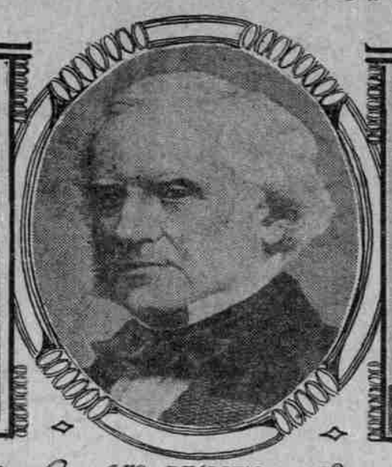
GOLD MEDALS for VICTORIES of PEACE

ORVILLE AND WILBUR WRIGHT THE LATEST WINNERS OF NATIONAL HONORS AT THE HANDS OF CONGRESS

ADMIRAL G. W. MELVILLE

WILBUR WRIGHT



GEO. PEABODY

ORVILLE WRIGHT
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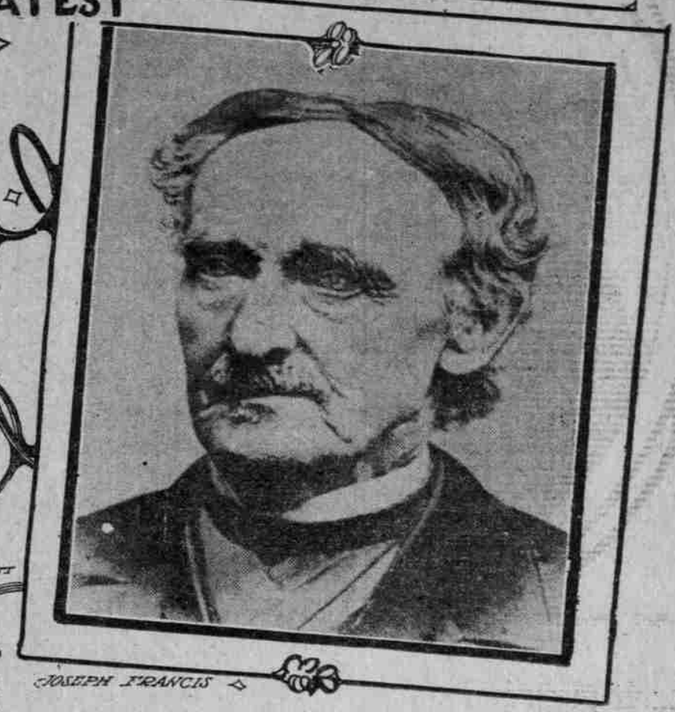

JOSEPH FRANCIS

ELISHA KENT KANE

COMMODORE VANDERBILT.

BY JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS.

CONGRESS voting National medals in gold to Orville and Wilbur Wright "for their ability, courage and success in navigating the air," is a signal honor conferred on but a dozen previous occasions as a reward for meritorious acts of a peaceful nature.

Our National medalists belong in the innermost sanctuary of the National temple of fame, where they can be placed only by joint resolution of Congress, approved by the President. The first of their number was Washington himself, whom the Continental Congress in 1776 voted a gold medal and the Nation's thanks for his causing the British evacuation of Boston. Since then upward of 40 joint resolutions of Congress have conferred this great honor upon the conspicuous heroes of our various wars, whose stories we already know by heart. But this is now an era of peace, and what interests us more is to recall the deeds of civilian glory which Congress has rewarded with National medals in gold.

How Francis Won His.

The Wrights are the first civilians to receive this reward in more than 20 years. Of previous recipients of this category the last was Joseph Francis, of Boston, inventor of the lifecar. Congress in March, 1887, passed a joint resolution thanking him for his "life-long services to humanity and to his country," and voting him a gold medal to be presented by the President. Cleveland withheld his signature from the resolution until too late after adjournment, but in 1888 it was passed again, and the medal was pinned upon the inventor's breast by the President in the east room of the White House. This medal was the largest which the mint has ever stamped for any one save Grant. It was four inches in diameter—considerably larger than a butter plate—and is said to have cost $5000. It is now on exhibition in the National Museum.

