

# The Denison Review

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## LET HER ROLL.

I know, I know,  
Where streamlets flow  
And ripples fling the sun  
To hollows far  
Where shadows are,  
And tinkle as they run.

I know, I do,  
Where me and you,  
Lithe-limbed and glad of soul,  
Skipped pebbles where  
The shallows flare,  
And where the rapids roll.

The past was gone,  
The morning's dawn  
Held nothing to affright,  
Nor me, nor you;  
Life's skies were blue,  
And kisses meant goodnight.

And nights were we  
'Twixt thee and me,  
We stretched our days out long!  
Ere sweet Goodnight  
Was passed from sight  
Sweet Morrow came along!

And your two hands  
Were just the bands  
That held my world together;  
And held in stress  
By just a tress  
My soul ne'er tugged its tether.

Let's live the then  
All o'er again  
In merrily to soul!  
The days were glad  
That we two had,  
So let the old world roll!  
—J. W. Lewis, in Houston Post.

## THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE

By EMERSON HOUGH

Author of "The Story of the Cowboy,"  
"The Girl at the Railway House," etc.

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### CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

He cast on the table the Indian moccasins which had been shown the same party at the Green Lion a few evenings before. Eager hands reached for it. "Treachery!" cried Castleton. "I bid Du Mesne four pounds for the shoe myself."

"Oh, ho!" said Pembroke, "so you too were after it. Well, the long purse won, as it doth ever. I secretly gave our wandering wood ranger, ex-galley slave of France, the neat sum of £25 for this little shoe. Poor fellow, he liked it well enough to part with it; but he said, very sensibly, that the £25 pounds would take him back to Canada, and once there he could not only get many such shoes, but see the maid who made this one for him, or, rather, made it for herself. As for me, the price was cheap. You could not replace it in all the exchange for any money. Moreover, to show my canniness, I've won back its cost a score of times this very night."

He laughingly extended his hand for the moccasin, which Wilson was examining closely.

"'Tis clever made," said the latter. "And what a tale the owner of it carried. If half he says be true, we do ill to bide here in old England. Let us take ship and follow Monsieur du Mesne."

"'T would be a long chase, mayhap," said Pembroke, reflectively. Yet each of the men at that little table in the gaming room of the Green Lion coffee-house ceased in his fingering the cards and gazed upon this product of another world.

Pembroke was first to break the silence, and as he heard a footfall at the door, he called out:

"Ho, fellow! Go fetch me another bottle of Spanish, and do not forget this time the brandy and water which I told thee to bring half an hour ago."

The step came nearer, and as it did not retreat, but entered the room, Pembroke called out again: "Make haste, man, and go on!"

The footsteps paused, and Pembroke looked up, as one does when a strange presence comes into the room. He saw, standing near the door, a tall and comely young man, whose carriage betokened him not ill-born. The stranger advanced and bowed gravely. "Pardon me, sir," he said, "but I fear I am awkward in this intruding. The man showed me up the stair and bade me enter. He said that I should find here Sir Arthur Pembroke, upon whom I bear letters from friends of his in the north."

"Sir," said Pembroke, rising and advancing, "you are very welcome, and I ask pardon for my unwitting speech."

"I come at this hour and at this place," said the newcomer, "for reasons which may seem good a little later. My name is John Law, of Edinburgh, sir."

All those present arose.

"Sir," responded Pembroke, "I am delighted to have your name. I know of the acquaintance between your father and my own. These are friends of mine, and I am delighted to name ye to each other. Mr. Charles Castleton; Mr. Edward Wilson. We are all here to kill the ancient enemy, time. 'Tis an hour of night when one gains an appetite for one thing or another, cards or cold joint. I know not why we should not have a bit of both?"

"With your permission, I shall be glad to join ye at either," said John Law. "I have still the appetite of a traveler—in faith, rather a better appetite than most travelers may claim, for I swear I've had no more to eat the last day and night than could be purchased for a pair of shillings."

Pembroke raised his eyebrows, scarce knowing whether to be amused at this speech or nettled by its cool assurance.

"Some ill fortune?"—he began politely.

"There is no such thing as ill fortune," quoth John Law. "We fall al-

ways on our own fault. Forsooth I must explore Roman roads by night. England hath bidden better, and the footpads have the Roman ways. My brother Will—he waiteth below, if ye please, good friends, and is quite as hungry as myself, besides having a pricked finger to boot—and I lost what little we had about us, and we came through with scarce a good shirt between the two."

