

# The Trappist Monks of the United States

A Peculiar Catholic Brotherhood Which Maintains Three Monasteries in This Country.

IN THE present day of materialism there still survives in the Trappist monks, their the most austere of the Catholic orders, stern asceticism and hourly striving after spirituality. The Trappists, the "Silent Monks," have three communities in America—one in Canada; one at Gethsemane, Ky., and one in the vicinity of Dubuque, Ia.

There was a period when the Trappists were not so strict, so unworldly as now, and history tells us an interesting story of the changes the years worked in their ideals and manner of life. The Trappists are a branch of the Cistercian order; they received their name from the abbey of La Trappe, situated in Normandy, France, founded in 1140. The abbey, which was governed many years by the "commendatory" abbots, fell into decay, and by the seventeenth century the discipline of the monastery had become very much relaxed. But that century marks the great reformation that took place at La Trappe and the establishment of a practically new religious order, one noted for its extraordinary austerities. The reform was started by the celebrated Armand Jean le Bouthellier de Ranche, a man that in

Kentucky from early times has shown herself kindly to the Catholic church, but the Trappists wandered somewhat before finally settling in that state; sojourning for awhile in Pennsylvania, for a time in Missouri, and also for a season in Illinois. The present Kentucky colony was founded by members of the order that arrived in the autumn of the year 1848; landed at New Orleans, from there went by boat to Louisville, and then walked the sixty miles remaining. Their monastery is called the Abbey of Gethsemane. The domain of the monks residing here comprises 1,700 acres of land. Both wooded and tillable lands belong to the estate, and it is a place of great beauty and fruitfulness. Architecturally one does not find a great deal to please, but the gardens and trees are of loveliness sufficient. The Trappist gardens are far-famed, and this one in Kentucky is a wonderfully kept place.

Mr. Allen remarks that certain types of monks have been painted for us from time to time—the intellectual, the rubicund, and others; he characterizes those in this retreat in Kentucky as "working monks." He writes that none are exempt from work, there is no place among them for the slug-



IN THE KITCHEN OF THE GETHSEMANE MONASTERY.

youth was by no means reputed ascetic. Though belonging to the clergy, he led a gay life in Paris, was active in sports and famed as a gay cavalier. He was a favorite with Cardinal Richelieu, who helped him to more than one benefice. But at the age of 35 worldly pleasures ceased to satisfy, and he retired to the convent of La Trappe and, for 36 years thereafter, labored with penitential zeal for the reformation of the monastery. The monks were forbidden to use fish, meat, eggs and wine. Intercourse with outsiders was not allowed, and manual labor made obligatory. Self was abased, prayer almost perpetual. To the monastery came the poor, the helpless, the penitent, and a welcome and asylum was given all. Many of



IN THE GARDENS.

single blood sought here to expiate past sins, the abbey's roof sheltered pilgrims from far and near, rich and poor. For 100 years after the death of De Ranche, faithful followers maintained his reforms at La Trappe. Then came the French revolution, those mad years when religion was tabooed; the Trappists had to leave France, the abbey of La Trappe became a foundry for cannon. Many went to Switzerland, others to Germany, still others settled in Russia. After the restoration in France, they regained by purchase their beloved old abbey in Normandy and it became the head monastery of the order. Among the branch monasteries of the present may be mentioned those in Great Britain, France, Belgium, Germany and the United States.

Mr. James Lane Allen, writing in the Century, tells us that the Trappist monastery in Kentucky reminds in many remarkable respects of the old one in Normandy.

## THE INDIGO BIRD.

Oh, late to come but long to sing,  
My little finch of deep-dyed wing,  
I welcome thee this day!  
Thou comest with the orchard bloom,  
The azure days, the sweet perfume  
That fills the breath of May.

A winged gem amid the trees,  
A cheery strain upon the breeze  
From tree-top sifting down;  
A leafy nest in covert low,  
When daisies come and brambles blow,  
A mate in Quaker brown.

But most I prize, past summer's prime,  
When other throats have ceased to chime,  
Thy faithful tree-top strain;  
No brilliant bursts our ears enthral—  
A prelude with a "dying fall"  
That soothes the summer's pain.

Where blackcaps sweeten in the shade,  
And clematis a bower hath made,  
Or, in the busy fields,  
On breezy slopes where cattle graze,  
At noon on dreamy August days,  
Thy strain its solace yields.

Oh, bird inured to sun and heat,  
And steeped in summer languor sweet,  
The tranquil days are thine.  
The season's fret and urge are o'er,  
Its tide is ebbing on the shore;  
Make thy contentment mine!  
—John Burroughs, in the Century.

