the horses being taken from the plow and sold to satisfy a creditor. At another time there was not a morsel of food in the house, and the students were just going to bed supperless when a gift of money from a stranger arrived. During the summer of 1854 Father Sorin's community was almost wiped out by the cholera. To avert a panic among the students the dead were carried stealthily away at midnight. At one time only one teacher was on his feet, and often there were not enough of the well to give medicine to the sick.

In 1879 another crisis came. Fire almost wiped out the university. By this time a group of handsome structures were on the campus. Hardly any insurance was carried. Father Sorin was then 65 years of age, but was not disheartened at the destruction of the work of nearly forty years. Before the smoke had vanished new buildings were being planned. The fire occurred in April, and in September classrooms were ready and an increased student body was enrolled. By 1885 the university had fully recovered from the disaster of 1879.

The venerable founder of the university died in 1893, the year after the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of Notre Dame. He is buried in the community cemetery, a simple iron cross marking his grave. At the entrance of the college grounds stands a statue of the patriarch who developed a great university out of an Indian Mission.

A notable Italian master, Luigi Gregori, enriched the university by devoting almost an entire life's work to the decoration of its halls. Father Sorin had a fine taste for art and was a great believer in the value of beautiful paintings and sculptures in the development of soul and mind. Gregori was sent from the Vatican to beautify the walls and domes of the chief buildings. He spent twenty years with his palette and brushes and left the university a treasure house of art. He is best known by his frescoes illustrating the career of Columbus. They are painted on the walls of the corridors of the main building. They show the great discoverer begging at the doors of La Rabida and follow him through his appearance at the court of Ferdinand and Isabella, his embarking in the caravels, the mutiny at sea, the discovery of land and the planting of the cross in the New World. The greatest fresco of the series depicts the return of Columbus to Spain. Two others picture his betrayal by Bobadilla and his death. Some of these famous paintings were reproduced on the series of Columbian postage stamps in 1893.

The Church of the Sacred Heart is famous for its frescoes. No other edifice in America contains such a wealth of mural paintings. On every square foot of surface in ceiling, dome and walls Gregori left a touch of

his art, from great groups illustrating biblical episodes to solitary angels and saints and cherubs. It is a marvelous interior, and art critics from abroad when visiting Notre Dame express wonderment at the plethora of beautiful paintings.*

* Among the chief art treasures at the University is an altar by Bernini. It is believed to be the only original work of Bernini on the American continent.—ED. BULLETIN.

Grouping of Fine Buildings one Remarkable Feature at the University of Notre Dame.

BY ARTHUR M. EVANS.

[Staff Correspondent of the Chicago Record-Herald.]

NOTRE Dame, Ind., Dec. 15, 1911.—The halls of residence are the centers of student activities at the University of Notre Dame. Between the several houses exists a rivalry that is as wholesome as it is vigorous. The students make interhall contests out of every phase of student life. In scholarship and debate they make just as much of a race of it as in athletics, all for the glory of the college and the fame of their respective halls.

The university has no Greek letter fraternities and the students are grouped by the halls to which they belong. In some colleges interclass rivalry has been deplored as tending to break the student body into fragments and to crush college spirit, but at Notre Dame the interhall competition has had a directly opposite result. Its effect has been cohesive. The college spirit is tremendous. In athletics there are regular schedules of interhall games in football, basketball, baseball, track and aquatic sports. Each hall has an athletic field of its own, in addition to the varsity

field, and nearly every student gets into the game, Corby, Brownson, Sorin, St. Joseph and Walsh halls contending for supremacy.

The university has sent its alumni into every walk of life. It has contributed to the service of the nation 2 archbishops, 5 bishops, 115 clergymen, 14 presidents of colleges, 68 professors, 18 judges of the Supreme, Circuit and Superior courts, 1 United States senator, 1 ambassador, 7 army officers and 21 newspaper editors.

The first class was graduated in 1849. The oldest living alumnus is General Robert W. Healy, '52,* of Chattanooga, Tenn. The institution has grown from a graduating class of two in 1849 to one of 103 last June. Among the prominent alumni are Archbishop Riordan, San Francisco; Charles P. Neill, United States commissioner of labor; Rev. John Cavanaugh, president of Notre Dame; Timothy E. Howard, former chief justice of the Indiana Supreme Court, Judge Ben Lindsey of Denver, and John Gibbons and Kickham Scanlan of Chicago. During the civil war Notre Dame sent seven of its professors to serve as chaplains. In honor of Rev. William Corby a bronze statue has been erected on the field of Gettysburg. After the war there were enough veterans in the faculty to form a Grand Army post composed wholly of priests and brothers.

The campus and the grouping of buildings at Notre Dame are remarkable. The gilded dome of the Main

* When the Alumni Association was reorganized a few years ago, the three oldest living graduates were guests of honor. These were the Hon. James B. O'Brien, formerly Chief-Justice of New Mexico; Brig.-Gen. Robert W. Healy, and the Hon. Timothy E. Howard, formerly Chief-Justice of Indiana.—ED. BULLETIN.

Building, surmounted by a statue of the Blessed Virgin, can be seen for miles. The main hall is an imposing structure in the non-Gothic style. To the right front is Sacred Heart Church, with its exquisite frescoes, and to the left are Music Hall and the Hall of Technology. The college church is as imposing as a cathedral. A six-ton bell that can be heard for miles up and down the St. Joseph Valley and a chime of thirty-two bells are in the tower.

