

# The Denison Review

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DENISON, IOWA.

## JOHNNIE'S BANJO.

When Johnnie gets his banjo out and makes its music ring, We fellows are all summoned by its tinkle-a-ling, For its notes go tinkle-tinkle like the chiming of a bell, Or the laughter of the waters in a shadow-haunted dell. It is tinkle-tinkle-ting, While we gather in a ring, Till our spirits catch the rhythm, and we really have to sing. The songs are never classical that answer to our whim— A little bit of rag-time, of a fragment of a hymn— But there are cheer and merriment, and care aside we fling, When Johnnie gets his banjo out and makes its music ring.

When Johnnie gets his banjo out the moments hasten by, And there isn't time among them for a discord or a sigh. For the tinkle-tinkle-tinkle tells a thousand cheery things, And it seems the wraith of laughter's tripping lightly o'er the strings, With their tinkle-tinkle-ting— Then you ought to hear us sing! It would make the ghost of trouble cut a double pigeon-wing.

Though the little room is homely, yet it's there that blisses hide, And we all are mighty certain Pleasure's camp by our side, And the melody that tinkles seems an almost living thing.

When Johnnie gets his banjo out and makes its music ring.

When Johnnie gets his banjo out and makes it talk a bit, My feet are lured by rhythm and are tangled up in it. The banjo goes tum-tumty-tum; my feet go pitter-pat, And my fingers tingle-tingle to every sharp and flat. It is tumty-tumty-tum— Now here's your kingdom come: A crowd of cheery singers and a banjo that will hum.

What matter if the songs are new, or somewhat past their prime?— Or "Nancy Lee," or "Nelle Gray," or "Good Old Summer Time"? We still have pleasure for a host, and Happiness is king.

When Johnnie gets his banjo out and makes its music ring.

—Alfred J. Waterhouse, in *Lippincott's Magazine*.

## The Help of the Oar Blades.

BY JOHN K. COTTON.

THE Lucille Prindall, a new Essex-built craft of 90 tons, with a crew of 18 men, left Gloucester harbor on a raw November day for a quick trip to Sable Island banks after halibut.

No man makes that trip at that time of the year unless compelled to do so. These men had to do it. They all hoped to be home for Thanksgiving, but only one came. This is his story of the voyage.

"Twas one of the trips that everything goes wrong," said he. "No man knows in full just what that means until he goes to sea.

"It took nine days to make the run in the face of continuous east winds and a heavy sea that kept everything reeled up from keel to truck. For three days after we reached the banks we lay at anchor, unable to heave over a dory in the high sea. The fourth day the nor'easter broke with all its strength and with a rake straight down from the arctic. We had to run off the banks into deep waters to live.

"That night all hands stood by in their oilskins—and it was a night! Soon after midnight the starboard nest of dories parted their grips and came tearing aft like five wild, crazed animals. I was standing my watch at the wheel, and had all I could do to keep on deck, when up out of the darkness shot one of those dories. And it knocked me up against the chock and snapped my right leg as if it were a pipe-stem.

"At daybreak the cap'n headed the little craft shoreward in the face of that snorting nor'easter, to find aid for me at some port. The men had bound my leg between two oar blades, and gave me such quieting medicine as our little sea-chest afforded.

"All that day I lay in the cabin. After night came on there was a little lull, and the cap'n and crew gathered round me, doing what they could to encourage me and ease my pain.

"We were running for Canso, Nova Scotia, under riding-sail, jib and foresail—all she'd carry, they told me. I could hear the wind howling along on deck and could feel the boat pitch and chuck into the seas, and now and then I caught the watch's loud calls on deck.

"The cook came aft with coffee and cookies for a 'mug-up' about 11 o'clock, and all hands except the watch on deck gathered round me. With their merriment and stories I began to feel quite comfortable.

"The cap'n—big-hearted man that he was—began to plan for my stay ashore. 'We'll look out for your family Thanksgiving,' said he.

"My thoughts began to drift away homeward when, the first thing I knew, a voice broke out on deck, 'breakers ahead! All hands, quick!' It was a terrible cry.

"Every man in that cabin except me made a jump for the companionway. But almost on top of the watch's shout I felt the vessel strike, and she scraped along for a little, then began to thump and pound. We were on the rocks.

"It made me wince and tremble. I lay there alone, unable to move. I heard the men run forward and then come back aft. One after another the big seas began to tumble down on us. 'The cap'n has lost his bearings,'

thought I, 'and my end is sure to come, if not that of all hands.'

"I heard the men trying to swing over a dory on the lee side. Through the open skylight I could hear them lower it down; then on would come a sea, and with a crunch the boat would crush alongside the vessel. One after another they tried to launch the boats, and one after another I heard them crushed alongside.

