Lake County Examiner

MAGAZINE SECTION. LAKEVIEW, OREGON, THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1906. PAGES 1 TO 4.

CLARA BARTON ACTIVE.

Cross Heroine Will Establish Railroad Hospital Car Service.

ough Over Eighty Years Old She s Started in with Great Energy Organize New Relief Work to pe with Wrecks.

ara Barton, the famous Red Cross er, has just given new evidence she is one of the most remarkable en the world has ever known. Feel- that the Red Cross work has been ed on a permanent basis and no r needs her close supervision, this ring woman, although upward of ty years of age, has lately returned er old home in Massachusetts and ed headquarters for a great new ement to alleviate suffering, name- a project for organizing hospital s on all railroads in order that the aid of hospital cars speedy or may be brought to persons in- d in wrecks.

ae portrait here presented is of cial interest, inasmuch as it is the likeness which Clara Barton has nitted to be made in many years. famous Red Cross worker has no for the camera, but her close per- al friend, Mrs. John A. Logan, after h persuasion finally induced her to for this picture. Mrs. Logan is seen ding by her side.

RKED IN CIVIL AND FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WARS.

lara Barton, who is entering with much enthusiasm into a new mis- another New England girl Clara Barton, when thrown on her own resources, took up school teaching as a means of livelihood, and when she was obliged to abandon this because of failing eyesight, she managed to secure a position in the Patent Office at Washington, and here she continued her service until the outbreak of the Civil War disclosed to her a lifework. Her advertisements in the Massachusetts papers that she would receive money and stores for the wounded soldiers and personally distribute them at the front brought quick responses, and from this small beginning the scope of her work broadened. The ministering angel of the Army of the Potomac was present at the battles of Cedar Mountain, the second Bull Run, Antietam, Fredericksburg and the Wilderness.

WAS WITH THE VANGUARD.

In the Franco-Prussian war Miss Barton was the first person to enter Strasburg after the fall of that city, and was instrumental in organizing the relief. She performed a similar service at Paris, which she entered with the vanguard at the conclusion of the siege. After her return to the United States she directed relief work in addition to the instances above mentioned during the Mississippi flood of 1882, the overflow of the Ohio River in 1883, the Louisiana cyclone of the same year, and the Texas drought of 1889, ever at the fore aiding, sustaining, and supporting by her untiring presence the failing courage of those who in their suffering learned to depend upon her with passionate love and gratitude.

Mrs. John A. Logan (Mary Simmerson Cunningham Logan) who appears with Clara Barton in this picture, is a native of Missouri, but was educated in Kentucky and married John A. Logan in 1855. Since his death she has engaged in literary work, and has resided in the city of Washington, making her home in a quaint old house filled with mementoes of her hero husband. This residence is on a most attractive little estate of about one-half acre in extent, located on the brow of a hill overlooking the nation's capitol.

MISS CLARA BARTON AND MRS. JOHN A. LOGAN.

ary work, was born in Oxford, s., in 1830. During the Civil War did relief work on the battlefields organized the search for missing for which Congress appropriated sum of $15,000. After the close of conflict she went abroad and car- on the Red Cross activities of the nco-Prussian war, following which did heroic work at the Johnstown d, distributed relief in the Russian ine in 1892, and the Armenian mas- re of 1896, at the request of the sident of the United States carried f to Cuba in 1898, and conducted Red Cross relief at the Galveston d.

merica's most interesting repre- tative in the world's group of grand women has been loaded with hon- by all nations, and her home is d with valuable tokens of esteem. f among the treasures cherished this idol of conquering armies are jewels and decorations tendered her the royalty of many nations, and stituting unquestionably the great- collection ever bestowed upon any en of the United States.

IFTS FROM ALL SOVEREIGNS.

onspicuous in the glittering array the amythyst cut in the form of a ay, an inch and one-half square, gift of Miss Barton's personal nd, the Grand Duchess of Baden; Servian Red Cross decoration pre- ted by Queen Natalie, the Gold s of Remembrance bestowed by the nd Duke and Duchess of Baden, a ial presented by the Queen of Italy, English decoration pinned on Miss ton's dress by Queen Victoria; the n Cross of Germany presented by Emperor and Empress, the decora- of the Order of Melusine presented the Prince of Jerusalem, Cyprus and reuila, and the brooch and pendant diamonds, the gift of the people of nstown, in recognition of the great vice rendered by Miss Barton after famous flood.

lss Barton's father was in boyhood of the soldiers of "Mad Anthony" yne, and Clarissa Harlowe Barton, her name is inscribed in the family le, came to the Bay State home as umas Christmas present. Like many

COLONEL HENDERSON'S POEM.

