# The Messenger

**RICHMOND COLLEGE**  
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THE "FAREWELL-SUMMER."

BY WALTER J. YOUNG, '07.

Fare thee well, happy summer, fare thee well!
Length of days teem with bright, sunny hours,
While surcease care and toil, yielding up
Blithesome, gay, pleasure, love, fete, and sport.
Thoughtful flower, mellow-gold Prosperpine,
Gladden thou th' sultry days o' early fall!
Palms of wealth, fingers of gold, Midas-like,
Clap thy hands to the breeze, while the corn
Blades bestirred, rattle dry, glist'ning i' th' sun.
Rich and rare memories cluster round
Thy bowers,—blooms there the last rose of summer,
Soon to fade, falling to th' ground to die.
Sad the Haze, gloaming o'er calm September,
Parts the tryst kept with thee, Summer-time,
Forever.
AN EARNEST PLEA FOR ATHLETICS.

BY SYDNEY JOHNSTON LODGE, '09.

AGAIN the old bell has summoned the loyal sons of Richmond College within her walls. Vacation days are over and gone. The season for rest, pleasure, and jollification has passed. No more fishing trips, auto rides, launch excursions, picnics, or seashore visits. A year of hard work, mingled with joy and enthusiasm, confronts you. Yet you are glad, aren’t you? I knew it. There is a certain invisible, yet keenly-felt, something which has been pulling at your heart during the whole summer season. At first it could be felt only occasionally and the tug was, at that time, very feeble. As the days and weeks passed, however, and the month of September approached, the force at the other end of the line appeared to increase in strength and you were pulled forward, step by step, until now you find yourself back on the dear old campus. There is no need for me to tell you what that active power was. You know yourself. It was love for dear “Old Richmond.”

You are again in the midst of a group of noisy, eager, questioning comrades. Experiences of the vacation are being told and retold on every side. Occasionally, a musical, but more often an unmusical, “Hing-lay-hee” floats upon the autumn breeze. Everywhere there is the air of joyful youth. Here and there in some nook, all by himself, you see a stranger. Who is he? Again there is no need for such a question. His very expression and the droop of his lip identify him. He is the “Rat”.

And now, beloved comrades of the past, you who have tasted of the joys of being a college man and who have experienced the storms, successes, and reverses of several sessions, I am going to leave you and go to the side of the lone-
ly stranger. You have heard before what I am about to tell him and I feel sure that each and every one of you will aid me in my endeavor to make him understand the situation. Before leaving you, however, I want to say “hello” from a distance and to wish you all a year of prosperity and happiness.

* * * * * * * * *

Welcome, Freshmen, to the halls of Richmond College! Everybody, believe me, from “Uncle Charlie”, the Faculty, Trustees, and the officials of the college, down to John Johnson, is glad to see you. The institution is open to you. Be sure you make the most of your opportunities. Right here lies the key to my chief point of address to you. By “opportunities” I don’t mean class-work only. If the benefit which a college man derives from such a career as you are about to enter upon were to be judged simply from that standpoint, I am afraid wise men would not look upon a college education as so great or absolutely necessary an adjunct.

A man can stay in his own home and, with the proper tutors and equipment, stuff his head full of book-lore. The greatest advantage of a college education is gained by coming in contact with the student body, taking part in their organizations and, in fact, leading an all-around college life, giving the major portion of his time, of course, to his studies. Your professors will tell you how to gain the most from the pursuit of your studies. I am going to tell you how to gain the most for yourself and do the most for your college, outside the class-room.

Of course, I know that the first few days after your arrival will be taken up by your efforts to get settled. Then, no doubt, you will begin “peeping” around to see what sort of a place Richmond College is. Do not let your research be limited to buildings, laboratories, etc. Go out on the old stone steps of Ryland Hall about three o’clock in the afternoon and see what is going on.
The first thing which will interest you will be a band of husky men, garbed in moleskin, who are passing a football around. In the midst of this band you will see a tall, broad-shouldered man with a delicately curved mustache and glittering brown eyes. That's "Coach." Don't hesitate. Go up to him, give your name, and tell him that you want to play football and then hunt up Manager Garland and get your outfit. Maybe you have not played before. What of it? That is what Dunlop is there for. Go into the sport for all there is in it. Maybe you will make the team and maybe you won't. In either case, you will be doing equally as much for yourself and your college.

Day by day, as the season goes on, keep at it, each day harder and with more determination than ever. Do not come out one day and quit the next. Keep at it each day of every season for four years, and I guarantee that you will be wearing a football "R" when you leave college as a graduate. It was just this quality of "stick-to-it-ive-ness" which made such stars of Roy White, Spillman, Mench, Tilman, Thraves, Elmore, Bowen, "Tip" Saunders, the Lankfords, and many others, and which causes you to hear their names called almost daily.

I do not believe that there is a man in the country whom Coach Dunlop cannot mould into a first class player in four years' time. But, of course, you must do your part.

Now just a word to those who do not, for various reasons, apply for a position on the team. Simply because you are not actively engaged in playing football, do not imagine that you are in no wise responsible for the victory or defeat of the college team. You are. If Richmond College is defeated by Randolph-Macon, you are defeated. If the college team triumphs, you triumph. It is your team, your college, and its defeats are yours as well as its victories.

Frequently you and I have heard men say, in speaking to a player or about the team, "You or they were defeated today." Yet the same man comes to you next day and says,
"We sure did trim those fellows." Let me say right here that a fellow of that caliber does not belong on the thirteen-acre campus of Richmond College.

You ask me, "What can I do? How am I responsible for the defeat of Richmond College?" I will tell you. I firmly believe that the team on the field is only about seventy-five per cent. responsible for a defeat or a victory. The remaining portion of energy must come from the stands. Remember that seventy-five, no, ninety-nine per cent. of action will not win an athletic contest. It takes a whole to conquer in athletics. You may ask me why it is, then, that a team often goes away from home and returns victor, not having had a single supporter on the sidelines. This is the reason. The visiting team was, all things considered, the better of the two. If both teams had been absolutely evenly matched, the team with the most supporters, that is, if they were of the right sort, would have won. A contest between two equally skilled teams often settles into a contest in rooting. Of course, victories resulting from pure luck or "flukes" cannot be used as an argument against this theory.

Go out to every game with the Richmond College crowd and rally to the support of your chief rooter. Stick together at all times and yell as loud as your lungs will permit. You will find it a difficult task to keep yourself from following the game so closely that you will forget to root. Guard yourself against this. You do not pay the price of admission simply for the pleasure of watching the sport. It is the victory that you want. It can be had if the team does its part and you do yours. You are a vital cog in the wheel of success. Stay there.

Now let me skip from the rooter to the opposite element in college. He is the "knocker." I am glad to say that there are few of this specimen of man (?) at Richmond College. Yet there are at least a couple who can be found. They exist in every institution. The less said about them, the better. I can cover the whole question in two sentences of advice.
(1.) Do not, out of sheer self-respect, be a "knocker."

(2.) Do not mingle with them, but shun them on every occasion.

Football is not the only sport at Richmond College. I simply mentioned it first because it is played in the fall.

During the winter and early spring, Coach Dunlop will be training the track team. Go in for that and work just as hard as you did in football.

Closely following the track season, comes baseball, and of course my advice concerning the other two branches, applies to baseball also.

It takes a good squad of men, with the whole college back of them, to develop a winning team in any of these branches. The larger the squad, the better the team. Get into the work with the bunch. There is a place there for you and it is you only who can fill the vacancy. Do not allow another to do what you should be doing.

The reward will be well worth the pains. I know of experiencing no greater pleasure than that of crouching behind the bat, fighting for my college. I only wish I were in your place, you who have four years ahead of you and who will have the pleasure of giving your college those number of years of hard, honest effort.

Of course, all of you cannot have the pleasure of playing against your rivals. But the pleasure of knowing that you have, by loyal support, helped to make victory settle on the heads of your favorites and upon the walls of your college, is nearly as great. I have found this to be a fact. Try it and see if you don't agree with me.

Besides, it is not your personal pleasure that you should be consulting. It is whether your rooting in any way helps your college to victory. One who has never been on the field of battle, so to speak, and heard the inspiring notes of "Old Red and Blue" or the nerve-steadying and determination-making "Long Yell" float out to him, cannot realize the true value of
rooting. I have been there. Can't you take my word for it?

I feel and hope that the year 1909-1910 is going to be one of the greatest in the athletic history of Richmond College. Coach Dunlop is back and in him you have the best in the South. If the teams are not winners, it will be because you have not done your duty. A coach, even of Mr. Dunlop’s splendid ability, cannot make a winner out of unwilling material. Get in there and be a man.

No doubt the teams will again do most of their practicing on the campus. You can greatly aid Mr. Dunlop and further the progress of the team by keeping out of the way yourself and seeing to it that your fellow Freshmen do likewise. If you don't, you are likely to hear the coach “say things.”

