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WARD CHENEY'S DEATH.

We will not talk about our loss. It is better not to try to describe it further. Some things may be and must be put upon the record, and classmates in different cities, fellow workers, companions in arms, are saying such things about Ward Cheney as they can find words for, pointing to virtues proudly, to graces and to loveableness with sadness, because they are lost. If there are those who doubt that there yet remain at the Yale which Congregational ministers founded and governed the ancient virtues of Pilgrim and Continental, and of those who went steadfastly and in great companies to their death, hardly more than a generation ago, we ask them to read, in the records of another page, what manner of youth it was who has just given his life to his country? Those who testify are boys who knew him on the Yale Campus, and who can not yet sense the fact that he is not to come back to the Campus; fellow workers on his newspaper, mature men and young men; soldiers who watched him with pride in the name he bore and the name he was making. In it is a great tonic for sick souls—for hearts that fail or weaken thinking of their country.

As for us, men of Yale, we glory in the story of Ward Cheney's life and death. It seems to us the privilege and the opportunity of Yale Americans, to take his sacrifice in the spirit in which he made it. It again pledges the place we love as our second home and all the members of this great family of Yale to a higher and more constant devotion to that country, to which Yale at her birth was consecrated and to which from time to time she has offered, with proud tears, her dearest sons. The feelings will come that are not to be put into words. It is not in us to be reconciled when asked to give up such boys as Gus Ledyard and Ward Cheney. But let us take the best that the hour and its sacrifice give to us. It is the time to turn again to the address of Horace Bushnell, the grandfather of Lieutenant Cheney, given here at New Haven, at the Commencement of 1865, and learn again from him how not only those who have gone have honored us by the sacrifice they have made, but how also they have laid upon us a high and a holy ob-

ligation, for whose discharge their own example is a guide and an inspiration.

PROFESSOR IRVING FISHER.

The WEEKLY has paid no attention to the persistent rumors that Professor Irving Fisher had severed, or was about to sever, his connection with Yale. Those rumors have been loaded with so much stuff about alleged changes of the theory of instruction of Economics at Yale, with fool talk about former capitalistic tendencies and present purposes to play a popular role, that it has seemed unnecessary to say to the constituency of the WEEKLY that they were entirely without foundation.

However, the fact of Prof. Fisher's connection with the College would naturally depend somewhat on his health, and it is a pleasure to be able to say that he has no intention of giving up his professorship, although he does not purpose making a permanent home in New Haven for at least some time to come. Within the near future, although he does not set the time exactly, he will resume his work and be in New Haven for the Fall term. His health is greatly improved and almost completely recovered. He is now at Colorado Springs.

To those who have been in any doubt about his connection with the College, the news will be very welcome, as Prof. Fisher's position in his particular branch of economic study is most advanced and his value as a member of the staff very great.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

University Matters in the "Atlantic."

A great deal of literature interesting to University people is promised by the *Atlantic Monthly* this year. And some of it has already come. "Reform in Theological Education," by President Hyde in the January number, handled a hard problem in an interesting way. In numbers to come will be found "The Perplexities of a College President by One of the Guild"; and "Progress in English Instruction," by Professor Cook of Yale. Professor Woodrow Wilson of Princeton will have an article on "Democracy and Efficiency." And these are fair samples of the excellent things in all lines prepared for *Atlantic* readers in 1900. Every lover of good things in literature and education and politics is glad to read the publishers' announcement that the magazine has more subscribers than ever and had greater growth last year than at any other time in its history.

A Good Princeton Story.

Jesse Lynch Williams continues to set forth the Princeton spirit in ways that reflect credit on him as a writer and on his alma mater as a place where good men are made. The processes, as portrayed in such a book as "The Adventures of a Freshman" are not gentle, but they cut towards the form of cardinal manly virtues and one does not care to criticise details. In fact it makes a Yale man rather sigh for the days of wholesome personal encounters between the classes to follow the fortunes of the "Deacon" and the ways by which he learned to walk the line of self-respecting independence without destroying the laws of the Campus. "The Adventures of a Freshman" is a good story as well as being wholesome. And the public, it is a pleasure to note, appreciate it. It would be strange if they did not take kindly to anything in this line offered by the author of "Princeton Stories." The Scribners publish it.

