EDUCATION IN OREGON

PROFESSOR FRANK STRONG ADDRESSES CHARITIES MEETING.

Spoke to a Crowded House on the Educational Opportunities Now Before the State.

Not a whit below the standard of public interest in the past was the large charities meeting held in the Marquam Grand theater yesterday afternoon. This annual meeting is always regarded as opportunity for hearing some prominent worker in the educational or philanthropic world. In the past the speaker has often come from the East or Middle West. Yesterday, as Thomas N. Strong, chairman of the meeting, announced, those of the state who deserved prominent places among great educators were not overlooked. Professor Frank Strong, Ph. D., M. A., president of the university of Oregon, delivered the address, and the hearty approval of his audience, when he warmed up to the interests of the state and its future, demonstrated how thoroughly his words were appreciated.

The theater was filled to the foyer, standing room being at a premium. Dom Zan opened the programme with a vocal solo, "Ring Out, Wild Bells," which Chairman Strong announced would be the nearest approach to ceremony in the way of commencement. The Treble Clef Club, under the direction of Mrs. Walter Reed, sang "A Song of Seasons," by Hawley, and "Snowdrops," by Platt, and were encored. After the address, "The Angelus," by Herbert, was sung by Mrs. Walter Reed in a very effective manner, and to a vociferous encore, she responded with a Scotch ballad well adapted to her rich contralto voice. At the close, Mrs. Reed and Mr. Zan, assisted by the club, sang "The Star-Spangled Banner." Chairman Strong spoke briefly on the occasion of the meeting, and the principal speaker was introduced.

Professor Strong's Address.

Professor Strong's subject, "Some Problems Whose Solution the Nineteenth Century Must Demand of the Twentieth," turned on educational principles and forces. He said:

"In the course of long wandering and of residing in every great section of our country, except the extreme South, I find myself more attached to Oregon, more impressed with its possibilities, more vitally interested in its future than I have ever been in any other state. In fact, I find myself feeling as anxious for its early development and as deeply concerned for its welfare as if my ancestors were sleeping beneath its sod.

"I wish to express to you my pleasure, Mr. President and ladies and gentlemen, at being asked to address you this afternoon. I wish to congratulate the city of Portland upon having one of the best conducted and supported charity organizations in the United States. I feel grateful for the privilege of speaking to you, because it brings me face to face with men and women of the city upon which rests the fate of the university which I represent, and the fate of Oregon.

"No one expects to see any settlement of great questions of any kind in the 19th century. All the world is waiting and taking breath for the tremendous progress of the century to come. One of the most important problems before Oregon in the 20th century, and one upon which the future of the state, in a large measure, depends, is the development of its school system. No one will deny that the state must have schools of some sort, and that there must be a system of schools. Few will deny that, for better or worse, the school system in the United States and Oregon is irrevocably fixed as a free public school system, with such auxiliaries as church or individual generosity may provide. Free schools are the gift of Christianity. They can be traced back to the early period of the church, when the monasteries had their free cloister schools, which were the seat of learning during many generations—the center of the world's culture and the germ of the world's greatest universities. But this was not all. The town and village life of New England is the reproduction of English types of town and village life, as they in turn were types of the ancient German system. Here, then, is the real origin of the American free school under public control. It is essentially a product of Germanic, and especially of Anglo-Saxon ideas. It is in our blood, and we can no more help having free schools than we can help having free government and freedom of religion. The Puritan, Macaulay tells us, believed that the state should take upon itself the expense and control of education. When Massachusetts bay was but five years old, when the people still lived in log huts, and before there was a body of laws, John Cotton established the Boston Latin school, the first high school in America, which became a free school, under the public control, in 1641. When the colony was but six years old, it established and supported Harvard college by general taxation upon each family in the colony. The town of Dorchester, in 1645, appointed the first school committee elected by any municipality in the United States, and here is the beginning of municipal control of public schools."

Following this train of thought, the speaker mentioned other historical facts of early education in America, concluding it with the statement that since that time, nearly 40 states and territories have been added to the list which have universities founded or supported by the state, and the total fixed property of these universities is now $95,000,000.

Free Higher Education Came First.

"I wish you to notice," he resumed, "that the first free schools in America, with one exception, were a public high school and a public college, and that public higher education took a stronger hold, and is of older growth than free primary education. I wish you to notice further that Oregon is one of the 16 states in which the people specifically tax themselves for the support of a state university.

"Massachusetts set the example of incorporating into the organic law of the state provisions for state public school systems, by its constitution of 1780. It is of great importance to students of sociology and to us, in the study of the development of our public schools, to notice the doctrine upon which Massachusetts incorporated this provision into her organic law. The provision of the constitution said in substance that wisdom and knowledge, as well as virtue, diffused among the body of the people, were necessary for the securing of their rights and liberties, and because wisdom and knowledge come by spreading the opportunities and advantages of education among the different orders of people, it was commanded that in all future periods, the commonwealth should cherish the interests of literature and the sciences, and all seminaries of them, and especially the university at Cambridge, and public grammar schools and (secondary) schools in the towns."