In closing, let me urge every Freshman at college to join the Athletic Association as soon as he arrives on the campus and never to waver an instant in his efforts to push athletics to the front. Be true to your colors, your college, yourself!

——

"A CRANK."

——

BY CHAS. L. STILLWELL, ’11.

"CONFOUND IT. I always did say the old man was a crank."

“But you must remember, dear, that we bargained for all this.”

“Yes, I know, Ella, but that doesn’t excuse him. Was it not enough that he leave all his money to charity? And yet he had to throw the ring away like that, and you and the children are denied almost the necessities of life.”

Carroll King and his young wife sat on the porch of their little vine-clad cottage. They had been married four years.

* * * * * * * * * * *

Carroll’s father was a wealthy widower and lived in a beautiful country home six miles from Richmond. Carroll
was an only child and his father was very careful of his son’s education, and desired him to be a lawyer. But when he was eighteen he met Ella Clark during a summer vacation in the mountains and he cared more for her than for books or his father’s wishes.

Her father was a poor, illiterate mountaineer, and Ella lacked education. Mr. King tried at once to break up the match, but his opposition only served to increase the love of the young people and after less than a year’s acquaintance they were married. The old gentleman stormed and swore at the rashness of youth and disinherited Carroll on the spot.

Carroll knew no trade. He had not even learned the methods of farming, so he thought he would fight his way in the city. He found a job in a laundry and for a year he made a comfortable living for Ella.

Then her health grew bad, and the doctor told him if he would save her life he must take her from the city. Carroll rented a little farm adjoining his father’s, but they lived as strangers to each other.

Then the children were born. Little Carroll was delicate and it took all the father could save to pay the doctor’s bills. As time went on, Carroll got into debt. He decided at last to go on the railroad, for he saw nothing else to do.

Just then the elder Mr. King died. Carroll did not attend the funeral, but he heard from a neighbor what he considered the height of folly and what caused the above outburst of indignation. The old gentleman had requested that a diamond ring valued at a thousand dollars, be buried with him.

While Carroll continued the conversation with Ella on the evening after the funeral, an idea suddenly came to him.

After supper, he kissed his wife and little ones good-by and left without saying where he was going. He went directly to the log cabin where old Jim and his son lived.

“Jim,” he said, “get some shovels and a lantern, and you
and Ned come with me. I want you to help me to-night. There's two dollars in it for you. Bring some ropes too.''

"Yes, sah, boss, yes, sah. Ned, git up fum dar, you lazy debbil, an' go fin' dat lantun. Whar's yer want us ter go, boss?"

"Never mind, Jim. Don't ask any questions, you and Ned must say nothing about this.''

"Yes, sah, ef de brat don' keep 'is mouf shet, I'll bus' 'im open wid one er dem fence rails up yond' on de road-side.''

Soon they were going towards the old King place. When they came to the road that turned off to the family burying-ground and Carroll opened the gate, Jim dropped his shovel, and with a look of consternation, muttered:

"Sholy, boss, y' ain't gwine in de grave-y'd at night, is yer? De ol' tings hanted.''

"Why, Jim, light the lantern. Ghosts won't hurt you if the light is kept burning,'" answered Carroll, comfortingly.

After much persuasion Jim agreed to go, but Ned hung back.

"Come on heah, yer little scamp," said Jim, bravely.

"Y'ought ter be ershamed er yourself ter be skeered ter go in er grave-y'd.'"

In a short while they had the cover off the coffin. The dim rays of the lantern fell upon the silent face. Something like remorse seemed to strike Carroll's heart. This was his dead father and he was about to rob him. But then he thought of his wife and children and of the way the old man had treated him. Certainly he had given him little cause to be a dutiful or loving son. Besides, what good could a ring do a dead man? It was just a foolish notion of his.

He seized the finger to remove the ring. It was warm. Carroll drew his hand back in amazement. After a moment's thought he said, "Jim, we must get him out of here. He's not dead.''

* * * * * * * * * *

The actions of Jim and Ned do not concern us.
Everybody knew of Carroll's finding his father in a trance, and of the old gentleman's forgiveness of his son. But not everyone learned why Carroll was digging in the grave.

MEMORIES.

BY C. L. S., '11.

Aye, the sun's bright gleams are hidden
   From me by the shades of night,
And the stars are dimly peering,
   Giving but a little light.

And the glade is almost silent,
   Yet the zephyrs feebly blow,
And the waters of the brooklet
   Sadly murmur as they flow.

While the smoke above me curling,
   Weird faces does unfold,
Weary, do I sit, repining,
   Thinking thoughts that can't be told.

Simple music breaks the silence,
   Coming from a source unseen;
And it adds its mystic mazes
   To the melodies of e'en.

Gloomy moments, long forgotten,
   Lost in years forever gone,
Chide me with a mocking echo,
   Striking with a sound forlorn.

* * * * * *
When the sun of life is sunken,
    'Yond the ghostly mount of death,
And the zephyrs of the future
    Blow away my idle breath,

Into cold and dark oblivion,
    With no stars to light the gloom,
Will the memory of those moments
    Be forever in my tomb?

Will no brooklet, rushing onward
    Through the endless vale of time,
Take me to some farther future,
    Place me in some better clime?

*   *   *   *

Life is cold and dark and dreary.
    Weary burdens bend me low;
Tell me, is there not a refuge,
    Where through death my soul can go?

---

THE INJUSTICE OF THE PRESENT CHINESE EXCLUSION LAWS.

An oration delivered in the annual oratorical contest.

BY AH FONG YEUNG, '09.

I HAD long cherished the hope of coming to this country to receive my education. A little over eight years ago the opportunity came and my heart leaped with joy when I received the welcome permission from my father. I count myself as the most fortunate youth on earth because I was able to come to Virginia—the best State of the American Union. Her short history surpasses that of the whole world. She has produced some of the greatest statesmen and military geniuses of the age—such as Washington, Jefferson, Jackson
RICHMOND COLLEGE MESSENGER.

and Lee. The very soil of Virginia commands my respect and reverence. Since I have been in this country, I have found that the Virginians are the best people on earth. My teachers are always ready to help and to encourage me in my studies, and no words of unkindness have ever been uttered to me by my schoolmates. They have treated me with the love of fathers and brothers. As to the people of Virginia, no words can tell of the kindness and help with which they have blessed me. I would far rather speak of the generosity and hospitality of the American people than of the injustice of the present Chinese Exclusion Laws.

But as I am a subject of the Celestial Empire and have been a victim of the Exclusion Laws, I feel, as you can well understand, a profound interest in this subject. I would be an unworthy subject of the Chinese Empire and would not be doing my duty, if I should take no interest in such an important affair, which affects so grievously my countrymen.

In order to understand the discussion which I am about to set forth, it is necessary for us to know the relationship which exists between the United States and China,—a relation which binds them together by treaties. The first treaty concerning the migration interests of these two nations was signed in 1868, and is known as the "Burlingame Treaty." "The United States of America and the emperor of China cordially recognize the inherent and inalienable right of man to change his home and allegiance, and also the mutual advantages of the free migration and emigration of their citizens and subjects, respectively, from the one country to the other for the purpose of curiosity, of trade, or as a permanent residence." Article six of the same treaty reads as follows: "Chinese subjects residing in the United States shall enjoy the same privileges, immunities and exemptions in respect to travel or residence as may there be enjoyed by the citizens or subjects of the most favored nations." The second treaty was signed in 1880. "Whenever the coming of the Chinese laborers to the
THE INJUSTICE OF CHINESE EXCLUSION LAWS.

United States affects the interest of this country or to endanger the good order of the said country, the government of the United States may regulate, limit, or suspend such coming, but may not absolutely prohibit it. The limitation shall be reasonable and shall apply only to Chinese who may come as laborers, other classes not being included in the limitation. Legislation taken in regard to Chinese laborers will be of such a character only as is necessary to enforce the regulation, limitation or suspension of immigration, and the immigrants shall not be subject to personal maltreatment or abuse." The second article of the same treaty says: "Chinese subjects who are now in the United States shall be allowed to go and come of their own free will and accord and shall be accorded all the rights, privileges, immunities and exemptions which are accorded to the citizens and subjects of the most favored nations."

Now having shown you the treaties between these two countries concerning the rights of migration of the Chinese to this country, I will now cite you some of the laws that have been passed by the American Congress and then you can judge for yourselves whether they harmonize with the treaties. In the year 1882, Congress passed a law entirely prohibiting, for a period of ten years, any Chinese laborer to come into this country, while those who were here at that time were granted a return certificate. But six years afterwards, a supplemental act was passed entirely prohibiting the return of all Chinese laborers to the United States and emphatically declaring void the return certificate already granted under the act of 1882. The students and other exempt classes must be measured, weighed and provided with photographs and certificates before their departure. Now, does this act seem to you reasonable and in accordance with the treaties? Surely the American Congress is composed of a body of the most wise and learned men of this country and, I am sure, that they are acquainted with the treaties of the United States with
foreign countries and article four, clause two, of the Constitution. It clearly says, "All the treaties are supreme laws of this land." And yet Congress entirely ignored them and passed laws to satisfy their own greeds and prejudice against this most quiet and peaceful nation.