To the south of the Main Building is a great courtyard, lined with avenues of trees and flanked by educational buildings and the halls of residence. To the east and north are two beautiful lakes, St. Joseph's and St. Mary's, on the shores of which are Holy Cross Seminary, Dujarie Institute, St. Joseph's Novitiate and the Professed House.

The physical vigor of the students is notable. Their regularity of life keeps them in fine condition. In twenty years the university has not lost more than five students through death. The two lakes give facilities for boating, bathing, fishing and skating. Few of the students fail to participate in athletics. It is a great scene when they troop into commons at meal times, 1,000 of them dining in two large halls, with the faculty seated at a table at the head of the larger room.

The students associate intimately with the professors. The discipline is admirable, but there appears to be no feeling of restraint between faculty and students. It is a happy family. As to scholarship, every priest professor has to undergo eleven years of training after the high school before admitted to the faculty, four years in the college of liberal arts, four years in theo-

logical school and three years in study for his doctor's degree.

In debate Notre Dame has a remarkable record It is:

Out of eighteen intercollegiate debates, Notre Dame won seventeen consecutive victories and met one defeat.

*In the eight years that Notre Dame has been a member of the State Oratorical Association it has won first place twice, second place twice, and third place twice. In the first two years after its entrance Notre Dame was ranked fourth and fifth. In the interstate contest Notre Dame won first place once.**

The trophy room at the gymnasium has a fine assortment of athletic trophies won by the gold and blue teams. Notre Dame began football in 1887 under the tutorship of the University of Michigan, which had just introduced the game in the West. In 1889 Notre Dame defeated Northwestern University by a score of 9 to 0, this being the third game played by Notre Dame. Out of four games with Northwestern up to 1903 Notre Dame has won three. In 1898 Notre Dame won against Illinois, but has lost three to the University of Chicago. In 1909 Notre Dame defeated Michigan and laid claim to the western championship.†

In state games Notre Dame has won three games from Purdue since 1896, lost three and tied twice. Out of nine games with the University of Indiana since 1898 Notre Dame won four, lost four and tied once.

* In the Peace Oratorical Contest for the State of Indiana Notre Dame has won first place twice, out of three times in which the University competed.—ED. BULLETIN.

† "To Notre Dame must be conceded the championship of the West"—*Collier's Weekly*, December 1909.

The other strongest contender in the state is Wabash College, which has been beaten by Notre Dame in every game but one.

In baseball the university has made the following remarkable record:

Notre Dame has won thirteen out of nineteen games with Purdue, eighteen out of nineteen games with the University of Indiana, five out of fourteen with Illinois, four out of five with the University of Chicago, six out of ten with Michigan, eight out of nine with Nebraska, nine out of thirteen with Wisconsin, six out of ten with Northwestern and eleven out of sixteen with Minnesota.

In 1908 Notre Dame played twenty-two games and lost only two, seven of the games being played with eastern colleges.

Many a "big leaguer" received his baseball training here. Captain Anson played on the team in 1867; Murray, outfielder of the New York Giants; Daniels, first baseman of the New York Highlanders; Ruelbach of the Cubs; McCarthy of the Pittsburgh Nationals; and Bescher of the Cincinnati Nationals all played on the college team here. Gibson, former pitcher for the Boston Americans; Powers, former catcher for the Philadelphia Athletics, and McGill and O'Neill, famous pitcher and catcher for the Cincinnati Nationals are all graduates of Notre Dame.*

* To this list may be added Robert Lynch (Southern), Sockalexis (Cleveland), Birmingham (Cleveland), William Burke (Boston Nationals), Harry McDonough (Philadelphia Nationals), Dubuc (Detroit), Curtis (New York), Cutshaw (Brooklyn), Frank Scanlon (Philadelphia Nationals), Quigley (Pittsburg), Shaughnessey (Washington).—ED. BULLETIN.

In track athletics Notre Dame was fourth in the western intercollegiate in 1898, second in 1899 and champion in 1901. In 1910 Notre Dame was tied for first place in the conference meet by Leland Stanford. In two triangular meets with Chicago and Illinois Notre Dame was placed first each time.

The great need of the university just now is a library building. The 55,000 volumes and thousands of manuscripts and pamphlets are kept in several buildings at present. The college has accumulated what is considered one of the finest ecclesiastical museums in the country. For lack of room it has never been possible to determine what a wealth of historical data, both secular and ecclesiastical, Notre Dame possesses.

Notre Dame University Gives Thorough Training to Artist, Actor or Soldier.

BT ARTHUR M. EVANS.

[Staff Correspondent of the Chicago Record-Herald.]

NOTRE Dame, Ind., Dec. 16, 1911.—Dramatics, art and military science are three auxiliary branches in which Notre Dame makes especial effort to develop the latent talent of students. The university has a large theater and has established a reputation for the excellence of its stage productions. Theatricals have been placed under a college department and the student actors are put through rehearsals until the plays move with almost a professional swing. The accessories of a modern theatre have been installed, including an electrical switchboard as complete as those in most metropolitan amusement houses, giving full opportunity for lighting effects. At least three plays are presented each year by the University Dramatic Club, the Philopatrian Society and the senior class. Last year the students presented "The War Correspondent," "A King for a Day" and "The Dictator." In addition forty-eight concerts and lectures were given by outsiders, while concerts were also given regularly by the university band, and orchestra and the glee club.

The college theatre is an important feature of student life.

