

# The Denison Review

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## THE TRAIL TO BOYLAND.

Where the maple leaves are yellow  
And the apples plump and mellow,  
And the purple grapes are bursting with  
their rich autumnal wine,  
And the oak leaves redly flaming—  
All the blaze of sunset, flaming—  
Is a trail that wanders idly to a land of  
yours and mine.

It goes through the grassy hollows  
And across the hills; it follows  
All the playful tunes and curvings of the  
ever-singing streams;  
Overgrown with tangled grasses,  
All the olden haunts it passes  
Till it fades into a vista that is cherished  
in our dreams.

Past the pokeweed and their berries  
And the dance halls of the fairies,  
Over field and through the forest, it goes  
ever on and on,  
With the thrush and kildie singing  
And the redbird madly winging  
Far ahead of us to somewhere, where the  
sunset meets the dawn.

Up and down, the hillside huggins,  
With the hazel bushes tuzzing  
At our arms, and blushing sumach hold-  
ing spicy berries out,  
And the hawtrees and the beeches,  
Hickories and plums and peaches—  
Just as young and just as plenty—all our  
thoughts of age to flout!

So it stretches and it listens,  
Far away—and he who listens  
Hears the echo of the hallings and the  
murmur of a song  
That comes through the silence throbb-  
ing—  
Half with laughter, half with sobb-  
ing—  
Till it clutches at the heartstrings and  
would hold them overlong.

This is the trail—the Trail to Boy-  
land—  
How it spans the miles to Joyland!  
Passing leafy lane and blossom tangled  
vine, and bush and tree,  
Coaxing bees till they, in coming,  
Fill the hush of noon with humming—  
And the wondrous way to Boyland  
stretches fair for you and me!  
—Chicago Daily Tribune.

## THE MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE

By EMERSON HOUGH

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

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### CHAPTER XIX.—CONTINUED.

She stood erect, her eyes flashing, her arms outstretched, her bosom panting under the fringed garments, her voice ringing as it might have been with the very essence of truth and passion. Law looked at her steadily. But the shadow did not lift from his brow, though he looked long and pondered.

"Come," said he, at length, gently. "None the less we are as we are. In every game we take our chances, and in every game we pay our debts. Let us go back to the camp."

As they turned back down the beach Law saw standing at a little distance his lieutenant, Du Mesne, who hesitated as though he would speak.

"What is it, Du Mesne?" asked Law, excusing himself with a gesture and joining the voyageur where he stood.

"Why, Monsieur L'as," said Du Mesne, "I am making bold to mention it, but in good truth there was some question in my mind as to what might be our plans. The spring, as you know, is now well advanced. It was your first design to go far into the west, and there to set up your station for the trading in furs. Now there have come these little incidents which have occasioned us some delay. While I have not doubted your enterprise, monsieur, I doubted me perhaps it might be within your plans now to go but little farther on—perhaps, indeed, to turn back."

"To go back?" said Law.

"Well, yes; that is to say, Monsieur L'as, back again down the great lakes."

"Have you then known me so ill as this, Du Mesne?" said Law. "It has not been my custom to set backward foot on any sort of trail."

"Oh, well, to be sure, monsieur, that I know quite well," replied Du Mesne, apologetically. "I would only say that, if you do go forward, you will do more than most men accomplish on their first voyage as large in the wilderness. There comes to many a certain shrinking of the heart which leads them to find excuse for not faring farther on. You, as you know, monsieur, lie Quebec and Montreal, somewhat better fitted for the abode of monsieur and madame than the tents of the wilderness. Back of that, too, as we both very well know, monsieur, lie London and old England; and I had been dull of eye indeed did I not recognize the opportunities of a young gallant like yourself. Now, while I know yourself to be a man of spirit, Monsieur L'as, and while I should welcome you gladly as a brother of the trail, I had only thought that perhaps you would pardon me if I did but ask your purpose at this time."

Law bent his head in silence for a moment. "What know you of this forward trail, Du Mesne?" said he. "Have you ever gone beyond this point in your own journeyings?"

"Never beyond this," replied Du Mesne, "and indeed not so far by many hundred miles. For my own part I rely chiefly upon the story of my brother, Greysolon du L'hat, the boldest soul that ever put paddle in the St. Lawrence. My brother Greysolon, by the fire one night, told me that some years before he had been at the mouth of the Green bay—perhaps near this very spot—and that here he and his brothers found a deserted Indian camp. Near it, lying half in the fire, where a very old Indian, who had been

abandoned by his tribe we are—  
that, you must know, monsieur, is one of the pleasant customs of the wilderness.

