

YALE'S GUESTS.

[Continued from 2d page.]

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"Living Yale."

The following poem, written for the occasion by Mr. Louis Howland, '79, was read at the recent Indiana Alumni Association dinner in Indianapolis:

The power to use the instrument at hand  
And get results—this the lesson grand  
Taught by our royal mother! Sons of Yale  
Ne'er blame their tools when in their work they fall.  
What will you have? A 'leven? We don't repine,  
But with our "kid" team smash through the Princeton line!  
On Soldiers' Field led by the green deSaulles  
We beat back Harvard from 'neath our very goal!  
No team in sight, Yale made one from the stuff  
She had at hand—and it proved good enough.  
But had it failed no Yale man would have thought  
To take the "Y's" from those who bravely fought!

So now you want a poet for your feast  
And I who am of rhymesters quite the least.  
Can only humbly yield to your desire  
And trust your loyalty to aid my lyre—  
A loyalty that Yale men always show  
To those who do with love the best they know  
The team had one advantage over me:  
'Twas coached by Butterworth! And you must see  
That he who speaks to you might win your cheers  
Had he, as he has not, been coached by Beers!

To-night we meet to wave aloft the blue  
And to the dear old college pledge anew  
Our faith and love which never shall grow cold  
While Yale men's hearts one ruddy drop still hold!  
We love her for her mighty love of truth;  
In her we elders worship our lost youth  
Which stands out clear as sunrise in the light  
Shed by Yale's glories o'er the deep'ning night.  
Immortal Mother, old yet ever young,  
May thy dear vision tune my tuneless tongue!

The past? Why men are here who never saw  
The noble Woolsey, master of the law,  
Or Porter with his ever kindly smile  
Who could from ego ego's self beguile!  
And Dana, too, the great, whom we loved so,  
Reposes in some stratum—I don't know  
Nor do I care to. I knew him  
And his high soul which Science could not dim!  
Loomis and Newton, Packard, Thacher—all  
Have since my day passed through the fleshly wall!

In that far past stalks many a ghost—I see  
E'en now the spectre of the Jubilee!  
Dead, ah yes, and buried—drop a tear!  
I saw it perish in my Sophomore year!  
The Chapel, too, of Yankee art the flower—  
How many flags have fluttered from thy tower!  
In which unnumbered sinners had been taught  
'Twere better far to pray than to get caught  
Neglecting such a duty, sank to decay,  
For men who came to flunk soon ceased to pray.  
My class, the last of an imperial line  
To leave the old—and first at the new shrine  
That wondrous hybrid that men call Battell  
Of types as differing as heaven and hell!  
No need to mention Davy and the fence  
And other things which have departed hence;  
But I must ask, before your patience fails,  
What has become of Ikey of the Yales?  
Dead can he be, like Hartenstein, the great?  
Not even he can 'scape the common fate!

So much for dead Yale—and much of her is dead  
To those who twenty years ago were wont to tread  
A Campus unadorned by Osborn, Dwight,  
Welch, Lawrence, Vanderbilt, a goodly sight,  
These modern palaces, but we bow low  
In adoration of the Old Brick Row!  
But Yale herself, thank God, can never die!  
Her blue stands steadfast as the bending sky—  
And one may, as I hear, still quaff his ale  
At Mory's to the prowess of old Yale!  
What would you have? E'en perfection improves  
The law is progress in a world that moves.  
The hero's body may be great or small—  
He's still a hero, if his soul be tall!  
And so we see with joy the same great soul  
Flame from the eye of her upon whose roll  
Our names are writ—souls kindly, yet austere  
Unspoiled by luxury or costly gear!