A peal of laughter greeted him as he pulled apart the lapels of his coat and showed ruffles torn and disfigured. The speaker smiled gravely.

"To-morrow," said he, "I must seek me out a goldsmith and a haberdasher, if you will be so good as to name such to me."

"Sir," said Sir Arthur Pembroke, "in this plight you must allow me. He extended a purse which he drew from his pocket. "I beg you, help yourself."

"Thank you, no," replied John Law. "I shall ask you only to show me the goldsmith in the morning, him upon whom I hold certain credits. I make no doubt that then I shall be quite fit again. I have never in my life borrowed a coin. Besides, I should feel that I had offended my good angel did I ask it to help me out of mine own folly. If we have but a bit of this cold joint, and a place for my brother Will to sit in comfort as we play, I shall beg to hope, my friends, that I shall be allowed to stake this triffee against a little of the money that I see here; which, I take it, is subject to the fortunes of war."

He tossed on the board a ring, which carried in its setting a diamond of size and brilliance.

"This fellow hath a cool assurance enough," muttered Beau Wilson to his neighbor as he leaned toward him at the table.

Pembroke, always good-natured, laughed at the effrontery of the newcomer.

"You say very well; it is there for the fortune of war," said he. "It is all yours, if you can win it; but I warn you, beware, for I shall have your jewel and your letters of credit too, if ye keep not sharp watch."

"Yes," said Castleton, "Pembroke hath warrant for such speech. The man who can make sept et le va thrice in one evening is hard company for his friends."

John Law leaned back comfortably in his chair.

"I make no doubt," said he, "that I shall make trente et le va, here at this table, this very evening."

Smiles and good-natured sneerings met this calm speech.

"Trente et le va—it hath not come out in the history of London play for

the past four seasons!" cried Wilson. "I'll lay you any odds that you're not within eye-sight of trente et le va these next five evenings, if you favor us with your company."

"Be easy with me, good friends," said John Law, calmly. "I am not yet in condition for individual wagers, as my jewel is my fortune, till to-morrow at least. But if ye choose to make the play at Landsknecht, I will plunge at the bank to the best of my capital. Then, if I win, I shall be blithe to lay ye what ye like."

The young Englishmen sat looking at their guest with some curiosity. His strange assurance daunted them.

"Good sir," said Law, "let us first of all have the joint."

"I humbly crave a pardon, sir," said Pembroke. "In this new sort of discourse I had forgot thine appetite. We shall mend that at once. Here, Simon! Go fetch up Mr. Law's brother, who waits below, and fetch two covers and a bit to eat. Some of thy new Java berry, too, and make haste! We have much yet to do."

"Now we must to business," cried Castleton, as the dishes were at last cleared away. "Show him thy tallisman, Pem, and let him kiss his jewel good by."

Pembroke threw upon the table once more the moccasin of the Indian girl. John Law picked it up and examined it long and curiously, asking again and again searching questions regarding its origin.

"I have read of this new land of America," said he. "Some day it will be more prominent in all plans."

He laid down the slipper and mused for a moment, apparently forgetful of the scene about him.

"Perhaps," cried Castleton, the zeal of the gambler now showing in his eye. "But let us make play here to-night. Let Pembroke bank. His luck is best to win this vaunter's stake."

Pembroke dealt the cards about for the first round. The queen fell. John Law won. "Deux," he said, calmly, and turned away as though it were a matter of course. The cards went round again. "Trois," he said, as he glanced at his stakes, now doubled again.

Wilson murmured, "Luck's with

him now a start," said he, "but 'tis a long road." He himself had lost at the second turn. "Quint!" "Seix!" "Sept et le va!" in turn called Law, still coolly, still regarding with little interest the growing heap of coin upon the board opposite the glittering ring which he had left lying on the table.

"Vingt-un, et le va!"

"Good God!" cried Castleton, the sweat breaking out upon his forehead. "See the fellow's luck!—Pembroke, sure he hath stole thy slipper. Such a run of cards was never seen in this room since Rigby, of the Tenth, made his great game four years ago."

"Vingt-cinq; et le va!" said John Law, calmly.

"I'll lay thee 50 to one that the next turn sees thee lose!" cried Castleton.

"Done," said John Law.

"You lose, Mr. Castleton," said Law, calmly, as the cards came again his way. He swept his winnings from the coin pushed out to him.

"Now we have thee, Mr. Law!" cried Pembroke. "One more turn, and I hope your very good nerve will leave the stake on the board, for so we'll see it all come back to the bank, even as the sheep came home at eventide. Here your lane turns. And 'tis at the last stage, for the next is the limit of the rules of the game. But you'll not win it."

