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At Noon.

EUGENE P. BURKE, '06.

A LEADEN gray the sky,
The grass a deeper green;
Geraniums blushing
With the wind to northward lean.

Beside that ivied wall
I saw you musing stand,
And the quiet shadows fall
On hair the southwind fanned.

What did the southwind play
On the strings of your tangled hair?
A song of a summer day,
A song with a southern air?

The Blind Poet.

WILLIAM P. GALLIGAN.



IN seasons of high party excitement it is not to be expected that full and impartial justice will at all times be given to the author, statesman or politician. It is not amid the prejudices and jealousies of the present, but in the enlightenment and judgment of the far-off future that he must look for his reward. History is always hasty and often unjust in its conclusions, but the "sober second thought" of posterity is ever prompt to repair the wrong done. It was the fortune of the subject of this sketch to occupy for a series of years a prominent place in the public estimation as the literary leader of the political party to which he was attached.

Far above the poets of his own age, and

in invention and sublimity without an equal in the whole range of English literature stands John Milton. Milton's fame rests on his splendid productions of English poetry. Born in London on Dec. 9, 1608, Milton had to struggle against more unfavorable circumstances than any other great epic writer. Civilization itself is said to lessen poetic ability.

Carefully educated at home until sixteen years of age, he was entered in 1625 at Christ's College, Cambridge, where he soon became famous for his learning. While a student at Cambridge he wrote his *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, of which one stanza of either was enough to make the English people aware that a new poetic light was rising. "The rhymes are perfect, the rhythm faultless, the diction flowing and melodious, the imagery rich and picturesque, and the epithets are each one a picture in itself." In this no one but Homer has ever approached the author of the inimitable works.

In 1638 Milton visited Italy for the purpose of putting the finishing touches to his education. At that time he was the most classical Englishman who had ever set foot on her balmy shores. Upon returning to England after a sixteen months' sojourn on the continent he found the country almost in a state of civil war.

Charles I. had quarrelled continuously with his parliament in regard to the revenues and expenditures of the nation. Finally the king's repeated acts of tyranny provoked the people to resort to the use of arms in the demand of their rights. This meant civil war.

On account of the disturbed state of affairs Milton gave up his original intention of entering the Church. Later he was drawn

into politics, and for nearly twenty years wielded a "pen mightier than the sword." Because of his wisdom and learning Milton early became a masterly leader of the commonwealth party. His pamphlets on the social and political questions of the day are masterpieces of rhetorical argument.

Of these pamphlets very little can be said. The "Animadversions upon the Remonstrant's Defence against Smectymnius" was an attack upon the High-Church party, which was at that time battling against Puritanism.

"The Reason of Church Government Urged against Prelaty," was written a few months later and presented with extraordinary force the arguments of the Puritans against the Episcopal form of Church government. Milton wrote four books on marriage and divorce. The first, "The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce Restored, to the Good of Both Sexes," was written in 1643. "The Judgment of Martin Bruce Concerning Divorce," "Tetrachordon," and "Colasterion," were written in the following year. The authorities took offence at the nature of these pamphlets on divorce and took strenuous means to suppress them. This action led to the publication of his "Areopagitica, a Speech of Mr. John Milton for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing to the Parliament of England." This is said to be the most powerful of Milton's prose writings.

Milton was, during the Puritan regime, Secretary for Foreign Tongues or Latin Secretary to the Council of State. At the request of the Council he published his "Defensio pro Populo Anglicano." In 1652 he was stricken with total blindness caused by incessant studiousness.

The commonwealth fell in 1660 and Milton was no longer able to serve his country as a political writer. He could then, after an interruption of twenty years, devote his time to that one great aim of his whole life—poetry. In order to do this he had to become as a little child, unlearn all the science he had mastered and go back ages to the time of Homer, Virgil and Dante.

His remaining days were spent on "Paradise Lost," the greatest production of English poetry the world has ever had the pleasure to read. Being blind he could not

handle the material necessary for such a work. Some authorities say that his daughters were rebellious and refused to act as amanuenses and readers. Be that as it may, he was obliged to draw wholly from his fertile brain and wonderful imagination. In 1665 this inimitable work appeared in ten books. So little were they appreciated by his countrymen that for the first and second editions he received only five pounds.

Milton's poetry is unlike that of Homer in that it does not make everything as plain as the Greek poet. Milton leaves it to the reader to take up the train of thought where he leaves off, while Homer gives everything in detail.

There prevailed in Milton's mind an opinion that the world was in its decay. He feared that he had been born in "an age too late" for heroic poetry. His highest ambition was to "take up the harp and sing an elaborate song to generations," and "perhaps leave something so written to after times as they should not willingly let die."

"Paradise Regained," published in 1671, though in no way equal to "Paradise Lost," was considered by Lord Macaulay superior to every other poem that had made its appearance up to the year 1825. It was in the same year with "Paradise Regained" that Milton's last work, the "Samson Agonistes" appeared.

A long sufferer from gout the life of this great man was now drawing to a close. In November 8, 1674, he died at his home in London—"the poet, the statesman, the philosopher, the glory of English literature, the champion and martyr of English liberty."

Gratitude.

WESLEY J. DONAHUE.

A TIMID flow'ret raised her head
And to a bee in protest said:
"I labor long throughout the day
For what alas you steal away."

The robber paused; ere he turned to go
And kissed the flow'ret drooping low,
But never looked to see the tear
Which glistened in the chalice clear.

Mutual Troubles.

VARNUM A. PARRISH, '07.

Mrs. Williams was a most amiable wife, as true in her affection and as faithful to her husband as a woman could be. Her confidence in him was equalled only by her predominant fault, jealousy. In this weakness she was actually foolish. The least little occurrence, which seemed only to her to be out of the way, would cause her to think she had been slighted. This proved a source of much pain to her and of much vexation to Williams. She constantly and suspiciously kept watch of all her husband's moves, although no husband ever needed less watching than he. Her two strongest characteristics, confidence and jealousy, were ever at war. She was never able to convince herself that James would show to another the affection which belonged to her, nor could she persuade herself that some little happening did not look very much as though she had been displaced in her husband's heart by another. Thus she lived ever moping over something that appeared to her to be just grounds for jealousy, and yet never able to come to the conclusion that her husband was not what he ought to be.

Thus he lived, poor man, ever harrassed by this wife. He was admirably patient in his troubles and bore with meekness more accusations than most men would. Yet his wife was never very bitter toward him; she usually felt more than she said. This was what hurt Williams the most. As he was a very sympathetic man, the gloom and distress that Edith showed at times caused him much pain. He pitied her in her weakness instead of getting angry with her. The way she took such things made it impossible to become enraged at her.

Williams was kept busy arresting the doubts of his wife. He had a convincing manner about him, and usually succeeded in getting one suspicion cleared up in time for the next.

She never could have endured to live with a husband if not for the confidence she placed in him. He could never have borne such a wife if not for her other qualities, amiability and devotedness.

Williams had been in St. Louis for a week and as a consequence considerable work was awaiting him in his office. He came home very weary after the first day's toils which were tedious. As he entered the house he found everything quiet. He called to Edith but got no reply.

