

## THE JOURNAL

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

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What man wants is not talent; it is purpose—not the power to achieve, but the will to labor.—Lyton.

## ARE YOU GROWING?

**T**HE LIGHT that glows under the bushel may burn never so brightly—is of no use to the man who placed it there, to the bushel, nor to the wayfarer who stumbles along in the dark. Many of the cities of Oregon have their lower lights burning brilliantly, but they are hidden, and the people who would be attracted by them never see a faintest gleam.

The Journal wants the towns of Oregon to move the bushel, and let the light of their advantage so shine that it will be seen of all men; to the immediate and continued growth of the state. The Journal would have every city and town and hamlet in Oregon set before the world in the best and most convincing way what they have to offer the people who are seeking homes in the northwest. It wants the development leagues and boards of trade and chambers of commerce to tell what they are doing to attract immigration, and will publish their stories to the extent of 1,000 words on this page.

Some towns are doing more than others, because they know better what to do to encourage home seekers to settle with them; from what the expert writes the tyro will learn, and the result will be of benefit to the whole commonwealth. If there is a single town in Oregon that is not reaping some benefit from the exposition, it is the fault of the town. People in the east are looking with longing eyes to this state, and the community that seems most attractive to the merchant or farmer or home-seeker who intends coming to the Oregon country is the one whose census-figures will have the speediest growth.

It does not matter how small your town is, nor how large. Let the world know what you have in the way of soil, climate, schools, churches and other natural and acquired advantages; what you are doing to improve your streets and parks and to make life better and cleaner. The Journal will be glad to spread the good news, and to the community that is doing most for itself, this paper will give a full page illustrated write-up free.

## BLANK CARTRIDGES.

**N**O ONE will deny that Joseph Gurner Cannon (which is the congressional directory name for Speaker Joe) is a subtle stump speaker and an able advocate. He has cultivated a vocabulary which is singularly well adapted to pleasing the ears without exhausting the minds of his hearers; he can make a platitude sound like a beatitude, and a resolution indorsing Hank Poke for poundkeeper of Faraway, Ill., read like the Declaration of Independence. But he cannot make the people of this country believe that the Republican party has wedged the quick seed to the fertile soil, nor that its policies have ripened the product in the broad prairies, nor that a protection that creates trusts and safeguards their slightest interest and leaves the worker and farmer at the mercy of the corporation, is the cause of our prosperity. And these are the things that he has sought to do.

Mr. Cannon, in thanking the Republicans of Illinois for indorsing him for the presidency, spoke of President Roosevelt's "fearlessness in administering the law against the trusts and combinations of capital that have ignored the old adage of live and let live," and followed this with a statement to the effect that "the prosecution of those corrupt corporations is most creditable."

It is; and it is more: It is marvelous. But what has come of it? Have the trusts been shorn of their power? Has prosecution of the steel trust which charges Russia \$249 a ton for armor plate and exacted \$500 a ton from this country for an inferior quality of steel, blow-holed and rotten as the conscientious of the traffickers in the nation's safety and honor, put an end to that body of grafters? Mr. Cannon does not say; but the people know it has not. And the people know that it never will.

The prosecution of the trusts do

not even scratch them; and it is not intended that it should.

The way to kill the trusts is to kill them, and the way to do that is to destroy the tariff which is the mother of the trusts. With the parent dead, the fattening corporations would starve to death, and the people would get their own again.

When Mr. Cannon talks of prosecution putting an end to the gigantic graft of the predatory corporations he is firing blank cartridges; and he and the people know it.

## DENATURIZED ALCOHOL.

**A**MONG the stories in that book that has entertained so many millions, the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, was one of a genie who could contract himself into so small a space as to be confined in a vial, and when bottled up there was innocuous, but if let out he could expand until he became a monstrous and destructive giant. Perhaps this fable prefigured the spirit or essential principle of alcohol, which was discovered or first made use of by the Arabians. It is not dangerous if bottled up, but poured out or turned loose it becomes a ravaging monster, working—albeit along with some good too—destruction and death throughout the world. The active principle of alcohol may have typified the belief in a personal devil long before Cassio exclaimed: "O thou invisible spirit of wine \*\*\* let us call thee devil."

