

FOUR ELEMENTS.

Mr. Robinson's Analysis of what is Called the Yale Spirit.

[Being a speech delivered at the last New York Alumni Banquet, by the Hon. Henry C. Robinson. For special reasons it was impossible to reproduce it exactly at the time.]

Mr. President: It would be ungracious if we, who are enjoying your hospitality this evening, should forget to congratulate the New York alumni upon this most successful dinner. In a sense larger than a metaphor, your metropolitan association represents more than Manhattan, it speaks for the whole territory of Yale's sons, which comes pretty near being the earth. Some days ago a senator from Kentucky rose in his place in the U. S. Senate to repudiate a bumptious request which had been made for his resignation because he had dared to register a vote in favor of truth and honesty. His utterance of courage and manliness were musical to the nation, although somewhat unusual in our modern Senate. In his speech he declared that he represented the whole people of Kentucky, and not the members of one of its political parties, and more—that, in his votes in that honorable chamber, he acted not only as a Senator from Kentucky but for the United States as well. And so your association represents us all, the alumni of Yale. And this gathering with its choice spread of smooth things to eat and drink and smoke, selected I fear without consultation with the N. J. W. C. T. U., or even with the discreet Mrs. Poteat, and the old choruses and the new orchestral harmonies, and above all this presence of hearty jolly men, and yet men earnest and sincere and enthusiastic for all that is good and true, demand from us to you our salutations and congratulations.

I have alluded to the Women's Christian Temperance Union. The use of the two words "Christian" and "Temperance" by persons of presumably good intentions is quite clearly a case of *lucus a non lucendo*. You cannot always tell what a person is by his title, nor what a thing is by its label. A lawyer friend had an experience with raspberry jam, of which he was fond. He purchased some at his grocer's which pleased him, and he asked his grocer for a recipe for making it. The grocer communicated with the wholesaler at Boston, who again referred him to the factory at Kalamazoo, Michigan. The lawyer had a correspondent in that city, and after promising that the secret shouldn't be used except for domestic purposes, the factory gave him the recipe. "The substance of our raspberry jam is tomato, its color is obtained from aniline dyes, and the seed is hayseed."

It is quite unnecessary for the brethren to be anxious as to the result of this campaign of calumny. It will be a short one, and disastrous only to the attacking party. The campaign will soon be in the condition of the mind cure patient of whom I read. The mind curist inquired of the son of the patient what was the matter with his father. The young man said, "Father has rheumatism." "You are mistaken, my son, you mean your father thinks he has the rheumatism." A few days later the mind curist called, and again inquired of the son about his father, and the boy said, "Father thinks he's dead."

THE INVISIBLE THINGS.

When we drop our knives and forks we turn from things material to things invisible. And after all, in spite of the materialists, the invisibles are our largest realities. First in order we drink to Alma Mater, but our eyes may not find her sheltering arms and her fostering bosom we cannot touch. And then we drink again to this sentiment to which you have asked me to respond, the Yale Spirit. Where is the camera which shall shadow a likeness of the Yale Spirit, and where is the brush and what are the pigments which shall paint its portrait? How and where shall we find it? We may go to the old fence, and, if we cannot find it elsewhere, we can see it at Dr. Dennis's most hospitable Norfolk home. We may whittle its fibers, and we are taught again the old lesson that no golden eggs are discovered by dissecting the goose. We

go to Chapel, sit 'neath the elms, walk around the relics of the old Brick Row, but neither mensuration, nor chemistry, nor optics will reward our search. We watch the blue blades of the crew, as they dip into the waves and rise to the sunlight with the accuracy of the pendulum and the power of the driving wheel; we look at the blue stockings and blue "Y"s on the breasts of the boys, as the team trots down the field; we see the flutter of a thousand blue flags, and hear the rifle crack of a thousand 'rahs, and the sonorous choruses of Brek-ke-ke-kex Ko-ax-ko-ax and the oceanic roar of ten thousand Ya-a-les, as the ball sails through the goal post winging its flight to victory, but all these things, material and sensational, report to us that, until we have added the invisible, sentiments to the sensations, we cannot find the Yale Spirit. Electricity is not locked in the dynamo—the dynamo only sets free the subtle and invisible power. The spirit of '76 is not in the Bunker Hill monument, nor the bronze statues of Washington and Putnam, but in the patriotism and self-sacrifice of the men who fought by the rail fence with Putnam, or crossed the Delaware, bled and starved at Valley Forge, and triumphed at Yorktown with Washington.

THE YALE SPIRIT.