Military drill is optional with the older students, but it has proved so popular with the men that each hall has furnished a strong company to the battalion. For some years the drill has been compulsory for the boys in St. Edward's Hall, and in Carroll Hall. Ever since the civil war, when the school sent seven priest-professors to the front as chaplains, to say nothing of numbers of students who enlisted as soldiers, the university's pride in its martial records has been traditional. Father Sorin, the founder, had always encouraged military exercises for the excellent physical training and the general bearing which they impart, and as far back as 1859 a company known as the Continental Cadets had been formed among the seniors by William F. Lynch, a student, who afterward became a brigadier general. The junior students were organized into the Washington Cadets. When the war broke out the Continental Cadets enlisted almost to a man, and many of them attained commissioned rank. Among them was Robert W. Healy, who became a general. The family of General Sherman also has been associated with Notre Dame, the great soldier's son having been educated here. Among the relics in the university museum is the coat which Sherman wore during his march to the sea.

In 1910 the War Department appointed Captain R. R. Stogsdall, a retired officer of the United States army, professor of military science and tactics in the university. During the last year the department has greatly increased its popularity. The drill is accredited as a class, and under the optional system the students

receive more benefit from the instruction and exercise than if it were compulsory.

Possessing as it does such an accumulation of works of art, it is small wonder that Notre Dame devotes great attention to its courses in drawing, painting and molding. In the majority of other colleges, the art departments have a great preponderance of girls and young women in the enrollment. Few men take the courses. Here, while the aim of the department is to lay a foundation for those who expect to make art a profession, the courses in artistic drawing, in modeling and in painting, are so arranged that all students find them accessible, and boys and young men with the slightest evidence of talent are encouraged to give it development. The great aim is to develop individuality.

Among the classes that set up their easels and canvases along the shores of the lakes in the spring and fall, it is no uncommon thing to find students who are preparing for medicine, the law, the ministry or for technical pursuits. It gives them a pleasant avocation for later life and is part of the plan to train them to get the most out of existence. It follows the idea that a man ought to have some accomplishment, whether it be in billiards, music, painting or anything else that requires skill and affords recreation.

The student body is of cosmopolitan tone. Fifteen foreign countries are represented, South and Central America having a particularly large colony at the university. Thirty-seven states contribute to the attendance. Catholic students are required to study Christian doctrine, non-Catholics are expected to attend services at stated times in the university church. The

expenses of attending Notre Dame are \$400 a year for board, tuition, lodging and laundry. Private rooms are free to seniors, juniors and sophomores, while for freshmen they cost \$50 and for preparatory students \$80 to \$150. The matriculation fee is \$10. A number of the students defray half the cost of board and tuition by waiting on table. They live in St. Joseph's Hall, and among them are some of the best scholars in the University. Cigarette smoking is prohibited. Students who have the permission of their parents, are allowed to smoke, but nothing deadlier than pipes and cigars.

The collection of ecclesiastical paintings and relics at the university is said to be without equal in the country. In the main building a gallery is hung with portraits of all the bishops and archbishops who have held dioceses within the boundaries of the United States. In cabinets a great collection of mitres, crosiers, robes and other articles used by American prelates is displayed. In addition there is a large museum containing innumerable relics and manuscripts—the entire episcopacy of the United States and the history of the church in America being illustrated. Historians regard the accumulated archives as of great value.

The Boys of Notre Dame.

BY REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH, LL. D.

Author of "A Woman of Culture," "The Art of Disappearing,"
"The Black Cardinal," etc.

[*Special Correspondence to the New York Freeman's
Journal.*]

NOTRE Dame, Indiana, June 8, 1908.—I happened to be visiting the University of Notre Dame about the time the baseball team returned from a victorious tour through the eastern States, and had the opportunity of witnessing at close range the rather picturesque student life at this peculiar and remarkable institution. As topics of this sort rarely come before our own people, it may interest Catholics generally to get some account of the life a student leads at Notre Dame. If I begin with the physical and end with the intellectual let the high-minded console themselves with the fact that Nature acts in the same fashion. It was not a trifling matter to the students of Notre Dame that their baseball nine had snatched victory from the finest teams in the East. I am a firm believer in the National Game, which should be made a prime feature of every boy's training, and I sympathized with the enthusiasm seething in the student body when the victors returned home. It was a pleasant May evening, with a clear

sky and the wonderful grounds of the University in full bloom. The victorious and untuneful Nine were met at the gates by a cheering crowd of some hundreds, who used up all the college yells in their possession, accompanied the players to their various residences, and called for speeches at each stopping-place. They got them, and yelled for more. A mob is a mob, some one has well said, even if it be composed of poets. It is like a wayward boy in good humor, which may change at a wink into bad. I thought it a rather good test of the discipline of Notre Dame, under which over a thousand young fellows live, and waited with interest for the end.

No one interfered during the hour of recreation. The mob moved about cheerfully demanding speeches and got them. When the bells began to ring for the study hour the lads gathered in front of the main building to hear a few remarks from the President, who congratulated them on the victories of the team, thanked the victorious Nine for their manly conduct on the tour, felicitated the crowd on their handsome reception, and reminded them that they should now disperse to their various homes promptly and in good order. They dispersed with laughter and cheers. In ten minutes darkness and silence together settled over the grounds. Two days later I saw the victors in a curious pickle. Indiana University team came down to play them, and at the ninth inning the score stood 4 to 3 in favor of the visitors. The last half of the ninth inning disclosed a situation dear to the hearts of the "fans." Notre Dame was at the bat with two men on bases, two out, and two strikes called. The yelling crowd in the grand stand became silent, either

appalled or stupefied at the situation. I sat near the coach on the bench, watching for some sign of discomfiture. He showed no uneasiness, no strain, although the issue depended on the next strike. The batter knocked the ball out of sight with one swipe, and the game closed 5 to 4 in favor of Notre Dame. Then pandemonium broke loose, the grand stand shook with cheering and dancing and throwing loose garments into the air, the mob surged in on the players and carried them off the field, and the band played on.

