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## Maurice Francis Egan.

(Lactare Medalist, 1910.)



HE University formally announces Dr. Maurice Francis Egan as the Lactare Medalist of 1910. It seems needless to repeat what has so often been mentioned at length in these pages about the reasons that

go to determine the choice of the University. The phrase, "To men who by distinguished service to religion, art, science or humanity set a noble example" sums up the *raison d'être* of the Lactare Medal.

Like other Lactare Medalists, Dr. Egan is a figure not unknown to his countrymen. He has at different times filled the position of journalist, professor, diplomat, and in each he has won distinction. Yet, it is safe to say, Dr. Egan will live to the coming generations not so much because of the positions he has filled as for the literature he has produced.

Maurice Francis Egan was born in Philadelphia, Pa., May 24, 1852. His early education was taken care of in private schools, and later he entered La Salle College of his native city. From there he

was graduated on the completion of the regular classical course, after which in 1878, he became professor of English literature at Georgetown University, Georgetown, D. C. While at Georgetown he began his career as a writer, a career which he has followed up with scarcely an interruption since. He

variously served as assistant editor on the staffs of Henry Peterson's *Saturday Evening Post*, *McGee's Weekly*, *The Catholic Review* and the *New York Freeman's Journal*. Of this last he became chief editor in 1885. For a number of years he traveled as press correspondent in Southern and Western states as well as in Mexico. He accepted the position of head of the department of English here at the University in 1888, which position he held till 1895 when he went to the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., to accept a like position. While here at



Notre Dame he was notably successful as a teacher, whose kindly sympathy and charm of manner won him friends without number among the professors and students. Dr. Egan was appointed Minister to Den-

mark by President Roosevelt in 1908, and was reappointed last year by Mr. Roosevelt's successor, President Taft.

Any one of these honored positions, which Dr. Egan has so acceptably filled, would entitle him to distinction among the laymen of America. Yet it is not, as has been said, so much because of any position he holds, or may yet hold, that Dr. Egan will win a niche among notable Americans. He will live in his writings, and this is the surest kind of immortality. He has written much and on a variety of subjects. As a novelist he will be remembered for four novels, three of which—"The Disappearance of John Longworthy," "Success of Patrick Desmond" and "The Vocation of Edward Conway"—appeared in serial form in the *Ave Maria*. The fourth, "A Marriage of Reason," ran through several numbers of the *Rosary Magazine*. In 1893, he wrote a delightful boys' story called "Jack Chumleigh's Ladder," which made Dr. Egan an army of friends among the young folk. He wrote at various times juvenile stories, but none equalled "Jack Chumleigh" for fun and frolic and drollery.

As a poet, Dr. Egan ranks high in American literature. Some of his poems—especially his sonnets—will be read with delight as long as the language endures. Necessarily, not everything he has written carries the mellowness, the flavor, the charm that sets it apart as great poetry. Yet somehow most of his work, even such as was written in haste to satisfy the demands of a magazine editor, or to commemorate a national or religious anniversary, has some note of distinction.

This short poem, entitled "The Old Violin" will be recognized at once as a gem well worthy its leading position in his "Songs and Sonnets," published in 1892.

#### THE OLD VIOLIN.

Though tuneless, stringless, it lies there in dust,  
Like some great thought on a forgotten page;  
The soul of music can not fade or rust—  
The voice within it stronger grows with age;  
Its strings and bow are only trifling things—  
A master-touch!—its sweet soul wakes and sings.

One might quote from his sonnets at some length since here Dr. Egan is at his best. Richard Watson Gilder, late editor of the

*Century Magazine*, considered him one of three great American sonneteers. This sonnet to Theocritus will go side by side down the years with Wordsworth's most finished effort:

#### THEOCRITUS.

Daphnis is mute, and hidden nymphs complain,  
And mourning mingles with their fountain's song;  
Shepherds contend no more, as all day long  
They watch their sheep on the wide cyprus plain;  
The master-voice is silent, songs are vain;  
Blithe Pan is dead, and tales of ancient wrong  
Done by the gods when gods and men were strong,  
Chanted to reeded pipes, no prize can gain.

O sweetest singer of the olden days,  
In dusty books your idyls rare seem dead;  
The gods are gone, but poets never die;  
Though men may turn their ears to newer lays,  
Cecilian nightingales enrapturèd  
Caught all your songs, and nightly thrill the sky.

On the next page is one addressed to Maurice De Guérin for whom Dr. Egan has always had a special fondness.

#### MAURICE DE GUÉRIN.

The old wine filled him, and he saw, with eyes  
Anoint of Nature, fauns and dryads fair  
Unseen by others; to him maidenhair  
And waxen lilacs, and those birds that rise  
A-sudden from fall reeds at slight surprise,  
Brought charmèd thoughts; and in earth everywhere  
He, like sad Jaques, found a music rare  
As that of Syrinx to old Grecians wise.

A pagan heart, a Christian soul had he,  
He followed Christ, yet for dead Pan he sighed,  
Till earth and heaven met within his breast;  
As if Theocritus in Sicily  
Had come upon the Figure crucified,  
And lost his gods in deep, Christ-given rest.

"A pagan heart, a Christian soul had he," is often quoted as a memory-haunting line, one wherein the music is "wedded to immortal words," yet not more so than the line, "The gods are gone, but poets never die," from the sonnet to Theocritus.

In this, entitled "A Night in June," nature and religion are united with notable effect to produce a rare sonnet thought:

#### A NIGHT IN JUNE.

Rich is the scent of clover in the air,  
And from the woodbine, moonlight and the dew  
Draw finer essence than the daylight knew;  
Low murmurs and an incense everywhere!

Who spoke? Ah! surely in the garden there  
 A subtle sound came from the purple crew  
 That mount wistaria masts, and there's a clue  
 Of some strange meaning in the rose-scent rare:

Silence itself has voice in these June nights—  
 Who spoke? Why, all the air is full of speech  
 Of God's own choir, all singing various parts;  
 Be quiet and listen: hear—the very lights  
 In yonder town, the waving of the beech,  
 The maples' shades,—cry of the Heart of hearts!

Dr. Egan has no theory to prove in his poetry; he does not narrow himself down to any set of subjects. His range is as wide as the world and as high as the stars. Very naturally his muse frequently turns to religion for inspiration and almost always with praiseworthy results. Saint Francis d'Assisi, beloved of the poets, is a favorite of his. Yet the saint appeals to the poet less for his asceticism than for his mysticism and intimate love of nature. The Blessed Virgin, the Resurrection of Christ, Lent, the Annunciation, St. Teresa, etc., have afforded themes for this maker of melodies.