The board of editors of the *Yale Literary Magazine* have awarded the gold medal to Raulph Kingsley, 1901, of New Rochelle, New York. The subject of the essay was "The Spirit of French Poetry in the Nineteenth Century." The medal, which is valued at \$25, is offered annually by the editors of the *Magazine*, and is open to competition to any member of the Academic Department.

THE LATE LIEUT. CHENEY.

Resolutions—Memorial Suggested—Mr. Adams' Tribute.

The body of the late Lieutenant Ward Cheney, whose death from wounds received in the fighting near Imus was recorded last week, will be brought to this country for burial.

Three days after the news was received of Ward Cheney's death, Mrs. Charles Cheney, wife of Ward's oldest brother, died of typhoid fever. She had been desperately ill for several weeks. She was, before her marriage, Mary Brainard, daughter of the Hon. Leverett Brainard of Hartford, and brother of Charles Brainard, who was in the Class of Ninety-One at Yale and died in his Junior year, and of Morgan Bulkeley Brainard of the present Senior Class of Yale College.



THE LATE LIEUT. WARD CHENEY.

The following editorial, which appeared in the *Hartford Courant*, was written by Charles H. Adams, '66, of the editorial staff of that paper, who, like all others in the office, was very deeply attached to Cheney:—

"It is a very hard thing for us, who such a short time ago were associated with him in the intimate companionships of daily work and talk, to say goodbye in this public way to Ward Cheney. In the wide sorrow which his death has caused, the *Courant* has its full share. There was no one here who did not love him. It was from this office that he went away in 1898 at his country's summons. We had persuaded ourselves with a resolute hopefulness that he would escape the hazards of the campaign and come back—bronzed, gaunt, soldierly, a veteran—to the welcome that awaited him. Now that grave, earnest face of his, as the dear fellow marched by the City Hall with his comrades on the way to his first camp, has become one of those memories that do not fade until all things earthly fade.

"Bismarck once said that the whole Eastern Question was not worth to Germany the bones of a single Pomeranian grenadier. In the first smart of this bereavement, some of us who loved him may very likely have felt that all the Philippines were not worth the life of Ward Cheney. Of course it is a hasty, indefensible feeling. The duties of the country, the interests of the country, our obligations with regard to both, are precisely the same to-day that they were a week ago. But very precious, very costly, is the offering of a young life so full of promise. Rich and secure is the country to which such offerings are made.

"Ward Cheney inherited, with his fine physique, his courage and his patriotism, a singularly fine nature—sound and sweet, through and through. The robust body was tenanted by a sane and clean mind. Manliness, frankness, truth, honesty, looked out of his eyes. Meanness of any sort was as impossible to him as cowardice. He attracted everybody—his playmates in boyhood, his classmates and instructors at the university, his acquaintances here in Hartford, his comrades in the service. There wasn't a drop of the prig or the milksop in his blood, but he cherished a high self-respect, he took serious things seriously, and he did his appointed task "as ever in his great Taskmaster's eye."

When he enlisted in 1898 it was not inconsiderately, from boyish love of excitement, with any thought of military picnic or frolic. He had heard the low, whispered "Thou must," and his heart replied "I can." He carried into the service the thoroughness that had always marked him in work and play. He took to soldiering with the inherited aptitude of one whose father was shot and for a time supposed to be dead on the field of Antietam, and he quickly mastered his new duties. The men in his company learned to look up to their young lieutenant with loyal admiration, trust and affection. His military superiors found that they could depend upon him absolutely in any pinch calling for brains and courage. Lieutenant-Colonel J. W. Bubb, now commanding the Fourth Infantry, a hero of the civil war who

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