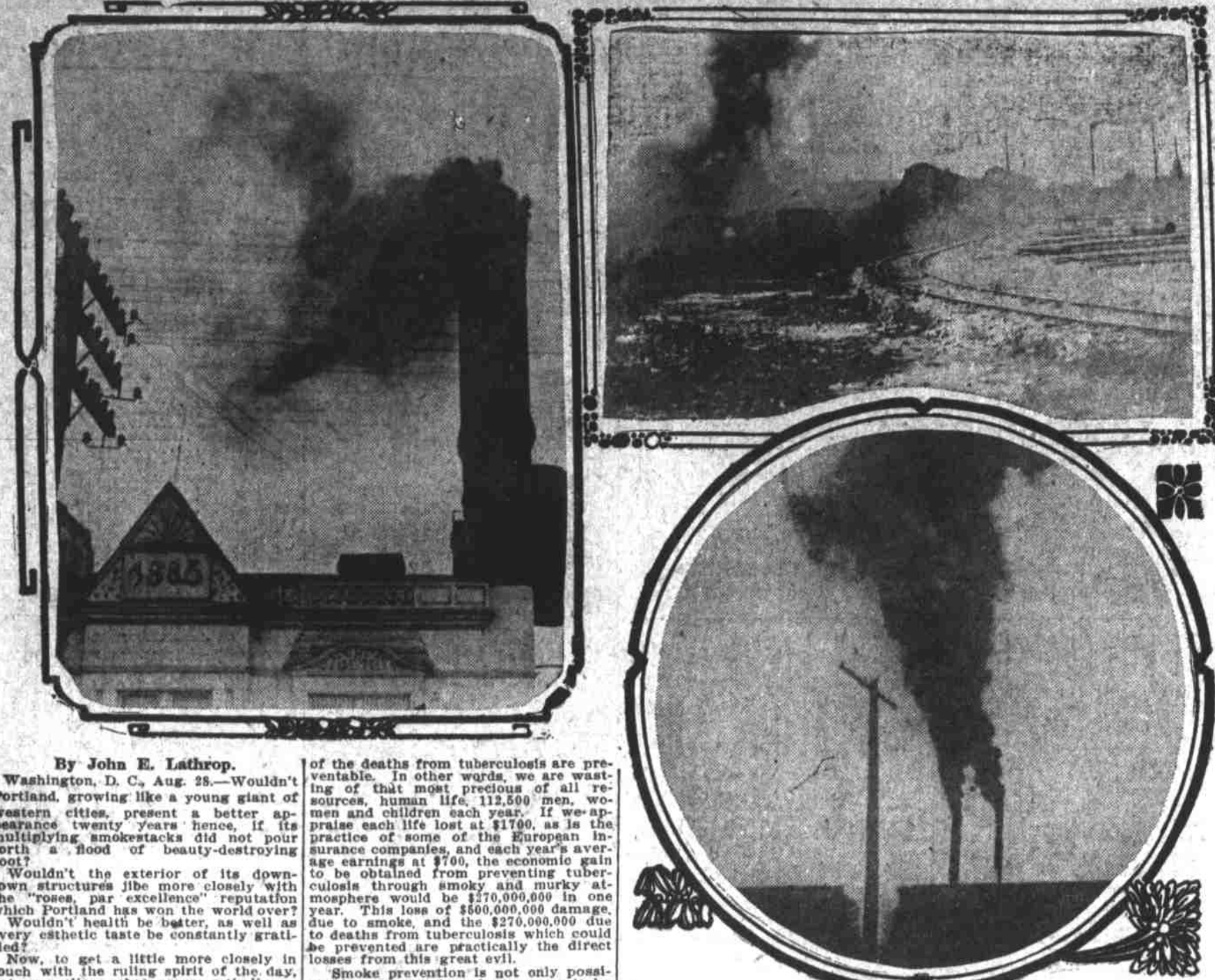


TOO MUCH SMOKE MAKES CITIES UNHEALTHY



Three Views Showing the Smoke Nuisance.

By John E. Lathrop.
Washington, D. C., Aug. 25.—Wouldn't Portland, growing like a young giant of western cities, present a better appearance twenty years hence, if its multiplying smokestacks did not pour forth a flood of beauty-destroying soot?

Wouldn't the exterior of its downtown structures like more closely with the roses, par excellence, reputation which Portland has won the world over? Wouldn't health be better, as well as even esthetic taste be constantly gratified?

Now, to get a little more closely in touch with the ruling spirit of the day, not as a climax, but as an anti-climax, and a concession to the sordid folk who always say to all proposals for betterment of civic conditions: "Show me, Misaurian, whether it will pay, this visionary scheme to make people happier and cities cleaner and life less tortured by disease and all community abodes of man look less like the inside of a coal-stove."