The University, in conferring the Laetare Medal on Dr. Egan, has in mind above all else his notable services to literature. As journalist, teacher, diplomat, he has won distinction. But his fame rests on his writings, especially on that most exquisite of poetic forms, the sonnet.

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To Maurice Francis Egan.

(*Laetare Medalist*, '10.)

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THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

SPENDTHRIFT, thou, of sonnet-songs that sway  
 In tuneful beat to unseen angel wings;  
 Low harmonies that breathe of golden strings,  
 Which throb on high when mortals kneel to pray.  
 Has Erin's angel-harp been hid away  
 Within thy breast? Thy every poem sings  
 With something of the rhythmic power that swings  
 Eternal in the realm of deathless day.

This tribute thine, that only those may win  
 Who rear below great thrones that reach above;  
 For thou hast silvered life and soothed its din,  
 In singing thy sweet melodies of love.  
 Behold, how toilers in the common throng  
 Have learned to love thee, singer, for thy song.

### The Spirit of the Flag.\*

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SAMUEL M. DOLAN, '10.

On a bitter January morning in 1776, less than a hundred worn men with the pinch of hunger in their faces, were gathered about a bleak hill near the village of Cambridge. Most of them were badly clothed, only half-protected from the biting blasts and the thick snow that swept about them. These few ragged, half-starved men, with weapons used only in hunting, were an army, and they had been assembled to witness the first unfurling of a flag that was to proclaim that the uprising of a mob had taken on the serious dignity of war, that the harangues of their leaders were no longer the incitements of demagogues but the prophetic speech of statesmen, and that the revolution thus begun was to bring forth a new people with a divinely appointed mission. There was a wave of the leader's hand, and the new flag of stripes, red and white, swelled with the breeze. A new emblem was raised on high, and as it whipped the wind it sent forth a message of defiance and hope. Thus was raised our first American flag.

There is no more thrilling passage in all our history than that which recounts the story of this early January morning on the hill near Cambridge. The new symbol that waved over the new land united the colonies more than their victories over the English troops or the political conventions of their leaders. It infused into their hearts a sterner purpose and a higher courage, for around that flag the highest earthly aspirations of a people must be for evermore clustered. If that banner were to be dragged in the dust then must sink forever their hopes to live as free-born people.

For years they had fought for the land that produced their subsistence. To hold the meagre acres which they had made fertile from the thick forests, their fathers had drenched the land with their blood. There was not a part of it unconsecrated by valiant struggle, and the twilight of many a day saw the gray dusk settle on

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\* Read in Washington Hall, Tuesday, February 22, at the Presentation of the Flag.

dead faces of men gone out from this life before the noon of their earthly career had shone. And these brave pioneers fought and died to defend the ground whose tillage could yield only the things needed to keep their wives and children alive. They fought the Indians that they might live.

There was no far-seeing into a future which dreams might picture with mighty cities and a happy people. Their own concerns were more immediate. The necessities of life drove them from hour to hour. Each man protected self, or if they banded together it was for a short time only, and then only with the same end of self in view—every man looking to his neighbor to pay back his tithe of assistance. And so it went on until the borders of the forest had pushed back far from the ocean and the intervening stretch gave promise of peaceful days. Then these sturdy farmers were called on to face a new danger and fight for the land for a new cause higher than immediate selfish interests. In the name of patriotism they were summoned to drive out an invader that threatened their peace. It was not mere livelihood now that stood endangered, it was the quiet and content that comes when hard labor is lessened. And at the call they came together as they had never assembled before, and when that new flag floated from its staff they swore that never would it be struck until the last man had fallen before it. From immediate concerns of self they had turned to the common good, from fighting for the land, to warring for a flag, from a struggle for livelihood to a battling for the country, from selfish to unselfish ends, they were all banded now by patriotism. And the flag symbolized this change. They could not fight more desperately for the flag than they had fought for the land. They could only lay down their lives in its defence, and "greater love than this no man hath." But the new struggle was for higher things. Supreme motives now urged them. An unselfishness and a loyalty they had never known now filled their thoughts. And the flag stood for these virtues; it crystallized the sentiments that established the new nation.

That is what our flag stands for, unselfishness and loyalty; that is what it must

represent to everyone of us if we are to be true sons of our brave forefathers. Those two virtues sum up patriotism, they are the virtues that make noble manhood. They are taught to us every day of our lives here at Notre Dame. Two symbols we are instructed to turn our faces toward, the cross and the flag, symbols of sacrifice and loyalty; and when love of God and love of country are deeply imprinted in our hearts we are better men and better citizens.

The class of Nineteen Hundred and Ten, following a beautiful custom inaugurated many years ago, come to present a flag to the University. For one year it will fly from the staff on the campus, and when that year has gone another class will assemble here and another flag will be lifted in its place. But the lesson of this day and the promise of it will be fixed in our memories forever.

To your care, Father Cavanaugh, we entrust our flag, and with it goes the promise that the class you will part with this year will follow in the noble paths of their predecessors, will be true to the teaching of Notre Dame—that a man best serves his country when his heart is clean and his willing hands are stretched out for unspotted service, so that when the supreme test comes, if it ever should come, he is ready for the sacrifice, smiling even into the face of death in his country's need.

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#### The Suppression of the Knights Templars.

JOHN F. O'HARA, '11.

The action of the Church in the suppression of the Templars has been the occasion of frequent attacks. Harrowing tales of violent torture inflicted in the name of religion, dark dungeons and burnings at the stake have been handed down to our day, and have prejudiced public opinion. While these assertions are not absolutely groundless, they have been exaggerated.

Pope Clement V., elected in 1305, was a weak and vacillating man. He had been elected mainly through the efforts and influence of Philip the Fair, and in accordance with the wish of this monarch, and moved partly by personal conveniences, he removed the Papal See to Avignon, in the south of France. This move was favorable to the

interests of Philip, as he very soon made evident. He secured from Clement the suppression of all the bulls of Boniface VIII. which had been issued against him, and thus cleared his own name on the Church records. He failed in his attempt to have Boniface declared a traitor and heretic, but by conceding this to Clement, he served other ends.

He had long been jealous of the growing power of the Templars, who had become vastly rich, and who numbered 16,000 Knights distributed throughout Europe. He was indebted to them for money and favors, and was anxious for their suppression. Rumors of evil life in the secret organization had been current before, and Philip now made the fullest use of these, spreading them in a systematic way, until it became imperative for Clement to make a decided move.

Jacob of Molay, the grand-master of the Order, asked the Pope for an investigation, but before any action could be taken, Philip had him and all the Templars in France arrested and imprisoned. The Pope finally decided to act in unison with the secular power in inquiring into the standing and the practices of the order. Accordingly, two tribunals were established, one inquisitorial, composed of lay and clerical examiners, dependent chiefly on the king, and the other, a papal commission. The royal tribunal inquired into guilt of individual members of the Order, and the papal court judged the Order. This court never used any means of force in obtaining its testimony.

