

The Denison Review

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DENISON, IOWA.

THE WAITING MOMENT.

Next year, we say, may chance to do
This thing that seems so dear, so true;
Or, some day we shall surely see
That fairest spot where we would be;
Or else we fear to lose some grace
Of health or wealth or lofty place.

Yet, when I plan, there comes to me,
Behind the gloom, beyond the glee,
What is not hope, and is not fear,
But certain, most strong and dear
That there is waiting down life's ways,
Somewhere amidst the years or days,

A white-winged moment sweet and still
That shall not ask me what I will,
Lest I mistake; but I shall know
That that still moment bids me go—
That all life's tumult-days are done,
And shadowless new life begun.
—Mary B. Knowlton, in S. S. Times.



**A Commencement
Day Idyll.**

By Sarah DeWolf Gamwell.

"I BELIEVE you are right. The
college graduates and alumnae
are in evidence with the roses and
brides. June has come to be the month
of the flowing robe and the tasseled
mortar-board."

"Yes, and the best place to see the
scholastic gowns, in their many-hued
velvet facings and brilliant hood linings,
is the college campus. The
faculty and official guests will soon
pass in procession to the chapel."

"What high scholastic attainment
they bespeak; what dignity and beauty
they lend to an occasion like this."

The gray-haired speaker moved on,
while a man who had caught snatches
of this talk shook his broad shoulders,
to make sure he was wide awake. He
removed his straw hat to fan himself,
noting curiously the scene before him.
He saw a broad expanse of turf, green
and velvet, intersected by many wind-
ing paths under over-arching trees
of primeval mold, dotted by a score or
more of large, red brick buildings.

Out of these poured crowds of young
women, singly and in groups. He
looked at them closely. He was not
used to women of this type, hardly of
any type. All dressed in white, bare-
headed, except those who wore black
gowns and a square cap with a tassel
hanging in front. This must be the
"flowing robe and tasseled mortar-
board." What did it signify? All
seemed in a great hurry; all happy and
eager, on a rush for something, brush-
ing so close to him that he inhaled the
scent of their roses, yet paying no
more heed to him than if he had been
invisible.

"This then is a college campus," he
thought, "and this is Mount Pisgah,
but where in it all, is she?"

He took from his pocket a faded bit
of paper, which he had chanced upon
five days ago in a coffee-house in Se-
natie, and reread it for the 100th time.
"Commencement at Mount Pisgah,"
and in the list of "graduates" her
name, Dorothy Knox.

It took one day to get himself to-
gether, four days in a special car to
cross the continent, and he was here,
but where was she? Would he know
her? The woman of "scholastic attain-
ments" could have no remembrance
of the barefooted boy of 15 years ago.
He could never make her believe that
he had worshiped her all his life, since
he had not kept in touch with her.

And why had he not? Fool! what
was he here for at this 11th hour, any-
way? Meantime the campus was filling
from every quarter by the constant ar-
rivals.

And always the talk, and he, crowd-
ing on with the rest, hearing it in sec-
tions. The bell in the chapel struck
the hour.

"That's the signal for the procession
to start. See the marshals! They have
enough to do, to keep this crowd
quiet."

"Will the chapel hold it all?"
"Not half; not even tip-toe room."
"There they come! graduates first, I
suppose."

"No, choir girls lead. Stand back
and give them room, 'tis the largest
vested choir in the world," his said."

"Now the grave and reverend seniors
come, next the graduates."

The man took a long step forward.
Would he know her?
"You'll see them change their tas-
sels to the other side as soon as they
receive their degrees."

"Their degrees?"
"Yes; the degree of bachelor of arts,
with their diplomas."

Shoulder to shoulder, step to step,
they come along the line like trained
soldiers, their white gowns still show-
ing under their black robes, these
young women. They looked neither to
the right nor left, but straight ahead.
The goal was straight ahead.

He who had almost annihilated time
and space to meet this hour, trembled
under the weight of it, now that it had
struck. "Was there telegraphy of
spirit?" he asked himself. He was
used to impressing men. "Could he
impress her?" "Send a signal from his
heart to hers?" "Make her turn her
head, as she passed?" "Force her eyes
to meet his?" "Had she grown?" He
hoped not much!

He remembered her trick of throw-
ing her head back a little, tilted over
her left shoulder; he remembered her
dimples; and the fluffiness of her half-
color of spun gold; and her great
brown eyes! He'd defy flowing robes,
tasseled mortar-boards and changing
years, to do their worst, with such
hair and eyes, to say nothing of dim-
ples.