The American Congress did not stop here. After the period of ten years had expired they passed another law to prohibit the coming of the Chinese persons for another period of ten years with the provision that upon an application of Chinese for admittance, they be denied the benefit of a writ of habeas corpus and no bail should be permitted. A year later another act was passed that all of the returning merchants must have two witnesses other than the Chinese to prove their rights. This act also orders that every Chinese, no matter whether he is a coolie or a son of an official, must be held in the custody of the United States Marshall until he is examined or deported. If this were not the land of freedom; if this were not the land of Christian light and love; if this were not the land which has sent out so many noble missionaries, I could have believed that such laws were possible and that such a government would break its treaties with another nation, but as it is, I can only wonder and surmise.

What are the causes that led the American Congress to pass such unreasonable and unjust laws against us? Is it for crime that we have committed in this country? Examine the immigration reports and see whether we are a lawless people. I have studied this subject and examined some of the reports thoroughly, but I could not find any criminal act that has been registered against the Chinese. It is true that mobs have raided the Chinese and created great disorder in many sections of this country—such as in the year 1900 in Linsay, California. Owing to the scarcity of white laborers, the orange-growers brought in some Chinese laborers to help them, in order to save the crop from ruin. The white laborers immediately conspired against the innocent and industrious
Chinese and aroused such a sentiment that a lawless mob was gathered with sticks and stones and made an attack on the unoffending Chinese, and drove them away from their works. Was this the fault of the Chinese? Do you call this a crime of the Chinese? So the Exclusion Laws exclude the victims rather than the perpetrators of the crime. If it had not been for the Exclusion Laws they would not have dared to attack the Chinese laborers.

Is it because of low wages and cheap living that Congress passed these laws? When the Chinese come to this country, they do not expect to work for low wages. They love the almighty dollar as well as the Americans do. They try to work for the highest wages that they can obtain. But since they are friendless and over ten thousand miles away from home, they have to depend solely upon themselves and are forced to work for a living. Most of the Chinese laborers are being employed as house servants and now they would not work for less than fifty dollars per month, while hundreds of white men get from twenty to thirty-five dollars in California. As far as cheap living is concerned, I do not see why such an argument should be brought against them. Does their living affect the American people? If they can live on fifteen cents a day and are able to accomplish as much work as any white laborer, what complaint have you to make? It seems that they ought to be commended rather than to be condemned.

Is it through fear of the four hundred million of the Chinese that Congress passed the Exclusion Laws? Those of you who have studied the life and character of the Chinese know that they are not a migratory race. They are taught to love their homes and remain in the lands of their ancestors. Filial piety is the greatest characteristic of the Chinese. They consider that the greatest duty of men is to stay with their parents and support them and look after the souls of their dead ancestors and they regard it a disgrace to leave their native land. Consul-general Wildman gave this report from Hong Kong: “It
is interesting to note in the light of the fact that many people in the United States fear an overcrowding of Chinese in America that the statistics demonstrate the fact that as many Chinese are returning from America to Hong Kong as are going from Hong Kong to America, and inasmuch as the bulk of these were merchants who had previously obtained a residence in America, it does not appear that we would have anything to fear from the Chinese commercial invasion." So I lay it down that the fear of the American Government is groundless.

Hon. George C. Perkins, of California, raised an objection that the Chinese regard the Christian religion with contempt. I will leave this objection to be answered by the Foreign Mission Board and by the missionaries who have lived and worked in China. Ask them whether this charge is true or not. Why, to-day you cannot find another nation whose people show so much interest toward Christianity as the people of China. Granted that they do have a contempt for the Christian religion. Was there no reason for it? Listen to what Li Hung Chung said to one of the missionaries. "Well, you needn't come back to China; you had better reform the American people so that they will treat our Chinese laborers a little better." What would you think of a preacher who stood in the pulpit and denounced theatre going, drinking and dancing, and whom the very next day you caught in a saloon in the act of drinking, or whirling around with a young lady in a dancing hall or attending one of the modern plays in the Academy? Would you have respect for him or for his sermon? So when your missionaries try to set forth the Christian doctrines and what Christians must do, while at the same time the Christian politicians of this country pass laws exactly in contrast with the teachings of your noble missionaries, can you expect the Chinese who knew nothing of Christ to receive the gospel readily? Under such circumstances can you blame them, even if they do have contempt for Christianity? What would
you do if you were in their places? So this objection does not justify Congress in passing the present laws.

They said that the Chinese would drag the American standard to a lower level. The students of history know that such a thing cannot be true. If an inferior race mix with a superior race, the inferior race will either be lifted up or will become extinct. The negroes were once wild and savage, but after they were brought into America, they became tame and have shown some intellectual ability. The Indians once dominated this land and to-day they are almost wiped off the American Continent. Three hundred years ago, the Jews were looked down upon and were mobbed in England, and to-day they hold office in the Cabinet and sit in the parliament. So I say an inferior race cannot drag a superior race down.

But I deny that we belong to an inferior race. Read the books that have been written by Americans who have made a study of Chinese history and the Chinese people and see what we have done toward civilization and what we are capable of doing. There are few nations that have produced as many books as China. The mariner's compass, the almanac, electricity and steam were used by us long before the western countries; gun powder, which has played such an important part in warfare, was first compounded by the Chinese. Medicine and astronomy were discovered more than two thousand years before Christ; during that time porcelain and silk was manufactured. The great wall and the grand canal are striking evidences of our engineering skill. All these, with their language, literature, philosophy and powerful race traits, mark the Chinese as the forerunner of the world's civilization. The marvelous development of the past five years in railroads and telegraphs, in education and free press, in military and governmental affairs demonstrates that we are equal to any people on earth. You do not know us, you have never seen the fair, intelligent wealthy type of the Chinese. You have only seen the coolies who have emigrated into this country and you judge China
by them. Would it be fair then for us to judge America by the
drunken soldiers and sailors whom we see staggering around
the streets as typical representatives of this country? Now I
have proved to you that the causes which the Christian
politicians have charged against us do not justify them in
passing the present Exclusion Laws.

Do not misunderstand me, my friends, that I am not in favor
of excluding the Chinese coolie. I know that there are some
Chinese coolies who ought to be excluded. I love peace and
order, and I believe that it is the duty of every patriotic citi­
zen to cry out against such immigrants as would endanger the
good order, moral standard and prosperity of his country. I
heartily agree with the American government in excluding
not only the Asiatic coolies, but also the lawless and unde­
sirable elements of the European continent. But the present
Exclusion Laws not only exclude the coolies and laborers, but
they prohibit and deprive the rights of the exempt classes.
Although I came with one of your noble missionaries and
armed with a student certificate, I was, nevertheless, de­
tained by the immigration officers. They kept me behind iron
bars in the day time as if I were the worst criminal of the land,
and at night they sent me to a dirty and filthy shed on Ellis
Island, and they fed me with stale bread, prunes and water.
The very sight of the place and food would make you shudder.

Under the present laws many students have been excluded
and ill treated. During the Boxer Uprising, two boys remained
with the American missionaries in Tien Tsin. They risked
their own lives again and again for the missionaries, but by
the help of God, no harm came to them. The missionaries
realized that they had little chance of escape and so they or­
dered the two faithful young men to leave them. Since they
had assisted the missionaries and were Christians, their lives
were in great danger; so the missionaries advised them to come
to America to study and at the same time to escape from the
Boxers. They came armed with student passports signed by
Li Hung Chung and vised by the American Consul in Tien Tsin, but they were not allowed to enter. Although the American Consul assured them that the passports would admit them the immigration officers found fault with the passports. They pleaded that they might be allowed to remain until the right certificates should come. The immigration commissioners thought that they would do a little kind deed and show a little clemency to these two frightened and friendless boys, so they granted their request. They were placed in the same dirty, filthy and unhealthy detention shed which I have just mentioned. Surrounding by such an atmosphere and ill-fed, they were soon taken sick, but the commissioners tried to carry out the most excellent laws; they would not allow them to move to the hospital. What! Is this the land of the free of which the missionaries have so often boasted? Is this the land that sent out so many missionaries to teach us, "love thy neighbors as thyself; and do unto others as thou would have them do unto you?" Did these two boys receive the treatment as the citizens and subjects of the most favored nations? Why do you require us to have photographs, certificates and so forth, while the European immigrants need no such things? So I maintain that the present Exclusion Laws are in direct violation of the treaties.

