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THE FAMILY STORY

THAT GIRL AT LAKE LINCOLN.

A YOUNG Englishman was sitting in the hall of a hotel in Chicago gnawing his mustache. He was a journalist, and a week ago no less a personage than the editor of the Chanticleer had offered to consider a series of articles from his pen if he could hit on a new idea.

He had been cudgeling his brains ever since. "A new idea?" He must certainly find it—a new idea!

Charlie Bartlett watched the crowd mustangly. He contemplated a pretty woman coming down the staircase and the youth at the cable counter and the boy behind the book stall. Then he wiped the perspiration from his face and bought a newspaper.

Scanning the sheet he saw an advertisement that suggested possibilities, and he read it through again. It ran thus:

"INTEMPERANCE—Refined home for a limited number of patients of both sexes, suffering from stimulants, chloral or the morphine habit; judicious supervision; luxury and recreations; highest references. For prospectus and particulars, DR. FERGUSON, The Retreat, Lake Lincoln."

The life in such a place ought to furnish very good "copy." Indeed, the "patients of both sexes" should make a peculiarly interesting study. "I think," said Charlie Bartlett to himself, "I think I may cry 'Eureka.' The thing hasn't been done and I'll drop a line to the worthy doctor this afternoon."

He wrote as a "victim to alcohol." He said that he wished to place himself under a firm, restraining influence. Fearing, however, that if he were at all bored his recovery might be retarded he would be glad to hear how many ladies and gentlemen were at present residing under Dr. Ferguson's roof.

The reply, which came by return of post, was satisfactory. The terms were very little higher than he had expected them to be, and the establishment contained twenty patients, of whom eight were ladies.

Lake Lincoln was a little over an hour's run from the city, and when the train deposited Bartlett at the platform he found that "The Retreat" was well known.

Dr. Ferguson welcomed him cordially. "I am happy to see you, Mr. Bartlett," he said; "I guess you will not regret your step, sir. I guess if you are in earnest, sir, we shall soon have overcome the propensity complained of."

Certain interrogatories followed, for which he was partly prepared. Among other things he was asked how long he had been a victim to the habit, and remembering that his appearance did not resemble a confirmed drunkard's he was careful to say that it was only for a short time.

And then the doctor rang for the colored servant to show him to the bedroom allotted to him, and warned him that he must not feel offended at his baggage being examined when it was delivered, in order that it might be seen whether any spirits were secreted in it.

"It's like the customs," he said, "that's all. One of our necessary 'customs.'" He made the same joke to everybody in the first interview. Some patients laughed, and some smiled wryly. Charlie laughed, and the doctor was pretty sure that nothing was being smuggled this time.

"I am allowed to smoke, I suppose?" "Why, certainly," said Dr. Ferguson. "You are at liberty to do whatever you choose here, sir—all but one thing, and don't you forget it. We take supper at 6, Mr. Bartlett, and afterwards, if it is pleasant, summer evenings, sit in the grounds."

It might have been a "spa" hotel, he decided, as he seated himself at the table, and the suggestion grew stronger as the meal proceeded. Everybody here appeared to find the same delight in dwelling on his symptoms.

A man next him, slipping Apollinaris, turned and remarked: "No craving to-day—this is the third day without any craving, sir. Wonderful."

A woman opposite groaned audibly and shook her head at her neighbor with a word of significance. "Low," she said, in a whisper, "mighty low! How are you, dear?" This patient, he subsequently learned, was suffering from the deprivation of her chloral.

Gazing about him, his view was met by a girl who could scarcely have been more than five-and-twenty years of age. Her pale face was extremely interesting, and her beauty, in conjunction with her youth and the situation, made her a pathetic figure to behold. He wondered for what particular vice she was being treated, and if she would be cured. He hoped he would be introduced to her later.

The hope was fulfilled. They were made known to each other by Dr. Ferguson in the garden—"Mr. Bartlett,

Miss Vancouver." She smiled graciously.

"May I," murmured Charlie, "if it isn't indiscreet—? But, perhaps I oughtn't to ask."

"What am I here for do you mean?" she said, turning her big eyes on him frankly. "Oh, my trouble is morphia—I'm a morphia-maniac; what's yours?"

"Er—drink," he said bashfully. "But I'm not a very bad case, you know; I've put myself under restraint early."

"Oh!" she said. She laid her hand on his arm, as if by a sudden impulse. "Don't you crave?" she whispered. "Aren't you burning to be at it? Tell me all."

"I should enjoy a little whisky, certainly," he admitted. "And how about yourself? You are getting over the—weakness, you say?"