But the "devil" is to be extracted from this substance, which thus tamed will be made to do great and wonderful works for the benefit of mankind. By the process known as denaturizing, this monster is to be dehorned and have his fangs extracted, and more, its nature changed, so that he is no longer a devil, going about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour, but a tame, serviceable, tractable thing that shall be equal to millions of horses and mules. Without this converting process alcohol is principally used to kindle internal fires—in the brains and souls of men—to change them from sensible creatures to fools, from decent people to vile and vulgar travesties of God's noblest handiwork, from such as observe the law to criminals, from sane folk to maniacs. But with the devil driven out alcohol is to be used to kindle flames not inside men but in stoves and lamps and engines, for heat and light and power for mechanical transportation, commercial and even agricultural purposes.

A gallon of denatured alcohol is said to be worth two of kerosene for lighting purposes. The thousands of small power engines heretofore run by gasoline can be better served by alcohol. Much use can be made of them on farms, especially in irrigation in a small way. Alcohol is preferable to gasoline also because if the latter takes fire water will not put it out, while this usual fire extinguisher will subdue an alcohol fire. And it is said that the alcohol yields 10 per cent more power than gasoline. As to cost, the record of a big Peoria distillery for 10 years showed that the average cost of corn used was 42.36 cents a bushel, which produced 4.76 gallons of alcohol, making the cost per gallon 10.78 cents.

Congress did some good things at the last session, and one of them was putting this substance, denatured alcohol, on the free list, even if this did crack the Dingley law a little and alarm the standpatters.

Roger Sullivan, who has been the dear, particular foe of W. J. Bryan for some years and whose political hari-kari the Nebraskan has warmly advocated, urges the Illinois Democracy to endorse the commoner. This sounds ominous; and proves that Mr. Sullivan could not prevent the endorsement of Bryan if he would, or that he wants the commoner nominated in order to get one great big swat at him.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon was so much surprised at the formal floating of his presidential boom by the Republican convention in Illinois yesterday that his only response was a carefully prepared typewritten speech, in which he suggests that the one thing that will keep him from accepting the nomination will be the inability of his friends to place it where it will do him the most good.

The Russians, finding that bombing police is rather tame sport, have begun harrowing the inoffensive Jews again, in the name of universal equality and liberty.

Republican papers are insisting that the silver question will again be an issue. It is a shallow subterfuge, adopted in order to escape discussion of the real, vital issue, the tariff.

The Japanese have the door of the orient open, but it is noticeable that there is a creaking of hinges immediately after their products pass through.

Owing to the regrettable fact that the Union Pacific Railroad company has a surplus of only \$25,000,000 there

## What Is Portland's Greatest Need?

MEMBERS OF CITY COUNCIL TELL JOURNAL READERS  
WHAT WOULD IMPROVE ROSE CITY.

## Better Streets: W. Y. Masters.

"There are numerous improvements that this city is in need of," said W. Y. Masters, "but in my judgment there is nothing of more importance than better streets. We should have more hard surface improvements on our streets. Such improvements cost more, of course, than the common rock or gravel, but they are better. They give the city a master and more up-to-date appearance and impress strangers favorably with the city."

"We have districts within which only one sidewalk can be laid. When this was first suggested it met with considerable opposition, but it is pretty generally satisfactory."

"If districts are to be established

in the same way in the city, within which only hard surface pavements could be laid, in my judgment, it would be a move in the right direction."

"With macadamized streets and hard-surfaced streets indiscriminately mixed up, as we have them now, it is impossible to keep the hard surface streets neat and free from mud, and it coats the city a great deal more to keep them clean than if an entire district were paved with hard surfaces."

"Many cities much smaller than Portland have miles of hard surface boulevards that add greatly to their beauty, and it is to be hoped we may also have



W. Y. Masters.

a move in this direction in the near future."