"Then the men came aft in confusion to get away from the seas breaking over us. I heard a voice cry, 'It's no use, cap'n! Every man for himself now!'

"I began to wonder what I could do for myself, and if the men would leave me as I was in the cabin.

"'Don't you worry, Peter!' sang out the cap'n, down the companionway. 'I'll look out for you,' said he, and I knew him to be the kind of a man who would do it to the last minute of his life.

"He came below, and standing beside me, calmly drank mug after mug of strong coffee before he said a word. Then in his quiet way he said:

"'Peter, we're in a bad place. I was away off my reckoning. You're here helpless, and it's hard to say what is best to do for you. She's likely to go to pieces at any minute and—'

"There came a terrific crash, and we lurched ahead on a sea and brought up with a thump. Then back we shot and struck bottom with a jolt that made the Lucille quiver from stem to stern. Over we listed to the weather rail, broadside to seas.

"'Go for the rigging while you can!' I heard sung out overhead, and the cap'n ran up to deck again.

"Sea after sea took us and back and forth we slid and bumped on the rocks. Once we held for a second; then we swept along again on the top of a comb, the booms and sail slatting and thrashing about.

"Almost before I knew it the cap'n was standing beside me again. 'Peter,' said he, 'I believe we're done for to a man. You might be just as well off down here as anywhere. But if you're on deck you'll have one possible chance to get washed ashore, the chance we all have now, and you won't get that down below. The men have all gone into the rigging or out on the bowsprit, waiting for a chance to jump. If you want me to, I'll carry you up on deck and get you into the rigging or anywhere else you wish. One place is as good as another now, it seems to me.'

"The cap'n stood there calm and quiet, staring down at the floor, waiting for me to decide. I decided quick.

"If you can get me up on deck and anywhere above the seas, cap'n,' said I. 'I'll be glad to go and take my chance. A man surely has no chance down here.'

"He turned in a clock-tick. 'Put on my oil clothes,' said he, stripping off his jacket.

"'No,' said I. 'I'll go as I am.'

"Stooping over, the big skipper picked me up in his arms. With my splinted leg drawing along behind, up we went through the narrow companionway to the deck.

"I heard a tremendous crash forward just as we got on deck, and a sea came sweeping aft that threw us in a heap.

"'Hang on to me, my boy!' gulped the cap'n as we thumped and thrashed round the stern on the powerful sea.

"I felt a rope swing across my face, and clutching it with all my might in both hands, I hung on and thrashed about the wheel-box in the twirling sea.

"I rose with a lunge of the vessel. As I fell back on deck, I realized that the cap'n's strong arms had let go their hold of me.

"'Cap'n! I sung out, with all my might; but never a word came back to me.

"It was so thick and black that I could not see the main rigging, but I caught the voices of the men forward. I called out to them, but no answer came back.

"I heard a terrible roar coming. It thundered nearer, drowning the continuous roar beside us. On it came, the core of the sea taking us fair in the fore rigging, and the vessel rose up before it, and with a sweep, bow first, drove in on the rocks.

"I reached up to the main boom above my head and found the top-lift running along the boom. Bringing all the strength I had to bear on it, and placing my sound foot upon the wheel-box, up I climbed on the boom, drawing my splinted leg up behind me. Out I climbed toward the end until I struck the backstay, and there I hung, determined to hang on as long as I could.

"In the lull between seas I heard a voice sing out, 'I'm ashore, boys!' I gained a little hope.

"But in the next instant the same voice gulped, 'No, I ain't! Don't jump!'

"One little forerunner of the next sea slapped against the side of the vessel—then another. I caught the sound of voices from away up aloft in the rigging; then on came the sea, a tumbling, roaring mountain of water. I lay flat on the boom and hugged it with all my might, wondering how the wave would strike us, and if this was to be the last.

"The vessel began to rise on the edge of it. Then up she shot to its ridge, and along we swept with it, broadside to. Everything seemed to roar and thunder for a second, then smash went our bow into a rock, the big sea breaking over us forward. The Lucille stood in the air. Then with a crack and a swish over went the foremast.

"I could not move. I knew that the sea must follow along the vessel's side and strike aft where I hung. And on it came. I felt the hull tremble.

"The sea came aft to the quarter. Then away we started before it. The stern swung in, the bow swung out, and on the top of the sea up went the stern clear out of the water upon the rocks.

"I heard the sea begin to run back under me. I knew what must happen now, and I gripped the stays with a new hold. The crippled vessel started back with the sea. Then her bow struck with a crash, and with a list to one side she went over and hung there, high and dry on the rocks, while the sea rushed out.

"I could see in the darkness the outline of rocks in the white foam beneath me. Should I jump and take the chance of getting up beyond the reach of the wave before the next came in? Would the vessel hold where she was until another sea came and went?

