

SUNDAY SERVICES.

Dr. Woodward on Manual Schools
—Bishop Whitney's Testimony.

Religious services were held in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, Sunday, July 8, 1888, commencing at 2 o'clock p. m., Apostle Heber J. Grant presiding.

The choir and congregation sang:
O say, what is truth? 'Tis the fairest gem
That the riches of worlds can produce.

Prayer was offered by Apostle John Henry Smith.

The choir sang the hymn:

Behold the Mount of Olives rend!
And on its top Messiah stand.

The Priesthood of the Ninth Ward officiated in the administration of the Sacrament.

Apostle H. J. Grant announced that Prof. C. M. Woodward, of the Washington University, St. Louis, was present, and by request would speak on the subject of "Manual Education."

PROF. WOODWARD

remarked that in a place where the desert was made to blossom as the rose it was unnecessary to speak of the advance in scientific knowledge, but he would inquire what was necessary to qualify the young men of this age for the work before them. The introduction of practical science among the people has made many material changes, and revolutionized the methods of communication, agriculture, and every department of life. Half the occupations now engaged in were unknown a century ago; yet how little of this progress has entered into the public schools, which are largely conducted as they were a century since. In my own experience four-fifths of my collegiate education had no relation to the work in which I am now engaged. The boy, when he comes from school, should have a practical knowledge of something that will make him of benefit to his fellow-men. Through the ages past education was not for those who did the work in the world, but was more for the life of a gentleman, a soldier, a clergyman, a lawyer, or a physician. The man who tilled the soil and brought from the metals those articles that were useful, was considered beyond the pale of education. This same idea largely enters into our school system. For fourteen years I have been engaged with many others, in trying to bridge over this chasm, and to introduce elements that will enable a young man to step from the school prepared to do something. I have been engaged in trying to supply something to the old school, and add something of a practical nature to the former system. We want men, not only with trained minds, but skilled hands. If a man has but one kind of training he is necessarily one-sided, and I could not trust his judgment. If he has both kinds of training he is, as a result, level-headed. The Germans have made a good step in establishing the kindergarten. They take the child from its mother's arms and start it in a practical and intellectual school; but when the child reaches seven or eight years of age it is turned over to the old school. It should have been continued on the kindergarten plan from the foundation up. It has been my lot to train young men between fourteen and eighteen years of age to make the most of themselves—to train the whole boy, and not half of him: for upon properly trained boys rests the welfare of the Republic.

A manual training school is a part of the University at St. Louis, and it is the oldest in the country. There the boys come at about fourteen, prepared for a high school course, of three years. First there is a course of mathematics; then a course of science; third, literature; fourth comes drawing; and fifth, instruction in the use of tools. All these go through the entire three years' course. To the fifth department two hours of the six per day are given. During the first year the classes are taught the use of tools in connection with wood. The teacher shows them how to construct the piece of work set for them for the day, to their thorough understanding. Then each is required to make the article as directed, and under the personal supervision of a competent instructor. All of the boys relish the shopwork, and are deeply interested therein. Step by step they are taken up the ladder of woodwork, learning principle—not using up a lot of material. The method of use and the theory of every tool is carefully taught, and the tools must be kept in good condition, each caring for those he alone uses. The second year the boys are taught some of the mysteries of metal work, and learn the whole theory of shaping and moulding iron and steel. The instruction given is most thorough, and under the direction of a skillful teacher. During the third year the boys learn the methods of operating upon iron, steel, brass and coal, in every way in which they can be manipulated, and must work with the utmost precision and accuracy. Every day, five days in the week, is this systematic work going on, and in that way are the principles of artizanship learned, though no boy has been taught a trade; but every one is required to construct some useful article or machine before he graduates. We try to make the boys understand what they are doing and why they do it.

The result of this training is that boys at seventeen go from the school with an ambition to step forward in the line of education. Those who go to work are easily able to find employment, because they know what they want to do—they can choose an occupation, having a practical idea of that which they are best adapted to. Another good thing is, that they are not afraid of work. They are also better enabled to occupy the position they are best suited to by nature and training, and they do not develop as men in the wrong place.

