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OUR JANUARY VISITOR.

Mr. Bromley has written wondrous things—all true—about the "Girls in Blue." The closing sentences of his toast are frequent and always welcome guests at the hour of reflection. They people the smoke clouds with visions the former Laureate should have seen before he wrote sundry lines. At their bidding forms of loveliness appear in the embers' glow in the costly untaxed palaces of modern Yale, while under the roofs of the humbler student homes of primitive days their influence prevails to make the thumping radiator (at the cooling-off hour) a thing melodious, a kind of curfew, or a sweet-toned call to silent worship of that which is divine.

But why think of them now? How can one not think of them now? Would not Mr. Bromley's own lips move again unconsciously in the rendering of them, if he had moved across the Campus on one of these snapping January afternoons of the first half of the second week after the first Tuesday in term time? Perhaps he would write another "Girls in Blue,—Years After," with some particular paragraph for the "Prom. Girl," which would forever after be the classic of the second term for all that part of Yale which was in any way susceptible and had therefore gone into debt.

But we have no Prom. Girl in literature yet, unless we have overlooked her in some of those alleged portrayals of Campus life which sometimes sell well and which we don't read. It makes not much difference whether or no she ever comes upon our shelves, as long as she comes before our eyes every year,—that is, it makes little difference to those of us whom the gods favor with abiding places near the fountain of youth. To you who go from mother Yale to a mother lode in Klondike, or to the peculiar pursuits of "Greater" cities, it may seem different, and to you it might be very pleasant to behold a word picture of this one challenger by whom alone Yale is ever and consistently overcome.

We are not going to give one. There is no genius in our ranks. Nor is it possible at such a time to take up the task. It calls for freedom and cheer and inspiration. And now we are hanging our harps upon the willows. For while we write, she goes, and the heart of Yale is sad. And all the

University is in thrall—to her, and—to others. To landlords and landladies; to tailors; to them also that deal in fine linen and in kidskins and dogskins; to violet-mongers; to the monopolist who works the endless chain of hacks, and to many others. And the committee treasurer, as such, alone has left a bank account worth the book-keeping and knows not how he may properly annihilate it. And at this in soberer moments you and I grieve and we will grieve again. We have some things to say in time. Sir Elihu's treasury department needs a permanent secretary, and all these various occasions of incomes and outgoes may yet harmoniously—

Please forgive us. To-morrow is soon enough for reform. Yale is not yet herself. In twenty-four hours more her sons will shade their classic brows with those bandless and bacterial slouch hats and be ready for the serious business of life. To-day is the day of sad and sleepy good-byes and sweet reflections.

SEND NEWS HERE DIRECTLY.

A request is again very earnestly made of all secretaries of classes and of alumni associations, who are in possession of facts suitable for publication in the WEEKLY, that they communicate with this office *directly*. As we have said before, the transmission of this information through a third party not only endangers its proper presentation, but is exceedingly embarrassing to us. If this paper is to do its best work with the classes and the associations, the officers of these classes and associations must work directly with us. We will do anything in our power to facilitate direct communication.

The mistake of sending to some third person is due to a desire on the part of some class or association officer to aid some person in an editorial ambition. We wish to say that this confuses the scheme of competition, and does not allow it to rest always on a perfectly equitable basis. Such a sharp lookout is kept in the *News* office against anything which gives one competitor any especial advantage over another, that such an act is quite apt to fail in accomplishing its purpose. The *News*, and the WEEKLY in its undergraduate department, furnish plenty of opportunity for work, and give a wide enough field for a man to show his industry and originality. If they are allowed to carry out their system, a final result as nearly equitable as possible will be reached.

After all, the principal thing, as far as this paper is concerned, is to get the news and get it correctly, and let us say again that the only way to do it is to have direct communication with all those who have that news. We hope this will be very carefully considered in the future.

New Derby Avenue Bridge.

The city engineer has completed plans for a new steel bridge, to be built on Derby avenue across West river. According to the city's new charter, before the construction is begun a hearing must be held of all who are interested in the question of damages and benefits due to the construction of the bridge, and the necessary changes in the grade of the approaches. The issue of bonds by the city will be determined before long at a meeting of the Council, and preparations will soon be made for the beginning of the work. The proposed bridge will be of sufficient width to accommodate teams, foot passengers and electric cars, and the street railway company has announced its intention of extending its car tracks to the entrance of Yale Field as soon as the bridge is completed.

G. M. Clark, 1901, has been elected captain of the Freshman basket-ball team.

"THE GIRLS IN BLUE."