That night Corby Hall gave a reception to the athletes, which astonished me by its elegance and novelty. The guests were received in a large hall decorated finely with the University colors, gold and blue, from one end to the other. The floor was covered with rugs contributed by the denizens of the Hall from their own rooms. The pennants of various colleges figured in the decorations. The electric lights were of gold and blue. The receiving body occupied one end of the hall, and the visitors had the other end. Among them were Bishop Alerding of Fort Wayne, a prelate of graceful appearance and charming manners, President Cavanaugh, and the former Archdeacon Wilbur, who has just entered the Church. A lively program was carried out, and a pleasant lunch served. I had the honor of shaking hands with the Nine, not the Muses, but the others, big fellows, who seemed nowise embarrassed by the luck and the honors coming so thickly their way. The work of getting up and carrying on the reception had all been done by the inhabitants of Corby Hall. The interesting point is this: that no professional caterer could have beaten it. And the

boys admitted next day that in social matters Corby Hall never lost the lead. I was told that on every side. My rather solemn appearance never daunted them. Wherever I encountered them, they chatted with the interest and unconcern peculiar to members of a family, and seemed to count the stranger within the gates as one of their own.

The boy is always best in spontaneous utterance, but on formal occasions it is not easy to get that utterance. I asked the Rector of the Seminary, Father French, to hold a symposium in which the program would be left largely to the moment, in order to discover what young fellows can do with a discussion, an address, an entertainment, which has not been planned beforehand. The result must have surprised himself. I was the only guest. About a hundred students sat around the room. The orchestra played a few minutes. Then I gave the subjects of debate as follows: The study of the Greek and Latin classics is an essential factor in modern culture. Four men were named to debate it, and were permitted to sit apart and prepare their arguments during the delivery of the program. Then a young fellow was called upon to welcome me, which he did very neatly. Another read ten or twelve poems composed by the students, to show me what they could do in verse; he prefaced each poem with an account of the author, who rose and bowed; the verses were good, often witty, and the impromptu biographies by the reader were excellent. The debate was most amusing. The arguments mattered little. It was the readiness, the fluency, the self-possession of the disputants which delighted me. They went at it hammer and tongs, as if the fate of nations

hung on their success, and fretted because the limit of time shut off their brightest ideas on the important topic. I have attended soirees in the luxurious halls of the Waldorf which did not display so much ability, or hold half the interest of this outburst in the Seminary at Notre Dame.

A similar incident occurred later in a hall where the Freshmen and Sophomores were holding an imitation Memorial or Decoration Day meeting. It was most amusing to see and hear these youngsters orating and speaking with all the dignity and seriousness of their elders. At the close I offered a question for debate: Resolved, that the United States should abolish child labor in the States. The presiding officer called upon a young man to open the discussion. The question of child labor has been sufficiently popular to enable the most indifferent to learn something about it from the newspapers, and therefore I am not surprised to learn that the various disputants knew at least the outlines of the general argument. What did surprise me was first the production by one speaker of the printed report of Senator Beveridge's speech on child labor in the Senate, and second the acute discussion of the means by which the Federal Government might compel the States to abolish child labor. Senator Beveridge hails from Indiana of course. The speakers had some acquaintance with his attack on a widespread abuse, and I listened to a rather sharp dispute on the powers of the Federal Government, the range of the Interstate Commerce laws, and the tricks of manufacturers to secure child labor. The ability to write, to compose creditable verse, to think and speak on the spur of the moment, is highly appreciated at Notre

Dame, and the results of training in the arts of expression seem to be worthy of consideration.

The territory of the University covers three square miles, having within its limits two lakes of beautiful water, which streams from secret springs upward through a bottom of marl and flows into a noble river a mile distant, the St. Joseph. The buildings are scattered about on the shores of the two lakes, facing roads which all run into the quadrangle formed by the main buildings. This quadrangle is a fine park, filled with shrubs and shaded by noble trees. It is the public square of Notre Dame, and witnesses at times most impressive scenes. On workdays it is alive with students passing from one class to another, or from one duty to another. On festal days the religious processions march around it. I witnessed the celebration of Ascension Day, which looked like a bit of old Europe, touched up by American briskness and seriousness. At eight o'clock a sonorous bell gave the signal. Then you could see the seminarians coming along the smaller lake, the novices from their home on the larger lake, the students pouring out of the various halls, the graduating class in cap and gown, the Brothers of the community, all hastening into the quadrangle in front of the main building. Then from the church came the altar boys and the clergy on their way to the corridor of the Main Building, whose walls are ornamented with the frescoes of Gregori. When all were assembled, the signal was given, the college band began to play a solemn march, and the procession wound its way through the park, appearing and vanishing among the trees, a beautiful mass of color, which faded slowly in the dense green of the distance. It appeared

again like a many-colored thread, weaving itself into the shrubbery, and then slowly all the figures came out again clearly, as if a tapestry weaver had done his work swiftly on a curtain of brilliant green.

