

OLDEST FANE IN ALL THE WORLD

Shwe Dagon, Mountain of Masonry Built Over What Little Was Left of Mortal Remains of Buddha—Dates Back 2500 Years.

From Rangoon the ancient shrine to Rangoon, the boom town, is a long journey in everything save in distance measured upon the face of the earth, but Mr. Haskin will introduce this sharpest of contrasts. He will describe the British metropolis of Burma and tell how John Bull came to lay hands on that dreamy but opulent realm. He will also throw out some useful hints while comparing the trade methods respectively of the Briton, the Teuton and the Yankee.

By Frederic J. Haskin. Washington, July 28.—To all but the merchant mariners, the invading hosts of industry whose ships crowd each other in the narrow river harbor of this greatest port in Farther India, Rangoon is the site of the noblest shrine in the Buddhist world. Rangoon, the city of Shwe Dagon, the great Rangoon pagoda, has lifted its slender spire toward heaven for 25 centuries. In the year that Jerusalem was taken by Nebuchadnezzar, two generations before the expulsion of the Tarquins from Rome, a century before the defeat of the Greeks at Thermopylae, 500 years before Julius Caesar crossed the Rubicon, almost six centuries before the beginning of the Christian era, the Buddhist converts of lower Burma obtained some relics of the body of the late departed teacher, Guatama, the Buddha. Selecting a spot hallowed as sacred by the devotees of lesser religions from the time of the young, these relics were enshrined on a high hill about two miles distant from the deepest of the Irrawaddy river. The stupa or pagoda erected then was only 77 feet high and the religion of Buddha spread throughout the

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greater part of the east. In time its native rock its teachings, the missionaries of the cross and the great cast in their turn, by prayer and by force, reduced the boundaries of its influence, but Burma remained over. Pious men protected the old pagoda by building over it with shell after shell, until it had become a mass of gold. It was found that America, was not a part of India, the pagoda was completed since that time has not been in its original state in its structure, although its rich embellishment is the never ending concern of the devout.

Gilded with gold to the top. Today the Shwe Dagon stands high on a platform partly a natural hill and partly an artificial extension. It lifts its tapering golden head 376 feet high, which is a hundred feet higher than the dome of the capitol at Washington and as high as the Park Row building in New York. It is a solid structure of brick, of course, no windows or other openings. It is entirely covered with gold leaf, the offerings of thousands of Buddhist pilgrims.

Surmounting the spire is a golden "ti" or umbrella, which is the inevitable complement of every pagoda in Burma. From its top descend scores of gold and silver bells which ring to every trifling breeze with musical intonation. Under the ti is a portion of the spire representing the lotus flower and the inverted begging bowl of Buddha. This portion is covered with gold and is impervious to weather and to time. The gilded portions of the pagoda show the effects of time in places where the leaf was too thin, or has been suffered to recede, or where the gold has been blown off by wind, or where the gold leaf has been eaten by insects.

Flies of Merchandise. The pagoda platform is reached by a long flight of stairs, broken by frequent landings and crossing the ancient structure over a modern bridge. The stairway is covered over and both sides are lined with the shops of those who sell flowers and jewelry, and other trifles, or the candles and paper prayers which are necessary to worship in the pagoda. The shops are water and all sorts of goods in bottles, sweets and more substantial food, cigars and cheroots. The pagoda is a lively place and there is no end to the business day, for the last stragglers at midnight had not departed from the place of worship. The morning is at hand. Burmese girls and women keep the shops, and children all unshowered and unshowered and unshowered beguile the Christian tourist into buying roses and jasmynes.

Samples of Old Burmese Art. Leaving the stairs and the shops, one finds himself on the square platform of the pagoda. Here he is lost in a veritable forest of slender pagoda spires of smaller size, every one a miniature of the great one. The spire is topped by a golden ti, and the whole country is dotted with them, but the group about the base of the Shwe Dagon is the most remarkable. There are to be seen ancient and decaying structures in the purest Burmese style. Such as these are ingeniously decorated with gilded work, and are used to serve to win praise for the ancient Burmese arts and create a basis for regret at the modern decadence.

Worship From the Coolies. Strikingly ugly amid these surroundings of fairy like oriental beauty are the new pagodas built by men who sought to follow after British ways as well as to acquire merit in their effort to escape the chains of Karma. Some of them are like the "green" ones, the stages of a boom town suburb, from their dirty brown paint to their corrugated iron roofs. Some have copied the Greek styles as modified by several centuries of English usage and the peculiar notions of a Chinese carpenter. And one is built after the pleasing architectural order of a Connecticut clock, on each side of which a carved wood English flag perennially waves.

But fallen as may be their arts, the Burmese people and their Chinese co-religionists lack nothing of piety or piety. The square about the great pagoda swarms with worshippers, with yellow robes and white shawls, with astrologers and fortune tellers and with musicians and mountebanks.