Ah! one is coming now, down the
line, on his side too, head held high
and tilted in the old way; hair fluffy,
color of spun gold; two steps nearer
and he sees the dimples in her cheek
and chin.

"Now, heart! Out with your grap-
pling iron, for it is she!"

Suddenly when directly opposite to
him and so near that he smelt the Eng-
lish violets in her belt—so near that
he could touch her, the face turned,
and a pair of brown eyes looked full
into his with questioning wonder. He
saw one flush go up from her lips to
brow, and she passed on, but not be-
fore he had sent his soul after hers, in
one impassioned cry "Dot!"

"Did you see the president?"
"No, I wasn't looking for her yet; I
thought she was to come last, with the
orator."

"Miss Webster, the president of the
college, yes! I referred to the class
president, Miss Dorothy Knox."

"That tall girl?"
"No the little one with molasses-
candy hair, who turned her face as she
passed. She is small but mighty."

"Molasses-candy hair!" In all the
west, he thought he had never heard
anything so vulgar as that! Why
couldn't people call things by their
right names?

"How is she mighty?"
"Oh in a universal way! the most
popular girl in college! Can do every-
thing! takes everybody by storm! all
predict for her a wonderful career."

"You! really you, and not a ghost!"
The man, our friend in the morning,
took his face from between his hands
and raised himself from the edge of the
bridge to meet this sudden ap-
pearance, with bare head and shining
eyes, holding out her hands to him.

"I have searched the seas o'er for
you, what is the matter? You look as
if you had seen the ghost."
"I have, the ghost of a forlorn hope."
"No hope that is a hope can ever be
forlorn."

The truth must be told. This man
had been fighting a battle for four of
the hardest hours of his life, and be-
lieved himself worsted, with the con-
clusion that if ever a man was born
on this earth a fool, he was that man;
and the sooner he left this campus,
where he found himself in the position
of a hippopotamus in a drawing-room
the better. For the first time, he felt
himself standing in slippery places;
but the young woman laughed merrily.

"I am so rejoiced to find you, my old
friend, still in the flesh."
"Yes, I am old Jack, still in the
flesh, and you are Miss—?"

"I am what you called me, and by
that sign I knew it was you. I am
Dot."

"I beg your pardon! you are Miss
Dorothy Knox, the mighty president of
a most distinguished class, a bachelor
of arts, with your flowing robe, and
mortar-board tassel hanging on the
proper side, and a most remarkable
career before you."

She made him a mock courtesy,
"Where did you learn so much? And
may I ask what have you been doing
with yourself all the morning?"

"As to the learning I have been to
school; and for the rest, skipped stones
on the placid pond!"

"And didn't you see me graduate?"
"No, I did not see you take your de-
gree."

"And you didn't hear the address?
It was wonderful. It was about
Ruskin."

"Ruskin, who's he?"
"A man."

"I am glad to hear it. I hope he
knew enough to keep in his place."
"He knew enough to make his place,
which is better."
"Oh, is it?"

"You know it is, for you have made
your own place."

"?"

"Of course, you! Don't you suppose
I've heard about you, and your dolms,
and your goings on. Don't you sup-
pose I've swelled with pride remem-
bering that big and mighty you, car-
ried little insignificant me, over mud-
puddles to school, and—"

"Oh, say! did you remember that?"
His voice trembled.

"Could I ever forget it; and how you
waded into the big pond and pulled me
out, after I'd gone down the third
time? It always seemed to me as if
the black water covered you that day,
for you left, and I never heard one
word in 15 years. It is you who for-
got."

"No, Dot, I never forgot."
"Why did you never write to me?"

"I never learned how to write prop-
erly."

"Oh!" she was doubling with laugh-
ter.
"And I never felt sure of my capital
letters, and I can't punctuate, to save
my life."

"Punctuate! It is a mercy you have
one resource left. You can skip
stones! But tell me, how came you
here this day?"

"You must know that I'm a sort of
will-o-the-wisp. I had been making
investigations along the Alaskan
range and at Seattle I had an impor-
tant call east, so here I am."

"And so I had nothing whatever to
do with it!" She buried her face in a
bunch of American Beauties. "If
things hadn't come to me as they did,
I might have had more strength to
meet it."

"Things come to you as they did!
What things? To meet what?"
"Yes, things in the way of disaster,
sorrow."

"Disaster, sorrow to you?"
"Everything. Father went first;
then mother because her heart was
broken. Only Nell was left."

"Nell." He had forgotten Nell.
"Where is Nell?"

"Teaching a summer school in Penn-
sylvania. She would have been with
me to-day, but we couldn't afford it."