The procession entered the church in a characteristic way, some by the doors of the apse, others by the side doors, the main body through the grand entrance. The students took their places at will, without order and without disorder, some taking the first seat that offered, others choosing, a few seeking out the friends beside whom they knelt with contentment. The sanctuary filled rapidly. The Bishop being present the ceremonies were longer than usual; but there was no delay, no dragging; the strong voices of the seminarians intoned the rubrical parts of the Mass, the choir sang in Plain Chant the usual parts, and no one wearied over the beautiful, dignified, swift-moving drama. The preacher spoke hardly fifteen minutes, with no discussion or exposition of points, with no thesis to prove, an expression of profound emotion, a rhapsody on the Life of Our Lord, so penetrating in its utterance, so sweet in its diction, that the most indifferent listener felt moved as if by the sound of far-off, pathetic music. It is not often that one hears such a discourse. Few would venture into such a field, but it suited the occasion, the great church, and the beautiful scene.

The secret of Notre Dame lies in the fact that it has been able to keep up in a large household the spirit which usually belongs to a small one. The fine locality, the noble buildings, the thousand students and teachers, enable the directors to produce really enchanting scenes almost at will; and the abounding life of these youths, expressed in such variety, and with such

freedom, and yet with such restraint, keeps all things sparkling, scintillating, like stars on a frosty night in the Adirondacks. To my mind this buoyant life is the most precious natural treasure owned by mankind. To be near it, to enjoy it, is the reward of the parent and the teacher, who renew their own lives in the fountain of immortal youth.

They have a parrot at Notre Dame who laughs like a boy that has just succeeded in playing April fool on his chum. It is the richest thing of its kind on earth. Adam must have so laughed in the days of his youthful glory. Merely by imitation this bird has caught the echo of true human joy. How many wise, successful men have missed it!

A Modern Monastery.

BY THE REV. JOHN TALBOT SMITH, LL. D.

[Reprinted with permission from *Donahoe's Magazine*
for October, 1907.]

WHERE I sat, the pump could be seen, somewhat rusty, but inviting to the thirsty on a hot summer day. Tall trees waved over me; the rocks of a shrine, Our Lady of Lourdes, rose vine-covered, moist and cool, directly before me, and to the right were the walls of the sacristy, above on the brow of the slope. Turning about I could see the blue waters of a little lake. It was aggravating.

I recalled far-off days when I lay on my face beside a mountain spring and drank my fill of the most beautiful and satisfying of all the liquids known to thirsty man. That time has passed many years. A dyspeptic twist in an otherwise capable stomach had made all liquids,—in particular the cool,—impossible, disquieting, sometimes dangerous. I knew the pump covered a spring, for this region is full of springs. The little lake behind me, and the other just out of sight beyond the road, have no inlets, because the water gushes clear and plentiful from the marl bottom. I longed to drink, to repeat the rich pleasure of boyhood; and finally I did, accepting the consequent discomfort for the joy of drinking deep of water from the natural well.

What delicious coolness, sweetness, refreshment! The barbarous flavor of iron pipe, the arctic chill of Penobscot ice, quite absent! Fill up the tin cup again, and again, and again! Here's to the mountain spring, to boyhood, to the sprite of this well! And in spite of quantity and dread, Adam's ale cut no capers with the astonished alimentary canal, but soothed the dark and timorous shores, uplifted the spirit, and brought repose where most other intruders brought horror. From that moment the pump and I became devoted friends. Were I a poet, its peaceful glory should often be my theme of song.

I sang its praise to an invalid friend from the Nova Scotia shore, and urged the tin cup upon him. He had to be very careful about introducing strangers to the fearsome creatures which maintained and yet threatened his inner life, he said; but overcome by the memory of his youth he, too, drank, at first cautiously, then freely, and thereafter copiously with benefit. For both, the effect of this natural water direct from the spring was a revelation, and we spent some minutes in discussing and denouncing the piped water of modern cities, which might do for cleaning purposes, but fomented rebellion, discontent, reform and puritanism in the stomachs of the multitude. The hermits of the Thebaid on bread, dates, and spring water, lived a hundred years without serious effort to live.

Perhaps this Indiana well is the least significant thing on the beautiful grounds of the University of Notre Dame. To me it became symbolic of the institution itself, which seemed like a fountain of the Middle Ages, set in the plains of modern Indiana, to water the arid, modern field with the mystic stream of the Christian

ages. A few yards away from the shrine stands the church, a great temple, a cathedral in size and beauty, in which I sat on Sunday morning to see the Holy Cross community and the University colony at their public devotions. Before eight o'clock the worshippers trooped in with the brisk, decided tread of a regiment on the march, while a bell of deep, sweet tone resounded gigantic on the summer air. The Brothers of the community, old and young, filled the space in the apse, their peaceful faces turned towards the main altar; then came the collegians and novices of the community, in cassock and surplice, lean and vigorous youths, to fill the stalls on either side of the sanctuary, along the wall; the lay members of the faculty in their black gowns with colored hoods took the front pews; and behind them a thousand youths and boys, students and others, marched to their places.

The procession entered from the sacristy as the clock struck the hour, boys, servers, and clergy, the latter wearing the black cape of the community over the surplice; the great organ pealed and the choir sang *Introit* and *Kyrie* in the Gregorian chant. It was a spectacle which I had never seen before, and I doubt if any other church in the land could reproduce it. There was something thunderous about it, as of an army hearing Mass on the eve of battle; so that as I sat there the vision of that great world outside came to me, the world in which the tremendous struggle between good and evil roars like Niagara to the listening ear, without diminuendo or cessation. Here, indeed, were the warriors of to-morrow's battle, drinking in strength under the eye of the Leader Himself.