Immortalized by Kipling. Rangoon owes a large share of its western fame to the fact that it was the road to Mandalay, and is therefore the scene of Kipling's "The Road to Mandalay." Here about the Shwe Dagon is found every picture that the retired Tommy Atkins conjured up when he "heard the east a-calling." The "green" is still here with her yellow silk petticoat and her little green cap, just as when:

"I see her first a-smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot, An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on a 'sathen idor's foot."

The "whackin' white cheroot" is a distinctive Burmese institution. It is a foot long, an inch in diameter and is cylindrical like the cigarette, not shaped at a cigar. It is wonderfully made in a wrapper of corn husk and a filling composed of tobacco of various kinds, chopped and mixed with a variety of many incense bearing spices. It is lighted with some difficulty, but after a few puffs it is permitted to go out. But the "snipe" is carefully preserved and one cheroot will last a frugal mother and daughter for a day or two.

Never a Worrier or Hurry. The pagoda square is the loafing place of the Burmese. Here the girls keep shop and the lads stop to chat with them. Here the old and young come to play at games or listen to music, to take refreshment or to have their fortunes told. In Rangoon not more than a fourth of the people are Burmese, and the streets are filled with Indian coolies and Chinese artisans. Here at the great pagoda the Burmese are vastly in the majority and only a few Chinese Buddhists and an occasional European intrude. Here there is no hint of the bustle of the busy city, over which the great pagoda stands guard. Life is sweet and the people make it easy. They are devoted to a religion which teaches that desire for greater possessions and higher station in life is a sinful waste of mental energy which will be punished in succeeding lives. There is no worry, not even the metaphysics of the "reincarnation" is given a passing thought. There is hurry for sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, no room for hastening another day. There is no dissension, for the happy Burmese goes his own way and permits his neighbor to do likewise. There is no politics, for the Burmese of all the people in the Indian empire do not care a hang who rules over them, but have seen as there is no forced labor to be done.

GRAND FIGHTS TWO YEARS AT ONCE

Fanatical Moors in Africa and Fierce Malcontents at Home—Tide of Battle Adverse in Both Cases—King Fears for Throne.

(United Press Leased Wire.) Madrid, July 28.—His throne tottering as the result of internal disorders caused by the war in Morocco, particularly the disheartening reverses met by his troops at Melilla, King Alfonso is hurrying to Madrid from San Sebastian today to call a special meeting of his cabinet. News received today shows that conditions are much worse than at any time heretofore since the Moroccan trouble began, and that the situation is renewed at Melilla and the internal disorders in the province of Catalonia having grown more serious.

Nearly 1000 persons have been killed at Melilla since the war started, and fierce fighting is in progress there today. Heavy losses have been sustained by both Moors and Spaniards today, and it is expected that the total death list at the end of the battle will be enormous.

The latest battle was precipitated by the Spaniards holding the garrison at Melilla. They made an attack upon the Moors and their stronghold at Mount Gurgu, early in the morning, and with great loss of life. The Moorish tribesmen, revolting against Spanish rule, are fighting with fanaticism born of the declaration of a holy war against the Spaniards and the trained troops at Melilla have met with defeat after defeat in the various engagements.

Bloodshed at Barcelona. Indirect advices from Barcelona show that terrible conditions of disorder exist there today and that many persons have been killed by the rioters. Widest rumors are being spread there and the city is practically in the hands of mobs of workmen, who declared a general strike recently to show their disapproval of the government's policy in Morocco.

Although the mob has heretofore felt kindly towards the troops and confined its fighting to the gendarmes, the action of the authorities in declaring martial law and restricting the press, has turned the admiration of the people for the soldiers into hate and resulted in bloodshed and rioting. Rioting, which cost many lives yesterday, was resumed today and the death list is rapidly increasing. Patches received at Genoa, France, from Barcelona and forwarded here, show that the rioting is at the mercy of the lawless mob.

All trains attempting to depart from the city have been stopped by the rioters and the passengers have been routed or killed. Several trains have been wrecked with great loss of life. Telegraph and telephone wires have been cut by the strikers, who are determined to prevent news of conditions there from reaching the world. A telephone wire was repaired and worked intermittently for a short time today, but was evidently torn down later by the rioters.

Public feeling is at a high pitch here today, and the outcome of a cabinet meeting is awaited with anxiety.

FEARED CAPT. MOORE AND CREW ARE LOST (United Press Leased Wire.) Seattle, July 28.—Through the Seattle merchant's exchange, the federal authorities at Washington today announced that they were in the search for the missing tug Grayling, Captain Moore, which is believed to have been lost at sea. The report was made by Mrs. Moore, wife of the captain, and she asks that revenue cutters be dispatched to look for the little craft, which her husband undertook to navigate from Seattle to Panama.