## Sir Roland's Experience

By WILSON M. MATTHEWS

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WHEN Sir Roland Chesterton announced his engagement to Camille Rodays, a popular French actress, English society was horrified, while the French elite merely shrugged their shoulders and said: "Ah Dieu!" Then the reported engagement was declared false and again Dame Rumor circulated the announcement as a positive fact this time.

Sir Roland, having just reached his majority, was a handsome, reckless, dare-devil sort of a fellow, with an income of £20,000 sterling a year. One day at the club, when in one of his reckless moods, he publicly announced the engagement. As a matter of fact it caused a great row in the young baronet's family. Lady Chesterton, the mother of Sir Roland, and the handsomest and haughtiest woman in all England, became hysterical when a "dear" friend told her the news. She actually took the boy in her arms and in affectionate and endearing terms entreated him to renounce this foolish love. The Ladies Blanche and Eleanor, his elder sisters, went on their knees to him; his cousin, who came next in succession to the title and estates, asked him to abdicate; his fellow clubmen simply laughed at him; but Sir Roland remained obdurate—for a little while.

Then very unexpectedly came the announcement that the "marriage" was "indefinitely" postponed, and Sir Roland suddenly determined to make a tour of the continent. He was gone almost a year when one morning he returned as mysteriously as he had departed. He was received with open arms by all members of the baronetcy, for they were thoroughly convinced that his infatuation for pretty Camille was gone.

It was shortly before midnight one evening, as Sir Roland was preparing to leave the club, that a letter was handed to him by a messenger boy. The hand writing on the back of the envelope caused him to turn deathly pale, and with trembling fingers he broke the seal.

"My Dear Roland," it ran. "Come to me as soon as you get this. I have but a little while to live, the doctor told me yesterday. My long sickness has made me horribly ugly, but I am starved for just one smile from you. I am always at home and can see you any time."

The next day at two o'clock he went to see her and was horrified at her changed appearance. Her cheeks, once oval and tinted with delicate pink, were now sunken and colorless; great, dark rings encircled her eyes, and deep, heavy lines that told of long suffering marred the face that was once famous for its beauty. The eyes retained much of their former brilliancy, the lips were still fresh and pink, and the glorious locks of hair, as they lay in tangled disorder on the white pillows, were still beautiful as when first he met her. The room, with the curtains all drawn, and the medicine bottles arranged in profusion about her, Camille seemed really about to enter the portals of death. Sir Roland remained but a short while in the sick room and as he turned to go he met a large, brusque woman in the doorway wearing the garb of a nurse, and who treated him in a surly fashion when he inquired after the patient. "The illness is her affair, not yours!" she said, brushing past him. The next day Sir Roland again visited the sick room and found Camille a trifle better. He eyes flashed with the old brilliancy and in every way her manner was quite like the Camille of former days. Sir Roland passed a most congenial hour in her company until the nurse came in and in the same brusque fashion dismissed him from the room. When he reached the stairway a bell rang in the lower hall.

"I knew the doctor would come and find you here!" cried the nurse, shaking her fist in Sir Roland's face. The next instant a fine, portly-looking man entered the hallway. When the nurse went upstairs to inform Camille of the doctor's arrival Sir Roland seized the opportunity to make inquiries.

"Is Mademoiselle Camille dangerously ill? Or do you think she will recover?"

"I presume you are a near friend of mademoiselle's?"

"Yes—yes, of course!"

"Then I would say mademoiselle is quite ill. I have done everything for her that medical science can do, but—" he hesitated.

"Is her illness so serious that you have given up all hope?"

"Practically. You see it is what people call 'heart break.' A wealthy baronet, who came of a very aristocratic family, left her suddenly. At first she succeeded in hiding her sorrow, but it proved too much for her strength, and as a consequence she collapsed."

"When she was able to sit up she insisted on having a window open, and in an hour afterward was taken with a hard chill, then came a hacking cough, which affected her lungs—that is all; it is simply a question of time."

"There must be something you can do for her to save her from death, medical science is so advanced nowadays. If it is simply a matter of money—"

"No, no, no! Money, science or nothing else can save her. She tried change of climate, she consulted the most eminent specialists, and at last she asked that she might come home to spend the few remaining weeks of her life."

"Doctor, mademoiselle is ready to receive you," said the nurse, appearing at the door.

A week after Sir Roland went again to see Camille, but was refused admission to her apartments. "Mademoiselle is much worse. Lord Chesterton, and she has changed, dreadfully; she absolutely refused to see anyone."

"Then it would not make her happy now—she would not care to—"

"To what, my lord?"

"To marry me."

"I fear—but wait; here comes the doctor now."

