its need of commentators. "The professional devotees of Mr. Browning, an irritating band, who praise his poetry chiefly because they believe that they alone understand it (a belief which gives them a happy sense of being wondrous wise) praise him as one who speaks chiefly to the intellect. They hunt through him for puzzles and problems; they canvass him for 'thoughts.' It does not seem to occur to them that he like other poets is a master of romance; that he appeals with perfect clearness and distinctness to the heart, the fancy, and even to the ear. If he did not do this and do it successfully, winningly, with phrases and fancies that haunt the memory, that mingle with our musings on love and death and day and night, Mr. Browning would be a failure." But he does not claim that Mr. Browning does this in all his poetry, and he gives the sound advice to the beginner that he decline the invitation of the Browning societies "to be led over dry plains seeking sense and finding none where 'Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau' holds unenvied sway, or to be bewildered in 'Red-Cotton-Night-Cap-Country,' or to be made to jig dolefully to the piping of 'Fifine at the Fair'; but neglecting all scarecrow scholiasts and disheveled essayists, male and female," he advises him to apply himself to "Dramatic Lyrics" and "Men and Women," and see if he cannot find poetry in them for himself,—and this doctrine he illustrates at some length. "Time," he says, "that sifts poets like wheat, will almost certainly treat much that Mr. Browning has written as time has treated the dark pieces of George Chapman, or the 'Cassandra,' of Lycophron. They will survive indeed, but rather because a poet wrote them than because they are poetry." Is not this just about the truth respecting Browning?

W. P. A.

Tech. vs. Dartmouth.

The championship game, which was played at Hanover on the roth, between Dartmouth and Tech., was unsatisfactory. Not that Tech. did not play well, but that all was against her. Practically no one accompanied the team to assist in the cheering. The rain, during the game and for the two previous days, had rendered the ground so slippery that good running and dodging was next to impossible. It was a question of the weight of the rush-lines, and Dartmouth had here an advantage of a good many hundred pounds. The Dartmouth backs worked up close to the lines, and added their weight to those before them in the general push, which resulted usually in a slide of from two to six yards. The short rushes of Dartmouth and the difficulty in working our backs, lost to us the game. The following is a summary: Dartmouth started off with the ball at 2.30 P. M., and kicked on three downs. Duane kicked, and Dame got on to it; good rushes by Hamilton and Tracy carried the ball well down the field, where it was given to Dartmouth for not touching the third man. Tech. soon regained it in a fumble, and then lost it on four downs. Lakeman attempted to run with the ball, which again gave it to Tech. Godchaux here made a pretty rush, gaining nearly thirty yards. Duane and Tracy also did some excellent work, Duane kicking to Ellis on three downs. Dartmouth, on three downs kicked to Durfee, who ran with the ball nearly to the place from which it was kicked. Baehr soon got it, however, on a fumble, and good rushes by Scruton, Ellis, and Lakeman brought it to the Tech. 10-yard line, where Dartmouth lost it on four downs. Short rushes by Duane, Godchaux, and Tracy gained some