"Greysolon and his men revived this savage in some fashion, and meantime had much speech with him about this unknown land at whose edge we have now arrived. The old savage said that he had been many moons north and west of that place. He knew of the river called the Blue Earth, perhaps the same of which Father Hennepin has told. And also of the Divine river, far below and tributary to the Messasebe. He said that his father was once of a war party who went far to the north against the Ojibways, and that his people took from the Ojibways one of their prisoners, who said that he came from some strange country far to the westward, where there was a very wide plain, of no trees. Beyond that there were great mountains, taller than any to be found in all this region hereabout. Beyond these mountains the prisoner did not know what there might be, but these mountains his people took to be the edge of the world, beyond which could live only wicked spirits. This was what the prisoner of the Ojibways said. He, too, was an old man.

"The captiv of my brother Greysolon was an Outagamie, and he said that the Outagamies burned this prisoner of the Ojibways, for they knew that he was surely lying to them. Without doubt they did quite right to burn him, for the notion of a great open country without trees or streams is, of course, absurd to any one who knows America. And as for mountains, all men know that the mountains lie to the east of us, not to the westward."

"'Twould seem much hearsay," said Law, "this information which comes at second, third and fourth hand."

"True," said Du Mesne, "but such is the source of the little we know of the valley of the Messasebe, and that which lies beyond it. None the less this idea offers interest."

"Yet you ask me if I would return." "Twas but for yourself, monsieur. It is there, if I may humbly confess to you, that it is my own ambition some day to arrive. Myself—this west, as I said long ago to the gentlemen in London—appeals to me, since it is indeed a land unoccupied, unowned, an empire which we may have all for ourselves. What say you, Monsieur L'as?"

John Law straightened and stiffened as he stood. For an instant his eye flashed with the zeal of youth and of adventure. It was but a transient cloud which crossed his face, yet there was sadness in his tone as he replied.

"My friend," said he, "you ask me for my answer. I have pondered and I now decide. We shall go on. We shall go forward. Let us have this, let me find somewhere, in some land, a place where I may be utterly lost, and where I may forget!"

### CHAPTER XX.

#### THE PATHWAY OF THE WATERS.

The news of the intended departure was received with joy by the crew of voyageurs, who, on the warning of an instant, fell forthwith to the simple tasks of breaking camp and stowing



JOHN LAW ROSE IN THE BOW.

the accustomed bales and bundles in their places in the great canoe du Nord. "La voilà!" said Tete Gris. "Here she sits, this canoe, eager to go on. 'Tis forward again, mes amis! Forward once more; and glad enough am I for this day. We shall see new lands ere long."

"For my part," said Jean Breboeuf, "I also am most anxious to be away, for I have eaten this whitefish until I crave no more. I had thought me how excellent are the pumpkins of the good fathers at the straits; and indeed I would we had with us more of that excellent fruit, the bean."

"Bah! Jean Breboeuf," retorted Pierre Noir. "'Tis but a poor-hearted voyageur would hang about a mission garden with a hoe in his hand instead of a gun. Perhaps the good sisters at the Mountain miss thy skill at pulling weeds."

"Nay, now, I can live as long on fish and flesh as any man," replied Jean Breboeuf, stoutly, "nor do I hold myself, Monsieur Tete Gris, one jot in courage back of any man upon the trail."

"Of course not, save in time of storm," grinned Tete Gris. "Then, it is 'Holy Mary, witness my vow of a bale of beaver!' It is—"

"Well, so be it," said Jean Breboeuf, stoutly. "'Tis sure a bale of beaver will come easily enough in these new lands; and—though I insist again that I have naught of superstition in my soul—when a raven sits on a tree near camp and croaks of a morning before breakfast—as upon my word of honor was the case this morning—there must be some ill fate in store for us, as doth but stand to reason."

"But say you so?" said Tete Gris,

pausing at his task, with his face assuming a certain seriousness.

"Assuredly," said Jean Breboeuf. "'Tis as I told you. Moreover, I insist to you, my brothers, that the signs have not been right for this trip at any time. For myself, I look for nothing but disaster."

The humor of Jean Breboeuf's very gravity appealed so strongly to his older comrades that they broke out into laughter, and so all fell again to their tasks, in sheer light-heartedness forgetting the superstitions of their class.