We have found that we build better than we knew. The zeal for work keeps them at school to the end of the course; a much larger proportion stay through than with the old system, because there is something to interest them in addition to the memorizing process, and because they see a practical result of their studies. If this system of manual training were put into the high schools it would cause a "boom" for the schools. It is more expensive than the old system, but it is worth all its costs, and more too. It creates a respect for skilled labor; it produces intelligent labor, which commands respect. It makes the boys men, because it gives them a keenness of intellect and a judgment that does not develop without a practical education. It cultivates close observation, and makes the students intellectually honest. They are required to be truthful in their deeds, in their workmanship, and this makes them truthful in words. The system of manual education trains the head, the heart and the hand.

There is a fallacious idea that a manual school is a manual labor school, where a boy can earn his own living while getting an education. This is a mistake, for there is no similarity. In the manual labor school the fact that the boy has to earn his own living deprives it of the intellectual training that is given in the manual school. Nor is the latter an industrial school, which is to teach boys trades—good enough in its way—but it does not reach the manual school, or in fact resemble it in any respect. I think the manual school superior in every way. We do not make tradesmen, we make men that are better qualified for first class tradesmen than any others can be without the instruction we give. Some say we should make something in our schools and sell it. This is the most serious obstacle in the way of a successful school, and cannot be practiced. We train boys to use tools, and when they learn the school is not transformed into a factory, but the student goes on to something else. The only article we put on the market is good, well-trained boys.

I am earnest in behalf of the boys, that they have the best education the country affords, and I urge you to give them a chance. Test the qualities of the manual school in your midst. If you would make your boys strong, honest, clear-headed, self-reliant, give them a training that strengthens them clear round. Teach them to look things square in the face, and to know how to meet them. I remember an instance of an Illinois farmer who sent his son to our manual school for the first year. When the boy got back to the farm, he was the best man on it. He could keep the machinery in good order because he understood its mechanism, and the result of his successful training was that the next year the farmer sent another son to our school, and next year the third came. I wish I could make you feel the importance of this movement, for I think we are doing the best we can for our children when we best prepare them for their work in the world.

BISHOP O. F. WHITNEY

was the next speaker. He said: Dr. Woodward is surnamed the apostle of manual training. If I were asked to express an opinion as to the gospel he preaches, I would say it is the gospel of common sense. There can be no two opinions as to the wisdom and utility of his principles. He says he stumbled upon his mission by accident. There we might differ from him, for we believe in an overruling Providence in all things. It is the view of the Latter-day Saints that wherever intelligence asserts itself or an effort is put forth for the amelioration of the condition of mankind, it is due to the inspiration of Almighty God. I love Dr. Woodward's teachings because they reach the bedrock of common sense; they teach the nobility of labor, and remind us that the vocation of our first parents, Adam and Eve, was not a disgrace. I read in such teachings the deathdoom of folly and nonsense. I believe in the rearing of boys and girls to look at life earnestly; it is no joke—no day dream, but a solemn reality.

On July, 4th I listened to an eloquent oration by Judge Benson, a gentleman who has lately come into our midst, who said that when the American boy became ashamed of honest labor, the days of this republic would be numbered. I believe that God, desiring to perpetuate the principles upon which this government rests, is making an effort to stem the tide that tends to effeminacy and destruction. All that is wise and just and true has come to stay, and God will raise up men to institute reforms as fast as they are needed in every department of human effort and intelligence. He will continue to inspire men to teach practical truths to mankind for their salvation.

We are all the children of God, spiritually and temporally. The Lat-

ter day Saints believe God, angels and men to be of the same order and species in different degrees of development. All the difference between God and man is due to education. When a human being is developed to the fullness of his possibilities, he is qualified for the presence of God and the society of angels. This is what it is to be saved and exalted. Education is therefore the ladder to heaven. But we must be fully educated, developed to the fullness of the stature of a man or woman in Christ Jesus.

