

at which time he retired from active life. He was a student of Shakspeare and a reader of English poetry. It dwelt in his memory and lingered upon his lips and his gaze was that of a dreamer and a mystic. He said once as he pointed to the typewriter: "It's an ugly little thing but I have pounded out on it the education of my five children and I am content." In spite of his longings for literary life and labors and the scenes of his native land he was not an exile and in moments when he contemplated the real results of his life he was cheered. It would have been the same had he remained in England. He was essentially a mystic and would have been as isolate in the valley of the Thames as in the valley of the Mississippi. Under the name of Idyla Mr. Mullon was a contributor to THE COURIER for several years. This poem of The Weaver is selected for its form and pathos and the orientalism which characterized most of his poems.

#### THE WEAVER.

Sits in the cottage the weaver,  
And quickly his shuttle flies,  
Weaving his piece that the children's food  
May come from the tas' that he plies.

In a cottage on a moorland,  
Built in a fern-clad dell,  
Whose sunlight silvers the heather,  
He doeth his life-task well.

Scarce looking out on the sunshine,  
Half-hearing the lark's brave song,  
Pausing not in the throw of the shuttle;  
His toil, it is dreary and long.

Aye, hard is the lot of the craftsman,  
When the children have hunger for bread,  
Seldom his labor hath ending  
Till he sleeps with his fellow dead.

Nay, life can never have ending,  
But pain has its end with the just;  
Who sows true seed, if in sorrow,  
Sees the food grow up from the dust.

And the weaver in the cottage—  
Where the sun is shadowed in gloom—  
There waits the call of the master;  
Waits till the Lord gives doom.

When, another web he is weaving  
Before the Judge shall be spread—  
A web that an Angel's fingers  
Is guiding its every thread.

At the ether-built loom I see him,  
Plying the shuttle and beam;  
The warp and the woof are the weaver's  
thoughts,  
And the weaver's work, I ween.

And bright is the web there woven—  
To earth's eyes mazy and quaint—  
Fair-shaping a holy garment,  
For the soul of the weaver saint.

The bill to erect a monument to the Nebraska volunteers who were killed in the Spanish war encourages those who are still expatriated to believe that their country appreciates the sacrifice they have all made for it. There is every reason why these boys who willingly accepted the probability of death and of burial in heaps, should have some other memorial than their unidentified graves. Whatever the present legislature does, or does not do, this one act of recognition of the youth that perished in the late war should not be forgotten. An appropriation for such an object would be like a memorial gift—of more meaning sentimentally than materially. An unrecognized sacrifice has a tendency to weaken patriotism. Human nature has not yet risen to the height of being willing to give anonymously for the gift's sake, and especially that last and supremest gift of a young life. The bitterest reflection of the mothers and fathers who cherish the letters from their sons telling of the discomforts of camp life, of the sudden sickness, and last of all the notification from an officer of the soldier's death from typhoid fever or malaria, or the cablegram of his death on the battlefield, is that his sacrifice and theirs was for naught. Recognition by the state at this time of those who died would be endorsed by the "gov-

erned" who have, and who have not, given their consent to authority.

The number of candidates for the mayoralty in the city council is said to include it. There are several men in the council whose good judgment has been repeatedly demonstrated. They have also had considerable experience in city affairs and their services in an executive position would be of immense advantage to the city both financially and morally.

The Grand Island Republican in a recent number defines the class and character of the men who stand nearest Mr. Thompson in Lincoln. Whether one agrees with the editor or not the article is very interesting.