"Don't you believe it! I'm hopeless, that's what I am; nothing will ever cure me. He thinks I am getting on, and I'm quiet, and I deceive him, but when I'm out—"

"You will do it again?" "Oh," she gasped, "I'd love it! I'd love it this minute—now. Haven't you ever tried it? It's beautiful! Don't let us talk about it. Talk about something else, quick! Tell me the fascination of whisky; I can't understand that."

So he explained to her, as well as he could, being a temperate young man, the fascination of getting intoxicated on whisky, and she listened with avidity.

Then their conversation drifted into pleasanter channels, and he discovered that, her passion apart, she was a singularly bright and intellectual companion. They discussed a variety of topics, from literature to lawn tennis, and said "Good night" at last, with the arrangement that they should make up a match on the following afternoon, a couple of decent courts being among the doctor's "recreations."

In one way and another Bartlett found himself in Miss Vancouver's society a great deal during the next few days.

Primarily he thought it was because she was able to supply him with so much material for the "series"—she was acquainted with the details of every inmate's case—but by degrees he was forced to own that it was because he liked her. Strange as it may sound—as it did sound to Bartlett—she attracted him, no longer as good "copy," but as a girl.

It was only as his interest in her deepened that the painful fact constantly oppressed him, and then he came to the conclusion that she was occupying his thoughts much more than was desirable and he determined to bring his investigations to a close.

He told her one morning that his stay was terminating. "I have been here three weeks and I have not tasted a drop of whisky the whole time," he said. "If I can do without it for three weeks I can do without it always. Miss Vancouver, I am cured."

She gazed at him sadly. "I hope so," she said, "but I never yet heard of so quick a cure. Have you spoken to the doctor?"

"I intend to do so," replied Charlie. "Anyhow, I have not been placed here—I can leave whenever I like."

They were in the garden as usual; Miss Vancouver was lying in a hammock. She had a white dress on, and her hair was ruffled by the cushion and the breeze. He thought he had never seen her look so charming, so subversive to his common sense. Her dark eyes were regretful, almost tender.

"Shan't I go?" he said.

"How—how can I advise you?" said Miss Vancouver. "You must do what you think best."

He stood frowning at the grass and, more than ever, he knew that it was true. He was in love with her. Nothing more hideous could well have happened to him. In love with this girl. Yes, indeed, the sooner he went the better for his peace of mind.

"Do you know that you have never told me your name?" he said huskily; "I should like to know your Christian name."

"It's Frankie."

"Frankie Vancouver—it's curious; somehow it suits you. I shall go this afternoon, Miss Frankie Vancouver. Will you say good-by to me now?"

He knew as he turned away across the lawn that she understood he was fond of her, and she, as she lay watching his receding figure, knew that she cared for him.

And, of course, it was one of those things that he ought to have ridiculed and sneered at and forgotten. Only he could not. It remained a horrible consciousness with him that the girl he loved was shut up in an establishment at Lake Lincoln for treatment for the morphia vice.

Sometimes the picture of what she might become forced itself between him and his work, and the face of Frankie ten years hence glared up at him from the manuscript. Then he shuddered and left his desk, and the article did not progress very rapidly the rest of that day.

He found it so difficult to concentrate his attention on what he was doing that it was a fortnight before No. 1 of the series was finished. After that, however, he fell into the swing of the thing, and went on apace.

He had decided to submit the six papers—he meant to have six—all at once, and, when they were done he rubbed his hands. They represented an editorial compliment and a very substantial check, he calculated.

He was staying in a boarding-house, and he was inclined to be careless in his habits. What was his dismay the following morning, on unfolding his copy of the Chanticleer, to see that he had been forestalled. There it was with terrific headlines, and a "leader" calling attention to it besides—"The Liquor and the Ladies! Life in a Dip-somaniac Home. By Our Special Commissioner. To Be Continued Day by Day. Dainty Dames Demand Drink Desperately! Startling Stories of Some Sinners in Society!"

He caught up his hat and cane and jumped on the first cable car that passed him. The editor of the Chanticleer was in, and, as it happened, accessible.

"I want to know who's doing your 'Dipsomaniac Home' series?" began Charlie. "I suppose it isn't a secret—who is he?"

"Well," said the editor, "I guess it ain't your affair, but I don't mind telling you. The stuff was sent in by an 'outsider,' and I thought it a good idea. What do you ask for, anyhow?"

"What do I ask for?" echoed Charlie excitedly; "look here—and here—and here!" He showed his manuscripts on the table as he spoke. "You told me to do you some articles on a new subject; I did the articles; and now this infernal outsider of yours has robbed me of my matter. I leave my desk open and he has been at it!"