The royal inquisition had begun long before the Pope had taken any action, and Philip, through his tool, the Archbishop of Sens, had already condemned forty of them to be burned. Cruelty and severity characterized the proceedings of the tribunal. Confessions were obtained by means of fire, the rack and other forms of torture. Many of the confessions were absurd, for the practices which they alleged had been committed were incredible. However, there is a certain similarity in the confessions obtained in widely separated parts which mark certain practices as universal. The confessions obtained from the English Knights are especially valuable, as they were secured without resorting to torture. All were

agreed that there was but one constitution for the Knights of different countries.

There seems to be no doubt, from the wealth and the source of testimony, that the violation of the crucifix was a rite prescribed for the initiation of candidates, although it seems to have been looked on with disgust by all. Different explanations of its significance were offered. Some seemed to take it as a joke, others as a symbol of St. Peter's denial of Christ, and others as a symbol of absolute obedience to authority. It seems to be well founded, too, that immoral acts were practiced at initiations and meetings, but in every case the Knights seemed anxious to release the Order from responsibility for these. The power of lay absolution was admitted.

The dogmatic errors were most common in France, and have been explained by Guggenberger as due to the spread of the Albigensian heresy among the Templars. M. Loiseleur, on the other hand, asserts that a clearly defined Templar dogma existed, and draws a striking parallel between this dogma, as he picked it out from various assertions and incidents, and the dogma of the Luciferians and Bogomilians. Both of these worshipped satanic power, the difference being that the Bogomilians worshipped Christ as the good son of Satan who came to bless the earth which was the evil work of his father, and the Luciferians worshipped Satan as the giver of worldly riches and happiness. It is interesting to note among the confessions the assertion that our Lord suffered for His own sins and not for the sins of the world.

The tribunal of Philip examined in all more than four hundred knights. It chafed under the delay which the Pope demanded, and finally adjudged the Order and its members guilty as alleged. It proceeded to put into execution the sentences which it had passed. Clement proceeded with caution, but finally called a general Council at Vienne in 1311, and proposed the suppression of the Order. His proposal was voted down as resting on insufficient evidence. Finally, half a year later, acting on his own initiative, he dissolved that Order on the ground that its character had been besmirched by the investigation to such an extent that its usefulness was at an end.

## Spudders Gets His.

GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10.

Spudders was writing lines again. There was small consolation in it for him now. The last time he had been given a detention, he was somewhat consoled by a deep-rooted feeling of being wronged. But this time it was different, and his tired right arm continually reproached him for his folly, as it stopped to rest every few minutes on its dreary march toward the five thousand line goal. Yes, there was no one to blame but himself. Spudders felt it keenly. Then he wondered if he couldn't blame it onto chance. But his Philosophy Professor had said that chance was only an excuse for ignorance. That ended it; he was to blame. So digging a hand into his fiery locks, he worked on. After an industrious interval of a few minutes he stopped again. Wouldn't Clark laugh if he could see him, Clark who was now enjoying a week at home. The thought of Clark brought his mind back to the letter and the essay, and he reviewed the whole circumstance. This time the humor of the situation impressed him, and he laughed. Then he took up his pen and continued.

It had all come about in this way, and when you have heard, you will say that Spudders alone was to blame. If there were such a thing as chance he would not have been so culpable, but as there is no such a thing, Spudders and his carelessness were the cause of his trouble.

The morning before our story opens Spudders had received a letter from Clark. He was just about to sit down and answer it when the bell rang for History. "There," he said to himself, "goes that everlasting bell. A man can't get a chance do a thing around this blamed college. To think of leaving a letter to go to that miserable class. Well, such is life!" With this wail he left his room and repaired to history.

He was by no means in good humor when he answered, "Here," to the roll-call. The Professor of History was a little weazened man with a terrible eye. He seemed to

forget that he was once young himself, and considered a student a machine with almost infinite capacity for work. His class was a regular grind. No one could escape him; no one could say, "He favors me," for he never favored one machine more than another. History is an interesting subject if taught properly, but no student ever went willingly to the text-book regularity of Professor Crabb's class. There was a kind of a stiff sanctity about the room that forbade anything like humor or jest. The supreme court of the United States could not have awed young men more than this same history class when in session. The teacher's name has been given as Crabb. That was his correct name. The students called him "Flip." Clark had christened him with this euphonious title one slippery day, when Professor Crabb relaxed his dignity sufficiently to turn a flip down the front porch of the Administration building. Of course this name was never used in his presence. The students of Craig College were a little too sensible for that.

After the calling of the roll on this particular morning, Professor Crabb began his regular quiz. He soon came to Spudders, and that worthy gentleman was not well prepared. The Professor turned his terrible gaze upon the freckles and red hair, looked at him for a full minute—one of awful agony to "Spud"—and passed on to the next student.

Before dismissing the class Mr. Crabb announced that each and every member would bring in on the following day a character study of Napoleon Bonaparte. Every member uttered an inward sigh, but every member acquiesced meekly to the proposition and retired in a perfectly gentlemanlike manner.

"I wish I had never taken up that class," said Spudders, as he went to his room. He disliked writing fiercely. He could write a fairly decent letter, especially to a student friend when he could give vent to natural expression; but he had to force himself to write an essay, or anything for class. However, the task must be done, so after reading several articles on Napoleon, he sat down in the evening and after two hours of hard work turned out a very creditable paper.



When he had finished, he looked at his watch. "Just half-past nine," he said. "I can answer Clark's letter before retiring. By the way I haven't any letter paper. Well! he won't mind if I write on this Essay tablet." So saying, he wrote a long letter to Clark, telling him in no moderate terms about "Flip," and his class. He was just about to place the letter in an envelope when the bell rang to retire. Recollecting that he had promised to return a book to Wicker before going to bed he dropped the letter, and hurried to Wicker's room. When he returned he retired without another thought to the letter. Nor did it recur to him again until the following morning when it was time for History. Running up to his room, he seized what he thought was the letter, placed it in an envelope, sealed and addressed it, and dropped it into the mail box outside of his door. He would be late for class, he thought. Snatching up the other bunch of paper that he thought was his essay, he ran all the way to the History room, and was the last one to pass Professor Crabb, who stood at the door collecting the papers.

Class began and with it the usual routine. Toward the end of the hour Professor Crabb picked up the bundle of essays and said he would read several aloud. Spudders sat complacent. He didn't care if "Flip" did read his, because he felt that it was good. At least he had worked hard enough on it. After several were read, Spudders gave up all hope of having a chance "to shine," for there were but a few minutes left before the close of class. Just at that moment he heard the Professor say, "Here is one written in the form of a letter. Quite interesting. A novel idea, indeed, to write a character sketch in the form of a letter."