## Letters From the People on Topics of Current Interest

## Walney Thirteen.

St. Johns, Or., Aug. 18.—To the Editor of The Journal—For a paragraph containing the largest possible number of lies I wish to call the attention of your readers to an article in the Portland Telegram of date of August 13. There were inaccuracies, or, to be more frank, lies in the article about St. Johns herewith note the article in question with the number of lies affixed to each one of them:

"Saloon list grows. St. Johns to have two new ones. (Lie No. 1.) Expenses up with revenues. Two new buildings are being erected in St. Johns for saloons (Lie No. 2), and when these are filled the main street of the town will show six saloon signs (Lie No. 3) in a couple of blocks and 25 real estate dealers (Lie No. 4). A year ago the town had no saloons and its municipal expenses were low. The recorder and marshal (Lie No. 5—the marshal has no marshal, but a police officer) receiving the only salaries (Lie No. 6), and the recorders but \$40 a month. Since the saloons have been admitted at the rate of one a month (Lie No. 7) and \$1,000 has been received from each, the town expenses have jumped to keep pace with the new income (Lie No. 8). The recorder has a salary of \$1,000 a year and an assistant (Lie No. 9); the city engineer has two assistants (he always has had them); the town advertising has jumped to 10 cents a line (Lie No. 10); collection of debts (Lie No. 11); two volunteer companies (Lie No. 12); and a police court instituted with daily sessions (Lie No. 13).

There seems to be a bad streak of "yellow" somewhere. It does seem as if the nearby papers should tell the truth or come somewhere near it.

W. L. THORNDYKE,  
City Recorder of St. Johns.

## Council at Fault.

Portland, Aug. 16.—To the Editor of The Journal—In your paper you had a dispatch from San Francisco recounting what was designated a "sensational story" published in the Call. It appears that certain British and American financiers had combined to kick up a muss with Mexico, with a view to a war with that country and the final capture of certain portions of its rich mines. The war was to be stirred up between the United States and Mexico. This country was to be made the cat's paw to rake the rich mining chestnuts out of the fire for our affable British cousins.

I have no doubt of the truth of the story. It is not improbable on the face of it. Beyond that I have no confirmation of it from a reliable source.

R. E. Preston has an article in your issues of the 15th, in which he advocates the bonding of property belonging to our citizens for the purpose of building hard surface streets. There has already been too much bonding and too little value received for the great expenditures and enormous public debts created, not for the upbuilding of the city, but for the benefit of the men who control the public streets for which the people receive no adequate return. There is only one business like manner in which to construct and build streets. They must be built on a system, and that system must be created in the engineer's department of the city.

The manner in which the streets are constructed has proved worthless. They would be better for farm purposes than for city thoroughfares.

As they are now, they are simply stone and dirt thrown together loosely and when ready for use are nothing but dust heaps, and in a few months are worse than before the alleged improvements were made.

The proper way in which to have good streets is to levy a direct tax on that

This burden should not be thrown on the property holders, as the streets are common property kept for the benefit of the public.

Mr. Preston compares the streets of this city with those of Seattle. This comparison is not complimentary to Portland, nor to Portland officials. The people who hold the destinies of this city in their hands do not try to spend the money judiciously.

In this city we have been represented for the last 30 years by the same class of men, while Seattle has been represented by up-to-date men from all parts of the country. When the officials of Seattle fall in their duty they are ignored, irrespective of party, and others are elected in their stead. The result is that the public money is expended for the benefit of the public.

The hard surface streets of Seattle do not cost one half what they do here, especially in the suburbs where old macadamized streets are covered over with either bituminous or asphalt. The result is that Seattle has miles of well kept streets, while Portland, on account of lack of system, has spent millions of dollars for street improvements, and has nothing to show for it, except a few blocks in the heart of the city.

On account of the lack of up-to-date men in filling the city positions, and the numerous monopolies furnishing materials for street construction, Portland's expense for street improvement is so great that the citizens cannot bear the burden. If the money were handled wisely, this city would have the finest paved streets of any city on the Pacific coast, but unfortunately we lack system, and the public property goes to rack and ruin. This city should have a well organized street department to keep the streets in repair, and use the repair fund for the purpose for which it is collected, and if not enough an extra tax should be levied.

THOMAS GUINEAN.

