

YALE ALUMNI WEEKLY

SUBSCRIPTION, - \$3.00 PER YEAR.

Foreign Postage, 40 cents per year.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

Single copies, ten cents each. For rates for papers in quantity, address the office. All orders for papers should be paid for in advance.

Checks, drafts and orders should be made payable to the Yale Alumni Weekly.

All correspondence should be addressed,—
Yale Alumni Weekly, New Haven, Conn.

The office is at Room 6, White Hall.

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Entered as second class matter at New Haven P. O.

NEW HAVEN, CONN., JAN. 5, 1899.

All material for the WEEKLY, which is not of the character of late news, should be received not later than Friday morning, for the issue of the following week. Articles of a general nature can always be prepared so as to be received by that time, and alumni notes should all be in the office at that time.

In the case of record of late news, it is possible to handle a limited amount of very important matter as late as Monday afternoon, but its use can not be guaranteed at that time.

THE HARVARD BULLETIN.

Simply from preoccupation, have we failed to offer hitherto even the formal courtesy of a welcome to the graduate journalistic field, to Harvard's new paper, the *Harvard Bulletin*. We have been reading it constantly, but it has seemed so much a full-formed, well-developed paper from the start, that one easily forgot that it was new. It is an excellent Harvard newspaper, and has been conducted with an admirable spirit towards other universities. The paper is published for the athletic association of Harvard graduates, and naturally, in that light, gives particular attention to the athletic news of the University. It does not, however, neglect the other news, and all is prepared in excellent form.

While the *Bulletin* is under the auspices of the graduates and controlled, in its policy, by them, it is published by the *Harvard Crimson*, from whose staff are drawn its undergraduate assistant editor and its business manager. Its editor is Mr. Jerome D. Greene of the Class of Ninety-Six.

We offer to the *Bulletin* our compliments and cordial good will.

A DEAN'S VIEWS.

In the January *Atlantic Monthly* Dean Briggs of Harvard College writes under the head, "Fathers, Mothers and Freshmen," a straight-out article, which every parent who has a boy in college, or one to send later, ought to read. It is a simple treatment, in a most frank method, of the tremendously important points in the proper government of young men in college. He tells some truths about the relations of fathers to their sons which need to be told, and

read and re-read. He places a large share of the troubles and disasters which come to young men, who take the wrong course in college, on the shoulders of those who send them to college,—where it belongs. By a simple recital of facts in the experience of college deans, and particularly in his own experience, he sets forth the indifference and incompetence of parents in relation to those matters which make or unmake character. The article hits hard some accepted beliefs concerning the inevitables of youthful experience, giving the other side of the picture in its true shade. It shuns nothing that needs to be said, but is dignified, and is informed by the highest spirit. It is not pedantic, nor does it read like a sermon. It is a wholesome statement of facts and a re-enforcement of old-fashioned ethics and morals.

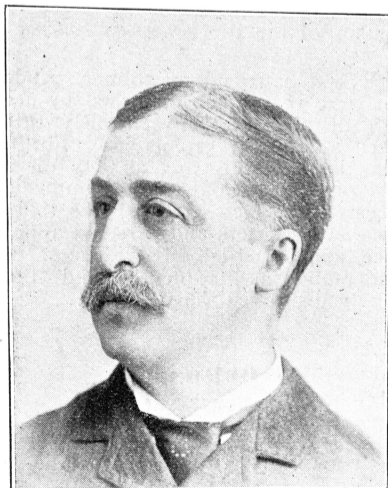
It would be a good thing for education if all our universities and colleges lived up to the spirit and standards expressed in this article.

EDWARD G. MASON.

[Being the address delivered at his funeral, Dec. 21, by his friend, the Rev. Joseph H. Twitchell, Yale '59.]

Elsewhere and at another time the life-story of this beloved man who has been parted from us, the gifts with which he was endowed, the work he wrought and the services he rendered in his generation, would be proper themes on which to dwell. But to-day, and in this place and presence, we can think only of how we loved him. And upon that theme, if one speaks for himself and out of his own feelings,—as it is well-nigh impossible not to do,—he will doubtless speak best for all.

It is more than forty years since first I met him in his radiant, beautiful youth,—that never left his face or his heart,—and from then till now he has been a constant and a conscious factor of my life and experience. We have never lost touch with one another; our communion has never been suspended, but has been intimately maintained. For that reason I am here. And now I am able to say and to testify, in the light of the memories thronging upon me, that he always did me good, and only good. I am better for knowing him; and for this I am grateful to him. He was a right-minded, high-minded, true-hearted boy, as he has been man. He was ever a lover of all things most worthy to be approved and honored. I distinctly recall that the first time I saw him after his classmate Fred. Ogden, whom he loved as his own soul and whose name he gave to one of his sons, had laid down his gallant young life in battle for his country, he began speaking of him with an earnest mention of his singular moral purity. And ever since,



I have marked that his heroes, in whom he most delighted, were all good men; and no man was richer in human admirations, enthusiasms, reverences, than he.

All gracious generousities and magnanimities were at home in his heart. He was full of loyalties. Indeed, were I asked to name the trait that was most characteristic of him, I think I should say it was loyalty.