Everyone in the room smiled. It was the first time. Spudders was tickled. Some one, he felt, would get a trimming, and consequently some one would give him cause for merriment.

"Well," continued the Professor, "let us see what the gentleman has to say." Spudders' heart leaped at the prospects.

"My dear Clark," Mr. Crabb went on. Spudders' heart stood still. Could it be his letter?

"My dear Clark—I have just finished a

most outrageously miserable job, for our beloved 'Flip.'" Spudders' heart, which had been standing still, now dropped way down. A suppressed titter went around the room. Everyone wanted to shout, but nobody dared.

The tone of the professor never changed as he read on. "I wish you could have seen the look the 'little darling' gave me in class this morning. Say, he's a 'beaut,' a regular slave driver, and if I had the sand, I'd acquaint him with the fact. Here I've been working my head off for two hours, and all 'Flip' will give me for it will be a look that will go straight through me and down my spine. I don't know what I ever took the class for, but you can put it down in your book that I'll never get rung into another sweat-box of 'Flip's.' His dad certainly handed down to him a suitable name, Crabb. 'Flip' sounds almost as well, though. You can thank your stars you're not around. Dante must have attended a class similar to his before he wrote his 'Inferno.' Say, if the old guy could only read this, when!—"

Mr. Crabb paused with a terrible look on his face. He saw it all now. Glancing at the close of the letter he beheld, "Your friend, 'Spud.'" His eyes gleamed, and his face became white with anger. By this time the quiet of the room was oppressive. Everyone felt that something awful would happen, and all pitied the man on whom the thunderbolt would fall. Spudders was nearly smothered. His face and hair were now of a like color. He had tried to cry out, but couldn't. He looked up and read his sentence in the awful look that Mr. Crabb turned upon him. Mr. Crabb raised his arm and with no little force pointed toward the door. Spudders arose and walked out through that terrible silence.

This is the reason why Spudders sat in the study-hall and wrote lines, and tried to find out whose fault it was that he was there. Always he came to the same conclusion: it was his own. So he worked away.

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IF thou wouldst lead men to love the good thou knowest, neglect thy own arguments, and seek those which are best suited to thy hearers or readers.—*Spalding.*

## Charles Lever and the Military Novel.

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FRANCIS J. WENNINGER, '11.  
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War has ever been a favorite topic in literature. Military prowess has given to the poet his most inspiring notes, and his choicest laurels have been reserved for the brow of the conquerer. The reader of the classics can not fail to note how hastily both poet and historian pass over the events leading up to a battle. A rapid summary of the various circumstances culminating in an actual engagement is about all that the reader obtains. But little attention is given to the "victories of peace," though they are generally the most enduring. In reading narratives of this kind it is evident that the writer is not in his element till the "cloud of battle encircles him and the loud clash of resounding arms echoes through his lines." It has been humorously asserted that "Homer must have yawned while penning the wisdom of Nestor, but exulted when he sang the battle of the gods."

This military ardor has found permanent expression in literature. It is a noteworthy fact that a large part of the Old Testament is mainly a record of war,—and war of the bitterest and most deadly kind. The record of these wars has been written in a manner that defies imitation. Where in literature is the passage that can equal David's lament over those brave men that fell upon Gelbae? And passages of this kind might be multiplied almost indefinitely.

But it is the purpose of this paper to treat the expression of this military zeal in the novel in general and in the works of Charles Lever in particular.

In an article on this subject written some thirty years ago, Sallust is characterized as "the Roman military novelist." The writer claims that Sallust's *Catiline* "stands out in stronger colors than even those in which Cicero depicts him." This may be an exorbitant claim for Sallust's worth as a portrayer of character, but when we consider that our knowledge of Cicero's *Catiline* comes mainly from the Orations which are in a class distinct from historical narrative, the force of the argument is readily seen. The same essayist, while condemning Cæsar's

commentaries for their coldness and stiffness of style, calls the *Agricola* of Tacitus, "a charming military novel." Considered in a strictly modern sense, these productions could hardly claim the title of novel, although the historical narrative contained therein is, perhaps, better than that found in present-day novels.

The man who worked the vein of military romance in modern English literature was Charles James Lever. He was born in Dublin in 1806. His studies were made at Trinity College and at Göttingen. In 1832, he was medical superintendent in the northwest of Ireland where the cholera was then raging. Here he was busy for a time in "guessing at prescriptions and inventing ingredients." But the task was far from being congenial and altogether too unchecked in its dreary routine. After the epidemic had ceased, Lever went to Brussels. It has been stated that he was appointed physician to the Embassy, and even Thackeray who was personally acquainted with him, has affirmed the truth of this statement. But it is now certain that Lever never held the post.

It was here at the Belgian capital that Lever's first novel, "Harry Lorrequer," was published in 1837. This work was followed in a short time by "Charles O'Malley" and "Jack Hinton." These stories are made up of personal experiences of the author. A large number of the incidents, especially those referring to the wars were, however, gathered from the British residents at Brussels and from English officers who had been prominent in many battles. This piecing together of anecdotes lends a somewhat rough and rugged character to Lever's works. Aside from this character of roughness, the novels show also a marked degree of carelessness, due, no doubt, to the author's habit of composing them in fragments. But notwithstanding these glaring defects, Charles Lever was a very popular writer. He always had an abundance and a variety of materials, and was never lacking in good humor which descended at times even to boisterousness.

Lever's next productions were "Tom Burke," "The O'Donoghue" and the "Knight of Gwynne." The same faults which we have observed in his early writings are also apparent in these later works. In 1858, the author was appointed consul at Spezzia.



During his stay in that city his style of writing changed. His method had always been one of observation and reproduction. He never created a character. If his story contains a humorous character of Irish life, the original was sure to exist in some remote village. If there was to be a soldier in the story, one of Wellington's veterans was quite worthy of being portrayed. It is said that "Major Monsoon" is a literary portrait of a well-known soldier of the times.

The change in Lever's art was a change in character delineation rather than in style. After he reached the continent he occupied himself with the travelling Britons and other characters with whom he came in contact. The books in which he shows this new development in literary expression are "The Daltons," "The Dodd Family Abroad," "Davenport Dunn" and "The Fortunes of Glencore." Now comes the most singular of Lever's works, the "Day's Ride—A Life's Romance." The story recounts the adventures of an apothecary's son "from his ride to Wicklow to his imprisonment in an Austrian fortress." The scenes depicted are highly exciting and show Lever at his best in the wild vagaries of a reckless day-dreamer. The work appeared first as a serial in the *All Year Round Magazine*. Although it shows Lever nearly at his best and contains a degree of originality uncommon in him, it failed utterly to interest the public, indeed, it has even been said that it lowered the circulation of the magazine in which it was published.