"Couldn't afford it! I thought
you—"

"You thought we were what we are
not. All that was in the old, old life.
I seem to have lived 100 years since
then. Everything went. Every-
thing!"

John Robinson felt the ground more
solid under his feet.

She turned to him all at once a face
radiant. He thought she was the most
vital woman God ever made.

"When you lose everything and have
nothing, that is the time to find your-
self, and before you know it you have
all things and abound. We found our-
selves; we learned to do things; we
wrote, we taught, we got scholarships.
Nell enters sophomore next October.
I am proud of Nell."

"And you, Dot? Why didn't you tell
me you needed something—for this
day—especially?"

"Tell the man in the moon! All
the rest had their home friends. I
had nobody, not one of my blood; not
one of the old life. Don't we need
strength to carry us through, when it
comes to that? Strangely enough I
had been thinking of you all the night,
and all the morning; in fact, all this
commencement week."

"Had you, Dot?"

"Yes, and when I came opposite you
in the path I simply had to turn my
face."

"Did you know me?"
"Not at first. You had grown so
big and masterful, and your eyes
looked so compelling, I was startled;
but when I heard you call 'Dot!' I
knew it was you. I thought I should
fall on my knees and block the whole
thing."

Again she buried her face in the
roses. "You call this lake 'placid'; I
call this—all this—peace; 'tis the
dearest spot on earth to me. Now I
must go out, into what remains of this
day. More than 200 special people
are looking for me this minute." She
gave him her hand.

"I must know more about you.
What are you going to do with your-
self this summer, and then, what?"

"For the rest of the summer I am
to stay here, in the face of these dear
mountains, and refresh my soul."

"She calls these mountains! I could
show her mountains."

"In October I sail—"

"Sail?"
"Yes, to join—"

He held his breath, as if she were
going to tell him that she was to sail
away to paradise, to join the choir in-
visible.

"A class in Athens. I am working
for a degree in art. I am very fortu-
nate. It comes to me through a
scholarship."

"But I thought you took your de-
gree this morning."

"That was only B. A.—a stepping-
stone. There is no end to these de-
grees when once you are fairly start-
ed."

Jack was silent a minute, then he
found his tongue. "See here, we must
have a—what do you call it, when folks
have something special on their minds
to say to other folks, and—"

"Perhaps you mean a rendezvous?"
"Exactly, a rendezvous—that's what
I want with you, Dot."

"I suppose every minute of your
precious time is worth nuggets, Jack,
but if you could spend the night we
could go somewhere to-morrow."

"No, no, no, to-morrow, it must be
to-day. Now let me say my say, here
and now." He pressed her hand al-
most firmly. The young woman drew
back with a flash.

"Impossible now! I really must—"
"No, you shall not leave me until you
have named the time and place for
one."

"Rendezvous? Shall we give the
sunset hour to Mount Tobe?"

From the summit of Mount Tobe the
windows of the Mount Pisgah house
looked like sheets of flame hung in
mid-air. The sun swung over the west-
ern rim like a ball of fire. Between
rolled the river, strong, broad, deep.
Jack and Dot stood on a granite bow-
lder, bareheaded in the purple and gold.
She was looking at the sunset; he was
looking at her.

"Tell me, did you ever see a more
lovely sight?"

"Never, Dot! Never a more lovely
sight."

"Or more dear to me?"
"Or more dear to me."

"Turn your eyes and see how grandly
the shadows are climbing up the sides
of the mountains; how peacefully the
valley gives itself to the twilight."

"Dot, you ask me an impossible
thing! I will never turn my eyes from
you, never! So help me God!"—
Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Monkey Detective.

A monkey brought a criminal to jus-
tice in Singapore some time ago. A
native with a little boy, a bear and a
monkey traveled lately through sev-
eral villages in the straits settle-
ments and made a good sum of money
by his animals' tricks. One day he
was found with his throat cut, the
boy and the bear lying murdered close
by, while the monkey had escaped up
a tree. The bodies, with the monkey,
were being taken to the police sta-
tion, when the monkey suddenly
rushed at a man in the crowd, seized
his leg and would not let go. The
man seemed so alarmed and anxious
to get away that the police became
suspicious and searched him, with the
result of finding part of the money
belonging to the murdered native. The
balance was discovered in his
house.—Hour Glass.

Rash Girl.

Mabel—Really, I don't care what
sort of a husband I get.

Her Mother—Why, Mabel! I'm sur-
prised at you.

"So long as he's rich and handsome
and kind to me I don't care, so there,
now!"—Philadelphia Press.

RUSSIA'S GOLD RESERVE.

Immense Stores of the Yellow Coin
Laid Away in the Impe-
rial Bank.