After tracing briefly the spread of the system to other colonies, the speaker said, along with the establishment of universities had gone development of high schools until their number was now 5315, or an average of over 100 for each state and territory. Grammar schools had grown to an uncounted number, with an enrollment of 15,000,000 pupils in 1886, and a cost of $187,000,000 a year.

Manual Training Schools.

"As civilization became more complex," continued the speaker, "and the pressure of industrial organization increased, the pressure of necessity brought manual training schools, and has led within the past 10 years to one of the most remarkable developments in the whole history of education—the development of graduate schools in our universities.

"The public school system is not an accident; it is the result of evolution, of historical development. It is the normal method of the modern world of dealing with the questions of education. We have it because we cannot help ourselves, because it was here when we were born, because its germ was here when the nation was born, because its germ was present when the Saxon pirates swarmed from the Baltic sea upon the coast of Britain.

"Oregon must deal in the 20th century with education in the normal way. We cannot break with the past. We must use the institution that historical development has thrust upon us. I need not remind you that an institution is never made; it grows. The laws governing this institution are as powerful and irresistible as the laws of economics and sociology. The system from primary school to university is an organic part of our life, and is so woven into the texture of our civilization that we cannot tear it out if we would. Did I say cannot? Yes, we can if we were of a mind to forcibly break with the past, as France did in 1789. . . .

Development of Public Schools.

"The development of the public schools, as a system, has run parallel during the latter part of the 19th century with a pronounced socialistic tendency of society. The spread of democracy began in the period of awakening, called the revolution of 1800, but it was the purchase of Louisiana in 1803 and the acquisition of the Oregon and Mexican territory, that gave the movement its tremendous impetus. Jefferson was thrust forward as a leader in the formative period of 1800. From the very first, the West imbibed his doctrines of natural rights as applied to government. But there was a grave danger connected with the expansion of this doctrine. It was founded upon the purely Jeffersonian idea of local democratic units, of which the state was the last and largest sovereign body. Upon such a basis the new democratic life west of the Alleghanies began its irresistible growth. The national idea, the idea of the extension of the powers and duties of the state, can hardly be said to have gained a foothold. The democratic idea seemed about to be unalterably established upon a basis which should fix upon the United States the confederate and not the federal idea, and if the West had developed with the South along lines of local sovereignty, the history of the United States would have been profoundly altered.

"But just at the time when the new democracy was about to fix the future of the country, the same elemtnts in our civilization that furnished the leaven for the fermentation of the first 30 years of the century, furnished the leader who stamped his image upon the nation forever. Andrew Jackson represented in truth the spirit of unrest and social change, he represented the new democracy, turbulent and jealous of restraint."

The work of President Jackson was observed, and the potent influence of the West in determining the outcome of the civil war. Social tendencies were briefly adverted to until their relation to public schools was discovered, from which the speaker drew the deduction that the use of the property of one person for the benefit of another, and an invasion of certain forms of property rights, was the principle upon which the public school system is founded. This was also said to be the essence of the altruistic movement of modern Christian society.

Anti-Toxin for Socialism.

"It is the fashion of the present time to agree that support by public taxation of the eight grades of the grammar schools is just and involves no danger, but that in the public support of any higher education lies the cause of socialistic tendencies. Is the public school system in any part a cause of socialism? I deny it; but if it is, the grammar schools are the hotbed of socialism. It is in connection with grammar schools that the greatest socialistic expansion of modern times is to be found. It was the pressure in connection with grammar schools that led to the child being furnished free school buildings and grounds, teachers, apparatus, maps, globes, library books, supplies, light and heat, at public expense. It was in connection with grammar schools that that most remarkable movement, the free text-book system, led to the child being furnished free absolutely everything he could use in school, from text-books to slate-pencils. This could never have happened in connection with high schools and universities alone.

"Free grammar schools, high schools and universities are not the cause of socialism; they are the result of the same socialistic tendencies that have brought these socialistic tendencies. We cannot solve the problem by cutting off the results of these forces. Organized education, as a whole, and organized higher education especially, has always been, and is now, opposed to socialism. Every poison in the body politic develops its antidote, and higher education is the antitoxin of socialism. Free high schools and universities are the balance-wheel of modern society, and for us to cut them off would be to stick a knife in our own throats.

"The capacity of a state for the production of wealth depends upon the quantity and quality of its education. But it was not until modern times that nations have come to understand that universal education is absolutely necessary for the rapid production of wealth. It was forced upon them by the increase in population, and the difficulty in providing for the increase except by a corresponding growth in the efficiency of labor.