Lever was in his element when writing war stories. His description of battles are full of life and color; military men say of them that they are remarkably accurate, in strong contrast in this respect to many romances whose battle-plans if carried out would end in disastrous defeat for the hero. A good example of this is Hugo's description of the battle of Waterloo which "from a soldier's standpoint is simply absurd."

Lever's Napoleonic sketches derive their value from the circumstance that he was personally acquainted with many who had intimate dealings with the "Little Corporal." The great soldier is carefully drawn in "Tom Burke;" his short, sturdy figure, his nervous yet precise movements, his explosive wrath and his strange charm of manner are all reproduced in Lever's work. But with all this, the formal excellence is lacking, without which no novelist can be successful. The play of words, as the notes of an organ, charms us, but the heart interest is absent.

As he grew older, Lever turned his attention to politics. In *Blackwood's Magazine* he published a series of political papers under the name of Cornelius O'Dowd. The opinions expressed in these papers are in striking contrast to those voiced in his other works. While Lever was not a Catholic, yet there is in his early Irish novels a sentiment tolerant and even kindly towards Catholics. The O'Dowd papers, however, are tinged with bigotry, and express views decidedly anti-Catholic.

The last years of Charles Lever were unhappy. His health failed owing to excesses in his younger days. But he was still active and produced some of his best work even under such adverse circumstances. These later novels, though less racy even than his earlier ones, show more uniformity of plot and greater care in construction. Among his last books were "Sir Jasper Carew," "That Boy of Norcott's," and "Sir Brooke Fasbrooke." His last novel, concluded shortly before he died, is "Lord Kilgobbin." The preface to this book is an expression of the feelings of the author. The volume has this dedication: "To the memory of one whose companionship made the happiness of a long life and whose loss has made me helpless, I dedicate this book written in breaking health and broken spirits. The task that once was my joy and my pride, I have lived to find associated with my sorrow. It is not, then, without a cause I say I hope this effort may be my last." Lever died in 1872.

It is interesting to note how criticism of Lever's work has changed in a comparatively short time. In an article entitled "Charles Lever at Home," published in 1878, we find the novelist's work lauded to the skies. "Charles O'Malley" is described as "a work that will hold its own when hundreds of so-called Irish romances have returned to the dust out of which they should never have emerged even into spasmodic existence." Twenty years later, a leading reviewer characterizes Lever as "a secondary novelist of the nineteenth century." In another place we read: "'Charles O'Malley,' owing to the liveliness of its adventures and the personage of Mickey Free, the Irish servant, is still the most popular of Lever's works." With young and uncritical readers this popularity is likely to be maintained until some supplanter in the same kind arises. Then Lever's work will be forgotten, for it has little abiding interest.

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—The SCHOLASTIC elsewhere formally announces the name of Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, United States Minister to Denmark,

as the choice of the University for the Lætare Medal Laetare Medalist. this year. The selection is a happy one. As is true of a

number of Lætare Medalists, Dr. Egan is a man who holds a high rank in American Catholic literature. He has won general recognition as a gifted sonneteer, and such noted critics as Richard Watson Gilder and Edmund Clarence Stedman have ranked him among the foremost in America. Dr. Egan has always shown himself in his writings, lectures and public addresses a staunch Catholic, whose pen is ever ready to glorify the teachings and practices of the Church. The novels he has written are marked by a distinctly Catholic tone, which while not offensively combative is withal healthy and virile. He is a fine example of the skilled artist who teaches without freight-ing down his books with a weight of lore. Humor, pathos and quiet irony are more frequently his methods "to point a moral" than erudite disquisitions. He has served the cause of truth and art long and well, and the University is to be congratulated for selecting him as the Medalist of 1910.

—Present-day study of the classics in many of our American schools seems to be much neglected. Among the reasons offered in

explanation of this is **The Value of the Classics.** the popularity of the elective system. The

student left to choose for himself sees no practical advantage in devoting his time to the study of dead languages, and in nearly every case directs his energies towards less complicated branches of study. Unless his ambition leads him to aim for any of the higher professions, he remains unacquainted with what constitutes a strong factor in education. The classics have importance both from the viewpoint of utility and culture which is of acknowledged weight and consequence. Aside from the drill which one gets in struggling with the intricacies of a sentence in Latin or Greek, there is the advantage of obtaining a first-hand acquaintance with many of the greatest masterpieces to be found in any literature. The very process of solving knotty rules of syntax is an exercise in mental gymnastics which makes for intellectual training and the development of true artistic taste. There are, to be sure, countless other means of educating men to be useful agents in life, socially and otherwise. But to promote these at the expense of classical studies is an injustice to future generations who claim an equal right to the heritage of the golden age of ancient civilization. Fortunately there is little or no difference of opinion among competent scholars and educators as to the high value of the classics. When the reaction from the more material things of to-day sets in, the classics will be brought back to their former place of honor in the college curriculum.

—Within the last few years there has developed within the United States an industry which bids fair to end the dangers threatened by the depletion of

**The Age of Concrete.** our forests. The ingenuity and resourcefulness of man have found

a substitute which is doing much to conserve our lumber resources. The growth of the cement and concrete industries during the last decade marks an epoch that is unsurpassed by any other department of industrial development. As an art, it has

sprung from nothingness to such proportions that it is unsafe to attempt a prediction of the possibilities which await its future. It is many years since marine experts first scoffed at the idea of building ships of iron. Likewise, the notion of building boats of concrete, when first suggested ten years ago, was discountenanced as foolish. Yet such boats have been built, and are standing the test of time. The cement house has become a familiar sight, but few people realize the extent to which cement and concrete have been put in other lines, such as foundations, bridges, railroads, farm buildings and even fence posts. The use of concrete as a building material has opened a new field of architectural design—a style which will be truly original and modern. As a building material, concrete is proving more plastic than wood, brick or stone, and is capable of being moulded into a new order of beauty. Houses of this material will be distinguished by simplicity and graceful proportions, while it will be possible to work out a scheme of color contrasts unknown to brick or stone. From comparative obscurity, concrete has risen to be the marvel of the age. Whole cities are built of this handmaid of steel in this age of fireproof material. The only standing monuments that nature has built are her mountains, and she made them out of rock. The man of to-day who wants a structure that will endure through the ages is building it of concrete—the material of the age.