Several years ago the late Col. D. B. Henderson wrote a poem entitled "Yes or No?" which slumbered until the other day, when it was read in Des Moines at a meeting held in the famous Iowan's memory. The poem runs:

Is there a mentor strong and good
That always indicates the road
Where we should go,
That tells us with unerring voice
Which of the words should be our choice—
The Yes or No?

We have the bibles of the earth,
With all their holy power and worth,
And yet we know
The world is wild with disputation
As to the "true road to salvation"—
The Yes or No.

When seeking virtue's truest path
And all the purest gems she hath,
Is there no woe?
Is there no doubt in noblest mind
Who in the word from heaven would find
The Yes or No?

Our hearts will whisper: "This is right;
Here live and love and drink delight
Nor dream of woe."
When reason suddenly cries out
In tones that fill the heart with doubt
And thunders: "No!"

And ever thus we rise and fall,
We hope and fear and tremble all
Until we go.
Then we shall have a sweet repose,
There is a light that melts our woes,
Lost is the No.

SQUIBS

Recent events in Zion City make it apparent that Elijah the third has gone up almost as effectually as did the original.

A Kansas woman was kicked by a mule, causing her to bite off her tongue. She realizes now it is bad business to talk back to a mule.

It is hard for Russell Sage to understand why people want to travel in air-ships when walking is so much cheaper.

ERUPTION OF KRAKATOA.

Volcanic Explosions in East Indies the Most Terrific in History.

Vast Volumes of Ashes Blown Twenty Miles Above Earth — Detonations Heard Three Thousand Miles Distant.

By Sir Robert Ball.

The following description by Sir Robert Ball of the eruption of Krakatoa will be read with special interest at the present time. It is taken from his book, "The Earth's Beginning," recently published by D. Appleton & Co.

Until the year 1883 few had ever heard of Krakatoa. It was not inhabited, but the natives from the surrounding shores of Sumatra and Java used occasionally to draw their canoes up on its beach while they roamed through the jungle in search of the wild fruits. The island seemed to owe its existence to some frightful eruption of bygone days, but for a couple of centuries there had been no fresh outbreak.

In 1883 Krakatoa suddenly sprang into notoriety. Insignificant though it had hitherto seemed, the little island was soon to compel by its tones of thunder the whole world to pay it instant attention. It was to become the scene of a volcanic outbreak so appalling that it is destined to be remembered throughout the ages.

At first the eruption did not threaten to be of any serious type. In fact, the good people of Batavia, so far from being terrified at what was in progress in Krakatoa, thought the display was such an attraction that they chartered a steamer and went forth for a pleasant picnic to the island. Many of us, I am sure, would have been delighted to have been able to join the party who were to witness so interesting a spectacle. With cautious steps the more venturesome of the excursion party clambered up the sides of the volcano, guided by the sounds which were issuing from its summit. There they beheld a vast column of steam pouring forth with terrific noise from a profound opening about thirty yards in width.

As the summer of this dread year advanced, the vigor of Krakatoa steadily increased. The noises became more and more vehement. These were presently audible on shores ten miles distant, and then twenty miles distant, until the great thunders of the volcano, now so rapidly developing, astonished the inhabitants that dwelt over an area at least as large as Great Britain, and there were other symptoms of the approaching catastrophe. With each successive convulsion a quantity of fine dust was projected aloft into the clouds. The wind could not carry this dust away as rapidly as it was hurled upward by Krakatoa, and accordingly the atmosphere became heavily charged with suspended particles. A pall of darkness thus hung over the adjoining seas and islands. Such was the thickness and the density of these atmospheric volumes of Krakatoa dust that for a hundred miles around the darkness of midnight prevailed at midday. Then the awful tragedy of Krakatoa took place. Many thousands of the unfortunate inhabitants of the adjacent shores of Sumatra and Java were destined never to behold the sun again. They were presently swept away to destruction in an invasion of the shore by the tremendous waves with which the seas surrounding Krakatoa were agitated.