Statistics of Massachusetts were quoted showing that the state furnished greater opportunities for education than any other state in the Union, and, in proportion to the population, is by far the largest producer of wealth. Coming to Oregon in the same connection, the speaker said:

"Oregon has been favored by nature beyond computation. The state is an empire in extent. It has great varieties of climate and productions. It has gold and silver, copper, lead, iron and coal. It has ochres, clays, granite and marble. It has timber of great variety and value. It can raise hops, flax and wool. It can produce grains and grasses of all sorts in profusion. It can produce fruits and meat products and breadstuffs enough to supply not only this state, but many others. It has water-power for manufacture, enormous in extent and of wide distribution. Yet I am informed that there are shipped into this state every day carloads of produce of every kind, and substantially all of the manufactured goods come from the outside. You may draw your own conclusions, but it seems safe to say that the influence of a state, its wealth-producing power, the quality of its civilization and the position it occupies in the world, will depend in large measure upon the completeness and the moral and intellectual quality of its public school system. One of the great problems for this state in the 20th century is how to develop the highest educational efficiency possible, and then how most advantageously to apply this wealth-producing capacity to the resources and raw materials of the state."

High Schools in Oregon.

After remarking that the increased demand for skill forced upon people larger and more thorough education, the speaker said Oregon had no high school system, and could hardly be said to have high schools at all. Figures of the number of high schools in other states were furnished in contrast. The resources of the Willamette valley were reviewed, and the question asked why it did not contain 1,000,000 population. The speaker said that the trouble lies with the people themselves, not with nature. Continuing, he said the centralizing force of the state in organizing public school systems must be the state university. The state must make it possible for the university of Oregon to fulfill its functions, and then, if these are not fulfilled, the university ought to be abolished, and some other institution created upon which the state can center its influences. He said the state university could never take its place, and do its work for Oregon, without an inflow of power from the only great city, the only center of concentrated power, in the state.

"Nor will this be to the disadvantage of any other institution of the state. The better the public schools, the better the private. The excellence of the Portland high school does not hamper, it only helps, the other secondary schools of the city, and we have here some of the best preparatory schools in the United States. The same influences that tend to strengthen the university will inevitably strengthen every other worthy institution in the state. The same revival that adds to the endowment and enrollment of the university of Oregon, will add to the enrollment and endowment of every other institution. The key to the educational future of Oregon lies with the university. The fate of the public school system, the fate of every other institution in the state, is bound up in that of the university of Oregon. We are yours. We have the name of the state, and to us loyalty is due. In return, the university is intensely loyal to the state. Its whole energy is centered upon producing leaders for the state in every department of life. We have no axes to grind, no pet theories to further. But we have our duties, our hopes, and our plans. We intend to enable the young men of Oregon to meet the demands that have arisen through the acquisition of the Philippines, and the opening to American influence of Asia.

"We mean to preserve the traditions and unique civilization of Oregon. We mean, through historical seminaries in our graduate department, to develop every detail of Oregon history from the sources furnished by the State Historical Society. We mean to foster the conservative elements in our civilization, to surround our students with the highest Christian culture. We mean to develop in the university of Oregon a personality as unique and as powerful as that of Yale or Harvard, Princeton or Berkeley.

"Shall California become a world center of education, and shall Oregon become dependent upon great universities outside of the state? Then Oregon will become tributary to California or Washington, or Massachusetts or Connecticut, and their educational standards, their ideals and their civilization will be stamped upon the state. Oregon must have a great university, commensurate with the needs and prospects of the state. And is there nothing unique about the civilization of your state that makes it worth while to conserve it? Are there no Oregon ideals we want to preserve? This is the problem that the 20th century must solve for the state university.

Possibilities of the Future.

"No state like Oregon, no city like Portland, has before it such possibilities and such duties. Who shall draw the veil and show us the changes that the next quarter of a century shall produce? What place shall Oregon take in the new dispensation that is before us? What city shall be the arbiter of the destiny of the Pacific coast? The air is heavy with portents. Every child of Oregon, native-born or adopted, stands in the very shadow of coming events that shall dwarf the greatest achievements of the 19th century. Oregon is a sleeping giant; somebody must awaken him. Men and women of Portland, the opportunity that 1000 years will not bring again, is here. Do you love this state, its smiling valleys, its mountains of gold? Do you love its fruits and flowers, its violet-tinted hills, its matchless rivers? Do you love the memory of its pioneers, who one by one are laying their whitened heads upon its bosom? Do you remember their struggles, their hardships, their tears? Do you love your children? Then do not allow Oregon to miss its destiny. Seize the opportunity now.

"Oregon must prepare for greater things. God and the development of the race have thrust them upon us, and if the state will not respond to the call of the century, God will remove his standard from among us, and Oregon will become the hewer of wood and drawer of water for the rest of the Union, and the servant of the world.

