Red River Prospector

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Importance of the Child.

Prof Felix Adler, in his address before the National Child Labor Convention at Cincinnati on "The Attitude of Socety Towards the Child as an Index of Civilization," pointed out that, historically, there have been three views of the child in society. There is the primitive view which regarded the child as the essential factor in the system of ancestor worship; the later view, which made him the inheritor and continuator of the family honors and prerogatives; and the modern view, which looks upon the child as so much living material for the society of the future. The classification serves as a basis for the protest against the wastage of child life under the present system of production. Essentially, however, the three historical views are identical, in that they agree in looking upon the child as bearing within himself the seed of the ideal future, whether that ideal be to live in extra-terrestrial bliss and in the memory of man, or the feudal ideal of family, or the contemporary altruistic ideal of the perfect state. And it is by no means certain that the last ideal is not the hardest on the child. It is not only that some of us, in the name of progress, are content to send the child into that industrial slavery against which Prof. Adler pleads his case, says the New York Post; but that most of us, in recognizing the high mission of the young, persist in placing on their tender shoulders a heavy burden of responsibility. If we were ancestor-worshippers or mediaeval barons, we should be quite content to leave our children in undisturbed enjoyment of their right to liberty and the pursuit of happiness; since in merely being they would fulfill their purpose. But the modern child must not be left alone, because there is no such thing as a child in the same sense that there is a cat or a pony or a picture-book. He is a "potentiality;" and there are pedagogical principles.

A great popular demonstration took place recently in Belgium. Over 60,000 persons marched through the streets of Brussels to the city hall to ask for obligatory education. The petition presented to the mayor was signed by 200,000 names. Nearly one-fourth of the population of Belgium is illiterate, although the law offers free education to those who cannot pay for it. There is supposed to be a primary school for every commune over 6,500, but only a meager grant is allowed, and the teaching is often of the poorest. The schools are managed by the commune and not by the government, and any private place of instruction may be selected as the communal school. Education practically ceases at the age of 12; what was learned is soon forgotten, and the relapse into indifference and ignorance is inevitable. The schools are inspected once a year. Although the technical schools of Belgium are fine, the primary system of this most crowded country in Europe is wholly bad.

The name of bridge probably grew out of the Russian word "biritch," which is called out when the player declares no trumps, says Scribner's. The appearance in England between 1883 and 1886 of a pamphlet on "biritch," or Russian whist, failed to attract much attention at that period, but during the ensuing ten years the present natural offshoot of the Russian form of play—one variety of which is called ieralasch, teralache, yelarash, by Sir Horace Rumbold—became everywhere quite a favorite pastime. The game is said by some to have originated at Athens, although it is known to have been played, practically in its present form, throughout Turkey, Greece, Egypt and along the Maritime Alps for actually more than 30 years under the name of khedive.

The dean of Canterbury relates this anecdote of his own school days: In the schoolhouse at Rugby, when he was there, new boys in the first winter term had to stand on a table and sing the "Brave Old Oak" before all the boys of the house. If they sang to the satisfaction of the house they were taken into its good-fellowship. Otherwise they had to drink half a glass of salt and fater, made so thick that they could stand a ruler up in it. He was very sorry to make the confession that he had to drink the salt and water.

The Chinese on the Rand were allowed so much opium, the maximum a month being two pounds. This would suffice to stock an ordinary chemist's shop for a year. Two pounds of opium represents 27,968 average medicinal doses.

Germany has ordered a reduction of freights on live stock to try and coax down the prices of meats, which are away out of reach. This seems a good deal like the ostrich with his head in the sand.

How the Actor Feels the Pulse of His Audience

By LEW FIELDS.

In the relation of actor to audience I have always believed that a collective public is much like the average individual in its physical expression, and that you will find in any grouping of persons a common impulse—a pulse that is as well defined as any ever pressed by the physician as he watches his patient.

The successful public speaker—orator, preacher or actor—is he who finds that pulse, and to my mind much of the so-called magnetism is but the ability on th part of the speaker to feel his audience; to recognize the throbs of that pulse; to govern and be governed by it; and, above all, to know whether it indicates exhilaration or depression, and to act according to those indications.