Sir Roland took the doctor to one side and unfolded his plan, although the doctor warned him that Camille could live but a few hours; then, deliberately pushing the nurse to one side, he entered Camille's room, and was horrified at the change in her condition, her lips were white as death, her face was ghastly like that of a corpse, and the light from the green shaded lamp made the room look weird and strange. Had he been a closer observer he would have noticed a mocking smile playing about her mouth as he told her of a certain thing he intended to do. But, as a most natural consequence, he saw nothing. Returning two days later, clothed with all the necessary authority of the law, Camille Rodays became Lady Chesterton, the nurse and the doctor acting as witnesses to the ceremony. After the ceremony was over Sir Roland bent over the bed and, taking the new Lady Chesterton in his arms, kissed her colorless lips, despite her efforts to struggle away from him. The next instant the nurse was ordering him out of the house, declaring that the excitement brought on by the hasty marriage would be the death of the girl.

Sir Roland walked rapidly down the narrow little street with a very serious expression on his handsome young face. He was both glad and sorry; he was thoroughly convinced that he had done the right thing by Camille. He at least had kept his word, but the family—what would they say? Then the thought came to him that probably Camille would die in a week or so; before his chivalrous act became known; and the very next moment the thought of Camille dying set his heart to beating wildly. After he had walked some distance he took a cigar from an inner pocket, bit off the end and was going to light it when he felt a sticky substance on his lips. Impulsively, he drew his hand across his mouth, then looked at his fingers, and saw they were smeared with a cosmetic.

"Could it be?" he asked himself, then he remembered how round and plump Camille's hand was when he placed the ring on her finger. Turning back, he walked rapidly, his heart filled with doubt and misgiving. As he again approached the pretty little villa he turned hastily down a side street that led directly past the garden. Reaching the gate, he lifted the latch and entered, with the same rapid strides he walked upon the graveled pathway; upon reaching the house he entered unannounced.

In the garden room, seated about a table, was a merry company; Camille, in the best of health and bewitchingly beautiful, sat at the head of the table arrayed in a costly gown; on one side sat the fake nurse, and on the other the "doctor" in whom Sir Roland recognized a young variety actor that had lately become popular; some chorists girls and a few amateurs completed the company. "How strange that I should not have been asked to this feast," he said, entering the room very quietly.

The "doctor" made an effort to reply, the "nurse" covered her face with her hands, the chorists girls sat mute and dumb with terror, but Camille, calm and collected, rose and went to him.

"Roland, I know it was wrong, but it is no more than you deserve. I will admit it was all a trick, but the law can't annul the marriage on that account," and her voice grew tender and pleading. "I never meant you to know how I had deceived you. You will forgive me—you will—Roland!" She held out her beautiful arms to him, and for a moment he hesitated, then almost fiercely he took her in his arms and showered her face with kisses.

A fortnight later London was startled by the announcement that Sir Roland Chesterton has abdicated in favor of his cousin, Sir Charles.

## A JICALILLA BOY HUNTING.



Find His Father.

The Jicarillas are a tribe of the Apaches who terrorized the southwest for so many years. The present home of the tribe is in New Mexico. There are now but about 800 of them left, and they are the poorest Indians in the United States, and if it were not for the rations issued them by the government they would starve. The Jicarillas are devoted to their children, probably more so than any other of the American Indians. The youngsters are expert shots with the bow and arrow, and help very materially in providing the family with meat by hunting expeditions into the foothills. The reservation which the tribe occupies is practically a desert.

## MARRIAGE IN RUSSIA.

The Unlimited Power of Parents Withdrawn, and That of the Husband Substituted.

As a daughter the Russian woman is under the absolute sway of her parents. The coming of age makes no alteration in her position. Until the day of her death, if she remains unmarried, the place she occupies in the family life is a place of dependence upon the will of her parents. When a woman marries she changes the authority of parents for no less unqualified authority of husband. As the Russian statute suggestively puts it, "one person cannot reasonably be expected to fully satisfy two such unlimited powers as that of husband and parent."

The "unlimited" power of the parent, therefore, is withdrawn and that of the husband substituted. She cannot leave him even to pay a visit to a neighboring town without a "pass" from him. He names the time she is to stay, and at the expiration of the term she is bound to return or get it renewed. A husband may appear in a court of law as a witness against his wife, but a wife is not permitted to appear against her husband. A woman's evidence is regarded also as of less weight than that of a man. "When two witnesses do not agree," the code runs, "the testimony of an adult outweighs that of a child, and the testimony of a man that of a woman."