—The recent clash between the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company and its employees and their sympathizers resulting as it did in serious loss and inconvenience to the public, the shedding of innocent blood and a prolonged period of mob rule, may well suggest an inquiry into the relative culpability of the contending parties. Some there are, and their opinions are but too frequently dilated upon by the general press, who embrace this opportunity of directing a tirade of abuse against the barbarism, violence and lawless methods of trade unionisms, charging their leaders with all manner of injustice and grossly misrepresenting the motives and demands of their

members. From the majority, however, who recognize in the concerted, if sometimes violent action of organized laboring men a last resort against the tyranny of capital, there goes out an ardent sympathy to those struggling, not for any special or unreasonable privileges, but for those things which will enable them to live a fairly decent and comfortable life. Rev. William J. Kirby, Professor of sociology in the Catholic University of America, in a recent address said: "Labor has the right to organize, and for so doing should not be condemned. When the disorders that they sometimes reluctantly participate in occur, the world hears all about it. But I personally know many labor leaders, and I know that for every strike they bring about they stop a thousand. Of that thousand you never hear. But I do not pretend to say the unions do not make mistakes. They are particularly prone to enthusiasm and are very liable at times to overreach. And that is just the reason why they need to be understood, and need to have friends and need to have at their backs all those who believe in our institutions and our civilization, lending them always their helpful inspiration. Let the public study the labor union; let it understand it, and it will then learn to approve of it."

—No one can question the appropriateness of the action of the University officials in establishing the military drill and making it compulsory for the younger Military Drill. students of the preparatory department. From a purely physical standpoint it justifies itself, and it has incalculable benefits as a factor in the training of a boy. It aims at and produces exactness, regularity, obedience and neatness, the four cardinal virtues which are the bane of the small boy's life, but which should be most rigidly insisted on as elements of education. It is pleasing to note that the youngsters have taken to the plan with a vim and zest that bid well for its success. The prospect of a camping trip may hold out added attraction for them; anyhow the boys themselves are as enthusiastic as their elders about the innovation. It is to be devoutly hoped the students of Carroll Hall will derive a full measure of benefit from the military training.

## SOCIETIES.

### Brownson Literary and Debating.

The Brownson Literary and Debating Society held its weekly meeting last Monday evening. Owing to the absence of President Brentgartner, the chair was held by Mr. B. Soisson. A very interesting program was rendered, regardless of the fact that the "exams" occupied a large part of the students' time. E. Kocinski read "Somebody's Mother," C. White recited "The Last Leaf," P. Byrne gave a biography of "Daniel O'Connell," J. Devitt recited "Robert of Lincoln," E. Brentgartner, "The Charge of the Light Brigade," J. Carolan, "Dream Life" and W. O'Shea gave a criticism of "That Football Game." J. Byrne entertained the society by some very well-drawn cartoons. An impromptu debate was then held, Messrs. Marshall, O'Connell, and Clark supporting the affirmative, and Jennings, Fisher and Devitt the negative. The critic will give the decision next Sunday evening. After a few helpful remarks by the critic, the Rev. Father Carroll, the meeting was adjourned.

### St. Joseph Literary.

At the meeting of the St. Joseph Literary Society Sunday evening there was no regular program rendered. Business matters were discussed, several impromptu speeches made and an address delivered by the critic, Prof. Ries.

### Walsh Social and Literary.

The regular meeting of the Walsh Hall Social and Literary Club was held Sunday evening. It was devoted entirely to extemporaneous speeches, and proved to be one of the most interesting meetings since the Club's organization. The speech, "Sight-Seeing Under Difficulties" by Mr. Gaffney, was very entertaining and well rendered. Mr. Fink spoke on "Woman Suffrage in Colorado," and "Law As An Educational Factor" was the subject of the speech by Mr. Daly. The meeting closed with a humorous imitation of a subject under hypnotic influence by W. Sexton, who was ably assisted by Mr. Birder.

### Knights of Columbus.

The local Knights of Columbus Club has completed its work regarding the formation of a Council at Notre Dame, and the matter has now gone to the higher officials. Word comes back that the development of the movement at Notre Dame is watched with interest all along the line. Prompt attention to the question of a charter is also promised. This means that everything will be ready for the initiation of the new candidates soon after Easter. At a meeting of the Club last Tuesday evening it was decided that the new Council, which will be established here in a few weeks, should be known as the "Notre Dame Council of the Knights of Columbus."

### The Philopatrians.

The members of the Philopatrian Society are keeping alive that dear old Notre Dame tradition of presenting a play on St. Patrick's Day. The offering this year is the well-known piece "The Prince and the Pauper." The youngsters are doing their level best to get the play running smoothly by the seventeenth. All their spare time is given to practice, and as a result we may count on a creditable performance when the actors make their appearance St. Patrick's Day.

### Civil Engineering.

At the weekly meeting of the Civil Engineering Society, the history of railroads, dating back to about two hundred years ago when the first tramway was constructed in the mineral districts of England, was developed by Mr. Washburn. He related the many difficulties experienced by the engineers of the past century in their attempts to inaugurate steam traction, and the development of the railroad in the United States from the time the first one was operated for public use in 1830 which was known as the Baltimore and Ohio R. R. Mr. Funk told of the determination of Captain Eads, the great civil engineer, to succeed in accomplishing works that would benefit mankind. Although this genius was forced to quit school and start to work when but a lad, he pursued in private

certain studies which paved the way for his construction of the bridge across the Mississippi which bears his name. The noblest work of Ead's was in devising a plan by which the Father of Waters might be kept navigable. Mr. Gutierrez enumerated a number of the more important accomplishments of the civil engineer which have acted toward the advancement of the world. Our nicely developed system of traffic owes its foundations to and was made possible by the men of this branch of engineering. The question of force and energy and the solution of many problems regarding them were explained by Mr. Schmitt. At the close of the meeting, Father Schumacher gave a talk on the advantages to be secured from the Engineering Society, among which the most important is the ability to set forth one's view on a subject. He also remarked the ease with which obstacles in the engineering world may be surmounted by the man who understands the theory of the case as compared with the person who is acquainted only with a number of concrete cases.

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#### Military Drill.

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On Wednesday evening Military drill was begun by the students of Carroll Hall in their gymnasium under the direction of Lieutenant Otto J. Deal. Lieutenant Deal is Adjutant to Major Freyermuth of the Indiana State Troops. He served in the Spanish-American war and gained the reputation of being the best tactician in his regiment. It requires a man of much ability to handle a company of men, but it is a harder task to keep up the interest in this line of work among a company of young boys. It is natural for them to take to the thing at first, for the life of a soldier is filled with a certain romance which attracts the fancy of every boy. They find books which deal with Indian life and with Indian battles the most interesting. But in time the novelty with which the work in military drill abounds will tend to wear away, and then it is that the abilities of the officer in charge will come into play. He must be able to instil a new interest into the work and drive away the lagging spirit which is bound

to become evident. Lieutenant Deal is well qualified in this respect, for he sympathizes with boys and understands them. He considers the work of drilling the most important in the life of a soldier, for it is this that creates a respect for discipline on the part of the men. It is a noteworthy fact that the officers of our army come from the best-drilled companies. Drilling is considered the most important department in the great military schools of the country. In fact it has been taken up by many of the state universities and made a compulsory part of the work of all the students. Illinois University is a good example of the schools where this has been done. Every student is required to report at certain times during the week for drill, and all the activities of a company in the field of war are carried on. At the end of the year prizes are given to the company which shows the highest proficiency, and individual members are also awarded for excellence along this line. There is a great deal of honor attached to winning these prizes and this works toward keeping alive during the year the interest of the men.