Francis was a remarkable man in many ways, and, like many geniuses, he was a precocious youth. When only 11 he exhibited a fancy boat at a fair, and when only 18 received from the Massachusetts Mechanics' Institute the first prize for a fast rowboat. This was back in 1819. Then the Secretary of the Navy sent him to the Portsmouth Navy-Yard to build lifeboats for our men-of-war, and he fell to inventing lifesaving apparatus of surprising design.

Some of these are said to have been the world's iron floating vessels. His lifecar was given to the world as far back as 1838, and one of these was placed on the New Jersey coast, near Long Branch, in 1849. The following year, when the British immigrant ship Ayreshire, was wrecked off the beach, Francis' lifecar was given its first trial and saved 200 of those on board—all save one, who insisted upon riding outside the car while his family were inside. The Government, which 37 years later was to vote the Nation's thanks to the then obscure inventor, had taken small stock in the "crank invention" and had allowed Francis to install it only at his own expense. Today this same car is on exhibition in the National Museum as one of the Nation's sacred relics. The first four years that Francis had this and other lifeboats in use they saved 2150 lives. He was 78 years old when the Nation gave him his long-merited reward. Thirty-two years before Napoleon III had presented him with a diamond-studded snuffbox of gold valued at $2500, and 27 years before the Czar had given him the Knighthood of St. Stanislaus, with a medal and diploma. He had also received medals and awards from various foreign, American and international institutes.

Melville's Heroism Rewarded.

Two years after this award to Francis, Congress had, however, voted a gold medal to a national hero who, although not a civilian, had rendered these rewarded services upon a mission of peace. This was George Wallace Melville, who until recently was engineer-in-chief United States Navy. He was a veteran of the Civil War when he sailed for the polar regions with De Long in the Jeannette in 1879. They had been gone from San Francisco two years when their vessel was sunk in the ice. When Melville and De Long succeeded in reaching land with a portion of the crew they were 150 miles apart, and De Long and all but two of his men had perished. Melville never gave up until he had found the bodies of De Long and his companions, four months later, returning them to the United States, where they were buried with honors in 1884. When Congress voted him his gold medal for this great exhibition of bravery it also advanced him 15 numbers.

Saved a Hundred Lives.

The next civilian, before Francis, to receive such an honor was John Horn, Jr., of Detroit, whom in 1874 Congress voted a gold medal in recognition "of his heroic and humane exploits in rescuing men, women and children from drowning in the Detroit River." This man had saved more than 100 people at odd times and often had had to pay for his heroism by remaining bedfast for weeks following exposure to the water filled with ice. During the great conflagration of the Detroit railroad depot in 1866 he rescued nine persons, one after the other, continuing to swim until he collapsed from exhaustion. At another time after a long struggle in the ice to save a woman he had been carried home by four men who had to work over him four hours to restore his blood to circulation. The same day that this medal was awarded to Horn Congress voted its first general appropriation for life-saving medals, which have since been awarded by the executive without the need of specific Congressional action. The year previously Congress had voted special medals to Captain Jared S. Crandall, lighthouse-keeper of Westerly, R. I., and his volunteer crew of nine men who pushed out a couple of small boats and saved 32 persons from the wreck of the steamer Metis, in Long Island Sound, August 31, 1872.

The Man Who Saved Seward.

A gold medal and $500 was voted in 1871 to George F. Robinson, the man who so heroically saved the life of Secretary Seward from the assassin Payne. Robinson, then 33 years old, had fought in the war with a Maine regiment until severely wounded in the leg by canister shot at Bermuda Hundred. After having lain in the hospital nearly a year, and before his wound had entirely healed, he was detailed from the hospital to act as sick nurse to Secretary Seward, who was then confined to his bed with a broken arm and jaw, caused by his having been thrown from his carriage. At 10 o'clock on the night of Lincoln's assassination and while he was at the bedside of Mr. Seward, Robinson was startled by a disturbance in the hall outside the sickroom. He opened it and on the threshold found an athletic man brandishing in one hand a pistol and in the other a bowie knife.