"Wonder where that wife of mine's gone to? There doesn't seem to be any sign of supper around here. It's queer she'd go away when she knew I'd be home for supper. I told her I'd be here at six, and here I am; no one here, and no supper. She can't be over to the neighbor's this time in the evening. Perhaps she's up in her room pouting or brooding over some new suspicion," said Williams to himself.

He went up to his wife's apartment and found her next to being in a state of nervous prostration.

"What's the trouble now, Edith?"

"Oh! I never thought such a thing would happen, never! never! How could you do such a thing?" said Mrs. Williams.

"How could I do such a thing. What under the sun are you talking about?"

"Look at those letters on the dresser and you'll understand all."

James, like most thoughtful husbands had left his clothes for his wife to brush. While Mrs. Williams was cleaning her husband's overcoat, she came across two old letters in his pockets. Moved by that curiosity, so predominant in women, she examined the letters. The first one she read began and closed as follows:

RIVERTOWN, ILL., Oct. 21, 1904.

MY DEAR HUSBAND:—Your affectionate and welcome letter came yesterday. I am well, etc.

Your loving wife,

HELENE.

After reading the letter Edith said to herself: "Why this can't be his letter." She looked at the envelope. It was addressed to J. V. Williams, Room 13, The New Ludington, St. Louis, Missouri. And the post-mark on it was Rivertown, Ill., which went to show that the letter enclosed came in that envelope. "Why this is most peculiar," said Mrs. Williams, "that's the very address I sent my letters to while James was in St. Louis. It's the very room and all. This is surely his letter."

She looked at the other letter. It was from the same woman sent to the same address. She imagined everything possible, probable and improbable, but still she was unable to conceive of any plausible excuse that would free her husband and (perhaps another woman's husband too) from this outrageous crime of which these unquestionable evidences had so conclusively proven him guilty. She had vowed to sue for a divorce as soon as she recuperated from the shock caused by this unpleasant knowledge.

All this took place in the afternoon about three hours before Williams arrived home from his office, so Edith had plenty of time to become all wrought up over her discovery, and such was her condition when Williams entered her room. He examined the letters on the dresser, and readily saw the cause of Edith's state of mind. He stood wondering how such a thing could have happened.

"I might have known that bad luck would come to me from staying in Room 13," said Williams, looking at the envelope again, "but this address is Room 73 not 13. See here, Edith."

His wife's eyes were so full of tears that she could not have told the figure three from the figure one, let alone one from seven.

"O! I saw it once and that was too much," she sobbed, "how could you have so deceived me for these two years. I never thought such a disgraceful thing would happen to me. I'll sue for a divorce to-morrow."

"Can't you see by the envelope that it's Room 73 not 13," said Williams.

"See nothing," said Edith, "isn't 'J. V. Williams' enough to show that it's your letter."

"Are you sure you got these letters out of my coat?"

"Why of course. Where did you think I got them?"

"I could swear that I have never seen either of these letters before," pleaded Williams.

"Do you suppose I could believe anything you'd say now," replied Edith.

Williams was perplexed. He thought for a minute or two and then he said:

"Why, I'll just bet there was another man by the name of J. V. Williams staying in Room 73 at the New Ludington during the same week I was there and we must

accidentally have got each other's overcoat some way or other at the coat rack in the dining-room entrance, I'll bet. Those black coats are hard to tell apart anyway."

The probability of this conjecture caused his wife's face to brighten and she said:

"Oh, yes; that might be, but how am I to know for sure. I looked for the make of the coat and found that it was bought of the same firm in Springfield from which you got your coat. Will I have to live in doubt all my life?"

"Well," replied Williams, "you know Rivertown isn't any farther from Springfield than this place is and maybe that Williams buys his clothes of the same tailoring establishment that I do. I'll tell you what you'll do. You just put off getting your divorce until I write a letter to the supposed J. V. Williams in Rivertown and find out for sure if he did get my coat. He can surely tell it because it has some of your letters in it, I'll go downstairs and write to him now and take the letter to the office right away."

Williams did as he said he would and after he mailed his letter to J. V. Williams of Rivertown he went to his box to see if anything had come for him in the seven o'clock mail. Sure enough, a letter was in his box. He took it, looked at the post-mark, saw that it was from Rivertown and decided to take it home without opening it, so Edith would have the satisfaction of opening and reading the letter first.

"Read this aloud," said Williams as he handed his wife the letter, "so we can both learn at once what the man in Rivertown has to say."

She read the following:

RIVERTOWN, ILL,

Oct. 31, 1904.

DEAR MR. J. V. WILLIAMS:—Kindly examine the coat you wore home from St. Louis and see if you made the same mistake I did, I have an overcoat with letters in it belonging to another J. V. Williams. Kindly let me hear from you at once for I have been living in a perfect bedlam ever since I got home.

Yours truly,

J. V. WILLIAMS.

Both wives repented.

Company.

I AM not lonely when I sit
 Alone in my study room
 Where the shadows seem to mingle with
 The scent of the roses' bloom,
 For out of the shadows that rock and glide
 With the swing of my cottage tree
 I fashion a phantom of fairy land,
 And question him musingly.
 What is the joy of the flaming rose
 That smiles o'er my lattice bar?
 What is the song that the white rose sings
 To the full-blown evening star?
 What is the love of the mother-bird
 Half hid in her cloudy nest?
 What is the pride of the honey-bee
 For his pollen-powdered vest?
 He answers all this, my phantom child,
 Born of the shadow and gloom,
 And I am not lonely when I sit
 Alone in my study room.

E. P. B.

 Oliver Goldsmith.

HENRY M. KEMPER, '05.

(CONTINUED.)

The Reverend Contarine, who loved Oliver with more than an uncle's affection, next furnished his ward with £50 to begin the study of law at the Temple. The ready spendthrift, however, came no further than Dublin, for there he fell into the hands of a sharper who sent him, minus his money, to confront an indignant mother. Goldsmith's aspirations to the bar were no greater than his knowledge of legal affairs. The Vicar's discourse on capital punishment reads like a page of Sir Thomas More; particularly vivid is the reminiscence of the Chancellor's debate with Cardinal Morton.

Uncle Thomas good-naturedly forgave the repentant gambler and shot another arrow—to use Bassanio's phrase—this time telling his nephew to go and be a doctor. As the history of his life attests, no knowledge was more dangerous, nay, more fatal, to Oliver than his dabbling with medicine. Goldsmith saw Ireland for the last time in 1752, and for the ensuing eighteen months he made his residence at Edinburgh. Residence is the most appropriate term; for Oliver's

student record would scarcely justify any other. It was owing, no doubt, more to debts contracted by gambling than to a thirst for knowledge which induced Goldsmith to write to his money-lender about the expediency of going to Paris and Leyden to imbibe knowledge from the lips of the great Albinus, Gaubius and Duhamel du Monceau; Contarine, elated over his sagacious nephew, answered by sending a £20 note to cover travelling expenses.