This display of strength, of unity in purpose and

method, has an inspiring effect on the modern Catholic. We are so scattered, almost diluted, in the malicious, materialistic, skeptical, flippant society of the time, that we rarely feel our solidarity of aim as well as of doctrine. I said, as I drank in the wonderful scene for over an hour: "We should have one hundred such centres as this in the Republic, with a million youths preparing for the fray; and parents, leaders, isolated captains of frontier posts, should come when they could to feast eyes and hearts on the army of the future, making ready joyously to take their places in the field." The army marched out again and left me alone in the majestic temple. Sixty years ago, the spot where I sat was part of the Indiana prairie, occasionally trod by the Indians and the missionary, Stephen Badin, who taught them the ways of grace. His grave is only a few hundred yards away, under a replica of the log church in which he said Mass for the red men.

What a marvel of human labor! Without subsidy from state or millionaire, beginning their work with a handful of men, the Holy Cross community has covered the prairie with the buildings of a town, structures, great and small, capable of entertaining and educating a community and a student body of two thousand members; and has shaped an educational instrument of wonderful resource, great power and originality. How was the marvel accomplished? Through the men whose quiet graves I can see in the distance, priests and brothers; and through the men whose sturdy hands are guiding and shaping the work at the present moment. I met a score of them and studied them with infinite curiosity, from the simple brother who waited on me at breakfast to the most finished product of community

life. The dominant quality struck me as alertness. The sacristan in spite of age flew about like a bird amid sacristies and sanctuaries of exquisite neatness and order. I looked long at a group of young lay novices mending the roads, with much chat and laughing, but working at top speed and energy. I sat in the first college, a little building on the smaller lake, still in good repair, now used by a section of the lay novices, and chatted with young men, who promptly provided me with literature and information as to their own particular circle. All the signs about me indicated that each department had something extra to do and could lose no time in doing it.

The great problem in our Catholic colleges is concerned with discipline. The ancient French method has been discarded, as it had to be, in a community which tolerates, if it does not admire, the latitude of Harvard and Yale; but neither the Catholic parent nor the Catholic teacher will ever accept the modern indifference in protecting the youthful student against both himself and his seducers. Notre Dame has been seeking the golden mean. It would be indiscreet to ask if it has been found. I sat on the veranda of Sorin Hall, the main dormitory, in the evening. Lights twinkled in a hundred windows. From a dormitory opposite came the twang of a banjo, the wail of a violin, the chatter of conversation, the music of an accidental quartette; young men came and went across the broad square, mounted or descended the high steps, did the usual things peculiar to a college street; and yet nowhere did the sounds indicate riot, disorder, or horseplay. It seemed more like the decorum of a populous hotel. When the study-bell sounded a pleasant silence followed.

After night prayer in the main building I was at pains to watch the young fellows going to bed. In my day we marched in silence from the study-hall to the dormitory, two long lines of lank young men against the walls of the corridor, so that the master could see our behavior from the head of the line. In silence we went to bed. They do it amusingly at Notre Dame and in a home-like way. After the prayers the boys dawdled a few minutes in and around the study-hall, closing the accounts of the day quietly; some left hat, coat, vest, collar and tie on their desks in most admired disorder; then they went off in twos and threes at their convenience to bed. The grand dormitory for this section presented a remarkable appearance. Each bed being surrounded by spotless linen curtains, one saw only a great spread of linen, a floor with carpeted aisles, and the high windows. The boys disappear within the curtains, where they find a bed and a chair. No disorder, no noise, no capers! The single chair explained why some left part of their costume on the desks in the study-hall, there being no room for them in the dormitory. Wardrobes and lavatories are elsewhere. However, these trifling matters are but the straws showing how the wind blows.

As Notre Dame shelters fully one thousand boys and young men for ten months of the year, one could naturally look for considerable uproar at times. I heard none. They drifted into dinner from all directions with the ease and indifference of well-bred society people. Prayer was said, the meal finished in twenty minutes amid the usual chatter, and after grace they drifted out again in the same fashion. The absence of rigidity was no less conspicuous than the absence

of disorder. I did not ask how the result was produced. Anyone who has experienced the difficulties of ruling the perverse, mischievous, wilful multitude will ask no questions of that kind. If there were not in us forces working for the general good, a strong current of life in favor of higher things, human perversity, or perhaps petulancy, would make any discipline impossible.

Aggregations like Notre Dame are better viewed from above than from the level plain, and I surveyed it from a height one morning, after its variety had made an impression. The Main Building, in which the chief business of the day is transacted, reminds one of the stately capitols of other days, with its shining dome, fine corridors and tremendous dignity. Away beyond the larger of the two lakes stands the Novitiate, the nest of the community, which fashions the earnest youth to the particular work of his life. On the banks of the smaller lake is the little seminary, which gives the future novice his college training. Between the two lakes stands the community house, as large as the ordinary college, which from its use might be called the home of the brethren when particular duties call them to no other residence. Then come the buildings of the Brothers who form an integral and important part of the Community of the Holy Cross providing teachers and workers in various departments. They also have their training-school and novitiate, their aims, methods and traditions, nobly based on the spiritual life which surrenders all to God for the good of the race.

An entire town lies before the eye, full of beautiful buildings, gymnasium and indoor track, theatre, science halls, junior colleges, dormitories, observatory, post-office, with printing-office and bakery, and all the other

out-buildings needful. The old, beautiful monastery life, with its sweet activities, its mingling of the simple and the complex, of the lowly life and the highest intellectual quality, thus flourishes on the soil of Indiana as powerfully as in the vale of Clairvaux. Who would not thank God for it?

Bede or Bernard would find himself at home in this place, so like what they made beautiful and comprehensible to their times, and begin again to make beautiful and comprehensible to ours. Here are walks by the lake, through the woods, across the meadows, along the high roads; little retreats where no sound but nature's reaches the sensitive ear; companionship and solitude; not only the virtues of the higher life, such as faith and chastity, but of the lower life, too, such as industry and patience carried on through long years for a certain aim.