Thus at length the party took ship again, and in time made the head of the great bay within whose arms they had been for some time encamped. They won up over the sullen rapids of the river which came into the bay, toiling sometimes waist-deep at the cordelle, yet complaining not at all. So in time they came out on the wide expanse of the shallow lake of the Winnebagoes, which body of water they crossed directly, coming into the quiet channel of the stream which fell in upon its western shore. Up this stream in turn steadily they passed, amid a panorama filled with constant change. Sometimes the gentle river bent away in long curves, with hardly a ripple upon its placid surface, save where now and again some startled fish sprang into the air in fright or sport, or in the rush upon its prey. Then the stream would lead away into vast seas of marsh lands, waving in illimitable reaches of rushes, or fringed with the unspeakably beautiful green of the graceful wild rice plant.

In these wide levels now and again the channel divided, or lost itself in little cul de sacs, from which the paddlers were obliged to retrace their way. All about them rose myriads of birds and wild fowl, which made their nests among these marshes, and the babbling chatter of the rail, the high-keyed calling of the coot, or the clamoring of the home-building mallard assailed their ears hour after hour as they passed on between the leafy shores. Then, again, the channel would sweep to one side of the marsh, and give view to wide vistas of high and rolling lands, dotted with groves of hardwood, with here and there a swamp of cedar or of tamarack. Little herds of elk and droves of deer fed on the grass-covered slopes, as fat, as sleek and fearless of mankind as though they dwelt domesticated in some noble park.

It was a land obviously but little known, even to the most adventurous, and as chance would have it, they met not even a wandering party of the native tribes. Clearly now the little boat was climbing, climbing slowly and gently, yet surely upward from the level of the great Lake Michigan. In time the little river broadened and flattened out into wide, shallow expanses, the waters known as the Lakes of the Foxes; and beyond that it became yet more shallow and uncertain, winding among quaking bogs and unknown marshes; yet still, whether by patience, or by cheerfulness, or by determination, the craft stood on and on, and so reached that end of the waterway which, in the opinion of the more experienced Du Mesne, must surely be the place known among the Indian tribes as the "place for the carrying of boats."

Here they paused for a few days, at that mild summit of land which marks the portage between the east bound and the west bound waters; yet, impelled ever by the eager spirit of the adventurer, they made their pause but short. In time they launched their craft on the bright, smooth flood of the river of the Ouisconsin, stained coppery-red by its far-off, unknown course in the north, where it had bathed leagues of the roots of pine and tamarack and cedar. They passed on steadily westward, hour after hour, with the current of this great stream, among little islands covered with timber; passed along bars of white sand and flats of hardwood; beyond forest-covered knolls, in the openings of which one might now and again see great vistas of a scenery now peaceful and now bold, with turretted knolls and sweeping swards of green, as though some noble house of old England were set back secluded within these wide and well-kept grounds. The country now rapidly lost its marshy character, and as they approached the mouth of the great stream, it being now well toward the middle of the summer, they reached, suddenly and without forewarning, that which they long had sought.

The sturdy paddlers were bending to their tasks, each broad back swinging in unison forward and back over the thwart, each brown throat bared to the air, each swart head uncovered to the glare of the midday sun, each narrow-bladed paddle keeping unison with those before and behind, the hand of the paddler never reaching higher than his chin, since each had learned the labor-saving fashion of the Indian canoe man. The day was bright and cheery, the air not too ardent, and across the coppery waters there stretched slants of shadow from the embowering forest trees. They were alone, these travelers; yet for the time at least part of them seemed care-free and quite abandoned to the sheer zest of life. There arose again, after the fashion of the voyageurs, the measure of the paddling song, without which indeed the paddler had not been able to perform his labor at the thwart.

"Dans mon chemin j'ai rencontré—" chanted the leader; and voices behind him responded lustily with the next line:

"Trois cavaliers bien montés—  
Trois cavaliers bien montés—  
chanted the leader again.

"L'un a cheval et l'autre a pied—" came the response; and then the chorus:

"Lon, lon laridon da'ne—  
Lon, lon laridon da'!"