"I didn't wait to see. I swung my splinted leg off the boom, and clutching the main-sheet in both hands, swung out clear of the vessel's stern and slid down, bringing up with a thud upon the rocks below me.

"I could feel the tremble of the rocks and hear the roar of the next sea coming in. I rose to my feet and made a rush to get up out of the reach of it. My benumbed leg, with its clumsy splints, failed to support me, and I went down headlong.

"I clutched the first thing my hands struck. It was the big, strong stem of a kelp leaf. Gripping this in my right hand, I grabbed another with my left, and began to pull myself up along the slippery leaves toward high land.

"I kept a close ear to that oncoming sea. I realized it must break my hold when it struck me.

"I made one jump ahead and stretched out my arms for a last grip as far up as I could. My stiffened, injured leg dropped down into a slit in the rocks, and I pressed the ends of those oar blades that bound it into the crevice with all the strength I had left. At the same time I reached my hands out before me for some support. Striking the face of the shelf of rock ahead, I bore against it, and straightening out my whole body, I lay flat, with my hands and crippled leg forced against the rocks to hold me.

"The thunder of the coming wave jarred and shook all beneath me. Its roar was in my ears. I felt the freezing water strike my legs. Then with a terrible crash the whole sea smashed down on me.

"My body shot ahead with its force, bending my outstretched arms. Then the rush stopped, and I lay quiet in the resting sea.

"I felt the wave start to draw back again; then, gaining force, with a rush out it shot, and I started with it. It was the most fearful moment of my life.

"My oar-blade foothold in the rock behind me had slipped. My mouth opened of its own accord, and I gulped mouthfuls of water into my lungs. I slid and turned in the little space between the rocks; then ahead I went again with a rush. Then, with a bang that sent a terrible pain the length of my whole body, the oar blades binding my leg brought up, scraped along, and caught in a crevice. That saved my life.

"The undertow turned me and twisted me; it lifted me up and threw me down, and then left me. Back went the sea. I reached the high ground of the ledge and crept some rods toward a light, which proved to be in the lobster cannery at Little Dover, Nova Scotia. The men from the cannery found me there.—Youth's Companion.

## HEROISM OF A GIRL.

Gave Up Position Ensured That a Despairing Woman Might Have It.

A girl stood one day in the waiting-room of an office in London. She had come in answer to an advertisement, to apply for a secretary's post, and was awaiting her inspection. She needed the position, says the teller of the story in *V. C.*, and she waited anxiously.

Presently she was called into the office and the interview was satisfactory, but she was asked to wait, as there was another applicant for the post to be interviewed. She went into an adjoining room, and through the open door she saw a small, pale woman, nervously answering the questions put to her, and could hear the pitiful story of her husband's death, the small children dependent upon her, and her need of work.

The woman was told, however, that her services could not be accepted, as another person had already applied, and had just received a promise of the position.

The girl listening in the next room had hardly understood what was going on, but at this point her heart bounded with joy as she realized that she was the accepted person. The next moment she saw despair written on the face of the widow, and perceived suddenly what this failure meant to her.

"I can't do it; I can't take it from her," she murmured, and without stopping a moment to consider she walked quickly back to the other room, and said quietly to the employer, "I wish to tell you that, on consideration, I find the position you offer would not suit me. Good morning," and she left the office without another word.

No Time to Spare.

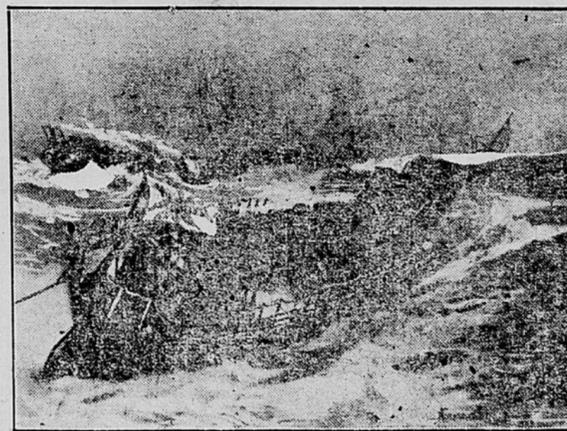
The mean man whose birthday gift to his son consisted in washing the windows so the boy could look out and see the cars go by, belonged to the same family as the proprietor of a country hotel who kept everything under lock and key, and there was no chance for the casual loafer to get newspaper, pen, ink, soap or anything else free. There were not even free seats in the office. One day the proprietor saw a chronic loafer looking at the old timepiece which hung on the wall. The next day a large sign hung over the face of the clock. It read, "This clock is for the use of guests of the hotel only."—*Washington Post*.



THE EYES OF THE JAPANESE ARMY: CAVALRY SCOUTING.