There is no other profession in which the intangible sense of intuition is so necessary as in that of acting, for it is principally through that sense that we may gauge the interpretation of our allotted parts. Year after year the player learns to feel his way into the light of approval, and this process often results in the development of intuition to an almost abnormal degrece.

The world pleases to call me a successful comedian and my work in comedy is generally commended by my critics, yet there is never a time that I come on the stage that I do not experience a certain degree of nervousness which I cannot overcome until I have "sized up" my audience. My first impulse is to reach out beyond my part to discover the composite character of that body beyond the footlights, and intuitively I grasp its pulse and know by its throbs whether action or lines will serve best to quicken the circulation of enjoyment in its veins.

The well-defined elements must always be considered before a part may be effectually played—visual and mental attitude—and they are important factors indeed. The first will be found in an audience composed of those worthies who come to the theater to be amused without effort on their part, and the latter, where there is a distinct evidence of ability and willingness to grasp the humor of the actor's lines without the absolute neccssity of descriptive action technically known as "business."

The reception which greets my first appearance is usually my guide, for it shows me whether my audience has laughed more at the dialogue or "business," and I take my intuitive cue from the impression thus conveyed and work accordingly. I keep always in touch with the vibration of that pulse which tells me plainly when the audience has had enough of pantomime and is ready to listen rather than to watch.

The slightest indication that abnormal pulsation threatens is a danger signal that cannot safely be ignored, for in comedy it is but a short course from the normal to a stagnation that induces a sluggish lack of desire to respond to the efforts of the comedian.

No Inharmony Between God and Man

By DR. EMIL G. HIRSCH.

The mistake which the average religion makes is that it supposes that the whole of the universe is opposed to man. It places man at one pole and God at the other and attempts to bridge the chasm with a futile span called religion. The bridge of salvation, the higher religions call it. The fact is, however, that man opposed to the laws of nature is nothing; man acting in harmony with and understanding them is little less than God. There never was—there never will be—opposition between man and God.

It is folly to place the light of science in the old testament. It is foolish to suppose that in those days of meager scientific knowledge there was exactness in the thought about the world. It is still more futile to make science conform to the old testament. It is absurd to suppose that at that time the sum total of knowledge had been reached.

The idea of personal immortality is a continuation of the instinct of self-preservation. It is the idea which made the early man bow to the fetich. It is the thought that makes the more modern man come to the altar and pray. In both is the feeling that without the propitiation of the higher powers man will be destroyed. The instinct of self-preservation expanded is the desire to live perpetually. Man knows something of what life is. He knows nothing of death. He therefore desires to live forever and he asks that that life shall be made as easy as possible.

There is a deeper truth than this in immortality. There are great movements in human development. In these each man takes his large or small share. In proportion to that share, in ratio to the influence, known or unknown to men at large, which he exerts on these great movements is his immortality.

He dies, but the energy, the potentiality which has been released in his life never dies. It becomes part of the great movements of the world. Man competing with natural law is impotent. Man knowing and utilizing natural law has potency which is second only to that of the universe, or God.

There is no conflict between natural and ethical laws. The ethical law is that by which a man becomes a man of power, of resource, of mental potency. Outside of these laws he can not reach his highest development. As natural as is the law of crystallization to the stone, as natural as is the cellular growth to the plant, so is the ethical law to man. It has not been thundered from above. It has become known to him as the other laws of nature have become known to him—through his experience.

When science reaches out into the future it becomes philosophy. When philosophy seeks out the helpful, finds the values of life and formulates conduct it becomes ethics. When ethics involve not only the understanding of the laws of the universe in their relation to man but the harmonious position of man to the great intent of the universe, the co-operation with the great power which we know by the name of God, then ethics become religion.

Religion created the bible. The bible did not create religion. It does not end it. It goes as far, in a great poem, to give the experiences of life as it can. This poetic link forms the human connection with the harmony of which I spoke. What the nature of God is we do not know definitely. But we assert that there never was and never will be inharmony between God and man. The two are partners.

LAMB STEW WITH DUMPLINGS.

Economical, Simple and Delicious Dish For Dinner.

Stewing is, without question, the most economical and simplest mode of cooking meats, says the Woman's Home Companion. Meat which is not capable of being satisfactorily prepared by other processes of cooking is most acceptable when dealt with in this way. Stews are very common among the so-called working classes of Europe, and oftentimes different kinds of meat enter into their composition. Let us make ours of but one kind, namely, Lamb.