The development of the volcanic energy proceeded, and gradually the terror of the inhabitants of the surrounding coasts rose to a climax. July had ended before the manifestations of Krakatoa had attained their full violence. By the middle of August the panic was widespread, for the supreme catastrophe was at hand.

On the night of Sunday, August 26, 1883, the blackness of the dust clouds, now much thicker than ever in the Straits of Sunda and adjacent parts of Sumatra and Java, was only occasionally illumined by lurid flashes from the volcano. The Krakatoa thunders were on the point of attaining their complete development. At the town of Batavia, a hundred miles distant, there was no quiet that night. The houses trembled with the subterranean violence, and the windows rattled as if heavy artillery were being discharged in the streets, and still these efforts seemed to be only rehearsing for the supreme display. On the morning of Monday, August 27, 1883, the rehearsals were over and the performance began. An overture, consisting of two or three introductory explosions, was succeeded by a frightful convulsion which tore away a large part of the Island of Krakatoa and scattered it to the winds of heaven.

This supreme effort it was which produced the mightiest noise that, so far as we can ascertain, has ever been heard on this globe. It must have been indeed a loud noise which could travel from Krakatoa to Batavia and preserve its vehemence over so great a distance; but we should form a very inadequate conception of the energy of the eruption of Krakatoa if we thought that its sounds were heard by those merely a hundred miles off. This would be little indeed compared with what is recorded, on testimony which it is impossible to doubt.

Westward from Krakatoa stretches the wide expanse of the Indian Ocean. On the opposite side from the Straits of Sunda lies the Island of Rodriguez, the distance from Krakatoa being almost 3,000 miles. It has been proved by evidence which cannot be doubted that the thunder of the great volcano attracted the attention of an intelligent coastguard on Rodrigues, who carefully noted the character of the sounds and the time of their occurrence. He had heard them just four hours after the actual explosion, for this is the time the sound occupied on its journey.

If Vesuvius were vigorous enough to emit a roar like Krakatoa, how great would be the consternation of the world! Such a report might be heard by King Edward, at Windsor, and by the Czar, at Moscow. It would astonish the German Emperor and all his subjects. It would penetrate to the seclusion of the Sultan at Constantinople. It would have extended to the sources of the Nile, near the equator. It would have been heard by Mohammedan pilgrims at Mecca. It would have reached the ears of exiles in Siberia. No inhabitants of Persia would have been beyond its range, while passengers on half the liners crossing the Atlantic would also catch the mighty reverberation. Or, to take another illustration, let us suppose that a similar earth-shaking event took place in a central position in the United States. Let us say, for example, that an explosion occurred at Pike's Peak as resonant as that from Krakatoa. It would certainly startle not a little the inhabitants of Colorado far and wide. The ears of dwellers in the neighboring States would receive a considerable shock. With lessening intensity the sound would spread much farther around—indeed, it might be heard all over the United States. The sonorous waves would roll over to the Atlantic coast; they would be heard on the shores of the Pacific. Florida would not be too far to the south, nor Alaska too remote to the north. If, indeed, we could believe that the sound would travel as freely over the great continent as it did across the Indian Ocean, then we may boldly assert that every ear in North America might listen to the thunder from Pike's Peak, if it rivaled Krakatoa. Can we doubt that Krakatoa made the greatest noise that has ever been recorded?

Among the many other incidents connected with this explosion, I may specially mention the wonderful system of divergent ripples that started in our atmosphere from the point at which the eruption took place. The initial impetus was so tremendous that these waves spread for hundreds and thousands of miles. They diverged, in fact, until they put a mighty girdle round the earth, on a great circle of which Krakatoa was the pole. The atmospheric waves, with the whole earth now well in their grasp, advanced into the opposite hemisphere. In their progress they had necessarily to form gradually contracting circles, until at last they converged to a point in Central America, at the very opposite point of the diameter of our earth, 8,000 miles from Krakatoa. Thus the waves completely embraced the earth. Every part of our atmosphere had been set into a tingle by the great eruption. The waves passed over our heads, the air in our streets, the air in our houses, trembled from the volcanic impulse. The very oxygen supplying our lungs was responding also to the supreme convulsion which took place 10,000 miles away. It is needless to object that this could not have taken place because we did not feel it. Self-registering barometers have enabled these waves to be followed unmistakably all over the globe.

Such was the energy with which these vibrations were initiated at Krakatoa, that even when the waves thus arising had converged to the point diametrically opposite in South America their vigor was not yet ex-

(Continued on next page column 6.)