"When Varus, with his Roman legions, crossed the Rhine, it was not Hermann who destroyed him; it was God, who said the Romans should never undermine Germanic civilization. If they had, you and I would not be here this afternoon with English blood in our veins and living under a free government. Westward the star of empire takes its way! The Atlantic could not quench it, neither can the Pacific. Lo, it has encircled the earth, and for the first time since the Aryans descended into the valley of the Indus, the inflowing tide of progress and fresh blood shall sweep into Asia, not from the West, but from the East, from a people whom God has chosen to do a work for the world which Egypt and Babylonia, Persia and Greece, Rome and Carthage, Spain and England could not do."

COMPARATIVE DISTANCES.

How to Estimate Intelligently Military Operations in South Africa.

Army and Navy Journal.

The distance in the South African scenes of operations can be better estimated if they are compared with those between New York city and outlying places. Taking the route of the British from Durban, their landing place, to go to Pietermaritzburg, 70 miles, would be approximately the same as to go to Poughkeepsie from New York. From Durban to Ladysmith, 189 miles, is about the distance from New York to Baltimore; from Durban to Laing's Nek, the Boer frontier on the Natal side, is 301 miles, or New York to Concord, N. H.; Durban to Johannesburg or Pretoria is about 500 miles, or New York to Wheeling, W. Va.

On the western side the distance from Cape Town to Kimberley is 647 miles, New York to Springfield, O.; from Cape Town to Vryburg is 774 miles, New York to Ann Arbor, Mich.; from Cape Town to Mafeking is 870 miles, New York to Atlanta, Ga.; from Cape Town to Johannesburg and Pretoria, 1014 miles, New York to St. Louis, Mo.

How to See a Play.

Charles Barnar in Werner's Magazine.

The best way to see a play is to observe both play and players. It is well to study the art of acting. It is well to know who is contributing to our pleasure by their fine interpretation of the story, but it is a mistake to think that the acting is everything. If we are wholly absorbed in watching the actor we may quite miss the play. Then, too, we must observe that each individual actor is only a part of the story, and that the play includes all the characters. Our best plan is, therefore, to pay some attention to the actors at first, to recall them with pleasure, if we have seen them before, and then to listen to the story. It is no longer Mr. Jefferson playng "Rip Van Winkle," but dear old Rip himself who lives before us. The art of the actor is to make us forget, and forgetting is the greatest compliment to his art.

The first time we go to see the play, to hear the story. Our plan should be to pay very little attention to the acting, and to give our whole attention to the play. The second time being now somewhat familiar with the story, we may pay attention to the acting and listen to the play from that point of view. Very likely we shall discover that the second hearing of the play is so interesting that we quite forget the actors and how they played their parts. It is always an advantage to hear a play twice, as many of the points are apt to pass unnoticed the first time we see it.

Siberia, opened by the Russians, may yet be one of the greatest wheat-producing countries of the world.

SAMARKAND TO TASHKEND

EASTERN EXTENSION OF THE TRANS-CASPIAN RAILWAY.

Life at an Oriental Hotel—Tamerlane's Bridge Over the Zarafshan River.

TASHKEND, Russian Turkestan, July 15.—On the eastern extension of the Trans-Caspian railway I have felt almost like a pioneer traveler. The extension has been completed but a short time, and trains have been running through from Samarkand to Tashkend but a few weeks. In fact, I was assured by people all along the line before reaching Samarkand that the line to Tashkend was not yet open, and even in the former city people seemed to know little about when trains arrived and departed. Although the train service is regular enough and daily now for the first time, no time tables have been printed for the public.

The big bearded Tartar at Samarkand proved to be the poorer, chambermaid, walter and commissionaire of Hotel Central. It was he who carried my handbags, tidied my room, served my meals, ran my errands and in the end receipted my bills and started me for the train. He was garrulous in several languages which I did not understand, but "Tamerlane" he pronounced alike in all of them. I am inclinad to claim that I disturbed his Oriental calm for the first time in his life by refusing to go near one of the ruins. I stuck to the people and the Russian quarter, but the Tartar looked at me reproachfully when I left. Perhaps his pride in the splendor of the fame of the ancient ruler of his nation was touched.

One moment after I was shown to a room that first morning the big fellow introduced himself to me as Ivan, and demanded my name, with which he struggled manfully. The next he asked for my passport. At sight of the American eagle heading that important document, Ivan's face brightened, and he exclaimed "Americansky!" Then he declared that he had been in America himself, naming as his itinerary Samarkand, Cabul, India, Bombay, Aden, Port Said, London, America, Constantinople. His geography was not flawless, but he smote his breast proudly and declared that he, too, was an American, so I did not have the heart to be critical. At any rate, he is the only American I have seen for some weeks. Stimulated by this and other conversations which followed, I dubbed my new compatriot Ivan the Terrible, without delay, and he answered to that historical name smilingly to the end of my stay.

An Oriental Caravansary.

This hotel at Samarkand was typical of the caravansaries that I am finding all through Central Asia, and may be worth a description for that reason. It was a building of masonry, one story in height, with a flat roof, the latter space, however, not utilized for any purpose, in this fact varying from the custom in some other countries in mid-Asia. There was no office, no public dining-room, in fact no public rooms of any sort. A hall ran from the front door straight through the house, on either side of it opening the guest rooms, of which there were not more than four or five.