"Well," remarked the other, "all that don't concern me."

He whistled through a tube, and presently announced that the "outsider" was George R. Wilbrow, and the address given was on the North Side. Charlie drew a long breath and departed.

It was an awkward road to find, but he got to it at last.

He stood on the hearth rug and felt the suppleness of his cane. Then the door opened and admitted Miss Frankie Vancouver!

Both started violently; both uttered the same monosyllable at the same moment—"You!"

"But—but, how—?" gasped Charlie. "George R. Wilbrow" is my pen name," she explained. "I am a journalist. That is why I am at the 'Retreat.' I only shammed the morphia—I had to be something terrible, or I couldn't have got in. I hope you are keeping sober," she added.

"Sober!" he cried; "why, heavens above! I am a journalist; I shammed the whisky; I, too, have written a series of papers; and that's the reason—I expected to find a man, and had come to thrust him. Will you let me shake your dear little hand again, instead?"

And she did let him, and he kept on shaking it; and then, somehow or other, his arm was around her waist and she was crying on his shoulder, and—and the rest was banal.—The Sketch.

Deer May Be Extirpated.

An effort will be made at the coming session of the Legislature to amend the game laws so as to set back the open season for killing deer one month, having it begin in September instead of in August. It is estimated by competent authorities that there are not to exceed 25,000 deer in the Adirondacks now, and that if some precautionary measure is not taken within a year or two they will be exterminated.

The reports received by the State Fisheries, Game and Forest Commission demonstrate that the fears of those who wish further protection are well grounded. These reports have been received from all but one township in the twelve counties in the Adirondack region, and these show from conservative figures that 5,083 deer were killed during the last open season. This number is under, rather than over, the exact figure. Of the total animals slain, 2,690 were does. Thus it will be seen that the does shot outnumbered the bucks by 315.

In Hamilton County the greater slaughter took place, the animals killed numbering 1,406, of which 724 were does. In but two counties—Essex and Franklin—did the number of bucks killed exceed the number of does. The report states that in Essex 408 animals were killed; in Franklin, 934; Fulton, 64; Herkimer, 508; Lewis, 423; St. Lawrence, 813; Saratoga, 14; Oneida, 40; Warren, 282; Washington, 46.—New York Times.

Germans Come to America.

German emigration is chiefly to this country. In volume it varies. It was 27,634 in 1875, rose to 206,189 in 1881, fell to 75,591 in 1886, rose to 108,611 in 1891, and fell again to 84,210 in 1894.

Men, as a rule, do not like to lie, but their wives ask too many questions.

NOTES ON EDUCATION.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO PUPIL AND TEACHER.

The More Prominent Duties of the Superintendent as Outlined by A. W. Edson of the Massachusetts Board of Education.

Duties of a Superintendent.

The duties of a superintendent may be classed as general and professional. His more prominent general duties are to inspect the school premises—the grounds, buildings and outhouses; to know and as far as possible to introduce the most approved methods of heating, lighting and ventilating school buildings; to select text and reference books, apparatus and supplies, and to see to their distribution; and, in brief, to attend to the endless details accompanying the business part of the school administration. From an economical standpoint the superintendent often proves himself a profitable agent, saving a town, city, or district in a single year no small part of his salary, and sometimes more than his salary. If prepared for his work, the superintendent is a thorough student of the science and art of education, of psychology with special reference to child study, of applied pedagogy and of the aims and work of our great educational reformers. He has had large and successful experience in teaching, especially in elementary grades. He has an intimate acquaintance with the best schools of the day; he attends educational conventions, institutes, and summer schools; in short, he keeps abreast of all advanced educational movements. Only by such preparation is he fitted to arrange a course of study for his schools. This keynote to any educational structure should be the work of a scholarly and progressive educator. It should indicate the principles underlying, the ends to be attained, the subjects to be taught, the order of their presentation, with some general suggestions on methods of teaching. And after the course of study has been prepared, it must be wisely interpreted and intelligently applied. The further professional duties of a superintendent may perhaps be best shown by a discussion of his relations to four classes of people—the school committee, the teachers, the pupils, and the public:

1. He is the executive head of the school committee. It is the province of the committee to legislate, to give a candid consideration and final decision on the general policy to be pursued. It is the province of the superintendent to study every phase of education, to suggest to the committee what in his judgment he thinks for the best interest of the schools, and, after decision of the committee, to execute their wishes. He keeps the committee well informed on the actual and comparative condition and needs of the schools freely and conscientiously recommending changes where improvements are needed. He is their professional leader, and makes his influence felt on all questions pertaining to the welfare of the schools.