The great boat began to move ahead steadily and more swiftly, and bend after bend of the river was rounded by

the rushing prow. None knew this country, nor wist how far the journey might carry him. None knew as of certainty that he would ever in this way reach the great Messasebe; or even if he thought that such would be the case, did any one know how far that Messasebe still might be. Yet there came a time in the afternoon of that day, even as the chant of the voyageurs still echoed on the wooded bluffs, and even as the great birch-bark ship still responded swiftly to their gale, when, on a sudden turn in the arm of the river, there appeared wide before them a scene for which they had not been prepared. There, rippling and rolling under the breeze, as though itself the arm of some great sea, they saw a majestic flood, whose real nature and whose name each man there knew on the instant and instinctively.

"Messasebe! Messasebe!" broke out the voices of the paddlers.

"Stop the paddles!" cried Du Mesne.

"Voilà!"

John Law rose in the bow of the boat and uncovered his head. It was a noble prospect which lay before him. His was the soul of the adventurer, quick to respond to challenge. There was a fluttering in his throat as he stood and gazed out upon this solemn, mysterious and tremendous flood, coming whence, going whither, none might say. He gazed and gazed, and it was long before the shadow crossed his face and before he drew a sigh.

"Madam," said he, at length, turning until he faced Mary Connyne, "this is the west. We have chosen, and we have arrived!"

(To Be Continued.)

### A HOME THRUST.

Colored Man Who Was Not at a Loss for an Answer on Occasion.

"Jerome S. McWade," said Booker T. Washington, "seemed to me, when I was a boy, to be the smartest colored man in the world."

"Jerome was a slave. He lived in Virginia, at Hale's Ford. One day he appeared in a red velvet waistcoat, and straightway he was seized and taken to the office, for this waistcoat was the master's property. The master had worn it on his wedding day.

"Well, Jerome managed to prove that he had not stolen the waistcoat. Calhoun Hamilton had stolen it and Jerome had bought it from Calhoun for a small sum.

"Now, Jerome," the master said, "I admit you're not a thief, but you're a receiver of stolen property and that's just as bad."

"No, no, sir," said Jerome. "No, no. That is not just as bad, by any means."

"Why isn't it just as bad?" said the master.

"Because you wouldn't receive stolen goods yourself, sir, if it was bad."

"What do you mean? Me a receiver of stolen goods? Explain yourself," the master commanded.

"Why, sir," said Jerome, "you bought and paid for me, the same as I bought and paid for that red waistcoat. Well, wasn't I stolen, same as the waistcoat was? Wasn't I stolen out of Africa?"

### Couldn't Understand It.

The experiences of clerks with their customers are very peculiar, but the best that I have yet heard was related to me yesterday by a clerk in one of our local stores. One day last week a large healthy looking man, whose talk would give one to understand that he was a north of Englander, came into the store and wanted a stiff hat. When the clerk asked him what size he wanted, he said that he did not know, as he had never worn a hat. The clerk told him that he would take about size seven, which proved to be the right size. After buying the hat he told the clerk that he wanted a stiff collar, but he said that he did not know what size he should require, as he had never worn a high collar in his life. The clerk told him that he would require about a size 15. "What?" exclaimed the astonished purchaser. "How the dickens do you make that out; me have to wear a size 15 collar and a size 7 hat? Do you think my neck is larger than my head?"—Lowell Citizen.

### Flood Creates a Nation.

Owing to a disagreement between Austria and Serbia the folk who have taken up their residence on a certain little island in the Danube pay no taxes and acknowledge allegiance to nobody. The island, which has very appropriately been called Nobody's Island, was formed many years ago by the accumulation of mud and sand carried down by the great river during a flood. Since then Austria and Serbia have been quarreling about its possession. At low water the island is almost connected with the Serbian shore by a narrow tongue of sand, while at high water it lies nearer the Austrian island of Ostrova. Consequently no one can decide to whom it really belongs; and, as the island is not worth enough to make it advisable for the Serbian or the Austrian government to fight over its possession, the inhabitants are left entirely to themselves.—Stray Stories.

### To Base Uses.

During the siege of Mafeking one of the officers organized a concert or "singsong" to keep up the spirits of the men. He discovered, according to the story as it is told in V. C., that the men had cause enough for low spirits. Hearing of a sergeant in the Highlanders who was a good performer, he asked the man to contribute to the concert.

"I'm sorry, sir, but I cannot."

"Why?" asked the officer. "You play some instrument, don't you?"

"I did, sir."

"What was it?"

"The bones, sir; but I've eaten 'em."

## The Married Woman's Place Is In the Home

By HON. W. H. MACINNES,

A Labor Leader in the Massachusetts State Senate.