At first the ambitious physician proposed to go to Leyden; but the sight of a vessel bound for Bordeaux sufficed to change his irresolute will. God disposed otherwise; for the ship in which Goldsmith sailed was driven back to England by contrary winds. Oliver became intimate with Scotch recruits in the French service; was arrested on suspicion; imprisoned a fortnight until he vindicated his innocence; and then embarked for Rotterdam,—his first vessel having meanwhile gotten under way and foundered with all on board at the mouth of the Garonne. In this connection Irving again manifests more credulity than Thackeray, inasmuch as the former assures us that Goldsmith was well pleased with Gaubius, his professor in chemistry—who died in 1780 at the age of seventy-five—and that Albinus was his instructor in anatomy. Medical knowledge never weighed heavily on Goldsmith. We have but one simile drawn from this science in the "Vicar of Wakefield," and no surety that he received his doctor's degree (or, as Irving affirms, his bachelor's degree) either at Louvain or Padua. All we do know is that he never demonstrated his ability, and even made a futile effort in later life to shake the honorary designation from his name.

If the lecture halls were poorly attended the gaming table was not forgotten. That Leyden was beset with more and greater temptations than London was well known to Goldsmith's classmate, Mr. Ellis, who, having grown tired of making him repeated loans during the past year, offered him a sum of money on condition that he should forever depart from Holland. It was money that the eternal pauper wanted, and accordingly, with a merry jest, he signed the contract to emigrate. And emigrate he did; for now that he was on the Continent he

purposed to see a bit of the world before returning to England. On the day before commencing his pedestrian feat, Oliver happened to pass by a florist's garden where some tulips, for which all Europe then crazed, were exposed in alluring beauty. Instantly the thought flashed upon his mind that his clerical uncle shared in the mania for expensive roots, and without further reflection he employed all his wealth, save a lonely guinea, to pay Contarine this endearing tribute of gratitude. Rich in the thought of his generous deed, poor in all tangible wealth save his inseparable flute, russet shirt and companionless guinea, the tourist walked from Leyden to Paris, to Geneva, to Florence and thence homeward to Dover. It is vain to attempt to fill this gap in Goldsmith's life by inserting the chapter on the Philosophic Vagabond. We know no more about the poet's excursion through Europe than we do about Mr. Burchell's. To presume otherwise would be to invert the order and draw biography from fiction. Certain it is that George does not follow the author's chronology; and were we to admit with Irving that Goldsmith's life is reflected in his description of the usher, author, flutist, disputant, tutor and comedian, why shrink from proclaiming him a bondman, fawner and panderer?

From certain lines in "The Traveller" we may conjecture that Goldsmith at this date sent a brief sketch of his masterpiece to his brother Henry; but it did not receive the proverbial ninth fling till ten years later. Our American biographer asserts that Oliver became tutor at Geneva and parted with his miserly pupil at Marseilles. If also in this he relies on George's authority he should have said that guardian and ward travelled together from Paris to Leghorn. As for the Doctor's conversation with Voltaire, to which Irving gives full credence, we are not told whether it was effected through the instrumentality of telephones—for this would be an anachronism; and were it accomplished by any other means it must have been through a miracle of bilocation, for the Frenchman was not within a hundred leagues of Paris during the time that Goldsmith rambled through Europe. While Oliver Goldsmith, alias, George Primrose, may have earned bed

and board by competitive disputations at Italian universities, he must have left this faculty behind him, for it nowhere appears to his credit in any of his writings. What the vagabond probably meant to say was that at this state of his roaming his kind-hearted uncle died, his letters remained unanswered and he had to flute and fight his way to England where he landed the 1st of February, 1756, so completely at sea as if the British Isles were part of Polynesia.

The first effort of the immigrant was to apply for a position as usher at an academy. In this quest he found himself entangled in the meshes of a pseudonyme when he tried to obtain a recommendation, and having disengaged himself he was poorly compensated, were we to judge solely from his view of the picture. Pitiful as is the portrait he draws of an usher's life it appears to possess a tinge of truth, for he hastened from this occupation to that of assistant in a chemist's shop. Before the year closed his aspirations rose. The sight of medicine bottles reminded him that he was a physician; and wherefore be a doctor without being a practitioner? The plea sounded well; but the experiment proved a failure at Southwark as well as at the Temple. In this distressful situation wherein many, as he wrote to his brother-in-law, "would have had recourse to the friar's cord, or the suicide's halter," he met with a certain Milner who had been his classmate at Edinburgh. The renewed friendship led to an acquaintance with the latter's father, the proprietor of a classical school at Peckham. Dr. Milner was at this time suffering from a protracted illness and gladly accepted Goldsmith as his substitute. In this avocation Oliver labored so satisfactorily that he won the lasting esteem of his master, who on his recuperation gratefully introduced him to Mr. Griffiths, manager of the *Monthly Review*. In bestowing this favor Dr. Milner performed a service, which, however rough the outset was, became the stepping-stone to Goldsmith's greatness. The poet's fortune, after an eclipse of thirty years, dawned in the literary horizon, and as though belated on its route, rose to its zenith within a couple of years. Though the Doctor's novitiate was a toilsome one, it had the compensation of being comparatively brief.

Goldsmith contracted with Griffiths to write daily from nine to two o'clock at a stipulated salary inclusive of lodgment at the editor's home. In this apprenticeship while our tyro had the humiliation of submitting his work to the correction of Mrs. Griffiths he had the satisfaction of learning the principles of journalism, of attempting the reviewing of books and of acquiring that unique, racy style in which he stands unrivalled. He realized that he was a novice; but was also conscious of having at last entered upon his proper vocation. As a critic, he was a lamentable failure; as an essayist, his style was tame, labored and strewn with forced antitheses that lacked the later subtle surprise of epigram. Necessity confined him to mediocrity, as it had obliged Samuel Johnson and contemporary residents of Grub Street—the synonym for hackwork and poverty. In the year 1755 appeared the famous Chesterfield letter, which was to English literature what the Declaration of Independence was to American freedom. With this blow authors seceded from patronage and sought an ally in the recruiting army of readers. While the revolution was in progress the rebels were bound in the service of literary brokers or booksellers. When we bear in mind that Goldsmith rose in this transformation period we must conclude that Mr. Forster—perhaps his best biographer—is too hasty in censuring the people for disregarding the poet's genius. As long as Goldsmith's talent was undiscovered such a charge could not be reasonably made, and when once his skill was patent he himself feared that fifteen cents a word was too great a remuneration for his "Deserted Village."

