

it was the summer time, when there was nothing doing at the school, and Mr. Kimball thought he could make money by getting Paine's Battle of Manila to show here. If, for years, he had been in the habit of inspecting amphitheatre seats, he would have known that the old, rotten seats in the M. street park were insufficiently strengthened by the carpenters. To his unaccustomed and inexperienced eyes, and to a judgment unfurnished with any standards of comparison, the seats were all right. When they were filled with people, one night, they fell and a score were more or less seriously injured. The wounded and nerve-racked have sued Mr. Kimball for something like seventy-five thousand dollars, and the result of years of remunerative, excellent work are seriously threatened. Through no fault, except of prudence in undertaking another man's job, Mr. Kimball's own business will be intruded upon by the cares and perplexities of law-suits involving all his property. It is a severe punishment, but there are plenty of men in Lincoln who have taken the punishment, though it was not visited upon them so melodramatically and conspicuously as upon Mr. Kimball. There are few men in Lincoln who have not suffered from yielding to the temptation offered by outside enterprises, but Mr. Kimball is the latest victim, and it is human nature to point a moral.

The Stotsenburg Fund.

As the custodian of the Stotsenburg fund, I sent Mrs. Stotsenburg on the twenty-fifth of August eight hundred and ninety-seven dollars and nineteen cents. Nebraska is more grateful and appreciative than this small sum denotes, but people are slow in answering letters and fulfilling pledges. I have still some two hundred dollars in unredeemed pledges, which, when they are collected, I will send to her. I have received from Mrs. Stotsenburg the following receipt:

LINCOLN, NEBR., August 25, 1900.
Received from Miss Sarah B. Harris, custodian Stotsenburg Fund, eight hundred ninety seven dollars and nineteen cents (\$897.19).
MARY L. STOTSENBURG.

The Gospel of the Straight Shot.

The Western Club Woman, published at Denver, is a stimulating, interesting club magazine. It is full of the peculiar and indefinable spirit of the west. I know of no publication that so fairly represents western women as the "Western Club Woman." In the September number the editor disagrees with the policy of civilizing the Chinese by shooting some of them. She says the shot gun is not a logical punishment for persistent heathenism. If punishment for sin and wilful ignorance is ever salutary, the Chinese have earned it by cruelty to women and girls. A spanking is not a *non sequitur*, though the naughty child does not see the connection until he has grown up. It is a tonic that braces his nerves and restores his normal tone. The Chinese, though they are the oldest people, are children in their slow initiative, in their conceit and in their faith in wood and stone idols. Oriental modes are entirely different from western civilization. The western world can never control, but in the beginning, it seems to me, force must teach the Chinese that we are all nations in one world, and that it is no longer possible to exclude the world from China. With the faculty of imitation so highly and perfectly developed, there is reason to believe that the Chinese will imitate occi-

dental virtues as well as vices, so soon as the Sun of Heaven removes the embargo on all foreigners. The world has been peaceably trying to get into friendly relations with China for many years with but indifferent success. Peaceable means having failed, it looks as if there would be shooting. Peace is ever dependent upon the ability to wage war, and the history of the world shows that the most peaceable nations are not the most civilized. The Children of Israel knocked about from one captivity to another getting civilized, though they never got settled. Doubtless a final, universal peace will settle over the world, but in order that there may be nobody left that is not ready for peace, China will have to be stirred up some time, and it might as well be now.

Through the Big End of the Opera Glasses.

Mr. Schurz has never been sure of but one thing. For the last forty years he has been a democrat off and on and a republican off and on. With Teutonic perversity he has flopped from one party to the other, always for a minor issue. He sees big things little and little things big. His longwinded, involved discussions of American politics influence only those people who are impressed by a man's reputation and refuse the criticism of good judgment in regard to present performance. In replying to the published interview of Secretary Gage, who said that Colonel Bryan could practically put the country on a silver basis, without any direct legislation, by beginning to pay off "coin obligations" of the country in silver, Mr. Schurz said that if Bryan were elected president, the republicans would still control congress until March 4 next, and in that time could pass legislation which would tie Mr. Bryan's hands, inasmuch as the senate would remain republican. Mr. Gage has replied to this that if Mr. Bryan were elected, men of his faith in congress would be justified in filibustering to prevent such legislation and would in all probability be directed by their leader to do so. Besides, Mr. Gage reminded Mr. Schurz, if the country wants Bryan for president and elects him, it is clear enough that the majority wants what Bryan stands for, i. e., hauling down the flag in the Philippines, free silver and a leveling of everything and everybody but Bryan. The Secretary also reminded Mr. Schurz (though he does not seem worthy the effort) that although supporting Mr. Bryan, he was relying upon Mr. McKinley and the republicans in congress for the protection of the business interests of this country, against the party he is supporting. Mr. Gage said further in his letter to Mr. Schurz, "May I not suggest that the way to secure safety, is not to take power from those upon whom you rely for protection and confer it upon those whose action you have good reason to dread."

Dr. Miller.