Sure of herself she holds her even way  
Doing her quiet work from day to day!  
Not given to gush, in truth somewhat reserved,  
Her call to duty many an arm has nerved!  
On gridiron, river, diamond or in life  
She'd have her children wage a manly strife,  
Glad when they win, proud, tender when they fail—  
Which is not often—such is our Mother Yale!  
To make the fight, to win it if you can,  
But win or lose, to prove oneself a man,  
Modest in triumph, in defeat serene—  
This the ideal of our hearts' great Queen!  
Could there be better for this land of ours  
In time of peace, or when black trouble lowers?  
In college or in world the rule's the same  
When once you're in it always play the game!  
The unsuspected, last, all-conquering reserve—  
The extra pound of muscle, tug of nerve,  
Or grip of brain—has won full many a field  
For beaten men who yet refused to yield!  
No brute triumph this, but rarest psychic force  
And he who has it always stays the course!

The air is full of voices, and our ears  
Hear strangest doctrines! And the teacher fears  
To say that this is false and that is true,  
To praise the old or to condemn the new!  
But there's one Voice, how well we know its tone!  
That speaks the truth although it speak alone!  
The ancient faith, high honor, culture true,  
For these great verities still waves the Blue!  
*Lux et Veritas*—motto of her choice!  
Her beacon—*Lux*; and *Veritas*, her Voice!

The Agreement to Row at New London.

A reader of the WEEKLY has asked us why a race at New London with Harvard was arranged before the invitation to Cornell was extended. If Yale were to row Cornell, according to his opinion, she should have left matters free and open at the outset and not bound herself with Harvard. A simple answer to this is that the Yale-Harvard race at New London in June, 1898, was arranged for in the original five-year athletic agreement with Harvard, drawn up and signed last Spring by Dr. Brooks of Harvard, and Mr. Camp of Yale.

Chicago Executive Committee.

The meeting of the Executive Committee of the Chicago Yale Alumni Association took place January 6th. It was announced that the annual meeting of the Association would be held on February 26th, at the University Club. Hon. Henry E. Howland, '54, has been invited to attend as the guest of the Association. It is expected that a portrait of ex-President Porter will be shown at the meeting, which is to be presented to the University Club by Charles L. Bartlett, '76.

The officers elected for the ensuing year are: President, David B. Lyman, '64; 1st Vice-President, George W. Meeker, '79 S.; 2d Vice-President, Frank C. Farwell, '82; Secretary and Treasurer, Richard T. Crane, Jr., '95 S.; Executive Committee, Charles L. Bartlett, '76, Chairman; Chester M. Dawes, '76; William Kent, '87; Charles A. Otis, Jr., '90 S.; Orville E. Babcock, '94 S.

Hockey Team Wins.

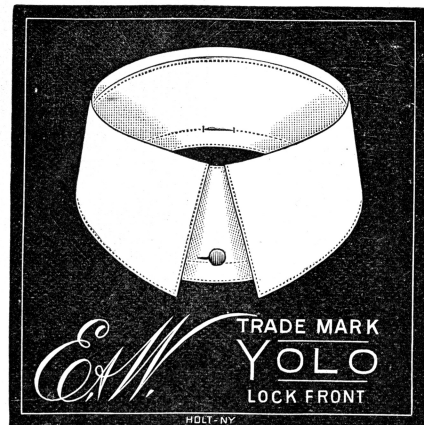
The Hockey team won its first victory of the season on the evening of January 20, by defeating the team of the New Jersey Athletic Club at the Claremont Avenue Rink, Brooklyn. The score was 1 to 0. A very large crowd saw the game, which was hotly contested throughout. Excellent team-play was shown by both sides. Yale's only point was made by Barnett on a pass from Hall, who picked the disk from the midst of a fierce scrimmage.

The Boston Chess Club gave a banquet last Saturday night in honor of Mr. Elmer E. Southard, the Harvard Chess player, who did such skillful work in the recent intercollegiate Chess Tournament in New York City. Mr. Southard has not lost a game in the tournament.

Worse Than Boating Question.

[New York Sun.]

To the Editor of the Sun—Sir: What is the answer to the following problem in business: What will ten yards of silk come to at \$1.00 1-001 per yard?  
New Haven. Yale.



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