After seven months of drudgery in the Griffith's workshop, Goldsmith dissolved his engagement with the *Monthly Review* and transferred his abode to a squalid garret in Fleet Street. Liberated, on the one hand, from a shrewish censor, he was, on the other, besieged by dunning creditors. In the hope of eluding these tenacious tormentors he again donned the teacher's gown at the Peckham school, and remained thus robed until Dr. Milner procured for him a medical appointment with the East India Company at the coast of Coromandel. Though the salary was a mere trifle, the monopoly it

included was very lucrative. To purchase his warrant Goldsmith expended the proceeds of his "Life of Voltaire," which biography—the work of a single month—was, in his own confession, "no more than a catch-penny." The pecuniary gain he derived from this history was far from sufficient for meeting the expenses of an Indian voyage. Spurred on by brighter prospects, Goldsmith made his first serious effort as an author in the publication of "An Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Literature in Europe." With an eye to the financial success of this work he urged his friends in Ireland to canvass for subscriptions. The volume appeared anonymously April the 2d, 1759; its worth was acknowledged, its author discovered and his fame assured. The Coromandel scheme, however, was not so successful. Precisely why it failed remains a debatable question, for Goldsmith ever took pains to evade its discussion. Irving, than whom there is no more indulgent biographer, ascribes its failure to either "the immediate impracticability of raising an adequate sum for his equipment," or, to "the increased patronage he began to receive from the booksellers." Both of these explanations are plausible; but there is another which carries with it the attestation of history. It is the supposition that Goldsmith's knowledge of medicine was questioned; for at this time he appeared at Surgeons' Hall to stand an examination in the humble office of hospital mate; but, truth to tell, he was pronounced incompetent.

Now that the author was launched upon his professional course and happily had taken the tide at its flood, it remained for him to be "led on to fortune." His first engagement was with Mr. Wilkie, to whose periodical, *The Bee*, he became chief contributor. Notwithstanding the fact that this magazine, void of any definite purpose, was discontinued after eight issues, Goldsmith's contributions to it were of such a high order and so popular that many of them were repeatedly printed. It was a natural transition to employ his pen next for Mr. Newbery, the philanthropic patron, he eulogizes in his "Vicar of Wakefield." Mr. Newbery was then beginning the *Public Ledger* for which he had Goldsmith write two weekly letters at a guinea apiece. Soon

these epistles appeared under the name of "Chinese Letters," and in their collected form bore the title "The Citizen of the World." They resemble the "Spectator" in purpose, but in style have a superior tenderness and kinship. In these letters the author manifests a greater confidence in the reading public than he displayed in the "Inquiry," where an occasional sigh for patronage is heard.

As Goldsmith grew in popularity his mode of life became more expensive and his choice of friends more select. No event in his life was more fortunate than his introduction in 1761 to Samuel Johnson. This dictator, who held it in his power to sway criticism for or against aspiring authors, was one of the first to recognize Goldsmith's genius, and while he bestowed on him unqualified praise he strove, wherever he could, to make the poet's life less onerous and his reputation more stable. Among Oliver's many friends were numbered Edmund Burke, Dr. Percy, David Garrick, George Colman and Sir Joshua Reynolds—all members of the famous Literary Club.

To recuperate a constitution broken down by spurts of excessive labor, and to collect material for his "Life of Richard Nash," Goldsmith travelled to Bath of which place his subject had long been master of ceremonies. In this volume, with amusing mock-heroic gravity, he depicts the follies of English society and inveighs against the evils of gambling. While Goldsmith was painfully aware that he himself was an incurable gamester, he was too sympathetic to endure silently the fortunes of others to be gnawed by this cancerous vice.

The poet on his return from this short excursion lodged at the house of Mrs. Fleming in Islington. Here it was that Johnson lighted upon the "Vicar of Wakefield." As Boswell records it, Goldsmith had for some time disappeared from the sight of his friends, and, no doubt, from that of his creditors too. One morning Dr. Johnson was surprised with a note from the poet pressing his visit at the earliest opportunity. The lexicographer must have divined the cause, for he at once dispatched a messenger with an ever-acceptable guinea and the assurance that he would speedily follow. When Johnson arrived, he found his friend

imprisoned by his unpaid landlady, and the money transformed into a bottle of Madeira. The dictator corked the wine-flask, and bade Goldsmith appease his anger until means for his ransom could be devised. Thus entreated, the poet opened his desk and produced the manuscript of that novel on which he raised his ambition, and others—including Goethe—built their character. Johnson readily saw the patent merits of the work, and with little persuasion disposed of it for £60 to Francis Newbery, nephew of the elder bookseller. The purchaser was doubtful about the bargain he had struck, and laboring under this misgiving he retained the manuscript for fifteen months until the success of "The Traveller" clamored for its publication. The author was well contented with his remuneration, and having treated Mrs. Fleming to a bowl of punch and perhaps a piece of his mind, he paid his arrears and departed for more commodious quarters in Garden Court.

Now that Goldsmith had the fleeting pleasure of jingling a few coins in his pocket he made it no secret in his apparel or living. Indigence necessarily attended such vanity. His improvidence reduced him to such straits that his literary labors alone would not suffice for his maintenance, and he was obliged to reassume the *rôle* of doctor. This avocation, however, was short-lived. It ended with his prescribing a recipe which so appalled both druggist and patient that neither confided in his ability, and made him not only diffident of his skill, but wholly disgusted with the medical profession. Literature was his most congenial pursuit, and even this presented its peculiar annoyances. For example, in 1764 Goldsmith issued a few copies of "Edwin and Angelina" for the amusement of the Countess of Northumberland. Within a year was published Bishop Percy's "Reliques" containing a poem, "The Friar of Orders Gray," which critics hastily declared to have been plagiarized by the Doctor. Goldsmith, while defending his priority in the *St. James' Chronicle*, said nothing of his indebtedness to another poem embraced in the same collection. We refer to the ballad "Gentle Heardsman Tell to Me," which the compiler had shown him in manuscript. Undoubtedly, Goldsmith must have been influenced by this poem when he wrote

his own, for the two bear a marked resemblance in mood and at places in diction. The Doctor's poem since its insertion into his novel, is more commonly known as "The Hermit." Than this personage there was no character more popular in the poetry of that epoch, and perhaps none more deserving of Johnson's good-natured burlesque. If in this or in aught, Goldsmith copied his age it was despite himself. Though he is more original than most of our poets, he is, separately taken, an echo of himself. In his quest for originality he often strained a point, and like the Philosophic Vagabond, would busy his pen with paradoxes. Perhaps his most celebrated one is that which forms the theme of "The Traveller."

In this poem Goldsmith professes to show that so far as happiness is concerned one form of government is as good as another; that a German is as content under a monarchy as we are under a democracy. Felicity rests in our hands and can not be decreased or augmented by the political system under which we live. While we grant that no government can secure any particular citizen from misery, or relieve him of his correlative duties, or be stainless in its constitution; still, we do not concede an absence of relation between the commonwealth we obey and the happiness we enjoy. Politics can, and often do, render circumstances favorable or repugnant to individual development. It may be doubted whether the author was honest in his opinion; but there is no question about the sincerity of his purpose in seeking to reconcile man to his lot. Wherever this didactic purpose prevails, the poem is by so much the loser. Goldsmith, however, was too great a poet to bind himself rigidly to his text or to argumentation. His friend, Dr. Johnson, who had prepared a notice of "The Traveller" before its publication (Christmas, 1764), declared it to be superior to all poetry since the time of Pope. It was the first production to which Goldsmith signed his name. He dedicated the poem, with no view to patronage, but solely through motives of affection, to his brother Henry, and in thus making his unassuming appearance at a time of poetical dearth, he could not but meet with a warm recep-

tion. Indeed, the excellence of this masterpiece placed Goldsmith so far above all contemporaries that his friends, doubting him to be the author, believed it was the work of Dr. Johnson. The latter, who could not suffer Goldsmith to be criticised, still less detracted, took Boswell's suggestion and underscored the nine lines he had contributed to the four hundred and thirty-eight verses.