The room given me was perhaps 20 by 24 feet, with three large windows looking out into the yard of the hotel. It was divided by partitions which did not reach the ceiling into three spaces, the largest including all the windows. One of the smaller rooms contained the bed and the other the washstand. In neither was there any other piece of furniture.

The sitting-room was carpeted with three rugs of uniform pattern, cheap in the extreme, and modern, but with some of the beauty of Oriental carpets, for they were made by native women of the city. The furniture included five tables of varying size and shape, a sideboard, a desk and a pierglass. All of the chairs, tables and other furniture were doubtful as to age, strength and cleanness, but they were draped with Oriental embroideries. The curtains were the only things which thrust the memory of foreign manufacture on one. First came a set of white muslin sash curtains; over these were roller shades of Japanese bamboo; next came the cheapest of Russian lace curtains, and last of all were some horrible, heavy brocaded lambrequins, with fringe and tassels. All this in a hot and dusty country became very painful, but it was evidently an effort to introduce some Western luxury into the place. The walls of the three rooms were covered with gaudy figured cotton goods, evidently Oriental and probably of local manufacture, very good of color and of pattern.

Service at the hotel was characterized by the absolute willingness of Ivan to do anything that was asked of him, but there is no doubt that I might have asked a great many things of him that would have puzzled him greatly. Fortunately, all concern about such trivial nonessentials as cleanliness has been eliminated much earlier than this in the journey. As to the bed, in common with every other hotel I have seen since I reached this side of the Caspian sea, it had no furnishings except the mattress. It is necessary for the traveler in these regions to carry his own pillow and bed linen, or he will not have them at all. However, there was a very pretty prayer rug from Baluchistan at the side of the bed. In the other little room the washstand had a basin on it, but nothing else. When I demanded water Ivan would bring it in a little pitcher and would pour it in a small stream upon my hands according to signal, after the proper fashion of Mussulmans. The basin was so corroded and scarred that it would have been quite impossible to consider using it for any other purpose except to receive what was poured.

DONKEYS CARRYING LOADS TO THE MARKET-PLACE IN SAMARKAND

When it came to ordering meals, Ivan took my instructions in a mixture of Russian, French, German, English and even Turkish, but the result was satisfactory. When I failed on a Russian word I tried him in succession in the other languages, in each of which he knew a few expressions, and finally, if all else proved insufficient, my small Turkish vocabulary usually came to the rescue. It was an interesting demonstration of the similarity of the language of the Sarts of Central Asia to that of the Turks far to the westward. The only trouble with Ivan as a caterer was that he persisted in taking every tentative query as to what might be had at some time in the future as a definite order for the present. The result was that my first breakfast consisted of a whole fried chicken, a large fillet of beef with fried potatoes, beet salad, pancakes covered with sugar and preserved cherries, a cantaloupe and a bottle of kvass. It was the best meal I had seen since I crossed the Caspian, so I did not feel inclined to rebuke its profusion.

Another blessed thing about that hotel, bad as it all was, measured by any Western standards, was the bath. Out in the shady back yard that extended perhaps 150 feet in the rear of the house, was a fence seven feet high, inclosing a space of some 10 feet square. The fence was made of coarse cotton cloth, mounted on light frames, one section opening as a door. Within was a pool, six by eight feet and five feet deep, lined throughout with brick, and filled with water, which entered by a little stream at one corner and found exit opposite. An old chair, a strip of matting on the ground and some rough steps leading down to the bottom of the pool completed the arrangements. The place was primitive in the extreme, but the water was clear and cold, the shade overhead was dense, and one who has traveled through the deserts of Transcaspia to reach Samarkand is in a state of mind prepared to be properly grateful for such a place of refreshing possibilities.

Railroad a Novelty.

A daily train is in service each way between Samarkand and the term'nl of the eastern extension, which reaches Tashkend and Andijan, branching at Chernayevo. The distance from Samarkand to Tashkend, which is the run of the through trains, is 221 miles. The train leaves Samarkand at 7:35 in the morning and reaches Tashkend at 10:40 the same evening. The service is not yet arranged as comfortably as that of the line from the Caspian to Samarkand, though the country through which the extension passes is not as trying for the traveler as that of the earlier journey.