It is the intention of Lieutenant Deal to follow this plan, and at the end of the year those whose work has been the best will receive a reward for their excellence. In addition to this a four days' camping trip will be afforded the boys during which time they will be able to experience all the thrills of actual field work which the companies of our regular army carry on. Officers will be chosen later from among those who distinguish themselves by their proficiency.

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#### Commencement Speakers.

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The following men have been chosen to represent the class of '10 at the Commencement Exercises:

Valedictorian—Jesse H. Roth, Fowler, Ind.  
Class Poet—Geo. J. Finnigan, Malone, N. Y.

#### BACHELOR ORATIONS.

Michael Lee Moriarty, Ashtabula, Ohio,  
"Predatory Wealth."  
Paul Donnelly Donovan, Woodstock, Ill.  
"Predatory Poverty."  
Peter Edward Hebert, Ironwood, Michigan.  
"The Solution—The Golden Rule."

Personals.

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—Stewart Graham was a visitor here last week. Graham is in the engineering department of the Lake Shore in Chicago.

—Francis E. Munson (LL. B., 1908) passed the Illinois state bar examination last week. Munson is remembered as a football star during his years at Notre Dame.

—The following item is from the *Columbiad*, Columbia University, Portland, Oregon:

Walter Allen, student at the University of Notre Dame, '05-'08, was a welcome guest at the University during the month. Walter is a prosperous rancher in Washington, and has come to Portland to spend the winter.

—A. J. Hammond of South Bend, who lectured before the Engineering Society last year on the Panama Canal has arranged for a similar lecture this year. He has succeeded in gathering a number of new lantern slides that will be of interest, especially to civil engineers. The lecture will be held during the coming week in Washington Hall under the auspices of the Engineering Society, and the civil engineers are invited to attend.

—The New York National roster of players now includes Jack Murray, Arthur Shafer and Harry Curtis, three of Notre Dame's most representative men. Murray developed into one of the most feared hitters in the league last year, while Shafer is breaking all records in his spring practice. On one occasion last week he got two home runs, a three-base hit and a two-bagger out of four times up. Curtis has just dropped his coaching togs at Notre Dame to join the Giants in their spring work-out.

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Calendar.

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Sunday 6—Lætare Sunday, day after which the medal is named.

“ St. Joseph Literary Society.

“ Walsh Literary Society.

“ Brownson Literary Society.

“ Basket-Ball, Corby vs. St. Joseph.

“ Bowling, Corby vs. Old College.

“ Band practice 12:30 P. M.

Monday 7—Grand Male Quartet, 2:15 P. M.

“ Orchestra practice, 4 to 6 P. M.

“ Glee Club practice, 7:00 P. M.

Tuesday 8—Semi-final debates.

“ Mandolin Club practice, 12:30

“ Wrestling class, 7:00 P. M.

Wednesday 9—Bowling, Corby vs. Walsh.

“ Boxing class, 7:00 P. M.

“ Band practice, 12:30 P. M.

Thursday 10—Basket-ball, Brownson versus Sorin.

“ Bowling, Sorin vs. Old College

“ Orchestra practice, 4 to 6 P. M.

Friday 11—Mandolin Club practice, 12:30.

“ Philopatrian Society.

Saturday 12—Milwaukee A. A. U. Championship Meet.

“ Bowling, Walsh vs. Old College.

Baseball practice daily, 3:00 P. M.

Thursday and Sunday, 9:00 A. M.

Track practice, daily 3:45 P. M.

Basket-ball, daily 4:30 P. M.

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Local Items.

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—No one seems to know why Puck McCafferty did not appear in a track suit at the triangular meet?

—The Ex-Juniors defeated Walsh Hall in basket-ball. In deference to the feelings of the Walshes we refuse to publish the score.

—A Sorin Haller gives the encouraging information that the team which met defeat last Sunday is not representative of Sorin's basket-ball ability.

—The Sophomores intend to have a banquet on St. Patrick's night. Just a little informal affair. However, they appear to be enthusiastic about it.

—Notice—The library is open on all Sunday forenoons, and in the afternoons from 3 until 5 o'clock. It is *not* open after supper on Sunday. On week days the hours are 8:15 A. M. to 12 M., 12:30 P. M. to 6:30 P. M. and 7:00 P. M. to 9:00 P. M.

—The semi-finals in debate which were to be held last Thursday and Friday are postponed, to next Tuesday, March 8th. The first six speakers will deliver their speeches from 4:30 P. M. to 6:00 P. M., and the others from 7:30 P. M. to 9:00 P. M.

—Sometime in the fall the Freshmen



segregated and made a motion to have a banquet on St. Patrick's Day. Last Monday they again met and rescinded their former motion. They still have the banquet in mind, though, and may have it later in the spring when it will not conflict with study.

—The ex-Carrollites played Brownson Hall last week for practice. No score is preserved as Soisson who was marking up the points for the whilom Juniors was overcome by exhaustion in the first half. "Willie" Cotter is also much enthused over the fact that he and his team-mates vanquished the Holy Name Club of South Bend, 35-18.

—Representatives from the Empire State met last Wednesday night and selected the following line-up which will conduct an onslaught on the camera in the near future: Captain and full-back, "Pete" Dwyer; half-back and lieutenant-captain, Cyril J. Curran; gatekeeper and collector, George Finnigan; score-keeper, "Jimmie" Cooke; Marshall, W. J. Murphy; yell-master and general entertainer, George Lynch. L. Kiley will call the signals and start activities.