Catching the gleam from the knife, now aimed at his own throat, Robinson struck at the assassin and warded off the weapon, although receiving a blow on the head which knocked him to the floor. The assassin then rushed to Seward's bed and striking with the knife at the Secretary's throat already had gashed one cheek to the bone when Robinson, unarmed and despite his wound and long suffering, seized Payne just as the knife was about to bury itself in Mr. Seward's throat. He dragged Payne off the bed, but while doing so received two stab wounds in his own back, from which he afterward became partially paralyzed. He, however, held onto Payne and saved Seward's life. Then, disregarding the blood which was filling his shoes, he kept his finger pressed upon the severed artery of the unconscious Secretary of State until the arrival of the Surgeon-General. Then, having saved Seward's life, he was himself carried off to the hospital, where his own wounds nearly proved fatal. The House report recommending the joint resolution for his medal praised Robinson for displaying "a bravery never surpassed in the annals of any country." Following his recovery he was given a clerkship, first in the Treasury, and afterward in the Quartermaster-General's office.

Two distinguished civilians were voted medals in gold and the thanks of Congress in 1867. These were Cyrus W. Field and George Peabody. Field was thus honored "for his foresight, courage and determination in establishing telegraphic communication by means of the Atlantic cable, traversing midocean and connecting the Old World with the New." The award to Peabody was made "for his great and peculiar beneficence in giving a large sum of money, amounting to $2,000,000, for the promotion of education in the more destitute of the Southern and Southwestern states." Peabody, born in 1795, was the Carnegie of his time. He began clerking in a store in Danvers, Mass., when only 11 and grew to build up the largest dry goods business of his generation. Although settling in London as a broker in 1837, he from there sent money to found the Peabody institutes and museums scattered over this country. The large donation for the promotion of education in the South was increased in 1869 to $3,500,000. He spent millions on other philanthropies here and contributed $2,500,000 for the building of model lodging houses for the poor of London. In 1867 Queen Victoria offered to make him a peer, but he declined. But she presented him with a portrait of herself, which now hangs in the institute at Peabody, Mass. He died a bachelor in 1869 and was the first private citizen of a foreign country to be honored by burial in Westminster Abbey, but to carry out his wishes his relatives had his remains removed to Massachusetts, to lie beside those of his mother. The Monarch, the first frigate of the British navy, carried his body across the Atlantic, where it was received by an American squadron, commanded by Farragut. Gladstone's tribute to him was that he taught the world how a man might be the master of his fortune and not its slave.

Three civilians who received the award immediately prior to these were Ship Captains Creighton, Low and Stauffer of the merchant vessels Three Bells, Kilby and Antarctic, voted "valuable gold medals" as a reward for "gallant conduct" in rescuing about 500 Americans from the wreck of the steamship San Francisco, in 1853. This ship, carrying the Third Artillery, had set out from Fort Wood, N. Y., for California, and had not gone far when wrecked on Christmas eve by a heavy sea, which swept overboard four officers and 120 men. She then sprang a leak and was disembarking the remainder of her passengers when overtaken by a gale in which the plucky sea captains named came to her rescue. Besides their gold medals, these skippers were also voted $7500, while each mate was given $500 and each man and boy aboard $100. These awards were not made until the sixties.

Commodore Vanderbilt's Generosity.

Commodore Vanderbilt received the thanks of Congress and a gold National medal in 1862 for presenting his steamship Vanderbilt to the Government. He had just built this handsome steamship of 5000 tons to, as he said, demonstrate "that individual enterprise could, without the aid of Government encouragement, place upon the ocean steamships equal, at least in magnitude, power and speed, to any which had been constructed under Government patronage and protection in any part of the world." He spent about $1,000,000 on her, and she broke the transatlantic record.