"The Traveller" was in its fourth edition before the "Vicar of Wakefield" had seen its first. In the meantime Goldsmith moved his residence to the Temple, where he extended hospitality to his friends and made no objection to having the compliment returned. Most likely the author spent a portion of this interval in revising the manuscript of his novel. We may safely draw this conclusion, first, from Boswell's assertion that Johnson censured the poet for curtailing too much of the original, and secondly, from the friendship existing between Goldsmith and Newbery, to whose mutual interest it was that the story be a success. As a matter of fact, we know that the poet made minute corrections even after the second and third editions. The first publication of the "Vicar of Wakefield" is dated March 27, 1766. While the public appreciation was spontaneous, that of critics and friends was of slow growth. It were idle to deny (as many do) the immediate popularity of the novel, in view of the fact that the greedy readers devoured a second edition in May, a third in August and two more in quick succession before the author's death. The "Vicar of Wakefield," in the opinion of Sir Walter Scott, "is one of the most delicious morsels of fictitious composition on which the human mind was ever employed." The illustrious Goethe, who read and re-read this romance with untiring interest in his youth and old age, declared it to be one of the best novels ever written.

(To be continued.)

The Stars.

When Nature clothed in evening gown
 Brings night upon the land and sea
 The precious gems in God's great crown
 Shine forth with oh, what brilliancy! W. O'B.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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—Some writers tell us that poets are born not made and that orators are made. The fact is that both are born, both are made. Could we say that the sublime and beautiful thoughts and musical rhythm of the poets were born with them? Or can we attribute our great poems simply to innate genius? Certainly not, for we know that all the poems that have been written are the result of long years of work and worry, arranging and re-arranging, observing and criticising. There are poems that were written in the early part of a man's life and afterwards put away for years that they might have some newly-flavoured thought. The poet, although born a poet, must mould himself into a poet. And this is also true of the orator. God has endowed him with certain talents, or, as it were, has placed a nucleus in his soul. It is up to the man to tend to the development and growth of that nucleus. We do not mean that it belongs entirely to man to become an orator any more than he could invent a poetical genius for himself. It is beyond all invention: it is nature wherein resides the power of one soul to twist and turn, mould and fashion the soul of another man by appealing to his intellect, heart and will. He must not only convince, he must persuade. A true orator makes his

words live: they are full of fire and yet pleasing; new avenues of thought are brought to light until we find ourselves lost in beauty of feeling and sentiment. His words flow from his heart as water from a fountain. An orator must really feel and believe what he speaks and the more deeply he feels the more eloquent he becomes. Moreover he must have sound individuality which no one can destroy. He must be firm in his conviction. The great fault in young college orators is that they talk to please, to say beautiful words and expressions, and jest to amuse, or to increase or rather to solicit praise. We ourselves must not speak, we must be in its background, striving by every means to persuade the audience. These few suggestions, if followed out, will we think prove beneficial to many of the young orators about to compete in the oratorical contest.

—What we were yesterday, we are no more to-day. What we are to-day, to-morrow we shall not be. Still, through all the modifications our whole being undergoes every day, our individuality remains. Inclinations are strengthened or weakened; the mind is enlarged or narrowed by the very light it throws on the object of its contemplation. It acquires new ideas and lays aside such as now seem unacceptable. Changes occur in ourselves in spite of ourselves. The thousand little incidents of daily life are made fresh elements of our experience and impart more freedom to the intellect, more strength to the heart of those who are conscious of them. From the cradle to the grave there is change, there is evolution, there is progress; the individual is complete only when he dies. The last step of his lifelong progress is but the complement of all others and can not exist unless others have preceded it.

Every man is subject to these changes. They spring from his nature. Each individual soul has received a capacity of unfolding itself. As man becomes more truly educated he feels more the impelling presence of such capacity. He masters circumstances and directs them. They lead him to the end he has chosen for himself. Let him assent to principles which shall rule every event of his life. From his character, the circumstances

shall receive their signification and their value.

Let the individual consecrate to the common weal his talents, his enthusiasm, his genius perhaps: there still remains something which he cannot give, and that is the very essence of his being, the power of becoming better. Such power must be realized. Man's life in society may be a powerful factor to develop his moral and intellectual faculties. The more truly educated the society in which an individual lives, the greater are his opportunities for self-improvement. The exercise of power begets power. In the society of his fellows, the individual may find a vast field in which by word and by deed he can sow the seeds of his own wisdom. Even his adaptation to society is a source of pleasure and progress. He must trouble himself to cheer others; the cheering of others reflects on himself their happiness; his self-inflicted trouble might be called the egotism of disinterestedness.

Above all in his daily relations with his fellows shall he show forth the beauty and fecundity of individual progress. In becoming more broad-minded, more open-hearted, he also becomes more generous. His speech manifests more tenderness; he sees the world in the gentle light that glows from his kindly heart. His own progress fosters the progress of others. When every day he strives to be more tolerant, more sympathetic, more benevolent toward those with whom he lives; when he endeavors to instil into their hearts purer and nobler thoughts; when he beams on their brows a ray of sunshine or reflects on their lips his own smile, and does all this designedly and habitually then he may be sure that he progresses toward what is eternally true, good and beautiful.

—The list of names published at the head of our editorial columns this week represents in part the SCHOLASTIC staff for the coming year. It is only partial, however, and there are still a few vacancies which will be held open until the proper candidates have proven their worth. Figuratively speaking we have our eyes on some likely men. Our advice to them is, "Get busy."

An Interesting Communication.

The following beautiful letter, written from the Eternal City and addressed to the clergy and laity of the Diocese of Fort Wayne, has been received by all the pastors of the diocese.

This morning, at 11 o'clock, His Holiness Pope Pius X. graciously received me in private audience. He is much interested in the Church everywhere, being truly the Father of all the faithful.

For the time, the Diocese of Fort Wayne had His undivided attention. He was told of the exemplary life and apostolic zeal of its clergy; of the earnest, self-sacrificing labors of the sisters in the works of education and charity; of the devotedness and generosity of the faithful in supporting the Church in all its needs; of the disposition of the clergy and the faithful to comply with the commands and wishes of the Holy See; and, above all, of the evident devotedness and affection of the entire Diocese for the person of His Holiness, Pius X.

As an earnest of this generous devotion I presented Him with the Diocesan Peter's Pence of the current year.

One of the traits of the present Pope's character is generosity. He would prefer to give rather than to receive; but the financial affairs of the Church are such that He appreciates the gifts of His children for the furtherance of the interests of the Church.

He charged me with speaking to all of you in His name: the clergy, the sisters, the faithful, the children, and to assure them that He is their most loving father—"patrem amantissimum."

The earnestness with which He spoke impressed me forcibly. What would I not have given if my dear Diocesans could have been present to hear Him and to see Him. I shall never forget the occasion.