I would not advocate, under existing conditions, the introduction of religious instruction into our district schools and universities. We favor the establishment of schools where the Gospel may be taught, where the spiritual as well as the temporal nature may be trained and developed, but religion could not be introduced into the common schools under existing circumstances, when there are so many differences in religion, and schools are supported by general taxation. But I hope to see the time when the world will be united, when all will believe in the same God, and all believe alike. Then I hope to see the Gospel of Jesus Christ taught in our schools, as well as art, science, etc. for man is a dual being and both parts of him ought to be educated. To use the Professor's words, we cannot trust the judgment of the man who is only half or partly educated. We are hastening toward another life for which we ought to prepare; for if culture and training are necessary for this life, why not also necessary to enable us to grapple with the great issues of the life to come? Jesus Christ, the great teacher, laid down his life to introduce that knowledge which is the spiritual education we require. The Gospel of Christ is the ladder of intelligence that leads to the glory of the Gods.

The choir sang the anthem:

The earth is the Lord's.

Benediction by Apostle Heber J. Grant.

DOING THE WEST FOR THE PICTURESQUE.

Portland—North to Tacoma, Thence to San Francisco, and Home Again.

[SECOND PAPER.]

Portland is a beautifully located city on the banks of the Willamette River, 12 miles from its confluence with the Columbia. It presents an appearance of quiet comfort; everybody looks to be "well fixed." Some part of it looks like our own city. There is no appearance of mushroom growth anywhere. The buildings are solid structures; it is the centre of a thriving trade; the streets are well laid out. Deep water vessels can reach the center of the town from the ocean, 100 miles away. A few ships and river steamers make a pleasing and interesting combination of pictures gratifying to the eye.

NUMEROUS RAILROADS

center here, and immense cargoes of wheat, lumber, fish and fruit are exported. Every thing that man needs for his use and comfort can easily be obtained. Lumber is plentiful and timber covers the hills and plains. Apples and plums reach perfection in Oregon; garden products are all of the finest quality. The rivers abound in fish, rains are frequent, no drought nor very cold weather is experienced. The coldest day last winter during the prevalence of the Arctic wave that swept across the whole continent was four degrees below zero. There is a high ridge on the northwest part of the city that commands a panorama of surpassing grandeur.

ON CLEAR DAYS

Mounts St. Helena, Hood, Adams and Rainier can be seen at different points in the south and north-east. The estimated population is 60,000, 10,000 of which can be deducted, I think, and not be far from the truth. Great efforts are being made to boom Portland, and with good reason, for many resources are as yet untapped; but the plodding element whose only capital is muscle, will not find many openings in the cities. If the emigrant can afford to clear off land, cut down the timber, and be willing to create new resources, build a home and struggle for a few years, he can secure comparative immunity from want. Portland is like Omaha, more proud of her schools than of her churches. There are seven fine schools erected there. The High school building is

AN IMPOSING STRUCTURE

of huge proportions, that her citizens might well be proud of. It cost \$127,000. Ocean steamers for San Francisco, Alaska and points north leave every day.

I have an impression that if more is told concerning this inviting locality this scribble will smack of real estate publications, and for that reason I forbear. I asked several persons if it rained every day in Portland during the summer months, but was always told that it was "quite unusual." I am compelled to state the fact that it usually rained every day while I was in Portland and on the lower Columbia. For this reason, I presume, Oregonians are called web-toots.

One item more—hotel charges are all moderate in Oregon. Meals at the railroad houses are fifty cents. Everybody eats when fifty cents is

THE WATCHWORD;

but if 75 cents is charged their appetites seem to fall, or lunch baskets, and lunchstands are resorted to. Twenty minutes for dinner at 75 cents is 3 1/2 cents a minute to labor on tough beefsteak, especially to those who have to "gum it." Better feed everybody at 50 cents than three or four at 75 cents, is my individual opinion.

I had a desire to see Tacoma and Washington Territory, and set out via the Northern Pacific Railroad, which skirts the Willamette and Columbia rivers, crossing the latter on a steam ferry at Kalama. It rained all the way so that distant objects were not visible. I regretted to see the havoc of the caterpillar pest on the orchards each side of the track. After crossing the Columbia the road follows the Cowlitz River, navigable for

SMALL STEAMBOATS.