2. The value of skilled supervision rests largely in the ability of the superintendent to select and retain good teachers, and to assist all, both strong and weak, to the best results possible. He secures a list of desirable candidates, examines carefully into their qualifications, corresponds with persons able to speak from personal knowledge of their worth and work, visits them in the school room, and in a variety of ways exercises a judicious care in their selection. He places each teacher where she is most likely to succeed, visits her often, suggests good methods and encourages her in every way in his power. He is a strength and inspiration to the entire teaching force. Superior teachers are recognized and upheld, mediocre ones are stimulated to better preparation and greater efforts, while those who have no ability, who are hopelessly poor, are soon crowded out of the service. Many of our best teachers refuse to teach in towns having no superintendent—they recognize the value of the help he is able to render.

In the school room the superintendent follows closely the work of each teacher, notes mistakes, omissions, and weaknesses, and gives occasional test and teaching exercises. This constant contact with the schools enables the superintendent to understand and appreciate the difficulties of teachers far better than can any amount of reading and theorizing. Even a brief visit enables a superintendent to observe the spirit and order of the school and the value of the teaching.

The superintendent confers frequently with his teachers at general or grade meetings. Here he unifies and strengthens effort, compares the work of teachers in the same grade and of several grades, considers with them the ends and means in all school exercises, presents model lessons, interprets the various steps in the course of study, encourages and directs professional reading and study. Teachers' meetings without a superintendent to direct are rare and of little value.

3. The superintendent sees that the schools are provided with everything necessary to the bodily health and comfort of pupils, as well as with every

appliance for their instruction. He assists in examining, classifying, and promoting pupils from time to time, and by his discriminating oversight prevents the machinery of school organization from destroying all individuality. Proper gradation and frequent promotions lead pupils to be prompt and regular at school, and to this end sees that the truant officers do their duty. He excites the ambition of pupils to obtain a good education, and as a result the attendance in grammar and high schools is greatly increased.

4. The superintendent often renders the schools invaluable service by interesting the people, the fathers and mothers, taxpayers and voters, in their present condition and needed improvements. He gains their attention and support by frequent teachers' meetings, where all interested can learn of what is being attempted, and of modern education—its purpose, means and methods; by evening meetings for general discussion of the work of the schools and the relations of the people to them; by school exhibitions, where some of the more tangible results of the school work can be displayed; by arranging special visiting days, where the regular daily work of the schools can be observed by providing monthly and yearly reports of pupils' work and progress for the inspection of parents; and by interesting the daily and weekly press in reporting school news and abstracts of addresses at teachers' meetings, institutes and conventions. When people hear much of the schools, visit them often and appreciate their needs, they appropriate liberally for their support.

Again, he often acts the part of intermediary in settling differences and misunderstandings between parents and children on the one hand and teachers on the other. Educational machinery will always work with greater ease and efficiency if the cogs, wheels and bearings are kept well oiled.—The School Journal.

What to Do for Boys.

Much can be done for boys from twelve to sixteen. Physically, we can easily aid them to be lithe, stalwart, strong, enduring, establishing habits of physical care and exercise. Mentally, there should be no overloading, but much exercising. The effort should be to develop quick, reliable, persistent thinking. Habit of the best mental activity is indispensable. If the boy is not bookish, if he has no scholarly tastes, no tendencies for investigation in science, or activity in industry, there is need of great care to discover the line along which he can be led to think individually and vigorously.

It is more difficult to know what to do with the boy emotionally excitable, impatient and inconsistent. Each child needs treatment specially adapted to himself, and every varying mood needs varying treatment. The will is not to be broken, nor is it to be allowed to run wild. While goodness cannot be whipped into a boy, it is not at all sure that some boys at some times do not need a very firm restraining hand. It is impossible for a mother to weep saintliness into the boy, and yet, rare tears and great occasions may be most efficacious. The rod, the scolding tongue, the weeping mother are not specifics, and yet it is as sure as anything can be that any boy who has no birthmark of fatal moral deformity could be trained, if in the hands of experts, so that he would come of age in a thoroughly balanced, well modulated, emotional life. The great demand of the age is for expert treatment of boys and good sense on the part of the part of parents which shall place especially freakish sons in charge of such experts.

There is little hope of expert home training for the boy who needs exceptional home care and treatment, the only hope is in the teacher who has prepared himself for such effort. The public school teacher cannot expect to be a specialist, and if he is, he has no right to give to one child the time, thought and energy that belongs to fifty. Public sentiment must be toned up until the vicious boy is cared for as specifically as the physically deformed or mentally imbecile.—Columbus School Journal.