Henry Norman, a Russian traveler and
member of the British parliament, de-
scribes in the World's Work a visit to
the Imperial bank at St. Petersburg,
where there is \$313,830,000 worth of
gold. The walls of the treasure cham-
ber are literally lined with gold. Mr.
Norman describes the room as follows:
The walls of the apartment were com-
pletely covered, up to a height of about
eight feet, with shallow cupboards with
doors of strong wire netting, leaving
their contents plainly visible, each door
being both padlocked and sealed.

About five-sixths of these cupboards
were completely filled, with ingots of
gold, the ends of which made a lining
of gold for nearly the length of the room.
The light was reflected brightly from the
shining metal, and the effect, needless
to say, was highly impressive. I felt
as if some fairy had conducted me to one
of the caves of gold I used to read about
with awe as a child. The balance sheet
of the Bank of Russia for March 29
stated the total gold reserve in the bank
to be as follows:

Russian gold coin.....	Rubles. 238,000,000
Foreign gold coin.....	142,000,000
Bullion gold coin.....	324,000,000
Total.....	684,000,000

or \$313,830,000. The gold reserve of the
Bank of England is \$140,000,000.

The total gold reserve of Russia
reaches the imposing sum of 1,000,000,-
000 rubles, or more than \$550,000,000.

It is, of course, only a comparatively
small part of this vast stock of the pre-
cious metal that would be available un-
der any circumstances for a war fund.
This fund would come in the first place,
from the reserve of gold I saw. The
currency law of Russia of 1897 pre-
scribes that, up to 600,000,000 rubles,
paper money may be issued with a gold
reserve of only one-half its face value,
but that all subsequent issues must be
covered, ruble for ruble, by a gold re-
serve.

Now, there is a nominal circulation of
paper money to the value of 680,000,000
rubles, but of this there are always at
least 30,000,000 to 50,000,000 in the bank;
therefore the effective circulation of pa-
per money is not more than 650,000,000,
and of this, according to law, 350,000,000
must be redeemable by fixed gold de-
posit.

Deducting this sum from the 684,000,-
000 of the fixed gold deposit, we have
234,000,000 rubles immediately available
as a war fund and to this can certainly
be added a large part of the gold on de-
posit abroad, belonging, as explained
above, to the state and to the Bank of
Russia, the total being, say, 225,000,000
—say, an available sum of 200,000,000,
making a total war fund immediately
available of 484,000,000 rubles, or \$225,-
000,000.

GIBRALTAR'S COAL PLANT.

Great Fortress Has Ingenious Ar-
rangement for Hoisting and
Discharging Fuel.

The storing of coal at Gibraltar is ac-
complished by means of a curious plant,
which was lately completed for the
pumping station at Landport by a firm
of Leeds contractors, reports a Lon-
don paper. In this huge rock fortress
the coal store, boiler-house and the en-
gine-room adjoining are worked under
compressed air, and are necessarily air-
tight. The store to which the coal has
to be conveyed is hewn out of the solid
rock, and is absolutely bomb-proof.

A special feature is the arrangement
of the coal plant in such a way that it
does not interfere with the air pressure.
The coal is lifted from the coal tip 57
feet below the horizontal traveler. The
skip by which the coal is conveyed is
raised by means of a steel wire rope,
working over pulleys and round a driv-
ing drum. The skip is lowered into a
receiving hopper, where it discharges.

At the bottom of the hopper is an au-
tomatic arrangement, consisting of a
hinged door controlled by a lever and
a balance weight; this door opens when
there is sufficient coal in the hopper to
overcome the balance, closing again as
soon as the coal is discharged and thus
avoiding the escape of air.

From this point the coal gravitates
into the coal store, where it is used in
the boiler-house for generating steam
for pumping purposes. The time occu-
pied by the skip in traveling from coal
tip to coal store is two minutes. At
this end, and on a level with the mot-
ors, a sentry box is hewn out of the
rock, where the man who controls the
gearing for hoisting the skip is housed,
and has practically a full view of all
three operations.

Tobacco Invades London Guilds.

In the "good old days," when the wine
circulated freely after dinner, and every
bon viveur could gauge the merits of a
glass of port, to have paid homage to
the goddess Nicotine would have been
almost an act of sacrilege. To-day a
cigar is looked upon as the inevitable
sequel to a dinner. For a long while
the more sedate city guilds resented this
departure from precedent, but one by
one they have conceded the point, and
now the last of the "old guard" has
fallen into line. The Goldsmiths' com-
pany has just granted permission to
smoke as soon as the loyal toasts have
been honored.—London City Press.

Marriage Statistics.