## A Mine-Stealing War.

Portland, Aug. 16.—To the Editor of The Journal—In Saturday's issue of your paper you had a dispatch from San Francisco recounting what was designated a "sensational story" published in the Call. It appears that certain British and American financiers had combined to kick up a muss with Mexico, with a view to a war with that country and the final capture of certain portions of its rich mines. The war was to be stirred up between the United States and Mexico. This country was to be made the cat's paw to rake the rich mining chestnuts out of the fire for our affable British cousins.

I have no doubt of the truth of the story. It is not improbable on the face of it. Beyond that I have no confirmation of it from a reliable source.

It comes from first hands, in fact. A gentleman connected with the most prominent newspaper of El Paso, Texas, has been roaming about this northwest country for the past month or two, and it was my good fortune to make his acquaintance and to spend some time with him. During our talk, as newspaper men, he brought up this mine-stealing scheme and discussed its origin and purpose. It was substantially as detailed by the call that officials at Cananea were deliberately worked up and the purpose was to push things in other portions of the Mexican mining territory until Uncle Sam would be compelled to take up the quarrel, whip the Mexicans, and then in settlement annex whatever the mine thieves wanted. The people of the United States were to pay to the cost of the war and the financiers were to reap the benefit.

I have no doubt of the truth of the story. Whether it will now be dropped or still postponed to a more convenient season remains to be seen. My newspaper friend favored the undertaking, as do the people of El Paso generally.

LEVI W. MYERS.

hereafter, so I may have a chance to find out a few facts not otherwise obtainable."

## 23 Lucky for Drake.

The "Id" is down in Saratoga, but before it was clamped, John A. Drake demonstrated that "23" the hoodoo number, can be beaten.

Mr. Drake was in Canfield's after he had eaten a hearty dinner and was in a happy mood. Buying \$1,000 worth of checks he said to the dealer:

"Let's see about this deadly number, anyway."

Mr. Drake played "23" for a while and lost \$2,000.

"I believe that you're in earnest," said Mr. Drake to the smiling dealer and walked over to another table. He played over there without success, taking his time and then, with his mainning checks, walked back to the first table and again placed his checks on "23."

It came "23" and Mr. Drake, who had bought \$4,000 worth of checks, had \$2,000 in front of him.

"I was taught in my early years to quit whenever I got even. Cash these checks. Good night. Twenty-three," and he walked back into the restaurant.

## Eats Its Stepmother.

The ichneumon fly is very small, but is capable of compassing the destruction of many a caterpillar, though not one-thousandth part of the size of a single victim. This fly perches on the back of the grub, pierces its skin with a sharp hollow needle wherewith it is furnished, and the force of the stab pro-

## SCENES IN THE STRICKEN CITY OF VALPARAISO, DEVASTATED BY EARTHQUAKE



Capitol of Chile.



Residence of President.



Government Palace.

jects an egg under the skin into the flesh.

As each wound is made the caterpillar shows a certain amount of uneasiness, but does not intermit its eating. The eggs of the ichneumon are speedily hatched within the body of the grub, and they devour the fatty portions of the caterpillar, shrewdly leaving the vital organs untouched, until the caterpillar arrives for the ichneumon grub eat their way out of their foster-mother and at once spin for themselves a number of yellow cocoons, among which the dying caterpillar is often hopelessly entangled and where it expires.

Russia's Real Rulers.

From Harper's Weekly.

It is easy to foresee what European financiers will think of the czar's shameless mode of keeping his promise to give his country representative institutions and how they will treat his next application for a loan. It is more difficult to say what punishment, if any, will be inflicted upon the czar and his advisers by an exasperated people. The forecast, indeed, would not be difficult if we knew with certainty the

temper of the army. Strange and allmost incredible it seems that an autocracy which has added betrayal and perfidy to oppression should now be justified in relying, as apparently it does, on the almost universal loyalty of the soldiers under the colors, whereas the Decembrist conspirators of 1825, to whom nothing had been promised, and who, therefore, had no breach of faith to complain of, were able to involve in their uprising about one-half of the regular troops to hold for 24 hours the fort of the Romanoffs in the balance.

A few days should now suffice to show how much foundation in fact there is for the confidence at present exhibited by the reactionists in an army which, after all, is made up of the sons