When He directed me, upon my return to the Diocese of Fort Wayne, to give to all His Apostolic Blessing, I requested His Holiness to permit my clergy in some way to share with me the singular privilege I enjoyed in being permitted to kneel at His feet; He then spoke to me as follows:

"I authorize you to communicate to the pastors of souls in your diocese that I grant them the faculty of giving to their people on any day of their choosing the Apostolic Benediction.

"To those present, having confessed and received Holy Communion, I grant a plenary indulgence."

I hasten to communicate to you this official news from His Holiness Pope Pius X., together with my own cordial greetings from the Eternal City on this the happiest day of my life.

H. J. ALERDING,
Rome, September 30, 1905. † Bp. Ft. Wayne.

The SCHOLASTIC assures Bishop Alerding that he is prayerfully remembered by the community and the University during his absence, and that we look forward to an early visit from him on his return.

Recital.

Last Thursday morning at eleven o'clock, the student body assembled in Washington Hall, and were highly entertained at a song recital, given by the University professor of vocal culture, Milton B. Griffith. Mr. Joseph Gallart assisted as pianist, and Mrs. R. C. Ogle acted as accompanist.

Music, as an art, means no end of toil. Its fruits very often meet with a goodly supply of harsh criticism and little appreciation of the untiring efforts and amount of rehearsing necessary to produce a musical programme with success. But the audience seemed to realize all these difficulties by the multitude of plaudits it gave each number of the well-rendered and carefully-selected programme.

Professor Griffith possesses a lyric tenor voice that is both musical and emotional. Its rare qualities were plainly perceived in every rendition, for it not only calmed and soothed but also inspired hope, courage and purpose. He was eminently successful in every number; but in the singing of "Her Portrait" he acquitted himself in a most creditable manner. Here it was that the excellent tone quality and remarkable register of his voice were best manifested.

Mr. Gallart needed no formal introduction, for his ability as a pianist is too well known among his college chums. "Joe" is yet in his teens, but he showed himself a pianist of much promise. Greater things may be expected of him in years to come. His technique is almost perfect.

Mrs. Ogle also deserves much praise for the masterly way she played her accompaniments.

E. J. K.

A Notre Dame Lawyers' Directory.

Mr. J. L. Corley, Law '02, has undertaken to compile a Directory of the graduates of the Notre Dame School of Law and of collegiate graduates of the University engaged in the practice of law. The project is an excellent one, and will meet with the cordial approbation and support of Notre Dame men everywhere. Mr. Corley's initiative can not be too highly commended, and his loyalty to *Alma Mater* is an inspiring

example. He purposes to bestow much time on the preparation of the Directory, which will be sold at a nominal price. The following circular, which sufficiently explains the scope and character of the proposed work, is to be sent out to all old students who are interested:

St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 25, 1905.

DEAR SIR:—I am undertaking the work of compiling a Legal Directory of Notre Dame University. Many of the old students whom I have met have expressed a regret that something of the kind was not done long ago, and I am taking the initiative in the work, knowing that I can rely upon the support of the Notre Dame Alumni.

During a recent visit at Notre Dame, I proposed to Very Reverend President Cavanaugh and to Col. Hoynes the undertaking of this work, and it met with their hearty approval and endorsement. A directory of all the Notre Dame graduates now in the practice of the Law will serve as a link to bind us one to another and all to our *Alma Mater*.

In a business way, such a directory will be a valuable aid on the desk of any Notre Dame man. From my own brief experience I have realized the advantage of having at hand the addresses of some of the old boys. And, in at least one case, we would have placed a matter of some importance with an alumnus, had I known, as I do now, that he is located in the town where we needed an attorney.

The Directory will aim to include all students from the Notre Dame Law School, together with all collegiate graduates now in the practice of the law. The list of attorneys will be arranged geographically and also alphabetically.

The price of the Directory will be fifty cents. Any advertising matter referring to the special practice in which the attorney may be engaged will be inserted under the name at three cents per word—no card less than twenty-five cents. It is estimated that this will pay for the printing of circulars and the Directory, together with postage used in the compilation and distribution.

If you will kindly give me the addresses that you know of all attorneys who are Notre Dame graduates, it will be a great help to me.

Please fill out the enclosed blank and return at once to

Yours very truly,

JOHN L. CORLEY, LL. B. 1902.

414 Merchants-Laclede Bldg.,

St. Louis, Mo.

In case this circular fails to reach graduates of the Law School or graduates of other courses now engaged in the practice of the law, it is hoped that this notice in the *SCHOLASTIC* will attract their attention and induce them to communicate with Mr. Corley. Needless to say, the projected Directory has the cordial endorsement of the Administration.

Athletic Notes.

WISCONSIN, 21: NOTRE DAME, 0.

Wisconsin, 21; Notre Dame, 0: but that does not tell it, nor does the score indicate the merits of the teams. True we lost, and Wisconsin won; but without taking away any of the credit that is due the winning team, we profess to be good losers. Luck played a great part in Saturday's game and in passing it must be mentioned it was bad luck for us. Wisconsin would have won the game without a doubt but we should have scored and would undoubtedly have done so—here is where the luck comes in. Silver ran through the entire Wisconsin team; one man stood between him and the goal posts and before that one man could have reached Silver, he would have had to dispose of three men who were making interference for our fast little quarter. In turning to one side Silver tripped and fell over his own feet. Before he could get started again he was tackled, and a glorious chance for a certain score had faded into a plain sixty-yard run, which although not to be scorned is certainly not to be compared with a touchdown scored against Wisconsin.

Our defense at times was exceptionally strong. In the latter part of the first half Wisconsin had the ball on our one-yard line, twice they bucked but gained not an inch; on the third down Bertke, the man who really beat us, put the ball just on the line and scored.

In the beginning of the game we started out like whirlwinds. Donovan recovered a fumble on the kick off and for the next five minutes Wisconsin had the busiest time of their life keeping us from scoring.

The real hero of the game in the eyes of Wisconsin as well as Notre Dame was Silver with his two runs of sixty and forty-five yards. When he returned a punt of sixty yards and came through the whole Wisconsin team with the ball tucked under his arm, passing one man like a shot, dodging another, squirming and turning he twisted in and out through the whole team. Here and there a hand touched him, but he shook them off and continued on, outrunning man after man until he

finally tripped and fell, and with his fall went our score.

Funk comes in for his share of the honors of the game. His defensive playing was only equalled by that of Capt. Beacom. Not one substantial gain was made through him during the entire game. Time and again in the first half, plays which were directed at him were met as with a stone wall. His head work as well as his physical strength in stopping the plays directed at him were well worth notice. Playing against an old reliable end, Bush of Wisconsin, he kept him busy during the entire game trying to keep within boxing distance of him. First in and then out he played at times leaving holes four feet wide between Captain Beacom and himself; then if the play was directed there he smeared the whole mass before it was even started. His work was without doubt the best he has shown, and stamps him as one of the best tackles of the West.

Captain Beacom was a tower of strength. Ground could not be gained through him, even measured by inches, and after one or two futile attempts Wisconsin did not even try him. Draper, W. Downs and McAvoy were numbered among Notre Dame's stars. In punting, Draper easily outshone Keuhmsted booting the ball from ten to fifteen yards farther on every kick. W. Downs backed up the line like the mighty Salmon when he was the idol of our rooters, and on offensive whenever he was called upon he gained ground. McAvoy at end tackled hard and low and stopped many of the attempted gains around his end. Callicrate, who on that day made his debut on Notre Dame's football team, at the other end of the line played a good steady game and shows great promise of developing into a good man. In fact, every man on the team could be taken separately and something good could be said of each one; all played hard and well. They were beaten but by no means disgraced.