Of the marriages in general in the
United States it is discovered that out
of the 1,000 considered 139 men will have
been married at least once before the
celebration under consideration, while
the 861 will have made vows for the first
time. Of the 1,000 women in the case
only 98 will have worn widow's weeds
before the wedding. Thus, out of the
2,000 individuals, parties to the 1,000
marriages, 237 will have bought or
have worn wedding rings before.



**YOUTH'S
DEPARTMENT**

"SO-SO."

I saw a little chap one day
Who loitered slowly on his way;
No snap nor vigor in his pace,
No sparkle on his smooth round face.
He stopped sometimes to trim a whip,
Or whistle at a roadside chip;
But everything he tried, alas!
Dropped, almost finished, in the grass.

I spied another little man
Who walked so fast he almost ran,
"Oh, can you tell me, if you please," said I,
"That slow boy's name, who just passed
by?"

"So-so," he answered. Then to all
The schoolbell sent its cheery call,
And off he sped, with flying feet,
To be the first one in his seat.

I walked along by So-so's side,
Who quickened scarce at all his stride,
And said: "Good morning! How d' do?"
"So-so," he answered; "how are you?"
"I'm very well," I cried. "This air
Is wondrous bracing, I declare.
Going to school? Well, that must be
fine in these days." "So-so," said he.

The schoolbell faltered, almost stopped,
"Quick! you'll be late!" He never hopped.
"We have two minutes when the bell
Stops ringing, so 'tis just as well."
I frowned, yet I could clearly see
He was content as he could be:
Life's meaning, not one's best to do—
For him—but just smooth sliding through.

Poor So-so! By and by he'll find
Himself so hopelessly behind,
He'll have to struggle night and day,
Or else drift back the other way.
This, so-so living, free from care,
Means hard times coming, I declare:
For those who from to-day would borrow,
Must pay in full its hair, to-morrow.
—James Buckingham, in S. S. Advocate.

MAKE A FUNNEL FOUNTAIN.

It Is an Instructive and Amusing
Plaything of Which No Boy
Need Be Deprived.

Boys always love to fuss with water
or to watch a fountain play. Now
here is a sort of fountain and pump
combined which is so simple that it
would be a pity if any boy should be
deprived through ignorance of the
pleasure of seeing it work.
The apparatus needed is only a com-
mon tin funnel, the bigger the better.
It is worked by plunging it, with the
mouth down, in a bathtub or washtub.

Half full of water. If you press the
funnel down rapidly and forcibly, the
water under it, not being able to get
out of the way quickly enough, will be
pressed up into the funnel, and be-
cause of the tapering form of the lat-
ter a jet of water will be forced out of
the small end of the funnel and will
rise to a height that will surprise you.
With a funnel which has a wide mouth
and a small tube you can make a
fountain ten feet high.—Connecticut
Farmer.

BULLDOG RESCUES A CHILD.

Terror of Neighborhood Jumps Into
Lake After Little Boy and
Brings Him Ashore.

Affection proved stronger than nat-
ural instincts in the case of a bulldog
at Peacedale, R. I., when the animal,
feared generally for its savage temper,
jumped into the water and saved the
life of a little boy. The devotion of the
two for each other has been the subject
of comment about the neighborhood,
for, though the boy is only two years
old, it has been found that he never is
safer than when with the big bulldog,
and while few grown men outside the
owner's family care to have anything to
do with him, he lets the child, who is no
relation of the owner, play with him and
pull him about as if he were a kitten.

The boy, Edward McGuire, was play-
ing near a brook, and, as usual, the bul-
ldog was not far away. Suddenly the
child, reaching for a toy boat, slipped
and fell into the water. No one was
near, and the boy must have been
drowned had not the dog jumped in and
caught his clothes in his teeth. The
bank was too steep for the animal to
climb out with his burden, but true to
his breed, the dog h'd on pluckily,
swimming round with the child until
some men who had seen the accident
from a distance ran up and pulled the
pair out.

Japanese Girls as Entertainers.

In most of the Japanese cities there
are young women who earn a living
as professional entertainers. When re-
quested they visit the homes of their
patrons, and make themselves agree-
able. They are well educated, can con-
verse, recite poetry, tell stories, sing
songs, play the guitar and dance.

Hearing a Fly Walk.

It is said that a fly makes 400 strokes
per second with its wings, and it has
been proven that by the use of the
microphone you can hear a fly walk.

Spaniards Object to Rabbits.

Hares are never eaten by Spaniards,
because in Spain there is a superstition
that hares in the night visit
churchyards, burrow into the graves
and eat the dead bodies.

GRAY WOLF IS DANGEROUS.