"The years draw nigh when thou shalt say I have no pleasure in them." "The words of the Wise are as goads." Dr. George L. Miller of Omaha has come to the evil days, when the grasshopper is a burden. In the days of his youth he met misfortune with elastic courage, but now he is old, the keepers of the house tremble. His eyes are dim and that magnificent round dome of the head which has done so much sound thinking contains a mind distraught. Dr. Miller has lived a very useful life. There is no one who can say how much his daily exposition of national events has

stimulated thought and helped the men and women of this state to sound conclusions and righteous conduct. More than any editor I know of, he regarded an editor's mission and function as sacred. Because he did his daily work with the consecration of a high purpose and a conviction of his power, power and influence he had, and he is respected and singularly revered notwithstanding that he has taken no part in active life for ten years. The news that he has lost his mind is received by all Nebraskans with profound regret, and by all editors, who know his work and place, with especial and private grief. In his old age his house, where were gathered the treasures of a collector and of an old man who fingers the souvenirs of his youth with reverent, tender fingers, was burned. Then his wife died, and the sturdy, reserved scholar was bereft of the influence which had kept him sturdy and cheerful in spite of losses. The darkened end of a life, filled with strenuous endeavor to perform the nearest duty with integrity and intelligence excites rebellious conclusions. In Dr. Miller's case the darkening of the mind and the blinded descent into the grave may be more merciful than we know.

The Official Organ.

In response to several inquiries, I repeat that The Courier will, in the future, as in the past, print club reports, and discuss club topics, with especial attention to school-teaching, school-teachers, and school-children. The club department, edited by Mrs. Ricketts, was continued until the end of June, when the clubs took their usual vacation. The club department of the coming season will contain complete club reports and be edited by a woman of recognized originality and sense. The title "Official Organ" will probably not be conferred upon the paper for another year, for two reasons: First, the editor is unwilling to attempt neutrality, and, secondly, a colorless club editor is a *sine qua non* to an official organ.

Family English.

This note was recently received by a teacher, in a town not specified:
"Miss ———:
"I would rather ——— would learn More About Books than to Bother with Paints. he has went to school two years & hasn't learned any thing But to Play & and we are getting tired of it. when will you began to learn him what Books is for."

School Matters.

These columns have contained occasional discussion of school matters because, in spite of much oratorical reference to their vital influence in the formation of American citizenship, nobody but teachers, the members of the school board and an occasional anxious mother, pays any attention to what is taught and how it is taught to their children. There is something wrong in the system or after one hundred years of experimental public school work, native graduates from the seventh grade should be able to, think in and write and speak the English language lucidly, unambiguously. But they cannot. One hundred years of experiment should have developed a system so efficient as to show a marked improvement in the written work done by pupils of this decade when compared with that of the last. The result of the attempts of the seventh and eighth grade pupils in this city to report what their eyes have seen is a

mixture of hopeless ambiguity and bad grammar. They have no idea of the strength, beauty and simplicity of the language they have heard all their lives. Youths are graduated from the high school and from the university, oblivious of the continuity of inspiration from Beowulf to Tennyson and with no reverence for literature. This reverence is a part of religion and without it life is bare and sordid. If all the teachers possessed a love of literature and knew the language, if they labored with the children as music teachers teach chords the child's ear would detect the discord of an ungrammatical sentence. It is partly because parents are pleased with any constructive work their children do that the clumsy muddying phrasing of the pupils is unnoticed. Only the helpless employer who has outlined a letter to his typewriter, or the frenzied theme readers at the university know how poorly the grade teachers have taught their pupils the mechanism of the English language and it is then too late for those blunderers to learn. Teachers' magazines, as Doctor O'Shea says, in a communication printed on this page, are only read by professional teachers. Mothers and fathers ought to know that their children are not learning the most important of all scholastic things, and that is to think, speak and write in the English language, lucidly.

DOCTOR O'SHEA.

This letter from Doctor O'Shea will be read with interest by those who are interested in the man and the lectures he delivered in Lincoln.

University of Wisconsin,
Madison.

September 17, 1900.

Editor The Courier:

I have just read with much pleasure your notice in the last issue of the Courier regarding my work in Lincoln. I have enjoyed very much the personal references, and I only wish that I could feel that you were entirely correct in your estimate of the quality of the work. It is exceedingly encouraging in any event, though, to have the expression of one who has found something to enjoy in one's efforts; this gives strength for increased endeavor in the future.

I ought to say that I have very much enjoyed the two copies of your paper which you were kind enough to send me. I think you are discussing very live topics, and treating them in an interesting and forceful manner. I trust you will continue to discuss educational matters; for as you are of course aware, you can do more through your paper for the improvement of instruction in the schools than is possible in a half dozen educational journals which are read only by teachers. The great thing we now need is to get parents, and citizens who have an interest in social well being, even if they are not parents, to thinking about the training of children so as to make them well balanced men and women. Teachers have gone about as far as they can go without the active co-operation of those who determine the conditions under which education can be continued, whether in an efficient manner or otherwise.

Respectfully,
M. V. O'Shea.

Bixby—Your father must be a humorist.

Mrs. Bixby—What do you mean?

Bixby—When I asked him for you, he said: "Take her and be happy."—Town Topics.