The Milwaukee *Daily News* said:

"Last year Wisconsin piled up fifty-eight points against Notre Dame. But this year's team from the Catholic schools is fully twice as strong. The team work is superb. The light line held like a band of steel. It sometimes bent under the great crush of the Badgers' brawn, it sometimes broke, and it often held. The last touchdown Wisconsin

made saw the hardest battle over five yards of ground that has ever been waged in this city. Every man fought like a demon. It seemed that Wisconsin made no progress, but when the struggling mass of players cleared away the ball was found one yard from the goal line, and then it was taken over. The Notre Dame players tackled and bucked fiercely. Wisconsin's spirit was not so manifest throughout the game as was the bulldog determination of the visitors to die hard. The Notre Dame boys could not consistently, but the fact remains that they did occasionally. They worked hard and theirs was a glorious defeat."

SUMMARY.

Wisconsin won the toss and Captain Vanderboom chose the south goal. Draper kicked off to Wisconsin, the ball going out of bounds. On the second attempt he kicked to Findlay, who fumbled, Donovan of Notre Dame falling on the ball. McAvoy made four yards on a double pass. Draper hit the line for three. Wisconsin held Beacom for no gain. Silver failed on a quarter-back run, the ball going over. Keuhmsted made ten yards on a fake kick. Keuhmsted kicked twenty-five yards to Silver who was downed in his tracks by Bertke. Bracken gained a yard, Draper punted, the ball going out of bounds on Wisconsin's forty-five yard line. Wrabetz failed to gain. Keuhmsted punted to McAvoy who was downed by Bertke on Notre Dame's fifteen-yard line. Bracken made four yards around left end. Downs made first down for Notre Dame. Draper failed to gain through center. Draper kicked and Keuhmsted was downed for no gain. Wrabetz made four around right end, then nine more in the same place. Keuhmsted failed to gain on quarter-back run but Findley made it first down. Wrabetz went through center for two yards; Findley two more in the same place. Fisher made three yards, putting the ball on Notre Dame's five yard line. Fisher went through on the next play for the first touchdown, Bush failed at goal. Wisconsin 5, Notre Dame 0. Findley kicked off to McAvoy who returned twenty yards. Silver was thrown for a loss. Draper failed to gain. Draper punted to Wisconsin's thirty-five yard line. Keuhmsted punted to the centre of the field. Draper went through centre for four yards. Bracken lost a yard.

Draper punted fifty yards. Fisher hit centre for two yards. Findlay made first down through tackles; Wrabetz through the same place. Fisher went through right guard for three yards; Bertke through right tackle for five. Bertke pulled Fisher three yards on the next play. Findley and Wrabetz made three yards each. Findley went fifty-five yards around right end, Bracken catching him on Notre Dame's fifteen-yard line. Findlay fumbled and McAvoy fell on the ball. Downs made two yards through centre, but failed to gain on the next play. Draper punted to Keuhmsted who returned ten yards. Fisher hit centre for two, followed by Wrabetz with one, through tackle Bertke hurdled for two, Findley made three around right end. Fisher made one through tackle, Wrabetz repeated for nine. On the next play Findley went around end for eight yards, and crossing the line fumbled, Bracken falling on the ball for a touchback.

Draper kicked out from the twenty-five yard line to Findley who was downed in his tracks by McAvoy. Keuhmsted made fifteen yards around end, followed by Findley for five. Notre Dame held. Keuhmsted gained thirteen. Wrabetz and Findley made first down.

Notre Dame held on her five-yard line, the ball going over. McAvoy failed to gain. Draper punted to the centre of the field, Keuhmsted returning fifteen yards. Findlay made eight. Notre Dame held. Wrabetz made ten, then failed to gain. Fisher fumbled but Johnson recovered the ball. Findlay ran around for eight yards and a touchdown. Bush kicked goal. Wisconsin, 11; Notre Dame, 0.

Findlay kicked to Silver who ran through the entire Wisconsin team for sixty yards. Draper fumbled on the next play, Wisconsin getting the ball. Wrabetz and Fisher made three apiece. Downs tackled Keuhmsted for a five-yard loss on the next play. Wisconsin failed to gain, and Keuhmsted punted thirty-five yards to McAvoy who fumbled and Bush fell on the ball out of bounds.

Fisher hit centre for three; Wrabetz made three more; Fisher made two; Findley went around right end for the third touchdown. Bush punted out to Keuhmsted who failed to heel the kick. Wisconsin 16, Notre Dame 0.

Findley kicked off to McAvoy who returned

fifteen yards: Notre Dame failed on the next two attempts. Draper punted to Wisconsin's forty-yard line. Soakup was put in as substitute for Brindley at left end, Lorenz for Fisher at full; Williams for Wrabetz, and Wagner for Findley. Melzner kicked off to McAvoy, who returned the ball fifteen yards. On the first play Notre Dame fumbled and the ball went over on Notre Dame's thirty-yard line. Notre Dame held and Melzner tried a drop kick from the thirty-yard line, but the ball went wide on the first play, followed by Fisher for four more. Fisher hit centre for six, but failed on the next attempt. Wrabetz failed to gain and Keuhmsted punted. The half ended with the ball on Notre Dame's twenty-yard line in possession of Notre Dame.

SECOND HALF.

Coach King substituted Melzner for Keuhmsted at quarter-back, Draper kicked out from the twenty-five yard line to Melzner who returned thirty yard. On two plays Wisconsin advanced fifteen yards. Bertke hit centre for two first downs. Notre Dame held on the next two downs, and here it was that they showed the strongest defense shown this year. For two downs Notre Dame held Wisconsin; they could not gain an inch, but on the third down Bertke put the ball just on the line for a touchdown. Melzner failed to heel kick out. Wisconsin, 21; Notre Dame, 0. Melzner kicked off to Silver who again made a sensational run of forty-five yards. McAvoy made two around left end. Bracken made one, and was injured, going out, Hutzel taking his place. Draper punted forty yards to Wagner who returned five yards. Williams went through centre for five, followed by Bertke for three more. Notre Dame held but Bertke again came to the rescue and made first down. The game was called on account of darkness, the ball in Wisconsin's possession on their fifty-yard line. The line-up:

Notre Dame		Wisconsin
McAvoy	R. E.	Bush
M. Downs	R. T.	Johnson
Donovan	R. G.	Hunt, Grebach
Sheehan	C.	Remp
Beacom	L. G.	Donovan
Funk	L. T.	Bertke
Callierate	L. E.	Brindley, Soakup
Silver	Q.	Keuhmsted, Melzner
Draper	R. H.	Findley, Wagner
Hutzel, Bracken.	L. H.	Wrabetz, Williams
W. Downs	F.	Fisher, Lorenz

Referee—Ford, Holy Cross. Umpire—Schoelkopf Harvard. Head linesman—Gregg, Wisconsin. Timer—Tratt, Wisconsin. Touchdowns—Findley, 2; Bertke, Fisher. Goals—Bush 1. Time of halves—30 and 9 minutes.