—A comedy entitled "A Pair of Spectacles" will be presented on Easter Monday by the senior class with the following cast:

Mr. Benjamin Goldfinch.....	Claud Sorg
Uncle Gregory (his brother).....	Jos. Murphy
Percy (his son).....	Paul Donovan
Dick (his nephew).....	James Redding
Lorimer (his friend).....	Harry Miller
Bartholomew.....	Denis A. Morrison
Joyce (his brother).....	Jesse H. Roth
Another shoemaker	
Mrs. Goldfinch.....	Geo. Sands
Lucy Lorimer (Lorimer's daughter).....	Leo McElroy
Charlotte (a parlor maid)	

—In their wonted fashion the Osceola Club assembled last night in "Angel's Alley" and elected officers for the following term: "General Manager," "Knowledge," Cotter; James Redding, President; W. P. Downing, Secretary; W. K. Morrissey, Treasurer; "Doc" Hannon, attending physician; "Crico" Carrico, official stenographer; "Dog" White, Page. At the next gathering "Doc" Hannon will lecture on "The Common House-Fly, its dangers and how to avoid it." Carlos White will read a paper on "The Construction of the Modern Kennel," and Mr. Cotter will entertain with "Ready Reckoning, or How to Learn to Score Quickly."

Athletic Notes.

BASKET-BALL.

CORBY, 31½; SORIN, 17.

There is one striking characteristic about Father Farley's athletic teams and that is, they invariably win. His football team last fall took all the other halls into camp, his track team repeated, his bowling team has a good chance of doing the same, and from the looks of the basket-ball team it might, with a great deal of assurance, be said that when the smoke clears away after the basket-ball season the banner will be safely nailed to the classic walls of Corby. A couple of years ago a Corby football team went out one afternoon, and although made up of a bunch of fellows who were inexperienced at the game they held Sorin to a tie score. Sorin had been doped to win easily with Waldorf, Brogan, Scales and the balance of the team all experienced men.

Corby continued this year's winning streak when it defeated Sorin last Sunday afternoon in basket-ball, the score being 31-17. The game was much better than the score would indicate, for it was filled with interest throughout by the fast work of the men on both sides. Dana came out of the obscurity which seemed to surround him when the call for the mile was made on the previous day in the Varsity track meet and proved a star-player for Corby. He caged the ball five times from the floor and made five goals from foul. When his services were needed he was found down the floor playing on the defense. Cahill, although in the game for only a short time, showed exceedingly well, making six points for his team-mates.

"Bill" Fish of the Sorinites shows promise of keeping up the reputation of the family. His work was the best for Sorin, as he showed his versatility by playing all over the floor and making baskets from the most difficult positions. "Shorty" Zimmer broke away from his duties as a candidate for histrionic honors in a female rôle in the University Dramatic Club long enough to play left forward for the losers. His work in the rôle of a basket-ball player showed him to good advantage, and it may be said that if "Shorty" ever finds himself face to face with a long walk in connection with

his theatrical career this embarrassment will be saved him if he can but find a basketball team in the near whereabouts. The line-up was as follows:

Corby		Sorin
Bergman, Cahill	R. F.	Fish
Dana (Capt.)	L. F.	Zimmer
Moritz, Devine, Dolan	C.	Nageleisen, Campbell
Maloney	R. G.	Brislin
Mehlem, Armstrong	L. G.	Lynch

Goals from floor—Dana, 5; Lynch, 4; Bergman, 3; Fish, 3; Cahill, 3; Moritz, 2; Zimmer, 1. Goals from foul—Dana, 5; Fish, 1. Referee—Vaughan. Timers—Wilson and Moynihan. Scorer—McNicholl. Time of halves—20 minutes.

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#### WABASH TO-DAY.

The best basket-ball game of the season will be seen this afternoon when the Wabash five and Chet Freeze's men meet in the Notre Dame Gym. Last year both teams played for the championship of the state, and Notre Dame came away victorious. Ebert, who is playing his first year with Wabash at center, has proved to be a classy player, but he will have to have it all with him when he steps into the ring with Freeze. Maloney will be opposed by Stump who has been playing with the down-state aggregation for four years. Stump is a hard man to get away from, and he knows Dud's strong points, having played against him for several seasons. Fish will have Yount, a third-year man, on Wabash five as guard, but if "Laz" continues to deliver the goods he has been handing out in the games so far Mr. Yount will have a lot of explaining to do after the contest.

This is practically the first game this year that Notre Dame will be able to see its regular team in the field. Injuries to the best men on the team at various times have made this impossible heretofore. Every man is in the best of condition, and consequently all will go into the game with that confidence which only such a state of affairs brings about.

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#### TRACK.

##### VARSITY INDOOR MEET.

The first public rehearsal of the 1910 track team was held last Saturday, and the action had not progressed far until it could be seen that one Forrest Fletcher was to play a star part. The work of "Fletch" in this meet was surely a matter of encouragement to the track fans. He started the proceedings by winning the 40-yard dash in the time of 4:4 with his roomie, Jimmie Wasson, a close second. The high jump next engaged his attention, and he walked away with this event, going over the bar at 5 feet 11½

inches. This breaks the Gym record of 5 feet 10 inches. Roth and Williams tied for second honors at 5 feet 6 inches. In the 40-yard low hurdles "Fletch" extended himself again and tied the world's record of 5 seconds flat. Jack Scales of the 1908 track team, was the last local man to tie this record.

Jimmie Wasson carried off the broad jump, making 22 feet 6¾ inches. Jimmie also drew second place in the 40-yard dash and 40-yard low hurdles.

The event which was doped to be the head liner, the mile run, with Dana and Steers entered, was called off. These two men are crack milers, and it will be a battle royal when they meet. Not being able to run the mile because of no competition, Steers entered the half, and although this is not his race he showed fine form by winning first place in the time of 2:05 4-5. Fisher was a close second.

Philbrook took the shot put with Dimmick and Edwards next in order. Distance, 41 feet 3 inches.

Bergman proved himself a "comer" by winning the high hurdles, with Williams second. Time, 6 flat. Williams was at a disadvantage in this meet inasmuch as he contested in the Triangular meet held two days before.

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#### A. A. U. CHAMPIONSHIP.

On Saturday, March, 12th, the Varsity track team will compete at Milwaukee for the A. A. U. Championship. The meet will be held under the auspices of Marquette University. Last year at Chicago Notre Dame drew third place in this meet. The C. A. A. team won first place and Chicago University second.

Dana is entered in the mile and the half, Fletcher in the low hurdles, 60-yard dash and high jump, Moriarty in the high hurdles, Steers in the two mile, the mile and the half, Wasson in the 60-yard dash, low hurdles and the relay, Duffy in the 440-yard dash and the relay, Martin in the 60 and 440-yards dashes and the relay, Philbrook in the shot put and the high jump, Dimmick in the shot put and Devine in the 880-yard run and relay. Cox and Fisher will compete in the Freshman meet at Culver to-day, and the one that wins the 440-yard dash will be taken to Milwaukee to compete in that event with the Varsity.

With an even break of luck it is hard to see why Notre Dame should not come out of this meet victorious, considering the showing the men made in the Varsity try-outs last Saturday.