According to the tenets of the Russian church, marriage is a sacrament, and is theoretically indissoluble. There is no such thing as a civil marriage, and divorce, except in one case, is practically unobtainable by a woman. The exception is the deprivation of civil rights and banishment of the husband. If the wife chooses she can follow her husband into exile, and Russian literature is full of pathetic stories of women, tenderly nurtured, braving the terrors of the long Siberian march. All children, however, born in exile, are regarded as belonging to the lowest class of society. If, on the other hand, the wife seeks, on the plea of her husband's banishment, divorce, the church in this case relaxes her discipline and grants the plea. Although the statute recognizes adultery and desertion on the part of the husband as grounds for divorce, the law is beset with such difficulties that it is never resorted to except by the wealthy, who can always make the tardy wheels revolve more swiftly.

While divorce is difficult to obtain, there are other means resorted to which reach the same destination, only by a different route. Laws in Russia are made not to be broken, but to be evaded, and both the civil and ecclesiastical authorities have learned the art of evasion to perfection, says a writer in the Westminster Review. Marriages may be annulled if any informality has occurred in them, and if parties are willing the test is only a question of money. In some parts of the empire the marriage service is enacted with this contingency in view. The certificate may be left unissued, or the age of the contracting parties omitted. In some parts of Little Russia a relative, during the ceremony, gives the bride a slap, to prove in case of need that she has married under compulsion. Women who succeed in obtaining a separation from their husbands on the ground of informality are received into society, are allowed to marry again, and may even be separated again without loss of position. There is, however, a more healthy public spirit arising, which tends strongly in favor of an adjustment of the present laws.

A Lawyer's Duty.  
The El Reno lawyer who asked for a new trial for his client on the ground that one of the jurors had fallen asleep did not receive much encouragement from the judge, who ruled that it was the lawyer's business to keep the jury awake instead of putting them to sleep, and refused to grant a new trial.—Kansas City Journal.

## FACTS ABOUT MARRIAGES.

Genealogist Sets Forth Some Interesting Observations Bearing Upon Matrimony.

"The marriages of a family are a good guide to go by in determining its characteristics," said a woman, whose business it is to hunt up pedigrees, according to the Chicago Inter Ocean. "I should warn any girl who has many old maid aunts and bachelor uncles not to dally with her first proposal if she would not be an old maid herself. Likewise, I believe that a girl's chances for remarriage, if widowed early, can be judged pretty accurately from the annals of her family in this respect."

"When in the course of my work I am in doubt about the identity of a family I am guided a good deal by the character of the marriages set down. For these illustrate the dominant family traits which govern as much in love matters as in other concerns of life."

"In some families early marriages predominate. The men invariably marry before they are 25, and the women at a correspondingly early age. Again, late marriages will be the rule with members of either sex."

"Some family trees show few second marriages, and rarely a third marriage, no matter how soon the married state came to an end. Other records are replete with second and third and even fourth marriages on the part of widows and widowers."

"Often it occurs that in families of nine or more brothers and sisters, only two or three have married, and the descendants of those two or three displayed a similar proneness to bachelorhood and spinsterhood."

"Our family are not great on marrying," a girl, one of four single sisters, remarked to me lately regarding the family likenesses she was showing all grouped together on one wall panel.

"And I could not but feel that that array of contented-looking single nannies among her kinspeople must exert some influence on her own matrimonial prospects."

"Some families display a marked tendency to marry their kinsfolk, or the connections or relations of their kinsfolk. Others again seem by common impulse to have gone as far from home quarters as possible in search of mates."

"In records that go back only a few generations there are instances of men who have taken three sisters successively to wife, and of women marrying their brothers in law and cousins in law, or their stepfathers, the same tendency to race, affiliation cropping out again and again in the line. In other families living in the same neighborhood and environment not a single instance of marriage with relations or relations in law occurs."

"One comes upon families in which an unmarried member of either sex is a great rarity and families in which marriage seems to have come easily, and as a foregone conclusion, and in which none of the widows or widowers stayed single for any length of time."

"In studying out relationships in quaintly old-fashioned communities one runs upon families that seemed bound to marry at cross purposes, as it were, both as to age and standing of the mates chosen. A widower takes for a third wife his son's stepdaughter, or a widow marries the son of the man whom her daughter married. Just so there are family records in which a marriage at a very advanced age or with a partner of lower rank socially never occurs."

"I think fortune tellers could add to the effectiveness of their prophecies in love matters if they could have the advantage of scanning the family annals of the applicants."

"There is no phase of genealogical research so fascinating as noting the record implied by the marriage on a family tree. But the genealogist of the future will have more complicated work in tracing out lines and traits than exists now on account of the divorces figuring in the matter."