Not only are students ill-treated, but the returned merchants and native born citizens of Chinese parents are debarred. Once a merchant lived in an interior town and he had some important business to attend to in China. So he obtained a return certificate, which was witnessed by the postmaster of his resident place, that he might come back without trouble. In the meantime the postmaster had been changed and it happened that they were enemies. When the merchant returned he immediately sent his certificate to the same post-office to be identified. But the present postmaster knew nothing of the merchant and, since his predecessor was his enemy, he said that the former postmaster was not reliable and would do almost anything. Upon this statement the returned merchant was deported.
He was not only debarred, but was also robbed of his business and property.

Another incident occurred in the year 1903. A boy named Ju Toy was born in America, his parents being residents of this country. He went to China to visit some of his relatives and when he returned he was refused admission. Is it possible that a country can expel its own citizen because his parents are of another race? The immigration commissioners decided that he was not a citizen. Can the decision of the immigration officials prevail over the statute of the United States? Read the statute of the Chinese in America which was decided by eight of the sitting supreme court judges, and decide for yourselves whether American born Chinese are citizens of this republic. "A child born in the United States of parents of Chinese descent, who at the time of his birth are subjects of the Chinese emperor, but have a permanent domicile and residence in the United States and are not employed in any diplomatic or official capacity under the emperor of China, becomes at the time of his birth a citizen of the United States by virtue of the first clause of the fourteenth amendment of the Constitution." And yet in the face of this statute, he was deprived of his liberty and country. I can go on citing you many more such incidents that have befallen the exempt classes at the ports of entry, but my time is limited and I am content in giving you an insight into the injustice of the present Chinese Exclusion Laws and how utterly they have disregarded the treaties signed by these two nations.

The present laws not only provide for the ill treatment of the Chinese at the ports of entry, but they are hampered, annoyed, plundered and imprisoned without cause within the territory. On one Sunday evening in the month of October, 1903, three hundred Chinese were dragged away from their shops and peaceful homes and were imprisoned in the Federal Building. The officers had no warrant for the arrest of these three hundred Chinese, and yet the United States district judge de-
cided that the raid and arrests were lawful. It is beyond my comprehension that any person can be arrested without a warrant. Though the "most favored nation’s" clause was still in force and section 1977 of the United States revised statute clearly says: "All persons within the jurisdiction of the United States shall have the same right to the full and equal benefit of all the laws and proceedings for the security of persons and properties as is enjoyed by the white citizens," yet such was the decision of the most honorable, wise and learned United States district judge. If three hundred Englishmen or Germans were arrested without warrants, would the judge decide it as lawful? So I say that the Chinese are not treated as the citizens and subjects of the most favored nations.

It is said that America is China's best friend. I hope she is, for there is not another country that we like better than America. If America is our best friend, why, then, is contempt and insult poured upon us in this country? What cause of enmity is there that we are fettered, imprisoned, and dragged before the courts, deported, and the laborers treated as slaves and as beasts? With such a state of things, can you expect us to believe that the United States is our friend? Most assuredly not.

Now I have proved to you that the present Exclusion Laws are not in accordance with the treaties; that the objections that have been brought against us are groundless; that the present laws not only exclude the laborers, but the exempted classes also; that the present laws provide for the habitual violation of the favored nations clause, for the unjust, illegal, and inhuman treatment of the exempt classes at the ports of entry and within the territory by the officers of the law. Now I ask you, are these laws just and ought they to be enforced longer? No! they ought to be repealed.

Friends of America, the present Exclusion Laws would mar the fair name of America. You are now practicing a policy which China had held for centuries. You know that China’s
closed doors have kept her from advancing and to-day she is
in the rear. But I thank God that her doors have been thrown
open and she is rapidly advancing to the forefront of the
nations of the earth. With her gates thrown open, all the
nations are turning toward her. For there is no nation on
earth which offers such a great field for commercial enterprise
as China. The American Government cannot afford to over­
look this fact, which pertains so vastly to her interest. Oh! America, repeal thy unjust laws, open thy gates for mutual
benefit and commercial interest and let the flags of the dragons
and stars and stripes float proudly back and forth across the
Pacific! Then will happiness, true friendship and commercial
prosperity crown these two nations.

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BIOGRAPHY OF A RAT.

________

BY W. J. Y., '07.

I wuz born into the world
A bouncin’ Buster-boy,
Father’s boasted, peerless pride,
Mother’s onliest joy.

Next, in my life-historee,
I wuz sent to school,
’N’ Readin’, ‘Ritin’, ‘Rithmetic,
Learned accordin’ to “Rule.”

Wonct at our commencement-time,—
Deacon Jones wuz there—
I spuk a piece ’bout Washington,
How he wuz “on the square.”

Then, I big an’ older grew,
An’ to thuh High School went,
Deacon Jones an’ all had said,
On books my min’ wuz bent.
I grandurated finally
    To the head of all my class,
An’ all the folks, they came to hear
    My Valid-dictionary ’dress.

Now, I climbed the heights of fame;
    My fiery eloquence
Should seek for other worlds to win
    Of grander eminence.

So I hiked to Richmond-town,
    Where Patrick Henry sat,
Moved the spheres; but my, oh me!
    He never wuz a RAT.

FATE’S ASHES.

BY LEANDER.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Howard Carter, sixteen, falls in love with Margaret Chappel, one
year his senior. A year and a half passes, and Howard goes to see
Margaret. They are engaged soon after. The next spring, Howard
goes to the mountains of Southwest Virginia on a fishing trip
with a party of girls and boys. While there, he is led into drinking
by some of these boys. When he goes back to Roanoke to his
work, he drinks more and more, and before the end of summer, he
is frequently drunk. While in this condition, he becomes attached
to a girl of frivolous nature, and drifts away from Margaret.
Finally he writes to her and tells her of his new love. As he leaves
the house to post the letter he meets the postman, who has a letter
for him from Margaret, which makes him decide not to send the
letter to Margaret. “At any rate,” he concludes, “he would not be
such a villain as to break the engagement by mail. No, he’d go
to see Margaret next week.”
As soon as Howard started to North Carolina, his thoughts were upon Margaret. The round, sweet face, with its dimpled chin, and the slight but well shaped figure rose before him. But no, he must tell her he cared for another. She was just as pretty as Margaret. She might not have the delicate features that Margaret had, but she was every bit as lovely. And then if he and Margaret should get married they could not be happy—their ideals were too unlike.

But Howard's sentiments had changed entirely by the time he had been with Margaret a few hours. Her merry laugh and soft voice, and her dreamy blue eyes brought him to his senses again. He did not tell her what he thought he would, but found himself once more making love to her.

They walked to church Sunday night, and on their way home when they came to the little creek, Margaret suddenly stopped—but the moon knows the rest and refuses to tell. The water in the little creek rippled merrily along with its secret, not to tell the great ocean, but to chuckle always that it had something it might tell, but would not.

All the good that was in Howard seemed to rush to his lips for utterance, and the bad that was in him seemed to weight him down. "Yes, she must know all," he thought.

"Margaret," he said, "come sit with me on this rock. I have something to say to you."

When they were seated, he took both of her hands in his. She let him have them, but in a moment he dropped them and said, "'No, Margaret, wait until I've told you all I have to tell and then it lies altogether with you whether I shall ever hold them or kiss your lips again.'

She turned her eyes upon his searchingly, and then lowered them. He continued:

"Margaret"—his voice was slightly trembling, "Margaret, I have been a scoundrel, am impostor: I have deceived you. I
thought I would let you still believe me as good as I always was, but when your soul and mine were bound together in that kiss, I could not deceive you longer, Margaret”—

And he told her the history of his life since his journey to the mountains.

When he had finished, she extended her hands and lifted her lips to him, but said nothing.

A month later Margaret received a letter from him which contained this passage.

“I have decided to enter the University of Virginia at once. I feel that so much of my life has been wasted! And it would all have been ruined if it had not been for you. What aspirations I now have and what I may become in the future, I owe to you. I cannot thank you in words. I can reward you only by striving to make a great name for myself and for you.

A year went by in perfect happiness. And then—during his sophomore year—then he met Evelyn Carlington. She was beautiful and graceful, and only seventeen, while Margaret was twenty-one. And then Howard was only twenty.

Even with these facts in view, Howard had no intention of breaking his vows to Margaret when he first began to call upon Evelyn. But he liked her company and was fond of talking with her. She was a student of literature, and she knew a great deal more than her age would imply. She was in her senior year at the high school and was going to college next year. And Howard thought of these things.

He, too, was a student of literature, and his highest aim was to become a prominent author. He thought he would go to see Evelyn and form a warm friendship with her, for he needed someone to take his discouragements to—life was not always bright to Howard. Ambition ever made him restless, for he had come to believe in this last year that life, after all, was not worth living except for its ambitions.

He even wondered as the weeks before Christmas grew less and less if Margaret would sympathize fully with a husband
as ambitious as he. How could she? She could never imagine what that insatiable thirst after knowledge and fame and power meant to him. She could not feel the shears of despair that often clipped the very heart strings of his hope. She was not ambitious. But Evelyn was ambitious and she could understand.