In March, 1862, Commodore Vanderbilt received a letter from Stanton, asking him if he would undertake to prevent the Confederate steamer Merrimac from escaping out of Norfolk harbor. The commodore answered by telegram that he would come to Washington next day, and arriving here, he had his first meeting with Stanton, who took him over to the White House to see Lincoln. He offered Lincoln the Vanderbilt, which, he said, if properly manned, would either keep the Merrimac bottled up in Hampton Roads or sink her, if she ventured out. Lincoln asked the commodore to name the sum for which he would undertake the service.

"Nothing will induce me, sir, to become a speculator upon the necessities of my country," said the commodore. "I make a gift of her to the Government for the services proposed." And the ship was off Fortress Monroe, on time, in three or four days.

Risked Yellow Fever.

For risking his life to attend yellow fever patients on our man-of-war Susquehanna, Dr. Frederick Henry Rose, of the British navy, was voted a gold medal and the thanks of Congress in 1858. In April of that year the fever had broken out on the Susquehanna while she lay at Jamaica, and Dr. Rose, at great personal risk, not only volunteered his services on board while she was there, but sailed in her to New York, devoting himself to the care of the sick en route. Six other foreigners were voted medals in 1847 for "so gallantly and at imminent peril of their lives" rescuing the officers and crew of the United States brig Somers in the harbor of Vera Cruz. These were the commanders of three English, two French and one Spanish vessel, which went to the Somers' assistance after her capsize, and who both clothed and entertained her officers and crew after thus saving their lives.

Kane, the Arctic Explorer.

The year previously gold medals were voted also to Dr. Elisha Kent Kane, the Arctic explorer, and his brother officers, as a testimonial for their bravery during the Lady Franklin relief expedition for the rescue of Sir John Franklin. Dr. Kane, a surgeon in our Navy, had barely escaped with his life from a crater in the Philippines, had practiced medicine in China, had had a thrilling encounter with Bedouin robbers in Egypt, had visited the King of Dahomey and had been in the Arctic regions with the Grinnell expedition, all prior to this final triumph. He sailed in search of Franklin in 1853, enlisted Eskimo recruits, made a "farthest north" record, discovered Humboldt glacier, and, after being deserted by a part of his company and having to abandon his ship, moved his boats and sick 60 miles over the ice and managed to reach Cape York after a thrilling experience of two years. He and his men were received with great enthusiasm on their return, and besides being voted a special Arctic medal by Congress, were given the Queen's medal by the British government.

Each of these national medals has been designed especially for the honored recipient and they have been works of art in themselves. They have not been stamped from any die already on hand at the mint, but have represented a high degree of the sculptor's art. The joint resolution just passed instructs the Secretary of War to have the Wright brothers' gold medals adorned "with suitable emblems, devices and inscriptions."

Washington, March 15.

MR. DOOLEY ON THE RETURN OF THE FLEET

BY F. P. DUNNE.

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"WELL, sir," said Mr. Dooley, "what's th' American Navy comin' to annyhow?"