In this connection it may be noted that the spring candidates are coming up out of the snow like crocuses and with the same apparent prematureness. As far as heard from they are declaring themselves as anti-Thompson men, which gives a name to a new line of demarcation in city politics. Although antithompson means nothing to one unfamiliar with the language of Lincoln, to a resident it means a combination of the manly, self-respecting, public-spirited citizen of Lincoln against the corruption of ready-made politics. The Thompson men, on the other hand, have their places all picked out and it is understood that the places have been promised them for "being good." For instance, Sheriff Trompen is said to have been ponderously treading up and down the halls of the Lindell a short time ago announcing that there was not a man in his district who wanted to see Mr. Thompson sent to the United States senate. The next day, which, by the way, was Sunday, when the sheriff is not supposed to work, he rode over his district and the next time he appeared at the hotel he said that there were several men he had found who were not opposed to Mr. Thompson, and since then, like Bre'r Fox, he has not been saying anything at all. His conversion is laid to his desire for a third term and the representations which are supposed to have been made to him as to the power of the Thompson influence to secure his renomination.

Of course the members of the Thompson delegation are liable to spells of discouragement when they reflect upon how fatal the Thompson influence was to George Woods and how it has blighted the political prospects of several councilmen, but the reflection, that at any rate they have burnt the bridges behind them and scuttled the boats, keeps them steadily in the course they entered upon with so much docility.

Aguinaldo, according to the Review of Reviews, is an educated man and not a sanguinary savage. He is compared to Napoleon for his ability to make extensive plans, his establishing and maintaining communication between all parts of his forces in a country without railroads, his power to compel the loyalty of men and to unite them enthusiastically for the accomplishment of his plans. It is worth our while after defeating such a man to make a friend of him. That accomplished, Aguinaldo, more than any other man, would be able to help in the pacification and setting in order of the Philippines.

That Colonel Stotzenburg, of the volunteers, has been made a captain in the regular army, indicates how his soldierly qualities and services are appreciated by the department in Washington. There is little doubt that he is a severe and punctilious drillmaster, but the boys who have had their little feelings punctured by fines and imprisonment in the guard house should reflect that drilling is better than dying, and baths are better than fever. The magnificent order and response of the Nebraska troops at Manila under Colonel Stotzenburg is evidence enough that he has been a faithful and intelligent commandant. The well known question of President Lincoln in regard to the kind of whiskey which General Grant was drinking, might be urged in the Stotzenburg case. Only in the latter's case it would refer to the kind of discipline administered by the Colonel, with a view of getting more of it.

#### LABORATORY WORK IN THE SCHOOLROOM.

[ELLEN M. AUSTIN.]

Some one aptly says: "In the teacher's profession there is nothing so much needed as sensible teachers." "Ah! there's the rub." Not that I am willing to admit that teachers are more lacking in sense than other people, but the work requires an unusual endowment.

Surely, it is not an easy thing to be a progressive teacher without being a fad-chaser, to be conservative, without being a moss-back. I appreciate the educated, thinking teacher who has the independence to wear no tag of school or sect. The teacher who can appropriate the good of the child study cult, the epoch period or any other teaching propaganda without getting into a contracted rut where she is vainly trying to follow some leader in this line. Again and again has it been repeated and still we reiterate it with emphasis, "The teacher who is not more than the method will ruin any method. Right here lies the danger. Child study is the rage. The teacher feels that unless she makes some attempt in this line she is not in the swim. She has no qualifications for the work. Absolutely no interest in it. Instead of grasping the great grand plans of the sympathizers with this movement she looks upon it as something she must force upon herself. A fad is based upon at least a partial truth. The fad that is nearest the exact truth is likely to be most dangerous. Why is it that we teachers are so often deceived in these things? Is it that we are continually trying to find some royal road to learning? We favor improvement, progress and better methods. The detrimental process of continually experimenting at the expense of the pupils we deprecate. One year the synthetic method of reading overturns our whole structure; next, vertical writing or some special system of drawing will solve the knotty problems of the school room. How soon will we see that superceded by clay modeling? At the beginning of the next year possibly the whole teaching profession tumbles over one another like a flock of sheep in a rush to be the first to shout for the Speer number work. Is it not time we stopped and asked ourselves the question, "Where are we at?" One afternoon while visiting at a farm house in the interior of the wolverine state my attention was called to a large flock of sheep, who were circling around and around a large barn and straw stack. Upon looking closely I discovered that the bell sheep that all were following was so near the rear one that he was blindly following him. How much of that sort of thing is being done. It is the old play of Simon says thumbs up; up go the thumbs or off comes the head. Again the superintendent says wiggle-waggle and wiggle-waggle it is, even if it be in irbecile, idiotic imitation. Some of us who are still young in everything but years have seen the pendulum swing backward and forward so many times that we are ready to generalize. Education is still a growth, a development. Better knowledge of psychic laws can but be helpful. This knowledge can hardly come from the haphazard manner in which much of the so-called child study is carried on. The young teacher who has read one or two articles upon the subject buys a psychology and possibly reads a few chapters and imagines she is equipped to do scientific work in the child laboratory. She discovers that Johnny Smith has double toes on his right foot and that he is the only one among her forty pupils who has such a malformation of the pedal phalanges. Therefore she knows that such a multiplication of the phalangial attachments of the right pedal extremity are very rare, occurring not more than once in forty children, and further she has discovered that