An Italian artist painted the walls of the church and of the Main Building, devoting a third of his life to the work, seemingly full of the ancient spirit, in love with his art. Gregori later returned to his native Italy and died there. The walls of Notre Dame are covered with portraits and mementoes of the Catholic workers of the past. The available spaces are crowded with innumerable objects bearing upon the history of the Church in the Republic. For a quarter of a century Professor Edwards has labored to accumulate these useful treasures, soon to be priceless; and for another quarter of a century he will keep up the work.* There are no endowments at Notre Dame, no large salaries, and no glittering inducements for workers. Whatever is achieved, beyond

* Died, January 15, 1911.

merely earning a living, must be its own reward. One may say with justice, after taking in the entire beauty of the work, that connection with it is sufficient fame for the average monk; and these priests and brothers whose graves lie in the shadow of the great dome have the envy of the stranger for their share in the achievement.

To produce it in its full glory many must have labored in peculiar ways, with many sacrifices. I sought them out where possible. Father Stephen Badin owned the ground, which he presented to the Bishop of Vincennes, who gave it over to Father Sorin and his community on condition that they build a college within two years. Father Badin died in Cincinnati, and his remains now rest in a log chapel at Notre Dame, a reproduction of the chapel in which he officiated. I had no idea a log church could be so spacious, dignified, and holy in appearance; and no more beautiful monument could stand over the bones of a faithful priest. The statue of Father Sorin, whose dreams were fulfilled to the letter in the growth of his institution, stands at the entrance of the grounds. It bears a resemblance to Father Hecker, although the expression belongs more to the practical man of affairs than to the mystic.

The living managers assembled one night in the auditorium for the commencement orations, rather quiet men in a public place, I thought; but of course this was the hour of the orators and their parents. The chief official, the President of the University, presided, a genial young man, with the flexible manner and ready smile of the successful administrator. I heard him tell the invited orator, just before he stepped on the plat-

form that the audience of visitors, graduates, and students, had assembled principally to listen to him, and therefore, in spite of the late hour and the heat, he must take his own time and deliver his full thought. With such encouragement the orator earned all our thanks by a discourse much briefer than any of his predecessors, and by a graceful allusion to the influence of the *Ave Maria*, which he rightly and aptly termed the voice of Notre Dame.

Happy the community and society which owns such a voice, so sincere, so penetrating, so sweet! I liken the influence of that publication to the silver stream flowing from the depths of the everlasting hills, through the shades of the virgin forest into the arid world; preserving its crystal beauty from all stain; communicating to those who use its sparkling waters something of its own clearness, sweetness and repose. In the forty odd years of its life the magazine world has seen many revolutions in principles, tastes, methods; its leaders have been mired often enough by will-o'-the-wisps; but the *Ave Maria* has never swerved from its course, never changed its wholesome waters.

The personality behind it for many years, the Rev. Daniel Hudson, seems to avoid the highway, content to sit watching the source and flow of this perennial stream, like an ancient hermit, for whom it is the only connection with the outside world. The practical topics discussed in the magazine, its literary and other judgments, and its general matter, prove the editor anything but a hermit in knowledge of his times. Its studied moderation, discreet avoidance of controversy, delicate stories and poems, and persistent encouragement of the right and fit, undoubtedly represent his

convictions, experience and temperament. Since 1865 the *Ave Maria* has scattered its sweetness in the world, and many of us, old lovers of the printed word, jarred and confused by the magazine babel of the times, turn to it at the close of the day for that refreshment elsewhere denied. Father Hudson reminded me somewhat of Father Hecker in his last days by his silver hair and beard and the intense expression of his eyes; but these unimportant details fail before the expression of the priest in the pages of the *Ave Maria*.

I must say that the chief burden of my thought concerning this modern monastery was, how did so few accomplish this work? I found no clear answer to the question. It amused and astonished me to discover another Jarrow on the banks of the St. Joseph, with all the savor of Bede's renowned convent; but the means seemed so inadequate compared with such results in the short space of half a century that I gave up the problem. The factors are simple enough: a high aim, a noble plan, intense effort, the surplus of the community turned into development, the blessing of God; but while these things inevitably earn success, they do not always produce the unique. Therefore, I came away delighted and wondering, and for satisfaction I must take the same road back again another June day.

The Miracle of Notre Dame.

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[From the *Catholic News* of July 10, 1909]

A TWO hours' ride from Chicago eastward lands the traveler on the grounds of the University of Notre Dame, unique among the Catholic educational institutions of the country. The golden dome of the Main Building dominates the landscape for miles, and where its glittering strength does not penetrate, the great bell of the church near by, which booms on the air like the muffled roar of the surf at Long Beach, carries the glories of Mary, the patroness of the University. The lake in the rear of the Main Building, fed by streams pouring up from its bed of marl, reflects the yellow mass of buildings with crystalline clearness. From every point of the horizon the dome is visible, and at night the electric lights about the statue of Mary on its summit locate it for the eye. One never recovers from the wonder caused by the immensity of this institution. It is a town in itself, in size of territory, form, population and activities. The Main Building looks like the capitol of a state. Two good-sized lakes of spring water beautify the grounds, and beautiful groves shade their shores. The athletic grounds are worthy of an imperial city. The gymnasium and indoor track would shame New York, the theatre seats twelve hundred persons,

the various dormitories and houses shelter fifteen hundred.