"Have ye been readin what th' naval experts have to say?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"It isn't that," said Mr. Dooley. "Iv coorse, ivrybody knows that th' ships are in tur-rble condition. Th' ammynition hists won't hist annything but th' crew, th' guns are as lible to go off fr'm wan end as th' other an' 'tis a well-known fact discovered be a bookkeeper iv a shoestore who's a naval expert whin business is slack an' he has nawthin' important to think about that before they sailed a school iv mackerel was found firmly imbedded in th' six-inch armor plate. 'Twas with a sad heart that me an' me frind, th' naval expert, seen th' fleet coalin' up an' loadin' with smokeless powdher an' 12-inch shells an' sailin' away on their errand iv Peace. We expicted to read iv thim bein' towed into Bonies Airs be a lumber hooker or pulled off th' rocks at Houkgong be a Chinese junk or shammed against th' coast iv terrible Terry del Fooyra an' th' officers an' crews biled in an iron pot be th' simple natives iv that inhospital land. But, Hinnissy, shtrange as it may seem to thim that know th' dhreadful facts, nawthin' happened to th' doomed armada, as naval experts calls it amongst ourselves, on'y rollickin' on th' blue waythers iv th' Passyfick or shakin' th' light fantastic leg ashore or shootin' holes in canvas targets that had been named in honer iv a friendly nation afther th' ships iv th' Jap'nese navy. An' here is th' fleet home again an' safe in harbor an' th' jolly tars settin' with a lass on their knee an' a glass iv knock-out dhrops in their hand, tellin' th' story iv th' croose while havin' their pockets picked. 'Tis a good thing th' Japs didn't know that anny good baseball pitcher cud put an in-shoot through th' thickest part iv th' biggest iv th' boats. That th' ships have come home at all is due to th' pathritism iv th' naval experts who refused to publish to th' wurruld their secret knowledge iv th' helpless condition iv our navy an on'y confided it to th' magazines.

"But it wasn't about that I was goin' to talk to ye, Hinnissy. No, sir. It's a far more seeryous matther thin that. Ye know what sherry wine is? Ye've heerd iv it annyhow. 'Tis a dhrink that is given to women that don't know anny bethter. Mind ye, I don't say annything against it. Far be it fr'm me in my business to speak ill iv anny form. No doubt it has its qualities, an' if taken be th' tub might have good effects. If th' doctor said to ye: 'Ye must lave off dhrink in anny form except perhaps a little sherry wine befure meals,' ye wud tell ye'er little boy to take th' coal scuttle an' have it filled with sherry at th' Dutchman's on th' corner. But 'tis far fr'm bein an' invigoratin' booze. Afther th' beautiful ladies iv France have taken off their shoes an' stockin's an' danced out iv a grape the varyous kinds iv dhrink that projooce love, pothry, oratory, pathritism, courage, audacity, wife-beating an' all th' other manly vices, somebody takes what's left, squeezes it in a press, adds three thousand parts iv wather an' some brown sugar an' calls it sherry. It is what Dock O'Leary calls alcohol in its least dangerous form. I advise all me patients to take it,' says he. 'Ye niver read in th' pa-aper about a man inflamed be long potations iv sherry wine shootin' a policman. It is too bad that our people cannot accustom thimselves to light wines like th' continental nations. 'Give me a thimbleful iv rye, I have a chill,' says he.

"That's sherry over there on th' third shelf to th' right. It's th' same bottle I started with whin I moved into this place in th' Winter iv eighteen hundherd and I don't know whin. An' I expict to keep it till I furnish a day's conganial enjyement to Gavin th' undertaker. Wan day about twinty years ago I thought I had a customer f'r it, but before I cud get th' cork out he switched.

"Now that I've told ye what sherry wine is like an' that it's so harmless that it don't do annybody anny good, what will ye think whin I tell ye that there are men in our Navy that are addicted to th' use iv this effyminate perfume. An' not on'y that, but it gives thim th' same gloryous effects that are projooced among voters be rale dhrink. 'Tis so. I say it with sorrow, but 'tis so. Th' other day I picked up a pa-aper an' read th' headlines: 'Cruise nearly ended. Gallant fleet manned be splindid officers an' crews on its way home. Counthry waitin' feverishly to honor thim. Captain coort martialed for dhrunkenness.'

"'A-ha,' says I, 'now I'll read something worth readin' an' I plunged into th' story with th' eagerness that ivery honest man feels at th' prospect iv seein' a hero hauled off his perch. I looked f'r a grand story iv dhrink. 'Th' sailors are th' boys to do it up fine,' says I. Me idee iv a sailor was a man that cud engulf th' state iv Kentucky without winkin' an eye, a man that niver ate excipt between dhrinks, a man f'river arid, a Sahara iv a man that wud on'y bloom be constant irrigation. What quantity wud cheer such a man? Or was there in far-off Africa some suttle native benzine that wud make our own Caucasian suds seem thin indeed.