This part of Uncle Sam's domain is the counterpart of Canada in its general appearance. Tree stumps, heavy pines and emerald verdure are seen everywhere. I missed the section houses, seen with such regularity on other roads. The towns were few and far between. One station was named Skookum Chuck, which, in common, workingman's English means good grub, so I was informed. Garden products looked very luxuriant, but in a general way the people and country looked as though they were not burdened with too many luxuries. I kept trying to get a view of Mt. Tacoma, down whose serrated sides huge glaciers slide at the rate of one mile per annum. This mountain is one of the grandest in America, and is 14,412 feet above sea level, if my memory serves me rightly. Alas, it could not be seen, and after passing through

FORESTS OF PINES

we arrived at Tacoma (in a drenching rain) 145 miles from Portland. As a genuine specimen of a "boom-ed" town, Tacoma leads them all. The din of hammers, the long lines of new buildings, the many hotels, and the general make up, shows that somebody has got faith in the future of this newly born city. It is built upon a spur of land that juts into Puget Sound on its extreme southern boundary. Upon what basis the city, with its metropolitan airs, can come out financially successful, I am sorry to say, did not seem clear to me; but no matter, it does to others and that is enough. Some very fine buildings are going up. There are a few sea-going ships and steamers at the wharves.

THE POPULATION

is increasing rapidly and it ought to. There are stores enough for a city of 35,000 people. Hardy-gurdy shops of questionable character fill the ears with the sorrowful strains of music, all free on the outside. I counted seven saloons side by side. Although in a moist climate, people get dry there. A "peterfunk" watch auction was almost giving away unredeemed watches. Showy chronometers that cost \$50 per dozen were sacrificed for any sum that could be got above cost.

It was with a pitiful drone that the auctioneer would ask his chief of staff how much had been loaded on each watch before putting it up at auction; go where you will you will discover the fact that the old adage holds good: "The fools are not all dead."—Steamers sail from here to all parts of

FUGHT SOUND AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.

All those who have plenty of time to visit this part of our common "kentry" will find much to interest and instruct them when visiting this highly favored land. Coal is found in great abundance not far from Tacoma, while the whole Pacific Coast, and even Australia, are supplied with lumber from Puget Sound. Emigrants are pouring in from all parts and will soon fill up all the chances for new comers. Look out for the recoil!

I had a fair look at Washington Territory up to this point, and not being gratified in getting a glimpse of Mount Tacoma, returned to Portland by the same route.

The next subject is the Oregon and California Railroad and its attractions. The through train for California follows the eastern bank of the Willamette river through a valley of wonderful productiveness and fertility.

AT OREGON CITY

We catch a glimpse of the Willamette Falls, nearly forty feet high. A system of locks enables the steamers that ply on the river to make the portage of the falls. A more beautiful and attractive locality cannot be found. The residents call the first 200 miles south of Portland the Eden of the Pacific Slope. All kinds of fruits except tropical varieties flourish and attain perfection in this wondrous region. As we advance dozens of beautiful pictures form in rapid succession. The fine river scenery is full of variety. Beautiful bits, as artists say, are found at every turn in the road. We pass Salem, the capital of the State, and a number of minor towns, through thickly settled farming lands. On our left are the mountains known as Mt. Jefferson, the Three Sisters, Mt. Pitt, Mt. St. Helens and minor points. But night shuts out these objects from our gaze.

MORNING

brings us to the famous Rogne River Valley, and the climb up the Siskiyou summit. If the voyager is fond of looking upon feats of railroad engineering, ample scope will be given him in the climb to the top, as the railroad zigzags up the mountain through tunnels and over towering trestles up to

214 feet above sea level. The longest tunnel on the road, over half a mile, is just south of the apex.

Whether on the plains or the mountain, the greatest fertility prevails. Every spot looks green. The sterile look of our mountain home does not obtain here. The eye never seems to tire of rolling hills, backed up by pine-covered mountains that form scenes of rare beauty which ever way you look.