"Anything you like for a little personal wager," said the other, with no excitement in his voice.

"Why, then, anything you like yourself sir," said Pembroke.

"Your little slipper against £50?" asked John Law.

"Why—yes—," hesitated Pembroke, for the moment feeling a doubt of the luck that had favored him so long that evening. "I'd rather make it sovereigns, but since you name the slipper, I even make it so, for I know there is but one chance in hundreds that you win."

The players leaned over the table as the deal went on. Once, twice, thrice, the cards were round. A sigh, a groan, a long breath broke from those who looked at the deal. Neither groan nor sigh came from John Law. He gazed indifferently at the heap of coin and paper that lay on the table, and which by the law of play, was now his own.

"Trente et le va," he said. "I knew that it would come. Sir Arthur, I shall regret to rob thee thus, but I shall ask my slipper in hand paid. Pardon me, too, if I chide thee for risking it in play. Gentlemen, there is much in this little shoe, empty as it is."

He dangled it upon his finger, hardly looking at the winnings that lay before him. "Tis monstrous pretty, this little shoe," he said, rousing himself from his half reverie.

"But heard you not the wager which was proposed over the little shoe?" broke in Castleton. "Wilson, here, was angered when I laid him odds that there was but one woman in London who could wear this shoe. I offered him odds that his good friend, Kittle Lawrence—"

"Nor had ye the right to offer such bet!" cried Wilson, ruffled by the doings of the evening.

"I'll lay you myself there's no woman in England whom you know with foot small enough to wear it," cried Castleton.

"Meaning to me?" asked Law, politely.

"To any one," cried Castleton, quickly, "but most to thee, I fancy, since 'tis now thy shoe!"

"I'll lay you 40 crowns, then, that I know a smaller foot than that of Madam Lawrence," said Law, suavely.

"I'll lay you another 40 crowns that I'll try it on for the test, though I first saw the lady this very morning. I'll lay you another 40 crowns that Madam Lawrence cannot wear this shoe, though her I have never seen."

These words rankled, though they were said off-hand and with the license of coffee-house talk at so late an hour. Beau Wilson rose, in a somewhat unsteady attitude, and, turning towards Law, addressed him with a tone which left small option as to its meaning.

"Sirrah!" cried he, "I know not who you are, but I would have a word or two of good advice for you!"

"Sir, I thank you," said John Law, "but perhaps I do not need advice." He did not rise from his seat.

"Have it then at any rate, and be civil!" cried the older man. "You seem a swaggering sort, with your talk of love and luck, and such are sure to get their combs cut early enough here among Englishmen. I'll not tolerate your allusion to a lady you have never met, and one I honor deeply, sir, deeply!"

"I am but a young man started out to seek his fortune," said John Law, his eye kindling now for the first time, "and I should do very ill if I evaded that fortune, whatsoever it may be."

"Then you'll take back that talk of Mrs. Lawrence!"

"I have made no talk of Mrs. Lawrence, sir," said Law, "and even had I, I should take back nothing for a demand like yours. 'Tis not meet, sir, where no offense was meant, to crowd in an offensive remark."

Pembroke said nothing. The situation was ominous enough at this point. A sudden gravity and dignity fell upon the young men who sat there, schooled in an etiquette whose first lesson was that of personal courage.

"Sirrah!" cried Beau Wilson, "I perceive your purpose. If you prove good enough to name lodgings where you may be found by my friends, I shall ask leave to bid you a very good night."

So speaking, Wilson flung out of the room. A silence fell upon those left within.

"Sirs," said Law, a moment later, "I beg you to bear witness that this is no matter of my seeking or accepting. This gentleman is a stranger to me. I hardly got his name fair."

"Wilson is his name, sir," said Pembroke, "a very good friend of us all. He is of good family, and doth keep his coach-and-four like any gentleman. For him we may touch very well."

"Wilson!" cried Law, springing now to his feet. "'Tis not him known as Beau Wilson? Why, my dear sirs, his father was friend to many of my kin long ago. Why, sir, this is one of those to whom my mother bade me look to get my first ways of London well laid out."

"These are some of the ways of London," said Pembroke, grimly.

"But is there no fashion in which this matter can be accommodated?" Pembroke and Castleton looked at each other, rose and passed him, each raising his hat and bowing courteously.

"Your servant, sir," said the one; and, "Your servant, sir," said the other.