On the other hand, Howard loved Margaret for her very innocence. Would it benefit him to discard her for a girl of talent, and yet a girl who lacked many of the little innocences which Margaret had? And, too, he could forget that what he was or expected to become was due to Margaret. Could he deceive her again after having been once forgiven and ever look in the face of a woman without shrinking? No, and he had been a villain to think of such a thing.

In two more weeks it would be Christmas and Howard would then see Margaret. But each sunset saw him drift farther and farther from her, and the magnetism become stronger and stronger that was drawing him to Evelyn. And he must decide. It was nearly time for him to see Margaret, he kept thinking over and over.

Finally he resolved that he would not go to North Carolina at Christmas. But what excuse could he give? That his mother wished him to stay at home all the time? That was the most plausible one, and yet Margaret knew that he had spent two days at home every month since he had been in Charlottesville. And besides he would be lying; and Howard detested lying. No, he would hesitate no longer. He would tell Margaret all. She should not live in false hope. She had better know before she was older. She was now only twenty-one, and she could forget it easily.

So he wrote and told Margaret his heart, and no timely missive from her prevented the mailing of his letter this time.

The day after he received her reply was Sunday, and in the afternoon Howard went to see Evelyn. He had planned a pretty little love scene with her, for he had long dared to pre-
sume that Evelyn loved him. But he found two of her girl friends there and they stayed until it was nearly time for Howard to leave. Evelyn's mother thought it expedient to stay in the parlor after the girls were gone. She liked Howard very much and she particularly desired his company for Evelyn and herself. As she made no motion to leave the room, Howard arose to go. Evelyn went with him into the hall and closed the door behind her. Ah! there was his chance. So after they had been talking of general topics for a few minutes, Howard said rather bluntly, "I have a question to ask you."

"Me! What is it?"
"Tell me, may I hope to win your love?"
She did not fall into his arms as he had expected. She just partly turned her back and hid her face in her hands and—giggled. In a moment she looked up.
"What's the matter with you, Mr. Carter?"
Evelyn was only seventeen.
Howard felt somewhat demented and perhaps he thought Evelyn was. She made him angry. He opened the door and slipped quietly out on the porch.
Evelyn had regained her self-composure by now.
"Such an idea as love never entered my head, Mr. Carter," she said.
Howard was the first young man who had ever paid her much attention.
She continued, "I expect to give my life to teaching. I enjoy young men's company, but it matters little whether I am with one or another."
As Howard stepped from the porch, Evelyn said, "Come again soon, Mr. Carter."
Before that session was ended, Howard had become a social recluse. His chief delights grew to be more and more his books, and his room-mate's companionship, and their long walks together.
After the little scene with Evelyn, he had tried faithfully
to find a woman who was all he was seeking for in a lover. But this seemed impossible. He would meet a girl and think at first that she was the only girl in the world who would suit him if he should ever get married. Sometimes he would tell his room-mate something like this:

"Say, Bob, my heart was absolutely smitten to-night. I met the prettiest girl I ever saw in my life. I really believe I'm in love this time, old boy."

"Yes, no doubt," Bob would answer, "you've been in love every two weeks for months."

And true enough, the first impression would wear off and Howard would invariably find disappointments. Within six months he began to wonder if he had ever loved or if his heart were capable of loving. And then came a kind of indifference to women. He gradually got less and less pleasure from association with them, and found fault with them all. Some of them were coquettish, others cared too little about the important things of life, and still others lacked common sense. They were a nuisance, anyway.

V.

Howard had just begun his junior year when his father failed in business and took his own life and left Howard's mother dependent upon him. He was compelled to leave college and go back into business.

This then was the end of all his ambitions! Yes, he had lost the love of the sweetest woman in the world, and with it had lost faith in feminine nature, merely for the sake of rising to fame, and doing something in the world that would count. And now there was nothing to look forward to but disappointments. He hated a business life, but then, he would do the best he could. There was the same way his father took, if he couldn't bear the world any longer. But as long as his mother lived she should not want anything if he could help it.
So he went to work in earnest for the firm he had been connected with some years before.

A few weeks after he went back to Roanoke, he went to one of the hotels to see an old chum of his who was passing through, and walking into the parlor he was face to face with Margaret. He reeled, and before his chum could get him firmly on his feet, she had left the parlor. From this time on he thought invariably of Margaret. How beautiful she had grown; how queenly she looked. And over and over he told himself that he had been a fool. He knew it now, and that he had always loved her and her only.

A year later Howard's mother died and he was once more at the university. It was not until then that he wrote to Margaret, and asked to be forgiven for his treatment of her, and to be taken back as her lover.

Two days afterwards he was in his room hard at work when his old room-mate rushed in with a letter.

"Say, How., what does this mean? I haven't seen this handwriting before since my grandmother was a baby."

Howard eagerly grabbed it and read it hastily. It was a refusal.

Yes, she loved him, but then she had her work to do now. She had learned to be of real service in the world and the world needed her. But she had forgiven him and he could always count on her friendship. If he should ever be in trouble and she could help him she would gladly do it.

He bit the end of his cigar nearly off, gave six or eight vigorous puffs, threw the stump away and lit a fresh cigar. Walking over to his trunk where he had all of Margaret's letters carefully tied in white ribbon, he slipped the envelope in one of the delicate packages.

A minute or two later he was reading Sartor Resartus upside down. After a while he crossed the room to his trunk and taking her letters from their hiding place, he set fire to them. As he watched them burn a tear spread across each
eye, but it did not fall. He gazed until the last flame had died out and then, as if it were an after-thought, he collected the ashes, tied them in a dainty package and put them where the letters had been.

VI.

One May evening, five years later, he was sitting in the library of a magnificent home in Richmond, reading the criticisms of his latest novel. There were many letters of commendation, some of which he had read. All of them were full of praise for his book. He had become an immortal author, the magazines said.

There was a look of sadness about Howard’s mouth. His hair and beard were slightly silvered, and his shoulders were stooped from hard study. There were crow’s feet on his forehead, and his whole face told of loneliness.

He sat thus reading and smoking for an hour or more. Now and then his face would light up at something he would find in the letters. Once, he even laughed aloud at a letter from a farmer down in Kentucky. The praise was so simple and so genuine and yet so humorous. Finally, he wrote among other entries in his diary, the following:

“To-day I’ve been reading of the fame I have won from ‘Karl.’ It is one of the things I long coveted, but now that I have it, I would gladly give it all for a chance to live ten years of my life over again.’”

When he finished he pressed a button and his valet came in.

“John, have my car ready. Hurry, for I’m due at the club at eight-thirty. Tell Mrs. Selton I must leave early in the morning and should like my breakfast at six. No, you needn’t either, I’ll go to a restaurant instead.”

John disappeared and Howard Carter lit his fifth cigar since dinner.
He was much sought after by the society leaders of Rich­mond, but he preferred the plain walls of his library to the bright decorations of the fashionable parlors and ball rooms.

Two months later he was hurt while out autoing and was taken to the hospital for an operation. After it was over he caught sight of the trained nurse who was his special. Could it be possible?

"Margaret—" but his wound bade him be still and he fell into a peaceful sleep.

"No, I don’t think he can live through the night. His pulse is very low and his fever’s high, Miss Chappel. Perhaps you had better see if he wants a lawyer or a preacher," and the grim, calm doctor walked out into the street.

Margaret walked into the sick man’s room. He was lying in a troubled sleep.

In about an hour he awoke. She told him as gently as she could that he was near death. And then she asked:

"Shall I send for a lawyer or anyone?"

"No, Margaret," he answered, "sit by me yourself and let the others alone. But send to my library. In the letter drawer of my writing desk is a package. Please see that it is buried in my coffin."

But Howard did not die. In two weeks he left the hospital. He saw Margaret often after that, for he went to the hospital for the ills of the mind and soul more than for the ills of the body.

Perhaps there remained a scar in each heart, but there was no void. The love of youth had ripened into the truest friendship of maturity.

The End.
WORDS WORTH, COLERIDGE, SOUTH EY, FRIENDS.

BY MISS FRANCES COFFEE, '10.

W ORDSWORTH liked Coleridge better than he did Southey, and Coleridge liked Wordsworth better than he did Southey, and Southey on the other hand, had an exceedingly great love for his books, his library, not so much for Coleridge, and still less for Wordsworth.

Coleridge and Southey found each other attractive that first moment when they met in the latter’s rooms at Balliol—it was in 1794. And there was some reason for the mutual admiration. The two were young, were poets—poets-to-be at least—romantic, with heads full of ideas of freedom and the French Revolution in particular. It was not every day that Coleridge met a Southey, a man who would listen to all he, Coleridge, had to say on the subject of Pantisocracy and then could believe in it and enthusiastically agree to it. Southey at this time was what Coleridge doubtless called a man—a man after his own heart. And these two spent many a happy hour talking and dreaming of Pantisocracy. But money was lacking and Coleridge and Southey had to bestir themselves; I believe they lectured and wrote poetry. Anyway, dreaming and talking had not accomplished much and the scheme of Pantisocracy fell through—the only feature of the plan that was actually carried out was the marrying. Southey who had gained in practical wisdom was the first to give up hope, and some months later left Coleridge for a trip abroad. Coleridge was hit hard by the failure. He blamed Southey for recanting and would not come to say good-bye.