Miss Ottilie Guenther, who was recently given a private audience by Pope Pius X. is a Chicago girl and a daughter of Otto Guenther of the firm of Guenther, Bradford & Co. This is not the first time she has been honored by the head of her faith, Leo XIII, having granted her a special audience a year before his death. Miss Guenther has been taking a law course in the University of Berlin. She has done much philanthropic work among the poor Italians of Chicago and will resume this when she returns there next month. She will be graduated from Northwestern University Law School in 1907.

AWFUL BALLOON VOYAGE.

German Military Aeronauts Safe Only After a Terrible Experience.

War Airship Was Driven Five Hundred Miles Over Baltic Sea and Dropped in Swedish Snow Bank—Barely Averted Drowning.

The progress of balloon experiments in the German army has just received a severe setback by the fearful experiences of two members of the Aerostatic Corps, named Wolff and Brand, who have returned to Berlin after having been given up for dead, following a balloon ascension, during which they completely disappeared. The two men were blown all the way from Berlin to the Baltic Sea, where they were driven by a gale clear across that body of water, and finally landed, half dead, in a little village in Sweden, traveling altogether more than five hundred miles. The story of their flight is one of the most thrilling in the history of ballooning in Europe.

UNABLE TO MAKE DESCENT.

The two balloonists, caught in the gale in the upper air, were blown at terrific speed for three days, unable to make a descent without being dashed to death.

As the wind seemed to slacken, the balloonists opened their valve, preparing to descend. What was their horror upon seeing as they dropped from the clouds that the open sea was beneath them. They tried to shut the valve, but were only partly successful.

When within a few hundred feet of the water, the valve was closed by Wolff, who climbed up to the cordage surrounding the gas bag to do it. But the balloon still dropped nearer the sea. Finally, desperate, the balloonists climbed into the balloon's rigging and cut the basket from under them.

Clinging to the cordage about the balloon, the two men hung between hope and fear for a few moments as the bag seemed to hover uncertainly. The thought came into their minds simultaneously that one must drop off and lighten the weight to save his comrade; otherwise both must drown. But slowly the bag began to rise once more.

CLUNG TO CORDAGE FOR HOURS.

After clinging for hours to the cordage, thousands of feet in the air over the sea, the two soldiers made out the land. As soon as it was safe, the valve was opened again, and the balloon was allowed to descend slowly. The two men landed in a snow bank within a few miles of a little Swedish village. They had to walk two miles, almost exhausted, through the snow, and collapsed just as they reached the first cabin.

"Thet there tree, Mirandy, reminds me amazinly uv a jay-bird."

"Look-a-here, Si, yew're gettin' dippy. Haow on airth kin a tree fallen acrost th' road put yew in mind uv a jay-bird?"

"Becuz, Mirandy, it hez blew daown. Giddap, Nance."

THE STATE OF SEQUOIA.

The Name of the Originator of the Cherokee Indian Alphabet to be Honored.

The decision of the convention, which recently met at Muskogee, Indian Territory, upon a name for the new state to be added to the Union brings a total of thirty-three states which have adopted Indian titles for state names. The convention, after some little discussion, decided that the new state should be known as Sequoia, as a tribute to the great Cherokee leader, and is a fitting honor which America owes to one of the really great red men of this continent. The Cherokee Indian alphabet was originated by George Gist, a half-breed, known to the tribe as Sequoia. He was a statesman and a peaceable leader among the tribe. He was an illiterate man but the idea of an alphabet for the Cherokee tribe was conceived from the brands he saw on cattle. He carved eighty-six characters with his hunting knife out of pine bark, then he called the wise men together, and explained the characters. The tribunal council adopted that, and in later years one of the tribe translated the Bible into the Cherokee language, through which medium

THE HALF-BREED SEQUOIA.

Christianity was first taught among the Cherokees. It is to Sequoia that the Cherokee nation owes its splendid system of schools.

While in search of a lost band of Cherokee Indians in 1844, Sequoia lost his life

California has already honored him by naming the "Big Tree" of that state "Sequoia gigatea" after him England knows this tree as the "Wellingtonia."

Thirty-two of the states of the union have adopted Indian titles, but they are usually place-names; no state commemorates in its title any original American citizen. True we have Delaware named for Lord De le Warr, Pennsylvania for the Quaker, William Penn, and one for George Washington, but none to commemorate an Indian.