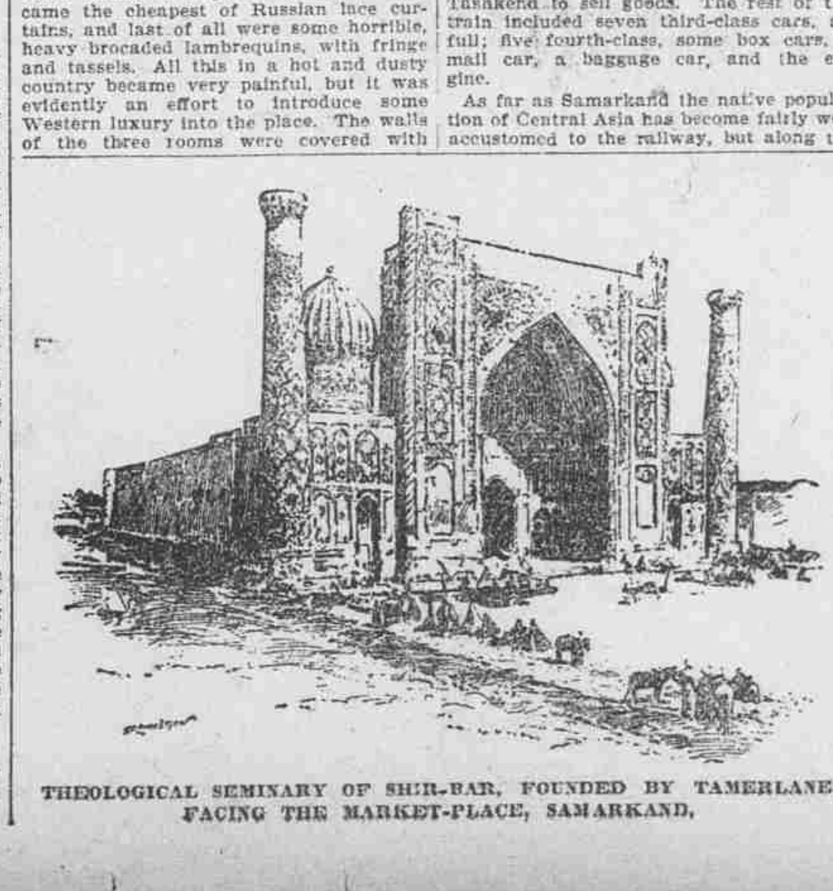
RAILWAY STATION AT OBRUCHEVO.

Our train, which left Samarkand half an hour late, had but one second-class car, this divided into two compartments for six persons each. In one was a Russian family, characteristic of many that I have seen in travel. The father was a peasant "pope," or village priest, of the Greek church; the mother was a weary and worried little woman who was left to all the responsibility and labor of the trip, and the children were four little girls under 8 years of age, the eldest already assuming the work of a little mother for her smaller sisters. My own companions in the other compartment were two Russian traveling salesmen, making a trip to the city of Tashkend to sell goods. The rest of the train included seven third-class cars, all full; five fourth-class, some box cars, a mail car, a baggage car, and the engine.

As far as Samarkand the native population of Central Asia has become fairly well accustomed to the railway, but along the line of the extension it is still a novelty to them. As the train passed out of the city queer little groups of children in the gay-colored, odd-shaped garments of the country stared up at the wonderful machine and waved their hands at the passengers quite after the fashion of youngsters at home in America. Impressive and stolid-looking Sart men and bundled-up Sart women, too, halting at the street crossings to let the "devil wagon" pass, were not beyond turning their heads for a better view.

Three or four miles after leaving the city the train passes the first of many historical objects along the way. Following the valley of the Zarafshan river, the line suddenly rounds a hill and comes out at the very abutment of one of the most interesting of ancient bridges. It is known as the Shadman-Malik, and is credited to Tamerlane, and spoken of as Tamerlane's bridge over this large river. The structure was carried on a series of great arches across the river, the arches being placed at angles to one another, and zigzag instead of straight. One of these remains in excellent condition, while the form of two or three others is plainly seen in the crumbling masonry. Some students have dated the bridge in the 10th century, but I believe the claims of Tamerlane are thought to be better grounded.

TRUMBULL WHITE.



THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY OF SHIR-BAR, FOUNDED BY TAMERLANE, FACING THE MARKET-PLACE, SAMARKAND.

A PARALLEL.

General William T. Sherman and General Sir William Butler.

Boston Transcript.

In October, 1861, General William T. Sherman, in the course of a conference at Louisville, with Secretary of War Cameron, which should have been considered secret, speaking as a military expert, expressed the opinion that to carry the arms of the Union to the Gulf of Mexico and re-establish the authority of the United States throughout the Mississippi valley at least 200,000 soldiers would be required. This opinion getting into the newspapers was derided. General Sherman was called "Crazy Sherman." His spirit was almost broken by the satire and abuse heaped upon him by editors and politicians who thought they knew more about war than he did. It was only after a most trying experience that General Sherman lived down this criticism to prove himself not only a prophet, but a strategist of the first order.