Everything is on a grand scale, and it must be, because this year the number of students passed the one thousand mark. This event had consequences. There was not room in the University for the number. Twenty-five students had to be placed for the time in the boarding houses of the town. They did not wish to go, for life is too pleasant in Notre Dame, too novel to be given up for the ways of an ordinary city. Others were provided for in an old building with historic memories. It was the original college in which Father Sorin, the founder, began his great work. It stands within a few feet of the second lake, a brick structure, three stories high, one of which is below the ground level on the south side. It is a mere dot amid the great buildings which surround it. From this little seed grew the wonders all around. A few feet from it is a modest log chapel, a replica of the first church in Northern Indiana, in which Father Stephen Badin, the first priest ordained in the Republic, used to say Mass. His remains now lie beneath it. Perhaps a score of young men lived in the old college during the last session, seniors mostly, who rigged up their rooms in the picturesque fashion of the college boy. They made it a delightful place, and gave me, the visitor, an evening to myself to see the "grad" at home, in his best clothes and finest manners, entertaining his friends. The door of the room opened out on a balcony overlooking the lake, the moon shone on the water, the stars overhead, and the lights of the Seminary gleamed on the opposite shore. What fine fellows, what happy, kindly, innocent faces, in which shone

hope, energy and goodness! And they were as proud of their old, historic quarters as a nobleman of his ancestral castle.

Think of a single college administration providing for the daily needs of fifteen hundred persons, over one thousand of them young men and boys. It would take some space to tell how it is done. The storehouses tell one part of the tale, with the small railroad from the main line carting the freight to their doors. The new dormitory tells another part. It will be ready for occupation in September, and has been built after plans which took into consideration the best dormitories known. It has been named in honor of Father Walsh, a former president of the University, who died in his youth, as bitterly regretted as he was deeply loved; and it will enable every student to find shelter next year without going to the town. While it was going up, the workmen enjoyed an experience new to them; during recreation hours the students stood about in numbers watching with interest the rising of the walls, commenting audibly upon the brick and mortar, the capacity of the masons, the probabilities of completion. Some of them in the darkness of the night undertook to lay the brick. It became a fad to inspect the work at least once in the day, and a common phrase among the lads was: "Let us go over and see how our new building is 'getting on.'" It is a commentary on life and the erratic philosophies of life to watch the daily capers of these boys. To live among them is to become young, jovial, saucy, thoughtless, as if the sap of youth were again pouring through your veins. And their teachers told me, even he who had the responsibility of the University discipline on his

shoulders, that this feeling is theirs no less than the visitor's. The prefect of discipline, a young man with gray hair, holds a position akin to that of a general of a division. He is responsible for everything, from the day the University opens to the end. He did not seem to mind the work half so much as I did the mere thought of it.

But these professors and disciplinarians are trained to the work from their boyhood. It is part of them, and they fit into it like parts of a machine; the more important the part the harder its metal. The President of the University, Father Cavanaugh, is hardly forty, and looks younger, has a plump, smiling face, without a trace of care, so easily does well-trained youth lay aside at will its burdens. The mere daily administration he evidently considers an easy matter: the running of the different departments, the keeping up of the standard, and the entertainment of innumerable visitors. The real problems of university life are not concerned with such matters, and are kept for discussion at the council board. But they must bite into the soul. Notre Dame is a miracle, but its expenses must be easily one thousand dollars a day. And the gifts of the interested outsiders in sixty years have not yet footed up \$100,000. The whole labor of the Holy Cross community and the profits of the institution have been turned into Notre Dame. Fortunately the people at large are waking up to its existence and importance and increased registration is the consequence. But there should be endowment to meet the increased demands for buildings and professors.

Among the professors there was one who had taken his degree in the Catholic University, and the thesis

which won him his honors quite amazed me. It was a discussion of the ethical side of the modern drama. The author had seen very few plays. His investigations had all been made in libraries, by means of current reviews; yet he had reached conclusions as accurate as William Winter himself, and his estimate of conditions was as high as it ought to be. As a rule, our students of literature suffer a Puritan horror of the drama, or fear to irritate their superiors by any show of esteem for it, or feel bound to condemn it on the usual hearsay. Father Carrico, of Notre Dame, discussed it academically, and reached conclusions quite opposed to those of clerical tradition and sincerely in accord with the facts and common sense. We expect such things from university professors, but we do not often get what we have a right to expect from them. However, one star of hope shines on the horizon.

There is one spot on the University grounds which bleeds,—the spot where Brownson lies buried. His remains lie in the centre of the common chapel, under the great church, an oblong marble stone with an inscription marking the place. The Holy Cross community meets here for the morning meditation and Mass, and for the evening prayer. The holy life of Notre Dame surges all about his body. The innocent boys come and go on their spiritual duties, and sometimes pause to read the epitaph. The great spirit, which had to struggle always in heavy conditions, is now in glory, we trust; and the body which enshrined it lies like a jewel in a worthy frame. But the cause for which he strove—the diffusion of Christian truth by means of a great press—is hardly better than in his day, and with less excuse; for now the Catholic body has a sure foot-

ing, wealth, culture and leaders; and still the young writers have no market for printing, the leaders no organs of opinion, and the multitude no mirror of their own activities. Therefore, the writers must seek the secular field, the leaders remain silent or half heard, and the multitude sink in the flood of printed trash. Then remember that the Catholics of Germany, with our population, have 500 publications of all sorts, of which 225 are dailies; also that the Catholic writers of Germany have an organization of one thousand members, and that they run an employment agency and a pension bureau for their members. Brownson's grave is a sweet but sad feature of Notre Dame.