Down the

STEEP INCLINE

on the south, we soon reach the California line, and bid good-bye to the soil of Oregon.

Gradually and slowly as we go south, the rainfall decreases, and signs of less fertility begin to appear. Still the country is charming, and as we move along we catch a glimpse of Mount Shasta, the highest mountain in northern California, 14,444 feet above sea level. As we reached Sissons the clouds lifted for a few moments, and revealed the hoary head of the world-famed mountain. One could hardly believe that so much grandeur was concealed behind the murky clouds that had hovered around its summit during the whole day. It was a revelation of the frigid zone in a torrid country. New snow had fallen; King Zero reigned supreme in the dizzy crags, thousands of feet above the timber line.

HOW GRAND AND BEAUTIFUL

appeared the snow clad height as the last rays of the setting sun glided the peak, after partial darkness had settled down in the valley below! Such a revelation of majesty, and sublime grandeur does not often fall to my lot to behold, and my memory will cling to the picture of heavenly loveliness, as the dying day breathed its last on the very highest spot of Shasta.

From Sissons the scenery is always interesting and the most truly picturesque spot on the whole route is found in the Sacramento Cañon, for we are now following the bank of that river. Deep cuts, high trestles, cascades, and lovely spots abound on every hand. Moss Brae Falls is a novel and beautiful waterfall near Dunsmeir.

THE WHOLE ROADWAY

down the Sacramento is full of beauty, and as we leave the cañon for the plains below night comes on, and through the dark watches we speed along through the very garden spot of California, past Marysville and Sacramento, and at 7:40 a. m. you are in the western metropolis, on the shore of the great Pacific.

It is a good arrangement that carries the traveler through the night on the hottest part of the journey, and lands him in the cool atmosphere of San Francisco in the early morning.

So much has been written about San Francisco that I will leave the reader to enjoy himself in his own way. A few words on the return trip via the Central Pacific may not be out of place.

When you come home to Salt Lake be sure to take the morning train leaving at 8:30—this will enable you to see the Sacramento Valley by daylight—and the climb up the Sierras will give you an idea of the feat of putting a railroad over mountain tops and building forty miles of snow sheds, under the most trying obstacles. Should you wish to see Lake Tahoe and Donner stop off at Truckee—stages for both points run daily.

Lake Tahoe is perhaps the loveliest sheet of water in America. It is 6,247 feet above sea level; is twenty-two miles long, and twelve wide; greatest known depth, 1,700 feet. The water of the lake is nearly pure. The shores are fringed with pine forests, from which the towering snow-clad peaks form a fringe, which, if we could see from a bird's eye point, would reveal a scene of unexcelled grandeur. Two pretty steamers run around the lake. It is a point that should be taken in if you would see the beautiful on the line of the road. The lake is twelve miles from Truckee.

DONNER LAKE

is only three miles; fare there and back 50 cents. The point where the Donner party perished is now marked by a cross recently erected by the citizens of Truckee. The view from below is superb; fishing is good.

Truckee enjoys the reputation of dealing successfully with the Chinese question. For a long time white boys could not get work. Poor women could not find any opportunity to earn a livelihood. The citizens held a meeting and decided to boycott any and every body who was known to patronize the Celestials. Some one or two firms stood out against it, but they had to succumb. The movement succeeded; the town is now clear of the Chinese; white boys have work in the mills; the poor washerwomen can find work and

ALL ARE HAPPY.

Not a single copper-colored heathen can be found working within the precincts of the town. They met the enemy, and the Chinese did go. By all means take the evening train for Ogden from Truckee; this will enable you to sleep over the meanest part of the whole trip—the dusty plains of the Humboldt river—and land you in Ogden in the cool of the evening.

I have not spoken of hotels, such items can be settled by the tourist. If you have plenty of means, go to the best. If you are travelling as cheaply as possible most of the second class houses are good. I like the European plan; eat where you please, and what you please, when you please.

C. R. SAVAGE.