A Famous Response to this Toast Recalled.

A graduate who has returned to New Haven for the Promenade season has been reminded by the gathering of the Girls in Blue of the response made to this toast by Mr. Isaac Bromley, '53, at the New York Yale dinner to Mr. Robert J. Cook. With great pleasure does the WEEKLY comply with the request to reproduce the closing passages of that response:—

"If I were to violate custom by alluding to the toast, I should try to say something about those unnamed and unnumbered "Girls in Blue,"—Yale's sweethearts, wives and mothers. We are mistaken if we think we read all of history in books, or that we can see through any printed records the real springs of the world's movements. It is not statecraft, or commerce, or trade, or steam, or lightning, but love that makes the world go round. On a public occasion like this it is upon the altar of friendship, of College friendship, deepest of all, that we lay our offerings. But none of us forgets that there is still a holier shrine, to which we come unsandalled and alone. It is there that we get our truest inspirations, our highest purposes, our best resolves.

"If we think we see all there is of this great drama in the movement of Kings, Presidents, Cabinets, Parliaments and Senates, or in the march of armies across the stage, we deceive ourselves. The "Girls" are there at the wings. It is for the gentle flutter of their approval and not for the hoarse applause of the world in front, that the actors work and the play goes on. Once in a while a "Girl" comes out and speaks her lines—Miriam takes up her timbrel; Deborah marches against Sisera; the Queen of Sheba parades before Solomon; a swarthy Egyptian Queen paralyzes Rome; Joan of Arc saves France; Elizabeth leads England to the highest places among the nations; Victoria comes to her jubilee year no less loved by her own people than honored by all the world.

"But the part of these and their like in making history is infinitesimal compared with the countless army of girls in all colors, of all ages and all climes, who walk invisible between the lines with fingers on their lips. I turn the leaves of my Triennial, and forth there issues a long procession of heroes, statesmen, sages, poets, philosophers, divines, who have helped to make the world wiser and all life sweeter. They are Yale's "Boys in Blue"—all honor to them!

"Is it idle fancy that I catch the rustle of muslin and lace and hear the flutter of wings invisible, as a great host of unnamed "Girls in Blue" float out from between the Triennial's lines, making the air fragrant with tender influences and pure examples. "Girls in Blue!" Our color! Color of the starlit vault above us and the deep sea

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that wraps us round. Color in which Bob Cook first dipped his dripping oar; color that fluttered in ribbon and scarf, when he first crossed the line. They are "Our Girls" who wear it, sweethearts, wives and mothers; forever sweet, forever young, forever ours."

"The College Idea."

At the Dartmouth alumni dinner on Jan. 20, at Delmonico's, New York, William J. Tucker, President of the College, spoke as follows, according to the press report, on the subject of "The College Idea":—

The college idea is coming into conflict with one or two forces which are naturally opposed to it. I have wondered that the college idea has not long before this come into conflict with the American spirit of impatience. We are told that men enter into business and the professions too old; that the colleges must curtail their courses so as to turn out the product earlier in life. I take exception to that. Nowhere else are men delivered to the world fitted for work earlier. Another force with which the college idea finds itself confronted is premature specialization. The elective system has come in as one of the greatest and most timely features in our scheme of education, but this is not premature specialization. This system simply turns a man around before the fire of learning, until his ambition is set ablaze at some point. Then he goes on with his life work.

"The college idea means, if it means anything, that a man shall have breadth enough to understand men of various other kinds before he takes up that specialization that shall make him understand best the men of his own kind. The danger now is that men do not understand each other enough. Men of one locality think along different lines on important subjects from men of another. If we are to do our full duty in the colleges, it must be by such training as shall make us understand our fellow men. The man who goes direct from his high school into a specialty, be it law, medicine, or theology, has not that basis of common understanding with his fellow men that he should have. It is the duty of the old-established colleges and universities to cross the lines of North and South, East and West, and bring men of various localities and various beliefs together in a bond of common acquaintanceship and fellowship."

Kent Club Elections.

A meeting of the Kent Club of the Yale Law School was held on Monday, January 17. The following officers were elected for the ensuing term:

President, D. V. McNamee, '98 L. S.; Vice-President, E. W. Sherman, '99 L. S.; Secretary, H. B. Agard, 1900 L. S.; Treasurer, A. S. Pratt, '98 L. S.; Critics, E. W. Beattie, Jr., '98 L. S., and W. H. Clark, '99 L. S.; Executive Committee, C. H. Studinski, 1900 L. S., and E. C. Simpson, '99 L. S.