Where and what then is the Yale Spirit? Pick up the seal of dear old Alma Mater and read its legend, Lux et Veritas. In the invisible sentiments which these words enshrine, the Yale Spirit has its inmost home.

Light! At daybreak the Yale Spirit waits for high noon, and at sunset it looks for another sunburst "with new spangled ore" to "flame in the forehead of" another "morning sky," and in hours of midnight darkness it cries to the watchman, "Watchman, what of the night," and listens in undoubting faith for the reply "The morning cometh."

Truth! The Yale Spirit waits by the everlasting rocks of Truth, upon which billows of lies and bigotry and selfishness and despotisms and wars and anarchies and chaos break in froth and foam. It hears truth—harmonies in law—the laws of science and religion and progress and civilization. And to the final judgments of truth uttered after full and fair trial, it yields obedience—no matter at what cost of prejudice and bias, no matter what record of semi-sacred traditions and philosophies are tumbled into the waste basket.

But the Yale Spirit is not complete in the motto of the seal. To the foundation words Lux et Veritas, it adds "et fortitudo," which translated, for the benefit of the fading memories and incomplete scholarships of the alumni brethren, mean "sand." This is the quality which wins debates after many a defeat,—a quality in this regard incarnated in many an undergraduate, and conspicuously in that accomplished professor, scholar, and loyal son of Yale, Arthur T. Hadley. This is the quality which carries the batsman to the winning run when two men are out and when two strikes are called in the ninth inning; it scatters flying wedges and guards back formations on the gridiron, and it has carried the blue to the front in so many a fight, moral, intellectual, and physical, and so many times in face of so many odds. I suppose that it was for the exercise of this quality that the Mexican girl, who was caught in a shocking accident, was exploited by the Mexican newspaper, which wrote, "that she was frightened to death but retained her courage and coolness."

Let me warn the Crew that they must prepare for new and trying ordeals. It is not unlikely that Captain Cook, God bless him! will have to go in the near future farther than to New London or the Hudson or even Henley for honors. Recently I read in a newspaper about a certain Continental Emperor, remarkable for his youth, and—begging pardon of the Class of 1901—for his freshness. You remember that he sent his brother in uniform to the Asiatic seas and harbors. Do you know the text of Scripture which he selected for his chaplain in celebrating his own imperial birthday? "Be still, and know that I am God! I will be exalted among the heathen!" This emperor, who has come to the front in so many characters, as statesman, and warrior, and diplomat, and art critic, is now posing as regulator of rowing in the Berlin institutions of learning. He limits the races to twelve hundred meters. Probably some

[Continued on 6th page.]

A YALE INSURANCE COMPANY.

From a college standpoint, Hartford is a very warm Yale town. From a business standpoint, it is a very warm insurance center. It is not so surprising, therefore, that one of the most active of its companies—a company whose policies are so very attractive and reasonable in form, and whose financial strength is so assured—is permeated with Yale influences. This is indicated in the personnel of its officers and in its sound and successful way of doing things.

In the next issue the Alumni Weekly will print a picture of its new building, and thereafter will tell some more things about this company—the PHOENIX MUTUAL LIFE.

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A BIT OF HISTORY.

[From Woodward's "Insurance in Connecticut."]

The Aetna escaped the fire of December 16th, 1835, in New York City—the first in the series of great American conflagrations—which destroyed property to the value of \$15,000,000, and bankrupted twenty-three out of twenty-six local insurance companies. It entered the city the following year, having for agent Augustus G. Hazard, afterwards the organizer and president of the Hazard Powder Company of Enfield. It was not so fortunate in the fire of 1845, which swept \$6,000,000 of property from the business center of the metropolis, and cost the Aetna \$115,000. When the news reached Hartford, Mr. Brace called together the directors and told them that the calamity would probably exhaust the entire resources of the company. Going to the fire-proof vault, he took out and laid on the table the stocks and bonds representing its investments. Little was said, each member waiting for some one else to take the initiative. At length the silence was broken by the question: "Mr. Brace, what will you do?"

"Do?" replied he. "Go to New York and pay the losses if it takes every dollar there," pointing to the packages, "and my fortune besides."

"Good, good," responded the others. "We will stand by you with our fortunes also."

So it had always been with the Aetna in every crisis which it had before faced. The same spirit had carried this famous Company through where others had gone to the wall.

This was the last close call for the Aetna. To-day with its cash capital of \$4,000,000, a net surplus of nearly \$4,500,000, and a system built on the priceless experience of seventy-nine years, it is hardly possible to conceive of its having a close call.

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