Buy three pounds of lamb cut from the forequarters. Wipe meat with a piece of cheese cloth wrung out of cold water, remove superfluous fat and the meat in one-and-one-half-inch cubes. Put in a graniteware kettle, cover with boiling water, bring gradually to the boiling point and let simmer (that means, you know, to let boil very, very slowly) until meat is tender, the time required being about two hours. After the first hour of the cooking add one small onion, from which the skin has been removed, then thinly sliced, and half a cupful each of carrot and turnip cut in half-inch cubes. Remember that the best flavor and the brightest color of a carrot lies very near the skin; therefore, carrots should be washed and scraped for the cooking, never pared. On the other hand, turnips should be pared after washing. To obtain the cubes of which I write, cut the vegetables in half-inch slices, then cut the slices in cubes. Wash and pare potatoes, and cut in one-fourth-inch slices; there should be three and one-half cupfuls. Cook five minutes in boiling salted water to cover drain and add to stew 15 minutes before serving time to finish the cooking. Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter, add four tablespoonfuls of flour, and stir until well blended; then pour on gradually, while stirring constantly, one cupful of the hot liquid in the stew. As soon as the boiling point is reached pour slowly into the stew. Season with salt and pepper, turn on a hot platter and surround with dumplings.

Dumplings, when properly made, are light and delicious and perfectly easy of digestion; if improperly made just the reverse is true. Failures sometimes occur from not cooking the mixture as soon as it is mixed, and again, from cooking the mixture over water that falls below the boiling point.

Braising.

This is a particularly good way to treat dry meats like veal, lean beef from the under part of the round or the face of the rump, the shoulder of mutton, heart, liver, tough fowls, pigeons, or other dry game. The method of braising is like the old-time pot roast, only the braising is far easier in that the water in which it is cooked does not need replenishing, and there is much less danger of the kettle burning dry. In each case the meat is rolled in flour, seasoned with salt, pepper and just a dusting of sugar to assist in the quick browning. Then it is browned in the bottom of a kettle or frying pan, using some of its own fat, drippings or butter, as preferred. After this browning process it is put into a stew pan or braising kettle, covered with well flavored soup stock, gravy, or even hot water, with herbs and seasonings, then covered tightly and left to simmer gently for several hours.

Apple Cups.

Sift together one pint of flour, one-half teaspoon of salt, two tablespoons of sugar, one-half teaspoon soda, one teaspoon cream tartar. Beat one egg, add four tablespoons of sweet milk, and stir into the dry mixture, adding more milk as necessary to make a thick batter. Add two tablespoons of butter (melted) and beat hard. Butter some baking cups and put in each a spoonful of the batter. Add one-half apple cup in quarters, add more batter to cover and two-thirds fill the cup. Steam or bake 30 minutes and serve with milk or a sauce.

Boiled Beets.

Old beets require great care in boiling. Four hours' slow cooking will, as a rule, make them tender. If they are wilted and tough, soak them in cold water over night. Next morning wash, put them into boiling water, and cook slowly. When done remove the skin by rubbing with a towel; cut into thin slices, dish in a hot dish, dust with salt and pepper and pour over a little melted butter. Those left over may be put in vinegar and used as a garnish for potato or carrot salad.

New Idea for Quilts.

The shops are showing wool wadding for quilts. It comes in sheets two yards wide and two yards and a quarter long, and costs about two dollars a yard. The most sanitary way to make these quilts is to cover them with cheese cloth, tacking with soft cotton. They are very pretty when dainty shades of cheese cloth are used. The ventilation with these quilts is as good as with woolen blankets.

Hand-Dipped Candles in Favor.

Hand-dipped candles have reached the dimensions of a fad, for who in a day when old-time styles and ways are copied to the letter, can countenance a molded candle in a colonial stick?

The latest fancy of this kind is the hand-dipped tallow candle, flavored with spearmint, which is said to give out a minty fragrance as it burns. The candle has the interesting irregularity of hand-made things and is greenish-white in color.

A BUNDLE OF TRACTS

By DR. KNOX CALDWELL

"Look here, Wells," rasped the managing editor, wheeling about in his easy chair and surveying me sternly, "your work is getting rotten, absolutely rotten. What you need is a vacation. Take it. Get out and don't show your face around here for two weeks."