"Well, there was th' story all spread befure th' constand reader in th' most kindly fashion. Th' captain was a good an' hon'rable man. His crew liked him. He sailed his ship well. He was respected be his fellow officers. He wore his uny form with honor an' pride. All this made his downfall th' bether readin'. Th' captain wint ashore to a dinner give be th' ripirisintative iv America's mighty power in Tangiers, our brave consul, Abijah Gummers, an' th' watchful eye iv th' admiral seen that our hero was far too cheerful f'r such a company. He showed all th' signs iv exhilaration; his eyes were sleepy, his gait onsteady an' his face wore a pleasing expression iv onreasoning anger mingled with despair. An' what d'ye think brought him to this happy condition? Ye niver wud guess it. Not slathers iv th' household ammonya that makes shrong men weep. None iv th' valiant nitro-glycerine that ye an' I, Hinnessy, use to drive dull care away with. No, sir. Th' captain confissed it all. Befure lavin' th' ship he had taken wan small glass iv sherry wine! No wonder he was coort martialled f'r conduct onbecomin' to an officer an' a gintleman.

"Sure, I think in thim days an' that kind iv fightin' a man had to be crazy or in dhrink to go on at all. It was close wurruk, a kind iv rough an' tumble on th' sea. If Hogan's frind, Nelson, wasn't dhrunk he was crazy. Why, in wan battle, Hinnissy, th' admiral that was his boss flags him not to fire. Nelson had on'y wan eye, th' other glim havin' been knocked out in a row, an' he put his spy glass to th' extinct lamp an' says he: 'What talk is this ye have about signals. I don't see none. Go on an' fire,' says he. He looked on th' Spanish or th' Frinch or th' Eyetallans or th' Danes or annybody he was sint to fight, as his personal inimies, just th' same as wan iv me longshoreman customers does a frind that gets into an argyment with him about pollyticks. An' there was that fellow John Paul Jones. Did ye iver hear about him? Well, sir, he was in a fight with an Englishman an' his own boat was sinkin'. 'Boys,' says he, 'it wud be onsafe to stay here anny longer an' be drownded,' says he. 'But where will we go? Ah, an idee shtrikes me. We'll step aboard th' inimy's boat,' says he. An' they done so with soords in their teeth an' their pig-tails flyin' in th' air. 'D'ye ralize that this is my boat?' says th' English captain. 'Where else wud ye have us go afther th' batin' ye give us?' says John Paul Jones, tappin' him abaft th' ear with a belayin' pin. An' to make th' ship more homelike, he histed th' American flag an' sailed to France to talk it all over with Binjamin Franklin, an' he lived in Paris f'r a good manny years an' was a great man with th' ladies an' sarved in th' Rooshyan navy an' was threated badly be his grateful counthry an' died an' was buried. no wan knew where until th' American Ambassadure discovered his remains which manny people don't think was him at all but a Frinch corpse, an' brought it back to America to be buried again. An' a lot iv diff'rence it makes to John Paul Jones.