But the little one-sided quarrel was made up soon after Southey’s return to Bristol, England. For Southey, who had been reading Schiller, sent to Coleridge these words: “Fiesco! Fiesco! thou leavest a void in my bosom, which the human race, thrice told, will never fill up.” And since Coleridge had never
been very angry, it was not long before "these two extraordinary" youths were arm in arm again.

But from this time—it was about the year 1796—to 1801, Coleridge and Southey saw comparatively little of each other, for during the first years of this period the latter had worked so hard writing poetry and trying to get it published that he fell ill, and leaving England for his health did not return till 1801.

And Coleridge, in the meantime was enjoying himself with Wordsworth, a poet whom he had met at Racedown. Coleridge, while in college, had read a little of the man's poetry and was unusually struck by it. He was only too glad to meet the author and came away from his first visit to him highly delighted. While there, he wrote to a friend: "I am sojourning for a few days at Racedown, Dorset, the mansion of our friend Wordsworth. I speak with heartfelt sincerity, and, I think, unblinded judgment, when I tell you that I feel a little man by his side." And in March of the next year, he said: "When I speak in the terms of admiration due to his intellect, I fear lest those terms should keep out of sight the amiableness of his manners. He has written near twelve hundred lines of blank verse, superior, I hesitate not to aver, to anything in our language which in any way resembles it." This is what Wordsworth said about Coleridge: "I have known many men who have done wonderful things, but the only wonderful man I ever knew was Coleridge." They meant the nice things they were saying about each other. They were very anxious to know each other better, so Wordsworth left Racedown to move to Alfoxden in order to be near Coleridge who lived at Nether Stowey. Here they read and wrote poetry; they took long walks and talked a great deal—they most probably discussed themselves and their works, political and social questions, agreeing on some and disagreeing on others.

However their friendship grew, and Wordsworth afterwards wrote that this was a very productive and pleasant time of his life. He here wrote some of his best short poems,
and Coleridge, with a little assistance from him, produced the Ancient Mariner. Wordsworth was thinking of those days when he wrote:

Beloved friend!
When looking back, thou seest in clearer view,
Than any liveliest sight of yesterday
That summer, under whose indulgent skies,
Upon smooth Uuantock's airy ridge we roved
Unchecked, or loitered 'mid her sylvan combs;
Thou in bewitching words with happy heart,
Didst chaunt the vision of that Ancient Man,
The bright-eyed mariner, and rueful woes,
Didst utter of the Lady Christabel
And I, associate with such labour, steeped
In soft forgetfulness the livelong hours,
Murmuring of him who joyous hope was found, etc.

In September of the same year Wordsworth and Coleridge left England for Germany. Wordsworth settled at Gosear, to compose poems, and Coleridge, at Ratzburg, to learn the German language. Wordsworth would send Coleridge poems and Coleridge would answer in letters. One reads: "Whenever I spring forward into the future with noble affections, I always alight at your side."

Coleridge came home in July, 1799. On his return, he went to his wife and children at Nether Stowey. Wordsworth was back again at Alfoxden. So Coleridge wrote to Southey and invited him over. In his letter, he spoke of Wordsworth: "For society of men of intellect I know no place in which you and Edith would find yourselves so well suited." And Southey wrote to Coleridge: "Time and absence make strange work with our affections, but mine are ever returning to rest upon you. I have other and dear friends, but none with whom the whole of my being is intimate. Oh! I have yet such dreams. Is it quite clear that you and I were not meant for some better star and dropped by mistake into this world of pounds,
shillings and pence?" So Southey visited Coleridge then, and after an absence of some time on business, returned in 1803 to make his permanent home there.

And Southey and Coleridge lived together in the same house in Cumberland and thirteen miles away lived Wordsworth, at Grasmere.

There was never a close intimacy between Southey and Wordsworth. Wordsworth wrote to a friend that he liked Mr. Southey very much; that he was pleasant in his manners. But Wordsworth did not think much of Southey as a poet and Southey highly disapproved of Wordsworth’s theories and principles. De Quincey has said: “Not before 1815, or 1816, could it be said that Southey and Wordsworth were even upon friendly terms. Up to that time, they viewed each other with mutual respect, but also with mutual dislike, almost, I might say, with mutual disgust. Wordsworth disliked in Southey the want of depth, as regards the power of philosophic abstraction, of comprehensive views, and of severe principles of thought. Southey disliked in Wordsworth the air of dogmatism, and the unaffable haughtiness of manner.” Wordsworth lived outdoors; Southey lived in his library; Southey was disgusted with Wordsworth for cutting the leaves of a new book with a greasy knife; Wordsworth was disgusted with Southey for being so particular.

And it would seem that Coleridge preferred Wordsworth’s society to Southey’s, he was so often over at Grasmere. Doubtless Wordsworth was more suggestive and more original and more ready to listen to him than Southey was. For Southey was not the day-dreamer he used to be, but a man with a most determined will, who, when he set himself to do a thing, did it. And it is very probable that Southey, who so well knew Coleridge’s lack of will power, his carelessness and neglectful nature—it is very probable that Southey with his "singleness and wholeness of moral purpose was a continual rebuke" and his "own example, a silent reproof." It is likely that Southey
openly remonstrated with him, wishing to be his friend in the real sense of the word.

A certain Sir George Beaumont, knowing of the poets' friendship for each and their desire to be more closely associated, bought a place near Keswick and gave it to Wordsworth. But nothing came of it, for Coleridge's health was failing and he set sail for the Mediterranean countries. Some months before Wordsworth began a tour in Scotland. But Wordsworth had been home quite a while when Coleridge returned in May, 1808. And once again the three poets were on the same soil. But things could never be as they had been. Wordsworth removed from Grasmere, finally settling at Rydal Mount; Southey remained at Keswick, while Coleridge—the opium habit was steadily gaining on him—went to London for a second trial at journalism. He gave up and returned to Mr. Gillman's. Gillman had undertaken to cure him of his bad habit, and, it has been said, was successful. There the poet died in July 1834.

But Southey, too, was suffering physically and mentally, for sorrow and hard work had nearly driven him crazy. He had not had time for touring the country; he stayed on at home, supporting his family and looking after Coleridge's wife and children. He worked all his life and the strain was too great.

One day Wordsworth went over to Keswick to see him and gave this account of his visit: "Southey did not recognize me till he was told. Then his eyes flashed for a moment with their former brightness, but he sank into the seat in which I had found him, patting with both hands his books affectionately, like a child."

And in 1843 Southey died. Wordsworth died in 1850—Wordsworth, to whom of the three was thus granted the longest and perhaps the happiest life.
So Sam was going to college. Postmaster Collins gave out this interesting bit of news as he distributed the mail in his little store and post-office at Kesler's Mills.

Sam, the smartest, awkwardest, best natured, and most bashful boy in Kesler's Mills, the butt of all the village jokes and pranks—Sam going to college! By night everybody had heard of it.

For a whole week folks were talking about Sam. He felt himself under the public eyes, and tried to act in a dignified manner, as one contemplating a college course should.

He even summoned up courage enough to take Mary Turner home from meeting, a thing he had not done three times in his life before.

This was accepted as a good omen, and Kesler's Mills agreed that Sam was "a comin'," and would in time reflect much credit on the community.

At last the week rolled by, and Sam's father took him and his trunk over to Smithfield where he took the train.

Sam had never been to a large city before, and as he neared his destination chills begun to creep up his back and his agitation was so great that he felt sure folks were noticing it. To steady his nerves he started to the water cooler, but when about half way down the car, a sudden lurch of the train made him stumble over a suit case, knocking a book out of a young lady's hands as he fell.

"I b-b-b-beg your p-p-pardon," said Sam, getting up flushed and tousled, "I d-d-did-," he began, but his embarrassment overcame him and he fled back to his seat.

The girl picked up her book, hiding a faint smile. The passengers soon forgot their amusement, but to poor Sam, it seemed
as if the eyes of the universe were centered on his awkwardness.

He kept shifting uneasily in his seat until finally the train pulled into the city.

The catalogue had said representatives of the Y. M. C. A. would meet all trains. Sam looked all around as he got out, but didn’t see any Y. M. C. A.—Nobody much except some fellows yelling out “Rah, Rah” something.

“Must be drunk, sure’s mud,” thought Sam, as he walked up the street. Seeing a drug store he went in and said, “Good morning,” to the proprietor.

“Good morning,” replied the proprietor in a surprised voice, “something I can do for you?”

“Give me five cents worth of sody water,” requested Sam, “’n make it purty s-s-strong.”

“What flavor?”