An experience very similar to that of General Sherman has been General Sir William Butler's. He commanded at the Cape of Good Hope until just before the outbreak of the Transvaal war. As he was believed to entertain the opinion that there were two sides to the question he was relieved of his command, though there never was the slightest intimation that he would fail in zeal after hostilities began. Sir William Butler was stigmatized as a "skulker" by superheated British public opinion. Apart from any imputation of lukewarmness, General Butler had offended in another particular, a fact which has only recently become public property. Having been consulted as to the military measures necessary to be taken in the event of war, he advised that all British troops in the neck of Natal should be withdrawn to the line of the Tugela river, which should be held by at least 20,000 men. This would "contain" the Boers in that direction, and guard the right flank of an army of 100,000 men organized to march directly on Bloemfontein and Pretoria.

It was his estimate that at least 120,000 men should be kept available for the campaign. This judgment more than vindicated by the event brought down on the devoted head of Sir William Butler the official displeasure of the government, much as General Sherman's estimate occasioned the indignant expostulation of Secretary Cameron, who asked where the 200,000 men were to be obtained. Sherman then and Butler now were regarded as chilling the patriotic impulses of their respective nations and as reflecting on the wisdom of their superiors, a very dangerous thing to do at any time. Sir William Butler is by no means the equal of Sherman as a general, but the parity is strikingly suggestive.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

THE PORTLAND.

Martin Schinck, N Y	C A Hardy, Eugene
E Mansfield, St Louis	Mr and Mrs Leo Peterson, city
F C Innes, Spokane	C J Riley, Chicago
R O Greet, Vancouver	J W Rogers, Salt Lake
Mrs Greet, Vancouver	Wm T Baker, Chicago
Miss Greet, Vancouver	H Beckwith, Chicago
A Carrigan, San Fran	John Daut, Philadelphia
T P Smith, San Fran	T Richardson, San Fran
H Gump, San Fran	H J Ottenheimer, S F
B F Bretherton, N Y	L L Rosenthal, Chicago
L A Briggs, city	Mrs L L Harris, S F
Walter Lyon, Salem	Dr K I Howard, S F
C R Paul, Chicago	I L Schmidt, S F
D C Stover, Freeport	Will Watkins, St Joe
Edna Nankeville, "Human Hearts"	P Henrichs and daughter, Moorhead
W G Marks, N Y	B B Lorimer, St Paul
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I N Peyton, Spokane	Ben Jonas, San Fran
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J Bollman, San Fran	G Lindgreen, St Paul
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C D Latourette, Or City	
G K Burton, San Fran	

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O C Cleveland, Fresno	H H Holcomb, Seattle
W J Williams, Seattle	J Platte, Seattle
E W Parks, Seattle	J O Watts, Eugene
R E Ferval, Hood Rvr	U B Vogle, Corvallis
H L Dunkirtee, "Human Hearts" co	L Ankeny, Walla Walla
A Coolidge, Colfax	Mrs Roberts, No Yakima
Mrs Coolidge, Colfax	H Kratz, Clatskanie
W F Young, Roseburg	F Huett, Baker City
W L Bradshaw, Dalles	F A McKinnon, Pendleton
G Mays, The Dalles	J L Marsh, Vancouver
J G Smidt, The Dalles	Mrs J L Marsh, do
A T Baldwin, do	H T Marks, Chehalis
J O Baker, Or City	H G Pomeroy, Oswego
Miss L Leigh, C L C Co	A B Capire, Forest Grve
W T Dickinson, S F	A W Ely, Tacoma
M J Beyer, Vancouver	J O Holton, Boise
Mrs J Beyer, do	John Baker, Boise
A Brown, Pendleton	H Dale, Baker City
L Hunziker, Pendleton	Mrs H Dale, do
D M Letts, La Grande	J Josephson, Roseburg
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FAMOUS SCOTCH TROOPS

GLORY GAINED BY GORDON HIGHLANDERS ON BLOODY FIELDS.

Regiment Organized in 1794 by the Duke of Gordon—Prince of Wales Is Colonel-in-Chief.

The departure of the Gordon Highlanders for the seat of war in South Africa was the occasion of a demonstration on the part of the English people, which showed that the deeds of war which stand to the credit of the organization are well remembered, and that the regiment takes high rank in the estimation of the nation.

It is not the first service in Africa for the sturdy Highlanders, and their standard bears the words: "Nile, 1884-85"; "Chitral," "South Africa" and "Tel-el-Kebir," along with "Egmont-op-Zee," "Mandera," "Corunna," "Fuetes d'Oner," "Almaraz," "Vittoria," "Pyrenees," "Nive," "Orthes," "Peninsula," "Waterloo," "Delhi," "Lucknow," "Kabul," "Kandahar" and "Afghanistan."

In its early days the regiment was known as the Ninety-second. It was organized in 1794 by the Duke of Gordon, who was better known by the name of "Cock o' the North." The letter of service empowered the duke to raise a regiment of infantry among his clansmen, and within a few months after he began the task a battalion of over 1000 men had been enlisted.

The men were sent to the Mediterranean district, according to the New York Tribune, but saw only garrison duty for five years, and then received their baptism of fire at Egmont-op-Zee in the war which had for its object the wresting of Holland from the grasp of France.