R. L. B.

* * *

ECHOES FROM THE GAME.

"There is no doubt that Notre Dame will be a strong bidder for the supremacy of Indiana. Saturday's game and preceding ones prove that the Gold and Blue is far stronger and better in every way than any team that has represented this school in three years.

* * *

"Up at Milwaukee Phil King made his debut anew in the field of real western football, introducing his Wisconsin charges as victors over the always-to-be-respected Notre Dame men. Comparison of the Wisconsin game with that at Marshall field showed two vital differences—King used his regulars from the outset and could afford to lay them off in the second half; also the Badgers fathomed the trick plays of their opponents in far better style than did the Maroons.

* * *

"Wisconsin has the best team in years this season. It looks to me like the strongest aggregation Coach King ever turned out. I believe that the Badgers have a shade the better of us, and I feel far from confident of our chances when we meet them at Madison next Saturday."

This is Coach Stagg's view of the Chicago-Wisconsin football situation, delivered yesterday after a good long look at the Badgers in action. The Maroon director witnessed the Wisconsin-Notre Dame game at Milwaukee Saturday, and returned to his South Side stamping grounds with a depressing tale of Wisconsin's prowess.

"I was distinctly surprised at the showing of King's men," he said. "They displayed the most varied and effective attack I have ever seen used by a Wisconsin team at this stage of the season. Their offense was great. The Notre Dame team was also strong, and the Badgers exhibited a remarkably stubborn defense against them. They looked every bit as good as Chicago, and in several particulars seem to have the better of the argument.—*Record-Herald*.

EX-JUNIOR CORBY-HALL GAME.

The ex-Juniors sustained their second defeat of the season last Saturday when they were beaten by the strong Corby Hall team. Although outweighed fifteen pounds to the man the lighter aggregation put up a gallant struggle and did far better than the score would indicate. For Corby, Berteling, Quinn and Curtis starred, while Siegler, did good work for his team. Schmitt kicked off and Curtis was downed in his tracks back of goal for a safety. The ball was kicked out, and the ex-Juniors lost it on a fumble.

After Corby secured it they were never headed until the first touchdown was made, after which the ex-Juniors held and did well for a short time. The first half ended with the score 11-2 in favor of Corby Hall.

During the second half the backs of the Corby team tore through the lighter line at will, and when time was finally called at the end of the second half the score stood, Corby, 28; ex-Juniors, 2.

The reports of the big game were run off smoothly, and the crowd was well pleased throughout. The line-up:

Corby Hall (28)		Ex-Juniors (2)
Altgelt	R E	Williams
Moran	R T	Drumm
Keach, Capt.	R G	Eberheart-Duncan
Paine	C	Roan, Capt.
Kasper	L G	Kinney-Quinlan
McNalley	L T	Dierssen
Murphey	L E	Siegler-Lucas
Berteling	Q	Heyl
Quinn	R H	Lucas-Eberheart
Scales	L H	Kelley
Curtis	F B	Schmitt

Goals—Quinn, 2; Kasper. Referee, Waldorf. Umpire, Pryor. Time of halves, 15 and 20 minutes.

Track and Field Meet of St. Edward's Hall.

Last Saturday, the day set apart for the observation of St. Edward's Feast, was celebrated in its customary way by the little men of St. Edward's Hall. In the morning the majority of the students of that hall participated in a track and field meet which included running, jumping, sack races, bicycle races, etc. The attendance was as usual large and enthusiastic, and each of the different contestants came in for his share of the cheers and encouragement. The events were run off in grades that the small boys would have an equal chance of winning one of the beautiful prizes, which were awarded to the victors in the evening. Nearly all the events were very closely contested; and in some instances the judges at the finish found difficulty in deciding who had won the laurel.

The following gives the reader a list of those made happy not only by their victories,

but by the prizes which were so generously awarded by Brother Cajetan.

Running races—1st grade: Cotter, 1st; Brinkman, 2d. 2d grade: O'Reilly, 1st; Roe, 2d. 3d grade, Louselle, 1st; W. Smith, 2d. 4th grade: Fanning, 1st; Vocke, 2d.

Three-legged race—1st grade: Broderick-McNabe, 1st; Kavanaugh-Roberts, 2d. 2d grade: Lawrence-O'Donnell, 1st; Wilce-Perrung, 2d. 3d grade: Bach-Gerring, 1st; Comerford-Katz, 2d. 4th grade: Fritch-Schwab, 1st; Gray-McNeal, 2d.

Sack races—1st grade: Schick, 1st; Roberts, 2d. 2d grade: Fordyce, 1st; Milius, 2d. 3d grade: Follansbee, 1st; M. Burt, 2d. 4th grade, Martin, 1st; Roberts, 2d.

Hurdles—1st grade: C. Davis, 1st; Brady, second. 2d grade: Connolly, 1st; Heyl, 2d. 3d grade: Hein, 1st; Godfredson, 2d. 4th grade: Brennan, 1st.

High jump—1st grade: Fanning, 1st; Peil, 2d. 2d grade: L. Hebe, 1st; H. Baca, 2d.

Shot Put—1st grade: C. Smith, 1st; J. Little, 2d. 2d grade: Reasoner, 1st; R. Tello, 2d.

440-yard run—1st grade: Walsh, 1st; Kavanaugh, 2d. 2d grade: Sheehan, 1st; A. Arnold 2d. 3d grade, Godfredson, 1st; Groove, second.

Broad jump—1st grade: A. Davis, 1st; M. Burt, 2d. 2d grade: Schwab, 1st; R. Weber, 2d.

440-yard walk—1st grade: Pulver, 1st; Anderson, 2d. 2d grade: G. Comerford; N. Gray.

600-yard bicycle race—1st grade: R. Follansbee, 1st; M. Broade, 2d. 2d grade: C. Berriman, 1st; C. Gering, 2d. 3d grade: R. Godfredson, 1st; J. Fallett, 2d.

Local Items.

—Found.—A fountain pen. Apply to prefect in Brownson study-hall.

—Brownsonites who wish to read a Catholic paper or magazine may borrow one from Brother Alphonsus, C. S. C.

—At last Wednesday's meeting of the junior parliamentary law class it was decided to meet hereafter in the Law room instead of in the Philopatrian room, where it formerly assembled. This will afford the students a larger room, and a room better equipped for parliamentary purposes. It is expected that the attendance will be further increased by the appearance of several new faces from the Law department.

—Last Wednesday evening St. Joseph's Literary and Debating Society held their regular meeting. The debate was: "Resolved, That the United States have profited by the war with Spain." The facts were well presented by Messrs. McMahan and Robinson for the affirmative, and for the negative by Messrs. Cull and Duffy. Mr. Conlin elicited great applause in his oration, as did also Messrs. Galligan and Cunningham. After the regular programme had been rendered Messrs. Malloy and O'Flynn then addressed the society in a few well-chosen words, at the conclusion of which an adjournment was moved.