“Anything.”

The proprietor fixed up a lime phosphate according to directions. Sam took one swallow, gave the proprietor a reproachful look, and went out. After buying some peanuts he went back to the station to look for the Y. M. C. A., but found it deserted. Sam presented his trunk check at the ticket agent’s window and was curtly sent around to the baggage master. The latter kindly called up a team to haul the trunk for Sam. As he wasn’t very certain about the way to college he rode on his trunk, and reached college in a few minutes. There were lots and lots of boys around the steps, and all looking at him.

Sam sat up straight and dignified trying to appear unconscious of the attention he was attracting, and was undecided whether to feel flattered or uncomfortable. He decided to feel uncomfortable when one or two began laughing. Getting down, he walked through rows of curious eyes, up the steps, and into the president’s office. There were ten or twelve other boys in there and he asked one what they were doing. “Matriculatin’,” whispered the other.
"Do what?" said Sam. "What do you do when your turn comes?"

"Oh, you say, 'according to previous definite arrangements, Professor Longworth, I have come to present myself as a candidate aspiring to enroll among the students of this institution.'"

"G-g-goodness," stammered Sam, "got to remember all that?"

"Oh, you can remember that all right," said his counsellor; "well, there's such a crowd, I'm going to wait until this evening, so 'long."

"Much obliged," said Sam, and stood reciting his speech over until his turn came.

In reply to the president's kindly greeting, Sam began, "According to p-p-previous definite arrangements, P-P-P-Professor Longworth, I have come to p-p-p-pre—"," Sam blushed and rolled his eyes helplessly around the large number of boys who had suddenly come in to matriculate.

"According to p-p-previous aspiring arrangements, P-Pro­fessor L-L-Longworth," began poor Sam, I-I-I have p-p-p-pre—I h-have present my s-self—," again his eyes sought for his new friend, who was safely concealed behind one of the tallest men in the crowd.

"What is your name, young man?" gently interrupted the president.

"S-S-S-S—," came like the sound of escaping steam, "S-S-Samuel Montjoy Carter."

"And you want to become one of our students, don't you?"

"Y-yes, sir," answered Sam beginning to recover himself.

"Very well, Mr. Carter, let's see what preparation you have had," and he found Sam had met all requirements necessary for him to enter.

When Sam finished, the crowd had dwindled away and he wandered down the hall and up to the second floor. After
some time he found the room assigned to him and his future room-mate already in.

"Howdy do," said Sam, holding out his hand. "M-my name’s S-Sam Carter."

"Glad to see you," rejoined the other, "my name’s Roy Williamson."

Sam and Roy sat down and talked as politely as room-mates usually do before they get well acquainted. They were good friends by supper-time, and Sam had promised to get a football suit and come out the next day.

Sam was two tables from Roy in the dining room and all the men were perfect strangers. They were all new men and very polite about passing dishes. This politeness was destined to last nearly a week, so Sam fared very well. During the meal, Sam’s only misfortune was to spill a dish of hash on his neighbor, and in trying to catch it, he upset his coffee. After supper Sam and Roy strolled around on the campus, past happy groups of old boys, and past other groups wandering aimlessly about—new men like themselves.

"Ever smoke?" asked Roy, offering a cigarette; "you never? well you just oughter learn, all college fellers smoke."

Sam accepted the cigarette, burned himself in lighting it, and said between puffs, "Well, I s-suppose a man should b-b-broaden himself b-by adapting himself to every f-f-phase of college life."

"Exactly," agreed Roy.

"A great deal more p-p-practical knowledge may be acquired by p-par-participation than b-by observation."

"The deuce you say," thought Roy, "must be affected with linguistinitis, or he’s a philosopher."

"Come on, let’s get a coca cola," he said suddenly. Crossing the street they entered a brilliantly lighted establishment and ordered their drinks.

"Whew, t-tastes like medicine," spluttered Sam, as he swallowed the last; "now have some on me."
"What flavors?" said the clerk.
"'Nother coca cola for me," said Roy.
"Sody water for me," said Sam.
"What flavor?"
"Let's s-see, b'I've I'll t-take watermelon.'
"Sorry, but we're just out," said the clerk from under neath the counter, while Roy suddenly began gulping his down.
"Oh, well any flavor but that s-sour stuff.'"
Sam got a pack of cigarettes to learn on, and they walked back to the campus.
"Ever do much quilling?" asked Roy.
"Much what?"
"Much calicoing.'
"N-no, I never worked in a f-factory, I've d-done all kind of farm work though.'
"Great Caesar,—er its getting late I mean. Come on let's go to bed,'" said Roy.
Co-operation is a good word and a good **co-operation**. gospel to begin the year's work with. It is one of the most important words in the language. Without it we will accomplish nothing this year. With it we may leave behind us a record of achievement that will mark the session of '09-'10 as a year to be remembered.

If we will examine last year's work we will immediately see that this is the one great lesson to be gotten from it.

Our most signal success of last year was in the great Endowment Campaign—a campaign lasting many months, costing the unselfish labor of thousands and the unselfish giving of
many more. While there was in the hearts of these workers the spirit of willingness, yet with all their eagerness, they would not have succeeded had it not been for their organization and well directed efforts. In the campaign in Richmond the work of canvassing the whole city, house by house, would have been impossible without this co-operation.

But in other things we did not succeed. In athletics we lost out in the long run. Was it because the captains of the teams did not know how to direct? Was it because the players themselves had no life in them or ability to play? We do not need to answer these questions. Every old man in college knows that last year we had as good a set of individual players as we have had in many another championship team. The captains were as experienced and able as could be found in any institution of our calibre. All that was wanted was that they should work together.

It is to be deplored that college spirit is so lacking at all our games and in our college life in general. But it has been deplored long enough. Action always makes the spirit. When we find a man almost drowned we make his chest expand and exhaust artificially until the muscles once more get into their normal movements. Last year a genuine effort and one which deserved better results was made towards resuscitating college spirit among us. The booklet gotten up by Chief Rooter Lodge was a credit to the spirit of about one-half of the college. That this plan did not reach all was evident. This year we will have our chief rooter and our body of faithful attendants and we will try again to revive the old feeling in the boys. Can we not go at it a little more systematically this year? Let's have a closer organization, a rooters' club, or possibly more than that, a club that will not only attend in a body the games, but will see that as many outsiders as possible go also. These are suggestions which we
earnestly hope will set the old men to thinking. There is a way to accomplish everything and someone has to think of it.

As a beginning we refer those who do not already know the college yells and songs to a few which we have found room to print on pages 55 and 56.

Reference to the football schedule in the "Crackers and Cheese" columns will show that good yelling facilities will be needed more than ever this year. From all accounts we are to have a good team this fall and we must give it an example of team work by working together a little ourselves. If we spent as much effort and organizational power in arousing the "dead heads" and in other good work as we do in college politics there would be no need of this article.

In other things beside athletics we should stir ourselves. There is talk of getting up a four cornered debating league between Randolph-Macon, William and Mary, Hampden-Sidney and ourselves. That such a plan is feasible and good we believe. For wherever there is found competition there is found life, and life in full glow. But it is necessary to get up several teams and that means work, not only for the men in the teams, but for every man in the societies. We believe we have the men to bring home the championship, just as we will have that football cup by Christmas. We believe that it will pay expenses also. There was not a single public debate in the chapel last year that was not attended by crowds that would have made a financial success of any entertainment. Why not have it? If not for our pleasure then for the glory of the old college, for she deserves more than all the honor and fame that can be stacked in that showcase in the Library!

As a last subject which we suggest as possible of development under the spirit of co-operation, we would bring forward the work which is nearest the editorial heart and yours also, we hope, that of the Messenger. At first written by hand, then
printed as a pamphlet, so it has increased in size and value of contents as the years have gone by. Unhappily it has seemed to lag for the past few years, despite the efforts of some of our most brilliant men in the editor's chair. It is evidently not the editor's fault so much as the lack of interest taking in the work by the school at large. Is it right that the college should be deficient in one of its departments merely because it needs the active interest of the student body? It is one of the surest reflectors of college spirit and life. The college that has a bright, snappy magazine to send back to the home folks need not worry about itself.

There is much that you can do if you cannot write. The editor has known men to room a whole year with a man of promise in literary matters and yet not mention his name to the editor or urge his room-mate to write for the MESSENGER. Such a sin of omission is committed against that which is doing more for you than any other single force in your life save religion. And that thing is the old R. C. V. It is you who are hurting it and holding it back from its just reward—a representative college magazine.

The aim we would put into the life of every man in college is this: Be helpful. Help yell, help talk up new methods, help think up new ways. Helps in your society and help the editor find new material.
Crackers and Cheese

S. C. CALDWELL, EDITOR.

The campus has been a little dry during the summer, yet there has been, "something doing," around old DeLand all the summer, except a few days right recently. There were about twelve boys to remain through the vacation.