Thus it came about that the next day found me lolling comfortably on a settee, in a shady part of the park. My five years' work on the newspaper had given me a wide acquaintanceship within the city. Consequently, among the passers-by, there were many whose faces were familiar.

Presently two familiar figures came within my field of vision. They were a pair of girls whom I had encountered many times in my search for news, named respectively "Mag" and "Liz."

Being a trifle familiar with their especial brand of "graft," I decided to watch and see with what success they should operate it. So I lit my pipe and waited expectantly, nor did I have long to wait.

Suddenly there came a wild shriek and, in a moment, people were rushing pell mell toward the spot where a moment ago I had sighted this gifted pair.

I smiled sardonically and sat still, for I had seen the little play and its inevitable denouement enacted many times. "Mag," the smaller one, had just keeled over in a fair imitation of an epileptic fit while her sister "Liz" lent her aid by wringing her hands and proclaiming in heartrending accents, "O, me sister. She's dyin'. She's dyin'."

Of course the whole exhibition would not take over five minutes and, as a finale, some sympathetic bystander would pass around the hat for the afflicted one. I yawned, as the little circle disintegrated, and wondered whether I ought to report "Liz" and her confrere to the police or give her a dime and ask for a story. Fate decided the question for me.

The crowd had miraculously disappeared, having evidently forgotten "Mag" and her troubles, while the precious pair wandered slowly along in my direction, keeping a shifty eye out meanwhile for a possible policeman.

I pulled my hat down over my eyes and pretended to sleep. Presently I was rewarded by a whining voice. "Please, mister, help a poor girl that's got fits."

I sat up and pushed back my hat. "Why, hello, Liz," I said casually, "at the old game I see. Why don't you try something new?"

The girl, in whose hard and careworn face there was not a trace of fear, stared at me defiantly.

"Wot if we is?" she said sullenly, "folks like us has got to live some way and the old gags is the best anyhow. I tried a new one las' week, and it was all to the bum." Here she stopped and looked at me suspiciously.

"Go on Liz," said I good naturedly, "I'm not working this week and I'll give my word of honor not to peach on you. Sit down and tell me about it."

The hunted look left the girl's face and she glanced at me gratefully as she sat down.

"T'anks, Mr. Wells," she said, "I taut you wan't no piker. Well, it was like dis. Some o' de fly cops got wise to our game an' dey told us to quit it or get pinched, so we quit an' kep' in de house fer a while. T'ings to eat got kinder scarce aroun' th' joint so, one night, I says to Mag 'I'm goin' to duck out an' see what's doin'' an' I took a hike down to the Bow'ry.

"I wuz sneakin' along when, all of a sudden, I runs into 'Marble Mary' just out from a t'ree months' trip to th' islan'. Mary she hooks into me an', w'en I tells her me bad luck, she puts me wise to a new lay that she says is a peach an' a winner. On de way home I lays me plans to try it out nex' day. Now dis is a kind of a particular job so I calls on all me frien's fer help.

"One lends me a swell lid she's swiped somewhere, another hands me a dress fer Mag an' finally, we're bot' fixed up like duchesses and ready fer parade.

"Den I gets out a new shiny hand bag, dat I copped from somebody or other, and I packs it full o' paper until it looked like th' property of Mrs. Van Astor.

"Wid dat in me mitt, me and Mag hits de pike fer down town. We wuzn't aimin' fer no cheap joint, neither, but fer Wanacooper's, th' swellest place in town. Course, we didn't know w'ether we could get in or not, but a faint heart ain't productive of anything to eat an' anyhow we couldn't do no more than get trowed out.

"Well, luck was wid us, fer dey was a big sale goin' on an' th' bubbles an' carriages was lined up fer half a mile, an' swells goin' in an' out like bees in a hive. Me an' Mag waited a bit an' then slid in wid th' mob and nobody said a word.

"We wandered around a while, keepin' an eye open fer the store cop, and finally I spots me meat—a big fat woman wid her hands covered wid sparklers an' a juicy lookin' grip in her hand that I figgered ought to be good for a couple of hundred anyway.