"Yes, sir, thim were th' days an' thim were th' boys. It's a diff'rent matther now whin th' battles or th' bluffs iv th' wurruld are bein' fought out between navies that look like collections iv cook stoves. There can't be anny rale feelin' about it. Ye can't get mad about an inimy that ye can't see excipt through a pow'rful tillscope. There's no such thing as a broadside or grappling with th' inimy or shtreamin over th' side with a cutlass in ye'er mouth an' a pistol in ye'er hand. Th' captain, who's a mimber iv th' Young Men's Christyan Timp'rance Union whin he's ashore takes a peek through his glass an' figures out that th' inimy is about six miles away. He whistles down a chute to a lift'nant in a steel safe to begin firin'. The lift'nant says to th' cap'n iv th' gun crew: 'What is th' thrajectory?' 'Two be four, professor,' says th' mariner. 'Th' cosine iv eight plus th' cubic root iv th' ballistic power minus atmospheric resistance, eight times six is forty-eight, all right. If ye fire four miles ahead iv where ye nachrally think th' inimy is an' a mile an' a half above him ye may an' thin again ye may not, him him,' says th' lift'nant. And th' chances are he won't know whether he's landed a punch or not till he gets home an' reads th' pa-aper. War is more iv a business thin it used to be. Wanst it was pothry; now it's mathymatics. Th' most important men in a modhren army are a corn doctor an' a vehtrinary surgeon. Th' gin'ral niver looks to see whether a sojer has a fearless eye but is mighty particular to find out whether he has good feet. An' ye'd as soon thrust an expert accountant who dhrank as a naval officer. Maybe 'tis a good thing, Hinnissy. Th' less war is like a picnic iv th' Longshoreman's Union th' less wars there'll be. I wudden't mind goin' to war with John Paul Jones. I've often se n mesilf sthripped to th' waist an' in me bare feet, with a cutlass firmly grasped in me jaws an' a couple iv pistols in me hands, hoppin' over th' side iv a British man iv war, chasin' some Sassinach up a mast an' havin' John Paul Jones say to me: 'Me brave fellow, a glass iv grog with ye.' But I can't pitcher mesilf enjyin' shootin' a gun at an inimy I can't see undher a commander who figures out his ordhers with a lead pencil an' a piece iv paper out iv a thrigamomethry an' whin th' battle is over givin' me a bottle iv Koomyss to clibrate th' victhry with.

"D'ye think th' cruise iv th' fleet was a good thing f'r th' peace iv th' wurruld?" asked Mr. Hennessy.

"No," said Mr. Dooley, "but it was a good thing f'r th' politeness iv th' wurruld. Didn't ye iver notice how respictful ivrybody is to ivrybody else in a town where ivry man carries a gun?"

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A combined Danish and French scientific expedition will visit the Danish West Indies in an endeavor to determine the part played by blood-sucking insects in the spreading of leprosy.

WHY NOT CREATE DISTRICT NORMAL SCHOOLS

If Power of Taxation Were Conferred, Oregon Could Be Well Provided With Normals.

BY W. C. EDWARDS.

HAVING been a careful observer of our school system and its workings, of our normal schools and their troubles, I desire to offer a few remarks from the standpoint of the rural portion of the state, as I see it.

The two features that enter into our public schools, essential to their stability and success, are territorial boundaries and the taxing power. Without well defined boundaries conflicting interests would produce and maintain perpetual controversy that would destroy progress.

Without the taxing power there would be no assured permanency of support, which would be a constant source of struggle that would be fatal.

To illustrate, in Coos County we have the twin cities of Marshfield and North Bend, situated about three miles apart. Within a year each of these towns, being a district or unit of our school system, has erected a school building that is a credit to it, costing from $40,000 to $50,000. This has been accomplished without conflict or trouble between them, being complete units within themselves. Each took stock of its resources and requirements and proceeded to supply itself accordingly. This having been done each district will maintain just such a school as it feels willing and able to pay for.

Neither of these schools has been a disturbing element or corrupting influence at the Legislature this Winter. Why not? Simply because they are each complete units within themselves and are working under general laws. This plan holds good throughout the grammar and high schools of the state. Without territorial boundary and local taxing power it would be impossible to carry this work forward, and since the teacher is just as much a part of our schools as are the pupils and the schoolhouse, so are our normal schools as much a part of our public school system as are the grammar and high schools.

The only way that we shall be able to supply ourselves with good teachers and keep the normal schools away from the Legislature and out of politics, and politics out of the schools, is to apply the same principles that have kept our grammar and high schools from these corrupt and corrupting influences, that is: district the state and confer on each district, boundaries and local taxing power.