During the quiet days of July and August, Mr. Moore and Mr. Ozlin frequented the tennis courts with two young ladies. In one game, Mr. Ozlin's partner, who is an ex co-ed, made a sensational play, and Ozlin exclaimed, "Good boy."

Mr. O. Flarherty—"Whiskers preached on the Lord's Prayer, his text being, "The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want."

J. B. Smith, Superintendent of Grounds and Buildings—"You ought to see Memorial Hall. It is so clean that you could not see a grain of dust with a telescope."

Yeaman closing a very elegant sermon: "May the Lord bless us with food and Ramond."

The Superintendent of Grounds and Buildings is to be commended for the good condition in which he has kept the campus this summer. Never before, certainly not in recent years, have things about the old college looked so neat and clean. The dormitories have been thoroughly renovated and now they can rightfully be called a home for students. Using Mr. Smith's own words, "It is the first time Memorial Hall has been cleaned in twenty years." Some may be inclined to doubt this, when they discover that the Hall has not been in existence that long; yet we believe the Superintendent was not speaking in
parables. Quoting him again, "It has never before been attempt­
ed to put Ryland Hall in decent shape." This statement needs no comment, as every old student can certify to its truthfulness. Last, but by no means least, he says of De Land Cottage, "It is the first time the cottage has been clear of night ma­rauders since the flood." The writer being an occupant of the said building, is forced to deny that statement, for De Land has never, not even now, been free from that awful pest.

The campus fence has been repaired and painted. The grass has been cut throughout the summer with the greatest care. The dead leaves have been raked and burned. It is true that Mr. Smith did not succeed in stopping the baseball fans from crossing the campus, but we do not consider that an unpardon­able sin, for it is an impossible thing to do. He has done much to add to our comfort.

President Boatwright, on September 10th, closed all the buildings, thereby compelling several of the boys to sleep on the campus. As a result Belport, Roland, Johnson, and Green have serious colds. It is hoped that they will recover in time to begin their work on the 23d.

Rat Rogers, a senior, walked into Guth's and was heard to say to one of the clerks, "Mr. gim'me a Lemon Lime Ade."

Mr. O'Flarherty, explaining one of his last year blunders to some young ladies—"I did not mean that Tricky was a bachelor, I thought he was a widow.

All students should visit, as soon as possible, the new and up­to-date gymnasium, which is located behind the Mess Hall.

Frank Louthan, returning thanks in the Refectory, "O Lord, bless this food to the good of our souls."
It is hoped that all the new men will learn all the songs and yells on the nights of the 24th and 25th, if not sooner.

Manager Garland has been doing some good work for the football team. The prospects are bright. It is true that Lankford and Tip will not be here, but Captain Stringfellow, with five other old men, and a host of rats and scrubs to pick the other five from, is going to lead the teams to great things. It is hoped that every man will support the team in every way possible. We have a hard schedule. Let us stand as one man.
SCHEDULE.

October 2—Maryland Agricultural College, at Richmond.
October 9—Randolph-Macon College, (Exhibition,) at Richmond.
October 16—Georgetown University, at Richmond.
October 23—Virginia Polytechnic Institute, at Richmond.
October 30—University of North Carolina, at Chapel Hill, N. C.
November 6—Wake Forest College, at Wake Forest, N. C.
November 13—Hampden-Sidney College, (Championship,) at Richmond.
November 20—William and Mary College, (Championship,) at Richmond.
November 27—Randolph-Macon College, (Championship,) at Richmond.

Fellows, we have lost Jack Chandler. No more will we see those merry eyes and round, little red cheeks and that cute little mouth. No more will we hear his energetic voice in Room B. For Jack has gone "higher." Once before he went "higher." He also went North. But he came back. Now he's gone again. Well, we'll miss him. And we can only hope he will pay us a visit now and then, for we liked his complexion, both physically and mentally and morally. Here's to his success "up higher."

We have not sized up our new professor, Mr. D. R. Anderson, as yet, but we can guarantee he's Virginia size. For he is a true Virginian. He has an M. A. from Randolph-Macon and with that start he rose through many smaller positions in academies and colleges to the rank of professor of history in Chicago University. We hope he will bring down some of that Windy City's spirit and get in a little work by the side of our Professor Dickey in the interest of athletics.
A LARGE number of students who come to Richmond College are either the sons or relatives of alumni. So far so good. But what we want every alumnus to do is this:

When you know of a boy who intends to go to college, perhaps he doesn’t know where he wants to go, talk to that boy about Richmond College. Tell him what good times you used to have here, tell him how fine our faculty is and in short make the young fellow feel that this is the place for him and that there is no other school just as good. Make him want to come here; then a short talk with his father might help a great deal.

Richmond College cannot grow rapidly unless the alumni work for it, so get busy. You know how much your course here helped you and you need no arguments in favor of a college education. The important thing is that that boy shall have experiences during his college course that he will cherish throughout his life. You have certain recollections of the old campus and the boys who were here with you. Those memories are priceless to you. Isn’t it only fair that the boy should have similar remembrances of his college life?

Another very important thing is that we should know what the alumni are doing. As a general proposition, when a Richmond College alumnus does anything noteworthy he is too modest to tell us about it, so our only way of hearing of his success is through his friends. Now we want every alumnus to feel that it is his sacred duty to notify us whenever he does anything extraordinary, or any ordinary thing unusually well,
or knows of any of the “old boys” having made a success in any line.

There are men (very few, thanks to the efforts of our president and faculty) who graduated years ago and have not been heard from since. Now we are interested in what is done by all the former students and will greatly appreciate your telling us what you know about them.

Robert G. Willis and J. L. Stringfellow (Little Stringy), both of the ’09 class, spent a large part of the summer in Europe, visiting cities in the north of France, including Paris, and in the south and west of England.

Mr. David H. Scott (’92), a banker and orange grower of Arcadia, Florida was honored by the orange growers of that State in being appointed a member of the committee sent to California by the Florida Citrus Exchange to examine the methods employed by the California Fruit Exchange in marketing their crops. Mr. Scott spent the entire month of July in the western State and on his return was able to recommend several new plans to the Citrus Exchange.

He was accompanied on the trip by his wife.

Sidney J. Lodge, our beloved “Lanky” of baseball fame, is teaching the boys of New York Military Academy, Cornwall-on-Hudson, N. Y., both “book learning” and horse sense; in other words, Lanky is both teacher and coach in the above mentioned school.
No doubt this issue of the MESSENGER will fall into the hand of a hundred new men, who will care more or less to know about our College Y. M. C. A.

We aim to contribute some good to each student and to college life in general. Ours is a Baptist institution and we judge that each parent who sends a son here would love to have some congenial religious atmosphere around him. And, no doubt, every boy comes from a religious home and will rejoice to find any influence that will help him spiritually. We welcome each one and shall expect him to join our organization and contribute his share to its success.

Now let each old man lead in this matter and help us enroll the entire student body, then we can work to greater advantage than ever before.

We will stand for what is right in college life and try to co-operate with the president and faculty in upholding a high standard. Let those who are impatient with "college wickedness" remember that this is not a reform school, and that the most we can do is to fill college life so nearly full of good that the evils will not find room.

The ministerial students and others who are willing to work will be appointed to religious work in Soldiers’ Home, Almshouse, Penitentiary and other places. Bible classes are a part of the curriculum; but Mission Study Classes will be conducted for those interested and will profit those who study. Come! one and all, let us be enthusiastic.

J. G. BARBE, President.
YELLS.

1.
R-I-C-H-M-O-N-D, Team! Team! Team!

2.
THE LONG YELL.
Rah, Rah, Rah, Three Times Three
Richmond College, R. C. V.,
Rip Rah, Rip Rah, Ree, Ree, Ree
Huzzah, Zip Boom, R. C. V.
R-A-H!

3.
R——A——Y!
R——A——Y!
R——A——Y!
Rah, Rah!
Richmond!

4.
Hippity-yack, Hippity-yack
Give the ball to the quarter-back
One, two, shove him through
H——I——K——E!

5.
Rassala, Rassala
We-wo, Wi-wo
We-wa, Wa
We-wa
Richmond!

6.
Hullabaluck, Quack, Quack
Hullabaluck, Quack, Quack
Whoa-up, Whoa-up
Diablo, Richmond
Team, Team, Team!
SONGS.

7.
Tune—"Old North State."

1. Old Red and Blue will waive on high
   Old R. C. V. will win or die

Chorus—Ray, Ray, Oh Richmond, Richmond
   Ray, Ray, Oh Richmond, Richmond
   Ray, Ray, Oh Richmond, Ray! Ray! Ray!

2. I'm a Spider born, and a Spider bred
   And when I die, I'm a Spider dead

Chorus.

8.
Tune—"Tammany."

R. C. V., R. C. V.
Richmond College beats them all
For the Spiders can play ball
R. C. V., R. C. V.

Oh bust 'em, break 'em
Tear 'em, shake 'em
R.—C.—V.