"The fat one she wandered around and around, wid me and Mag on de trail, lookin' careless but jest a waitin' fer a chance to get busy wit' th' value. Finally, she stops at the glove counter an' sets down to look 'em over.

"I gives Mag th' wink an' den I sidles in aside her and plunks me hand cage down by hers. Say, but she trowed me a frosty face, and' it was all I could do to keep from laughin', I felt so good.

"Says I to the pink complected doll behin' the counter, 'show me some 50 cent mitts please' and, jest as she was tolnin' Mag got busy and trun a fit.

"Well say, my fat frien' she jest give one screech an' turned aroun' to see what was goin' on. While she and everyone else was rubberin' I grabbed her cash box, leavin' mine there in place of it, an' walked away. Mag was still a hollerin' an' so was ev'rybody else as near as I could make out. People was a runnin' ev'ry which way an', in the rumpus, I jest kep' a walkin' an a walkin', and pretty soon I walked out the door with Mrs. Van Fattybilk's grip in my hand an' my old carpet sack of brown paper a layin' back there on th' counter beside 'er.

"'Gee,' I said to myself, 'this is too easy. If this keeps up I'll be a swell myself soon' an' I hugged that fat valise just like it was a baby.

"Well, I walked kind o' slow to th' corner, but after that you bet I went some, a swearin' for joy at ev'ry step an' a wonderin' how many piannys I'd get wid th' boodle an' swell togs and odder tings.

"W'en I reached de dump where we hangs out I sneaked up stairs into th' room, buttoned th' door tight an' den I set there, a lookin' lovin' like, at that grip an' my mouth jest a waterin'. My! how tickled I was!

"I was jest gettin' ready to bust it open an' feast my eyes, when Mag came up th' stairs, lickety-split. Well we clinches an' laughs an' den cries an', finally, we goes after th' boodle.

"I opened it up very cautious, so dat none of th' diamonds can roll out onto th' floor, an' say, you can't guess wot was in it. Money? No. Jew'lry? Nit. Gold, bonds an' diamonds? Not on your picture. Say! there wasn't nothin' in that lyin' deceitful 20 dollar carpet bag but a big bundle of tracks. You know what tracks is—them things th' W. C. T. U. and th' Y. M. C. A. gives to us poor heathens instead of a sandwich an' a cup o' coffee.

"I pulled out a bunch and looks at 'em. 'W'at kind o' a life are you livin'' an' 'Lyin' is the root of all evil,' an' more like that. I handed a few over to Mag, in case she should feel neglected, and went on.

"Way down at th' bottom was two copper pennies an' a postage stamp that had been used. That was all. I see at once dat Mrs. Van Astor had only been out shoppin' an' dat we had made a mistake in pickin' her out as an easy mark. She was a wise gazabe all right an' we was the marks.

"Well, I looked at Mag an' Mag looked at me an' neither of us said a word. T'en I takes all dem valuables, tracks, pennies an' all, an' I puts 'em back in th' valise. After that I opens a winder an' I heaves it out an' I only hopes whoever foun' it got more joy out of it than I did.

"I never come so near bein' rich in my life, all right, but heart disease runs in our family so me an' Mag went back to th' old game. It's less excitin', but there's more in it."

HIS FIRST LESSON.

An Amusing Story of a Cadet's Experience at West Point.

Mr. Farley, the author of "West Point in the Early Sixties," tells how he received his first lesson in military discipline. He had been the butt of various jokes during the early part of his attendance, and was perhaps a little off guard in matters of mere etiquette and routine.

Just after "call to quarters" in the evening the sentinel tapped on our door and called out: "All right?"

The reply not being satisfactory to him, he opened the door and inquired if any one had answered "All right."

"I did, sir."

"Who is room orderly?"

"He is, sir."

"Why did he not answer?"

"Because I did, sir."

"Why did you answer?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Why do you not know?"

"I forgot, sir."

"Well, young man, don't ever forget again."

"Now," said the sentinel, "I inquire, is it all right in this room?"

"All right, sir," responded the room orderly.

"What is all right?"

"Everything is all right, sir."

"Is everything all right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is that basin all right?"

"No, sir."

"Is that pillow all right?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know, young man," the sentinel said, "that the rules and articles of war require that you should be tried by court-martial and dismissed from the service for trifling with a sentinel on post in this manner? In time of war the sentence would be death."