The Senate plan this Winter has been to establish and maintain one large central school, at or near Portland, in order that we may have a high standard of efficiency. Let us look at this proposition calmly for a little while. We have in the Willamette Valley about all of the institutions of learning above the ordinary high school that are in the state; two or three universities and some half dozen colleges, besides most of the better city schools, yet with all these advantages probably one-half of all the schools in the part of Oregon bounded on the north by the Columbia River, on the east by the Cascades, on the south by the Calapooia Range and on the west by the Pacific Ocean, are being taught by teachers from the grammar and high schools, without special training for their work. As for the other six-sevenths of the state, perhaps 75 per cent of the teachers have no special training except that acquired by experimenting and very many of them are very young and only from grammar schools.

We need from 600 to 800 new teachers in Oregon yearly. How can we give any considerable portion of this number the advantages of actual teaching work, under proper critic teachers, at one school?

They should have charge of a room full of real live children for one-half day at a time, not less than two or three days out of each week for at least six months of the last year of their course.

Few young men and women from the rural parts of Oregon would complete their course at such a school and of those that did, not 10 per cent would return to us and teach our county schools. This would compel the brightest and best of our young people to go away from home to get any good schooling and would tend to take them permanently away from the country. If we are to improve the educational conditions in the rural parts of the state we must bring centers of education and culture just as close to them as possible.

If we are to have normal schools, why not allow three or four counties in the interior of the state to form a district, tax themselves and build a school as would meet their wants and such as they are able and willing to support. For example, the people of Drain long years since saw the necessity for such a school and built one, but not having the taxing power, could not take care of it, so they asked the state for help, and have had about $5000 a year for support, and a perpetual row ever since. If they were allowed a district of say Curry, Coos, Douglas and Lane counties, a territory larger than any one of ten of our states, containing 50,000 population and having a property valuation of $60,000,000, a tax of one-tenth of one mill would furnish them $6000 a year. Suppose the school was located at Drain, the center of the district. Drain has $5000 a year of local funds, a good building and a good school for training department. This, with the permanency they would have behind them would make it a much better school than it has ever been.

But suppose they taxed themselves two-tenths of a mill, which would give $12,000 a year, which, added to the local fund would produce an aggregate resource of $17,000 annually.

This would be sufficient to employ a splendid faculty and should turn out 40 or 50 trained teachers each year. If the state were generally supplied with such schools the output of each would largely remain within its own district and gradually supply the demand.

Are they needed? There are in these four counties about 700 teachers, about 500 of which have no special training.

Do these counties need such a school? If the state could only see its way to allow them to build and maintain such a school in order to meet the local demands they would have no business at the Legislature, nothing to trade and nothing to trade for, and, would it be burdensome locally? Let us see. It would cost the taxpayer 20 cents on every $1000 valuation, on $10,000 the sum of $2 a year. Can a man worth $10,000 afford to pay $2 a year for the purpose of having much better schools?

And what is applicable to these four counties is equally applicable and necessary to six-sevenths of this state. And to the advocates of one large school let me say, make one district out of all that part of the Willamette Valley north of Lane County and at a two-tenths of one mill tax you would have about $75,000 a year for maintenance of a normal.

Adopt some such plan throughout the state and the normal question will be forever settled in Oregon.

Drain, Or., March 16.

February.

Baltimore Sun.

Mind the warm furs of her, wound and wound,
The snowy-white wisp of her, over the ground;
Tripping and whirling, with frost on her head;
And cheeks like the cherries of Paradise, red;
Eyes like the starlight—but give her a song,
The year's at the turn and the day's growing long!

Whoo! how she shivers; at night on the hill
She sits by the rivers—at morn they are still;
Far fly the echoes, the skaters are out
With ripple of laughter and ringing of shout;
Dread not her rigor—far down in her eyes
Dwells the dream of an April of opaline skies!

Whirring and swirring, with feet like a feather,
She dances the dance of the nippingest weather;
Fury of Winter time, shudder of gloom,
But under her dancing the dream of the bloom,
And there in the valleys like violets they swing,
Those feet of her foam at the gates of the Spring!