O my mind there are many and valid objections to married women as wage earners and my experience has led me to believe that they possess undue industrial advantage.

Considering the question broadly, I think one of the most vitally serious objections, if not the most vital, to the employment of married women is strongly apparent in the ever existing temptation to avoid the divine responsibility of motherhood. Rarely actuated or inspired by the laudable and praiseworthy ambition or desire to aid the husband by an application of added income to enhance or improve the

home comforts, we find the motive in many instances to be mere desire for personal adornment or the securing of "pin money."

If the woman persists in working and the couple attempt that melancholy burlesque upon domestic happiness known as "light house-keeping," then Heaven help them. The nerve-shattering and exasperating exactions of daily occupation, whether it be in the class room, or the store, or the office, are extremely well calculated to disrupt domestic felicity. The weary, jaded employe cannot be the housekeeper she should be, and much less the cheerful, sympathetic home companion for the "bread-winner" who has taken her as his partner through life.

On the other hand, the married woman is, to a degree, an invader. She possesses an undue industrial advantage when entering into competition with her less fortunate sister who depends absolutely and entirely, in many instances, upon her own unaided individual effort to exist. The married woman can sell her labor for smaller compensation because of her matrimonial partnership or alliance. This, of course, is entirely unfair.

I do not want to be harsh on the married woman wage earner, but it seems to me that our first care should be for those who must jump into the industrial field, not from choice, not for personal adornment or "pin money," but, out of necessity, for bread.

Let the married woman stick to her home and make it bright and pleasant. She is there in her proper sphere, and she helps the cause of labor more than she thinks. There is labor then for those who need it, and there is a higher rate of compensation for those who must perform it.

W. H. MacInnes

## Misdirected Energy

By MISS JANE ADDAMS,  
Of Hull House, Chicago.

Science tells us that the sure sign of decay in any living creature or organization is the lack of adaptation to the purposes of its being, and we must reluctantly admit that the church is misdirecting its energies, and is not getting down to a practical solution of the social problem; is gradually exhibiting the signs of decay. Churches are most revered in rural communities, which are not so oppressed by commercial and industrial questions; and largely in proportion as the community is a center for those perplexities the church loses its influence.

In a remarkable article by a professor in a theological seminary the writer asserts that Christianity of to-day is sadly in need of a readaptation to the present day situation; that it had concerned itself too largely with the personal family—spiritual relation—while the most painful problems of life, those connected with the commercial and industrial relations, are overlooked; and that in these latter the church offers no definite advice; in fact, even asserted that it did not wish to offer any solution; that a religion which did not guide a man in his perplexities ceases to be a religion.

It may be said that right here is slipping through the hands of the church a great moral opportunity. It is a chance it has not had for almost three centuries. It is the duty of the church to eradicate the impression that seems to be general that there is not a great public opinion to judge this question on its merits alone.

The church no longer professes to minister to the sense of loneliness, the lack of social relations which these foreigners feel quite as strongly as the early settlers did. The young people should take pains to know where this vast tide of new population lives and ascertain what the wants and need of the newcomers are.



## Too Much Culture

By REV. W. A. BARTLETT,  
Popular Chicago Preacher.

We are suffering today from too much culture. In the earlier New England days the home was the mother's club, guild, missionary society, temperance organization, and all the rest. To-day, as soon as a family is prospered a little, the women must needs "join" all kinds of clubs and societies, till the child is left to the care of any person who can be hired to do it, and in the most tender, susceptible, and impressionable years the little one is at the mercy of untaught and often unscrupulous caretakers.

It is not improbable that many of the mothers who attended the recent mothers' congress in Chicago would have been better off at home giving the same time and energy to the real child and not the stuffed dummy made to order in some convention.

Maiden ladies and people who have no children are the most prolific writers and speakers on the subject of child training. Let them turn their attention to aerial navigation, the drainage canal, or some other practical matter, and let the women who have children take down the old family Bible and read there how to make a home. That often dust covered volume contains the wisdom of the ages.

Long before mothers' congresses were thought of, Moses gave fundamental teaching about child training. The sweetest of all kindergartens was Jesus holding children in His arms. That's what the children need—love, companionship, appreciation, firmness, and punishment. You can crush out a child's life by many conventions and congresses, and the distracted mother goes home to "try on" the methods suggested, till, disgusted and unhappy, she bursts into tears, gathers the little one into her bosom with tenderness and prayer, and then she has become a whole congress herself.