### CHAPTER V.

DIVERS EMPLOYMENTS OF JOHN LAW.

"And when shall I send these garments to your lordship?" asked the haberdasher, with whom Law was having speech on the morning following the first night in London.

"Two weeks from to-day," said Law, "in the afternoon, and not later than four o'clock. I shall have need for them."

"Sir," said he, "I should be glad to please not only a friend of Sir Arthur Pembroke, but also a gentleman of such parts as yourself. I hesitate to promise—"

"But you must promise," said John Law.

"Well, then, I do promise! I will have this apparel at your place on the day which you name. 'Tis most extraordinary, but the order shall be executed."

Law but half heard him, for he was already turning toward the door, where he beckoned again for his waiting chair.

"To the offices of the Bank of England," he directed. And forthwith he was again jogging through the crowded streets of London.

The offices of the Bank of England, to which this young adventurer now so nonchalantly directed his course, were then not housed in any such stately edifice as that which now covers the heart of the financial world, nor did the location of the young and struggling institution, in a by-street of the great city, tend to give dignity to a concern which still lacked importance and assuredness. Thither, then, might have gone almost any young traveler who needed a letter of credit cashed, or a bill, changed after the fashion of the passing goldsmiths.

Yet it was not as mere transient customer of a money-changer that young Law now sought the Bank of England, nor was it as a commercial house that the bank then commanded attention. That bank, young as it was, had already become a pillar of the throne of England. William, distracted by wars abroad and factions at home, found his demands for funds ever in excess of the supply. More than that, the people of England discovered themselves in possession of a currency fluctuating, mutilated and unstable, so that no man knew what was his actual fortune. The shrewd young financier, Montague, chancellor of the exchequer, who either by wisdom or good fortune had sanctioned the founding of the Bank of England, was at this very time addressing himself to the question of a recoinage of the specie of the realm of England. He needed help, he demanded ideas; nor was he too particular whence he obtained either the one or the other.

[To Be Continued.]

### PRINCE NOT A CENTAUR.

During His Military Career King Edward Took Many a Nasty Tumble.

The intense love for all kinds of sport by the king of England has by no means rendered him anything approaching a capable performer in any branch of it himself. He never could learn to play cricket, which, strangely enough, was a peculiarity also of both of his brothers, the duke of Connaught and the late duke of Edinburgh.

His majesty has done more than any man in Europe to promote and encourage horse racing, yet he is notoriously a poor horseman, and during his military career he had many a nasty tumble. In his subaltern days in the crack regiment, the Tenth Hussars, he was continually falling out of the saddle, and if it had not been for his rank and position the riding master of his company would have pronounced him a hopeless failure.

No one ever doubted his courage, however, and by the advice of the late Queen Victoria, who was made acquainted with his incapacity in the saddle, he was forbidden to mount any thing but the quietest horse that could be procured. The queen also insisted that he must take no part in hunting or in any form of sport in which there was an element of danger.

### The Ubiquitous Flea.

She was a pretty and winsome little colonial lady of four summers, but she began her first conversation with the gentleman just out from England in this unpromising fashion:

"The fleas bite me a lot in the night."

"Dear me, that is very sad!" Then, wishing to administer consolation even in these trying circumstances, the gentleman from England added: "Do they bite you in the daytime, too?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Well, you see in the daytime they're busy biting grandma."

Grandma lived in England. Then, little by little, the visitor from that country got at the little girl's theory, in which imagination and geography were queerly mingled. Knowing that it was night in England when it was day in Australia, she had pictured the flea as a wandering Jew, daily hopping the world in pursuit of his laborious livelihood.—Cornhill Magazine.

# Woman Suffrage and Woman

By HON. ALVA ADAMS,  
Ex-Governor of Colorado.



In Colorado the statue of Justice that crowns city hall, courthouse and capitol is not a lie. For the capitol in Washington and in 41 states of the union the figure of St. Paul would be more fitting than that of the Goddess of Liberty.

After ten years of experience equal suffrage in Colorado needs neither apology nor defense. No harm has come to either woman, man or the state. Justice never harmed anyone.

Woman has not conquered iniquity in Colorado, nor has it conquered her. Suffrage is not a revolution; it is but a step and not the end of the journey.