The Kindergarten Summed Up.

The kindergarten develops the threefold nature of the child. Its object is the formation of character by the means of an harmonious development of body, mind and soul. This is accomplished by means of play, child-like work and constant exercise in right doing. The kindergarten recognizes and seeks to develop the individuality of each child. It furnishes him with the companionship of his equals, through whom he gets his first lesson in citizenship. It affords the best transition from home to school life. It provides the best preparation for school life. It strives to prepare the child not only for time, but for eternity, by enabling him to grow into what he can be and what God meant him to be.

School Libraries.

Children will read and teachers may do much good by directing them therein. We suggest that as far as possible they arrange to have the State Pupils' Reading Circle books purchased and that additions to the list of suitable books owned by the school be made for the several grades as fast as possible.

Choose well, and you will find life very good, and very well worth living.



Hints to Housekeepers.

A dish of water placed in a hot oven where pies, cakes or puddings are being baked will prevent them from scorching.

Great care must be exercised in washing glass ornamented with gold. Use only castile soap and do not have the suds strong. Wash one piece at a time and wipe immediately.

The skins of fruit should never be eaten, not because they are not palatable or digestible, or are unhealthful in themselves, but on account of the danger arising from microbes, which may have penetrated into the covering of the fruit.

People who are susceptible to the cold should make a point of wearing loose clothing in cold weather. Loose garments are always warmer than tight-fitting ones, not only because they allow room for circulation, but also because they permit a layer of air between the skin and the outside cold.

If you have butter that is not entirely sweet, put it in a porcelain dish with a little salt and a tiny piece of soda, place over a fire and bring to a boil. Turn it into a stone jar and set it in a cool place. The butter will be found perfectly sweet and not too salt for cooking. The impurities will settle to the bottom of the jar.

Dr. M. Hammond gives it as his experience that, in convulsions of children, to turn them upon the left side will cut short like magic the convulsion. One case was remarkable; the child had been in convulsions continuously, more or less severe, for twenty-four hours. I made this change, and the relief was immediate. Epileptics treated in the same way are always as promptly relieved.

Celery Soup.

An approved and improved recipe for cream of celery soup requires that two roots of celery be chopped fine. In parentheses it is stated that these roots are those of the knob celery that comes three roots to the bunch for eight or ten cents. Add to the chopped roots one cup of rice and cover with three cups of water. Simmer for twenty-five minutes, or until both rice and celery are tender. Scald three cups of rich milk. Press the rice and celery through a sieve, carefully saving the water drained from them, and add rice, celery and water to the scalded milk. Let it cook in the farina boiler for fifteen minutes, season and serve. If in cooking the soup becomes too thick, add a little white stock or chicken broth to it. It improves the soup to cook the rice and celery in broth instead of water, and a slice of onion may be added while cooking. The rice usually makes the soup quite thick enough. Should this not be the case, rub together a tablespoonful of butter with two of flour, add to the scalded milk. Stir until smooth.

How to Set the Table.

Have something green for a centerpiece.

A growing plant is better in many ways than cut flowers.

Water in a decanter or carafe is cleaner and easier to serve than in a pitcher. If the family is large and given to drink, and the hired girl has everything to do, a carafe on each corner of the table may be ornamental as well as useful.

The ordinary butter-plate is a little nuisance. Use plates big enough to hold the roll as well as the butter.

Have as many forks at each plate as there are "soft" dishes, which includes fish, vegetables and pastry; and as many knives as there are meats, butter included.

A "cover" includes a plate of any size or design to protect the table from the steaming-hot soup course, from two to five forks, between two and four knives, a couple of teaspoons, a water goblet and wineglasses, napkin and a bread and butter plate.

A Bright Idea.

A clever mother has hit upon a new plan for keeping her children well and dispensing with the doctor's services. At the beginning of winter she gave them a talk on keeping well, called their attention to the many ways in which colds are caught, serious indigestion brought on, etc. Then she offered to each child in the family a prize for keeping well all winter, and thus far has found her idea to work like a charm. As doctors' bills in a family of five children are frequently no trifle, the prizes will probably be worth winning, but the greatest result will be that in all probability the children will grow in love with health and learn self-control.

House Aux Harengs.

Choose a good red herring with a fine, soft roe, soak it in milk, skin and bone it carefully; pound all the best part of the flesh in a mortar, with the yolks of two hard-boiled and some finely-chopped shallot; grate a small, sharp apple and add it to the rest; press all this through a sieve, together with the roe, and season it with oil, vinegar and plenty of pepper.