The 19-ton tug left this port May 27, and Captain Moore expected to reach the voyage in 25 days, but he had promised to put in at San Diego and send word to his family here. After having been sighted by the steamer Mexican south of Cape Blanco, no word has come from the vessel, and friends have given up hope.

OWNER OF FAMOUS CHERRY TREE HAS BUSY LITTLE COW

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.) Centralia, Wash., July 28.—Samuel Collins, a rancher living north of Centralia, who claims to own the largest cherry tree in southwest Washington, now claims the championship for a Jersey cow as a butter producer. The cow has been giving milk eight months. From the cream, after supplying the family table for one week, 17 pounds of butter was churned. Collins says he would like to know of a cow that can beat that record.

Mr. Collins' cherry tree is more famous in Lewis county than the one George Washington cut down. Its trunk measures 9 1/2 feet in circumference. It is 59 years old, and the spread of its branches is 60 feet. It is located on the site of the old stage house, known as the Half-Way House, on the old stage road running from Olympia to Monticello. It took root by accident, a switch having been cut in Olympia by a horseman, who used it as a riding whip. He stuck it in the ground and forgot it. Its last crop of cherries weighed 1800 pounds.

THE STRANGER WITHIN OUR GATES "I am a great student of nature," said Dr. C. K. Gladding at the Cornelia. He is in the city of Centralia, and I am experimenting with various vegetables in an endeavor to create something new. He thinks he has developed a potato whose vine will grow entirely under the ground. This should do away with the potato bug.

"This is the first time I ever got so low," said W. R. Hoarback, Sisson, Cal., at the Oregonian market. All my life I have lived in the mountains from an altitude of 4000 to 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. I do not notice the difference, though.

T. B. Brown, Lakeview, Or.: "No people in our country have hopes that Hill will build a road through Klamath to Callifern, since it is reasonably certain that Porter Brothers are in his employ and are preparing to build down the Deschutes river."

W. H. H. Howard, London, England: "There is a wonderful difference between the prices in England and here. Board costs from \$2 to \$3 a week, including a room, while the admission to the theatre is 10 cents. I do not more than 25 cents, usually less."

"You don't have enough playground for the children," said L. McGreider, Abalomb, Mich., at the Perkins. "If you want to get the children as low as it is at the present time you will have to have plenty of grounds where the poorer class of children may romp and play. Best of all the medicine you can dope them with."

"This is an unusual season all over the world," said N. E. Calvin, Lowell, Mass., at the Perkins today. "I have a property located in South America, and he writes me that in a certain country of Peru, where it never rains, it is extremely damp this season, and that they have had showers frequently during the summer."

A. R. Trevor, Fay, Nev.: "Nevada must have the hold over every other state in the Union as the premier country. And the best of the whole thing is that the state so far is entirely undeveloped. It will furnish plenty of mining boomers and will deliver the metal for years to come."

HUMAN GATLING GUN FIRES SOME QUESTIONS Out in Central Falls, R. I. James Copp lives. James may be a surgeon, a high financier or only an innocent youth, but about seven days ago he went to look for the fact that the northwestern wheat crop would soon be harvested through the harvest process. So he wrote a letter to the publicity department of the commercial club and in that letter he fired questions with galling gun rapidity.

QUESTIONS referred to men and here are some of them: "How do they get there—what do they have to do to get there?—how do they get back—what becomes of the men who don't get back—would a knowledge of typewriting without previous class experience be valuable to a young man—do the schools fill all the positions—are there better opportunities for a young man in the west where he is not known than in the east where he is known?"

Old Railroad Abandoned.

(Special Dispatch to The Journal.) Salem, Or., July 28.—Notice has been received at the office of the railroad commission that the regular schedule on the Klamath Lake railroad from Thrall to Polegama has been abandoned. The new Harriman line has taken all the old road's business. The Polegama line is a logging road owned by Veyerhues. Shipments had to be freighted by stage from Polegama to Klamath lake, a long and hard pull.

New Schoolhouse at Clifton. (Special Dispatch to The Journal.) Clifton, Wash., July 28.—Wood

Wheaton of Seattle have the contract to build the new school house at Clifton.

Two teachers have been employed, and more will be hired if the attendance warrants. The building will have four rooms, is of lumber construction and will cost \$300.

If you chew, bear in mind that Piper Heidsieck tobacco is pure, mild, clean and the highest standard of quality.



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Cobs are sold by the yard. 15 cents for a yard of Havana tobacco. Each cob is 4 inches long. Nine are placed in a bundle. Cobs are rough—the package is inexpensive and the box is about the plainest that ever sat in a cigar window.

But Cobs aren't meant for looks—you smoke them—and when you have one good mouthful of the delicious, fragrant Havana—you'll realize that you're getting 10 cents' worth of pleasure out of each of the nine. The millionaire gets his accustomed flavor at the workingman's price—the workingman gets the millionaire's pleasure for his own pennies. The rough cigar with the smooth taste.



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