In the first battle the commanding officer, Colonel the Marquis of Huntly, was killed, and the present holder of the title is honorary colonel of the Fifth volunteer battalion of the regiment.

General Sir John Moore was wounded at the same time, and was carried from the field by two Gordons. When he recovered he asked for the names of the two brave soldiers and offered a reward of £20 to each of them. It was a large sum of money for a private soldier but, although the order was read to the regiment at parade, no man stepped out of the ranks to claim the reward. Some years later when Moore was knighted and assumed a coat of arms, he selected a Gordon Highlander for one of his supporters, "in gratitude," he said, "to and commemoration of two soldiers of the Ninety-second who raised me from the ground when I was lying on my face wounded and stunned."

The Gordons were sent to Egypt and earned laurels for bravery, but their colonel, Erskine of Cardross, was killed. The regiment returned to England and was the chief object of interest at the great demonstration in London when Nelson was laid to rest in St. Paul's. When England undertook to purge Spain of the French, the Gordon Highlanders were sent to the front, but before the campaign closed the commanding officer, Colonel Napier, was killed. The regimental historian says: "Their pipes were lilting when the colonel fell, and when the British fleet of transports sailed away from Corunna with the victorious soldiers aboard, the pipes played 'Hey, Johnnie Cope,' to the disgust of the French pursuers."

The regiment was next ordered to Portugal with Wellington, and there gained new and lasting laurels on many bloody fields. At Maya they were told to hold a position against five times their number and fought for 10 hours against the fearful odds until their ammunition was exhausted, and then, despite the orders of "Auld Grag Willie," as they called Sir William Stuart, not to charge, they hurled themselves against the French with the bayonet. When they went into the charge they were 800 strong, but less than half that number lived to tell the story.

"So dreadful," said Napier in his account of the battle, "was the slaughter that the assault of the enemy was actually stopped by the heaped up masses of dead and dying. The stern valor of the Ninety-second would have graced Thermopylae."

The Highlanders were brigaded with Royal Scots and the Black Watch when Wellington engaged Marshal Ney at Quatre Bras. Wellington himself gave the order, "Ninety-second, prepare to charge!" and he saw the regiment rise from the trench where they had taken shelter as one man, and with lowered bayonets rush through the smoke and put the French to flight. In this battle they lost their commander, Colonel Cameron. The shot that killed him came from a farmhouse held by the French. Within five minutes of the time when Campbell fell every occupant of the house had been bayonetted.

Two days later, at Waterloo, under the command of Major Donald MacDonald, they fought again, and there is probably no incident in the annals of English warfare more stirring than the one in which the Gordons and the Scots Greys took equal part on that memorable day. The Gordon Highlanders seized hold of the stirrups of the Greys and dashed down the slope with them in one common charge of Scotland's finest horse and foot against the flower of the French army.

Then came the 40 years of peace, and when the Crimean war broke out the regiment was stationed at Gibraltar. It saw little service in that campaign, and not so much as some of the other regiments in the Indian mutiny, but it did much service in the Afghan campaign and won new glory at the battle of Candahar. On the way home the regiment was deflected to South Africa, and took part in the war against the Boers in 1881, and encountered the first severe reverse at Majuba hill. Shortly after this campaign the regiment was reorganized with the Seventy-fifth, and its present composition is: First battalion, Seventy-fifth foot; Ninety-second foot; Third battalion, Royal Aberdeenshire. Aberdeen is the regimental depot. Since the regiment's departure for South Africa, Colonel Downman, Captain Wingate and Captain Gordon have been killed and several other officers of the command have been wounded in action.

The Prince of Wales is the colonel-in-chief of the regiment, and the Duke of York and the Duke of Connaught are honorary members.

Wreck of the Junk.

From "The Yangtse Valley and Beyond," Mrs. J. F. Bishop.

My attention was occupied by a big junk dragged by 300 men, which in two hours made hardly perceptible progress, slipping back constantly, though the drums were frantically beaten and the gangers rushed madly along the lines of struggling trackers, bringing their bamboo whips down on them with more sound than force. Suddenly the junk shivered, both tow ropes snapped, the lines of trackers went down on their faces, and in a moment the big craft was spinning down the rapid; and before she could be recovered by the bow sweep she flew up into the air as if she had exploded, a mass of spars and planks, with heads bobbing about in the breakers. Quick as thought the red lifeboats were on the spot, and if the drowning wretches as they scrambled over the gunwales did not bless this most efficient of the charities of China, I did most heartily, for, of the 14 or 15 souls on board, all were saved but three.

Pretoria's Armory.

London Telegraph.

A letter written by a prominent official in the government of Natal has been received in London. He says: One rubs one's eyes when a horde of 'simple herdsmen' is seen to drive back an army trained by men of the highest and most up-to-date military skill and experience, and armed, one would think, with the most perfect weapons of destruction. The fact is, the Boer armory at Pretoria would shame the armory of some first-class European powers.