RUSSIAN MARTIAL MUSIC: THE BAND OF A COSSACK REGIMENT ON THE MARCH IN MANCHURIA.



A JAPANESE TORPEDO FLOTILLA IN A ROUGH SEA: FULL SPEED AHEAD.



THE JAPANESE ARMY IN THE FIELD: A HALT FOR RATIONS.

## FRESH FEMINE FINERY.

Attractive Adjuncts of the Season's Costumes Now Coming to the Fore.

White moire card cases are made up with gold, set with jewels. Little gold tortoiseshells, studded with rubies, sapphires and emeralds, are quaint and modish.

The use of kid and soft leathers as gown trimmings is one of the happiest of present styles.

While silk and white wool golf vests, for wear under cloth jackets, are among the accessories sporting women are not neglecting.

Velvet bracelets have been revived with clasps of pearl or emerald, or jet inlaid with gold, and are most becoming to a pretty wrist.

The new spring shoes are a trifle mannish, with slightly rounded toe and heel a fraction higher than the well-known sensible style.

Ruchings in every conceivable color and either plain or lace-edged will be used this season to some extent and many lace collars have the ruching already set in.

Signet hat pins are useful for the individual who likes to be labeled. They are made with heads not unlike the signet rings, of gold, round or oval, but less heavy than the rings as a rule.

The cotton and silk mixtures continue to come in. Among them flecked tissue de soie, silk gauzes, satin lisse and pointille cotton are familiar in name, but much more beautiful this year than before.

## LACE FOR SUMMER MILLINERY

All Kinds Will Be Worn and Straw Braids Will Also Figure in Trimming.

Immense use is made of lace, which is generally of a mellow hue when not actually tinted, rarely quite white. All sorts of lace are in request, says the *Millinery Trade Review*, the heavier styles of guipure motifs and garlands with raised patterns for interlettering and application work. Brussels, Mechlin and other pillow lace for draperies and also for veiling shapes covered plain with two or three layers of pale-hued mousseline or tulle. Something is done with black Chantilly, particularly as a trimming for black picture hats, further decorated with black plumes.

Straw braids figure among the trimmings of made-up hats. For this purpose they must necessarily be of a light description. Plain Tuscan, rice straw and fair braids are applicable, as well as lace braids wrought in guipure patterns and used as a substitute for lace. In some of these models the entire trimming is carried out in applique or with incrustations rendered all the more effective by reason of the semi-transparency of the foundation. Besides the guipure of straw braids, intervals will be occupied by medallions of fine lace framed in ruchings of narrow ribbon, or, better still, with chaplets of small roses. Even when bows of ribbons enter into the scheme of decoration these will be sewn down flat on the shape so as to form incrustations in relief.

## NOT SUCH BAD REASONING

But, of Course, the Diminutive Theorist Was Only Putting Up a Gentle Bluff.

Henry W. Oliver, the Pittsburgh capitalist, who died recently, took a profound interest in the children of the poor. Hence his gift to Pittsburgh of a magnificent public bath, and hence his frequent and friendly conversations with newsboys, bootblacks and messenger boys, says the *New York Tribune*.

It is said of Mr. Oliver that one day, after buying a paper from a very little chap, he thought he would test the lad's intelligence by putting a few questions to him. Accordingly, he pointed to a pile of paving stones and said:

"How were these stones made, son?"

"They wasn't made; they grewed," replied the boy.

"Growth?" How do you mean 'growth'?" said Mr. Oliver.

"They grewed the same as potatoes grow," the boy explained.

Mr. Oliver shook his head. "No, my lad, you are wrong," he said. "Stones can't grow. If you were to come back to these stones five years, or ten years, or 20 years from now they would still be the same size."

"Of course," said the little newsboy, sneering. "They've been taken out of the ground now and have stopped growin', same as potatoes would."

Are Women Too Active?

The women of this generation are undoubtedly suffering from too much occupation. The listless, bored, discontented, unsettled girl of 20 years ago has given place to the restless, energetic and positively desperate business woman thirsting for fresh outlets for enterprise. We are caught up in the whirlwind of modern unrest and we imagine we are happy because we have no time to think anything to the contrary.—*Ladies' Field*.

Quaker Omelet.

Beat well together the yolks of three eggs, a level tablespoonful of cornstarch and half a teaspoonful of salt, then add the whites, beaten to a stiff froth, alternating with half a cupful of milk; finish as directed, cooking about seven minutes; when turned out on hot plate, pour cream sauce around it. Oysters may be added to the sauce, if desired.—*American Queen*.

Up He Went.

"Gee whizz!" exclaimed the team, as the bull chased him. "I wonder if I can reach that fence before I'm caught?"

"It's a toss-up," grunted the bull as he swung on his victim.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.