How boundlessly loyal he was to that old college that was our academic mother! To multitudes of his contemporaries he has been known as a Yale man,—perhaps by eminence the Yale man of his day. And for that cause the hearts of thousands of the sons of Yale scattered all over the country are with us here to-day; and they are speaking of him sadly and fondly.

His loyalty to this city of Chicago was a like intense sentiment; was alike confessed and gloried in. I was with him in Edinburgh at the time the calamity of the great fire befell, when his father was your chief magistrate; and I can never forget how in the very hours he was harassed with private solicitudes and apprehensions of the most distracting nature, the passion of his civic affection asserted itself. He mourned for the city of his pride in her tribulation. He loved Chicago with a filial love. He had high ambitions, desires, hopes, anxieties for her; and no one could long be with him without finding it out.

Of another immeasurable loyalty of his, in life's most intimate, sacred relations, though we are all thinking of it, though we all have known it and seen it and have, many of us, been permitted from time to time to breathe the atmosphere of the earthly heaven created by it and its mutualities, we may not speak.

But all loyalties whatsoever are fulfilled and crowned in one,—that which is toward God. And that, I am deeply and joyfully persuaded, was his too. For my part I have reasons, supplied by the impressions of forty years, for believing that the motive he ever acknowledged to himself the highest, and sought to obey, was that of duty Christianly conceived; that his character and life stood firm based on the foundation of moral integrity.

For these things he was lovable, and for other things, indeed for everything. All noblest, manliest amiabilities, an affluence of them, met in him,—incomparably, I feel like saying. What did he lack that could have made us love him more? We have never known another quite like him, and we never shall. The world can never be the same to us now that he is gone from it. Is it possible that we are bidding him farewell?

Oh, the pathos of life—that we must needs commit to it so much more than it can keep for us! "What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue." We feel this not,—we feel it not deeply—in the morning and Spring-time of our age; but when as he fares on, the mortal pilgrim has learned that to speak that farewell, that seems so long, is of the experience of life; when it has come to be that

"The names he loved to hear,
Have been carved for many a year,
On the tomb;"

then he does feel it,—the unutterable pathos of life.

But we have other thoughts too. It is in an hour like this that we discern the values of life; that the realities of life that are most precious appear to us;—its substantial portion. When old Jacob was about to depart

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out of the world, looking back over the long way he had come, there were two things that separated themselves from all that rose before him in that review. "God Almighty (he said), appeared unto me at Luz in the land of Canaan, and blessed me." That was one. And the other:—"As for me, when I came from Paddan, Rachel died by me in the way, * * and I buried her there." All else of life was misty, fading; these two remained; God and love. So do the thoughts that visit us to-day winnow and sift the contents of experience,—and to the same result. When we count our heart's treasures, chiefest of them are the dear memories of God's goodness, and the dear memories of love; which means much to us. It is the minister and handmaid of our faith of immortality.

We believe in immortality, first of all because we believe in God. His Divine Son has taught us to look up to our Father and say, "Thou wilt not leave us in the dust." But we believe in immortality too,—and mightily believe in it,—because we have loved. It is love in sorrow that responds to the truth of the gospel of life everlasting. We cannot feel that the heart of affection perishes. We cannot but feel that this life which has passed from amongst us, so vital with love, has elsewhere its continuance, elsewhere its summer and blossoming. Robert Browning, as he neared the close of his earthly days, said that death was a thing he did not believe in. Nor do we believe in it. We, who have journeyed through the by-gone years in the fellowship of the bright spirit now withdrawn, are grown old. The way behind us is long; the way before us is short; the end is not far off to any of us. But what of that? Can we not each one say

"So long thy power has blest me, 'sure it still

Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

The night is gone,
And with the morn those angels' faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile."

And so good-bye, good-bye, dear Heart, strong, tender and true; good-bye; till that morning break and these shadows flee away.

Literary.

The *Bookman* announces, for the coming year, a serial story of the time of the American Revolution, by Paul Leicester Ford, author of "The Honorable Peter Sterling" and the "True George Washington." Mr. Ford's novel will picture the social life of the people of the North at the time of the Revolution. The scene of the opening chapters is in New Jersey. The author, so the manuscript announces, has kept the opening chapters in a quieter mood so as to pave the way for the rush of scenes which follows when he leaves the quiet neighborhood of a New Jersey hamlet for the "broad highways of the nation's history." This is only one of the many interesting things promised for the new year, by the publishers of the *Bookman*, Dodd, Mead & Company, 141 5th Avenue, New York City.

E. R. Herrick & Company of New York have published two little volumes called "Treasure Bits." They are selections, the one from the French of Hugo and Balzac, and the other from Carlyle and Thackeray. The editor is Rose Porter.

At the meeting of the American Psychological Association held in Schermerhorn Hall, Columbia University on Wednesday, Dec. 29, Dr. Edward Wheeler Scripture, Instructor in Experimental Psychology at Yale, read a paper on "The Methods of Demonstrating the Physiology and Psychology of Color."

Yale Law School.

For circulars and other information apply to

Prof. FRANCIS WAYLAND,
Dean.