there are three colored children in her school and that there is a peculiar odor about them which she has not yet analyzed. She considers her investigation thus far of the greatest importance and especially to her patrons, as she can now assure them, taking her own school which she has carefully investigated, that ordinarily there would not be more than three black children in forty and that under ordinary circumstances parents need have but little concern as to the color of their children. This one fact she has fully settled by her scientific child study would be grateful news to parents. On hearing the result of her observations the president of the county association recommended that the association show its appreciation of her original work by a vote of thanks.

And all the smaller lights said, Amen. The bell sheep was evidently following the rear one. This is not an overdrawn picture. Hundreds of pictures are doing just such work based on no more correct data or method, and they are posing as scientific students of Child Study. Right here I desire not to be misunderstood. It is no wonder that the sensible painstaking, sympathetic teachers, unskilled in all the scientific and abstract statements of psychological principles are driven to question whether there is such a thing as child study, not knowing that all this while she has been a true student of child life. Dr. Munsterberg of Harvard, says: "There is a great psychological field for us to investigate in the development of child work; but it is not to be made known by any such utterly unscientific methods as are now being pursued by thousands of teachers over the country." To be of value, the data must be collected by those trained in scientific methods. Then again it is true in this field as in all others, there are students of the science of psychology who are not, neither can they be, scientific students. Their work counts for naught in the great field of child physiology. I would not, I do not, discourage child study. I would emphasize it by warning teachers to beware lest they lay to the blame of the child the sins and the weakness of the teacher. I believe there is nothing more needed just now than that led by the Will of the Wisps of Child Study, teachers do not forget or lose sight of the need of studying themselves. We have teachers of a stronger type who know something of psychology, but they consider the child as a bundle of physical elements rather than as a living being. A being that can love and hate, think and act; one that must be held by a chord of sympathy if we hope to do him good. There are a few, very few, who can collect and compare data and draw the correct conclusions therefrom. They can and do study scientifically, and the results of their investigation are of great value. They are the deep undercurrent in the river that seems all foam and froth. The foam will blow away and the under flow will give of its life giving properties to all who seek it. I remember once standing by a cane press where the juice as it ran into the vat was so covered with a thick foam, that the foam alone was visible. But as the fire was applied and the mass seathed and boiled, the froth was skimmed off and that which was left made, when properly reduced, fine syrup. Possibly the syrup could not be without the froth, but I do know that at first the sight of that green, filthy scum, turned me against anything that might come from underneath. So it seems to me is child study to day, a great seething mass of froth. All of the weak, inefficient teachers have entered into this new stream of thought and by their helpless efforts beaten it into a foam so that the real thought contributed by the few minds that are really doing or are able to do the work, is concealed from view.

The foregoing is a mutilated copy of the very excellent paper read by Principal Ellen M. Austin of Pender, Nebr., before the State Teachers Association which met here a few weeks ago.