The ballot has not changed her nature. She still recognizes that raising bread and babies is a part of the Divine command, but these duties are not the whole of life. She uses the ballot to protect her property, her home, her children. It has broadened, not impaired, the woman. They have made no effort to upset the universe. They are cleaning one room at a time, not trying to right the wrongs of a hundred years in a day. Women may not have suffered, but there is a moral uplift, an inspiration, in the recognition of her equality. To the free the world is different; the sky is clearer, the air more exhilarating. She is a partner in the government; her home is a full and equal partnership affair, not a corporation where the man holds all the stock and does all the voting. She is a part of things, an individual and independent. This is everything. Our homes are the "Home, Sweet Home" of other days, with the added interest and inspiration that a free, self-respecting, equal womanhood can give.

Women have not mired in the pool of politics. They are purifying it. They have raised the atmosphere of the polls without lowering themselves at the polls. Women are as free from insult as in the vestibule of a church. Genuine respect and deference for woman is a western trait. Now and then a woman may take a man's view of politics and use a ballot corruptly, but for every corrupt woman in politics you can find 100 men equally foolish, and with more power for wrong doing. Last year one poor, deluded woman was caught repeating, and among the antis there was more rejoicing over the one that went astray than over the ninety and nine that were true.

The professional politician says that the woman vote is uncertain. No greater tribute could be paid. In its uncertainty the gangster can read his doom. In three or four of the largest cities women have made but little headway against the entrenched machine. The failure here is due to the so-called respectable Christian men who will not ally themselves with the women to form an invincible army of civic righteousness. The women are ready, but the men are chained to partisanship.

It is human nature to question success, but it never doubts failure. The only battle cry of the mob is to "crucify him." Ugly charges are remembered and repeated. Praise and words of honor are forgotten. Few kind words are printed regarding equal suffrage, but sarcasm and falsehood are given wide circulation. Two years ago 25 Colorado ministers of all denominations replied to the question of equal suffrage results. One said it worked badly, three said it worked fairly well, twenty-one said it worked well.

It was a tourist reporter who stated that Colorado women used charity and philanthropy as a political lever; that the highest and sweetest sentiments of the human heart were used by women as trading coin with which to purchase votes. What a shameless libel on her sex! One wonders with whom she associated when there. Certainly no true woman ever gave utterance to such revolting sentiments, for they are not true. If uttered at all, the words but expressed the individual distorted and deformed methods and ideals of one woman and in no way represented the 100,000 self-respecting, honest women voters of Colorado any more than John L. Sullivan represents the culture and refinement of his native city of Boston.

## Keep Off the Stage

By JESSIE MILLWARD,  
Leading Woman of the Century Players.



ON'T! That's my advice to the stagestruck girl.

The stage is overloaded to-day by second and third rate material, but good, efficient women in both clerical and domestic positions are in demand. And I assure you it is far more honorable to be a first-class bookkeeper or stenographer than to be a second-rate actress. Your pride will suffer less, your feelings will be better guarded, and your pecuniary return far more sure and at least as great. And as for the public, well, from being a public charge you will become a public benefactor.

Of course there have been women who have made splendid successes, women like Mme. Bernhardt, Miss Terry and Mme. Rejane, but these are not ordinary women. Here you have women with Heaven-sent missions, women who have the Divine gift, women who, had they disregarded this gift, would have committed a crime. But these are not your young girl who thinks to become a star in a day, who, without training and innate ability, often without common intelligence, has an idea that she wants to go on the stage. Such women as Bernhardt, Miss Terry, and Rejane have bought the right to their positions by years of the hardest sort of work in training schools of practical experience. One and all they have had to work years upon years and suffer years upon years in order to know the technique as well as the meaning of their craft. For acting is like any other art; like sculpture, like painting, like music even—you must learn the technique.

The ordinary young woman has an altogether perverted idea of the stage. I receive dozens of letters from young girls asking my advice. Most of these girls are in good circumstances and are not forced by necessity to earn a livelihood. There is a glitter and glamour to the stage which quite bewilders them. They see the successful actress and they hear the applause, and their modicum of intelligence goes no further. They do not realize the years of work which went to make that success. Here is an example which, while it may strike you as somewhat overdrawn, is absolutely true. It shows what I call the kitchen idea of the stage.

The other day a maid came here with a message from a friend who lives up-town. She was a new maid, and perhaps rather raw. While I was writing a reply she went to the mantel and looked over the photographs. Suddenly she blurted out: "Are you an actress?" I sometimes have been called so, I answered. "Well, do you know," she said, "I've always wanted to go on the stage, and now that I've seen you I think I will"—and there you are. That girl's ideas, ludicrous as they seem, are no more absurd than those of dozens of others who should have more intelligence.