
Visit the Grotto Today.

The Grotto is the prettiest place at Notre Dame; Ralph Adams Cram has pronounced it the most artistic. Next to the tabernacle, it can be made the most sacred spot at Notre Dame. It is a faithful replica of the spot the Blessed Virgin chose as her own when she appeared to Bernadette Soubirous sixty-nine years ago. This is Our Lady's school, and the Grotto is her temple.

The Sin of Sophistication.

A father and son dropped in for a visit the other day. A bit of sparring brought out the fact that father knew more, much more, than son had ever credited him with knowing. Father then apologized: "You see, the boy was raised in the city, so he doesn't know much. I never had a chance to go to school, but I lived on a farm for twenty-one years, and I had time to think, so I know a lot; I'm very wise. I feel sorry for the boys raised in the city; they think they know a lot, but they are so dumb."

That was a very apt characterization of sophistication. The smart guy has a vast store of useless, if not harmful knowledge, and a childlike innocence of first principles. The wise man discriminates: he passes by the things that are useless or harmful, he learns the substantial things, and he reduces his knowledge to helpful general terms.

The most shameful page on the Religious Survey that will appear next week is the one which acknowledges your neglect of profitable reading. Four hundred and ten students "opened not their mouths" when they were asked to name the most profitable books they had read in the last three years. And right now you are preparing to answer a similar question on the approaching Survey; and right now there is more vicious reading and less useful reading going on at the University than at any previous time this year.

How often have you murmured against the folly of Adam and Eve in eating of the forbidden fruit and robbing posterity of the inheritance that would have been ours -- freedom from ignorance, consupiscence, suffering, death? And you think you are smart when you commit the same sin! Your sin is exactly theirs, the sin of sophistication, when you read books that give you a knowledge of evil; and quite often your excuse is Adam's, "The woman tempted me." Girls are finding it quite the thing to do, and you must keep up with the times.

If you seek sophistication instead of education, you can get it at Notre Dame. There are enough silly asses boarding here to give it to you -- but it is not in the curriculum.

If you want education, you can get it at Notre Dame. Read Newman. Take any one of his volumes. See how he pierces the fog of present-day thought; how he anticipates, in the Mid-Victorian era, the evils we now suffer.

Dust gathers on Newman in the library, and cobwebs fill your brain pans. So long as best sellers form your literary diet, so long will your imagination be soiled with grime and your intellect clouded with doubt and empty of thought.

A Dance Hall.

A question is asked about a dance hall where vile conduct is common. If any student feels that he can take a thousand dollars a year from his parents under pretext of a Catholic education and then spend his idle hours in association with so-called pigs, he is intellectually below the rudiments. Today is the feast of Our Lady of Lourdes.