The advocates of abatement of the smoke nuisance find no difficulty in convincing people of the desirability of such abatement.

"Of course," so everyone says, pure-tight businessmen along with the others, "it would be nice to obviate the dinginess of a smoke-bathed city and have it clean, bright and fresh, and health better. But can we afford it?"

Here it is shown that, as with most civic improvement movements, a city cannot afford not to abate the smoke nuisance; that it will pay, not only esthetically, but materially—that is, from the coal dollar consideration.

That proves, it is to be assumed, that Portland will immediately proceed to abate the smoke nuisance—perhaps.

If the Journal readers question my information, in spite of the time I devoted to going over the carefully tabulated returns of the government, let me ask one who, because of his official position, it will be admitted, knows whereof he speaks—Dr. J. A. Holmes of the geological survey, who is an expert acknowledged of all men to be. I asked him to put it in a few words, this whole issue, and he said, answering in his first sentence the sordid fellow who objects:

Damage By Smoke.

"The damage which smoke inflicts every year in the United States amounts to more than \$600,000,000 in the destruction of merchandise, the defacement of buildings, the tarnishing of metals, the injury to plant life and the greatly increased labor and cost of housekeeping.

"In our great and middle sized cities more than 10,000,000 people live and these suffer all the loss which is shown in the total of \$600,000,000. The statement is based upon estimates made by Chicago, with \$50,000,000 loss a year, Cleveland, Ohio, with perhaps \$4,000,000, and a number of other cities. It means a per capita loss of \$20 a year to every man, woman and child in these cities. But this is not the most serious phase of the question. The smoke nuisance means uncleanness, poverty, wretchedness, disease and death.

Breathing Poison.

"The medical men of the country are unanimous in the declaration that the breathing of coal smoke predisposes the lungs to tuberculosis and even more violent lung troubles, such as pneumonia. Many of the reports of the National Conservation commission, 150,000 persons die each year in the United States from tuberculosis and 600,000 more are suffering from that disease at the present time. The statement is made that with the proper hygienic conditions and the absence of smoke three fourths

of the deaths from tuberculosis are preventable. In other words, we are wasting of that most precious of all resources, human life, 112,500 men, women and children each year. If we appraise each life lost at \$1700, as is the practice of some of the European insurance companies, and each year's average earnings at \$700, the economic gain to be obtained from preventing tuberculosis through smoke and dirty atmosphere would be \$770,000,000 in one year. This loss of \$600,000,000 damage, due to smoke, and the \$270,000,000 due to deaths from tuberculosis which could be prevented are practically the direct losses from this great evil.

"Smoke prevention is not only possible, but we stand ready to prove it by actual demonstration at the experiment station in Pittsburgh, Pa. In that smoky city our plant is being operated without smoke and we are burning a coal considered refuse by the trade and costing delivered at the station 33 cents a ton. Furthermore, the men detailed to this investigation have found more than 200 plants in the larger cities of Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Maryland, Michigan, Missouri, New York, Ohio, and Pennsylvania, which are being operated without smoke, so that smoke these days means waste. The statement is made that in 50 per cent of the industrial plants of the United States, more than 10 per cent of the coal bill can be saved each year by the smokeless burning of coal and 5 per cent in the other plants. This would amount to several million dollars. The investigations have disclosed that it is not necessary to use any one certain patented furnace—there are many types of furnaces and stoves that burn coal without smoke.

Secret of Cleanliness.

"And here is the secret of all smokeless burning of coal: Stokers or furnaces must be set so that the combustion is complete before the gases strike the heating surface of the boiler. When partly burned gases at a temperature of, say, 2500 degrees Fahrenheit, strike the tubes of a boiler at, say, 350 degrees Fahrenheit, combustion is necessarily hindered and may be entirely arrested. The length of time required for the gases to pass from the coal to the heating surface, probably averages a considerably less period than a second, a fact which shows that the gas and air must be intimately mixed when large volumes of gas are distilled, at times of hand firing, or the gas must be distilled uniformly as in a mechanical stoker.

Not to run conservation-mad, and make that the sole desideratum, but to round out the theme, it is to be remembered that if factory people would install modern furnaces to get larger combustion and therefore less smoke, and also more power from the coal, it would be a valuable measure of factory economy as well as lessening the present drain on our national sources of coal supply. In other words, it would conserve the coal supply and that means cheaper motive energy for manufacturers now and in the future.

I was shown in Chicago the stock of the Edison Electric company—an enormous affair, 100,000 horsepower, with not as much smoke issuing from the high tube as from a housewife's kitchen coal range. What the Edison company can do in Chicago by adopting perfect combustion furnaces, any one in Portland can do, and none can afford not to do it from the purely financial point of view. The Edison people save 15 per cent annually on their fuel bill.

And, as to the other points of view—health, good taste and all that—we agree of course that abatement of the smoke nuisance would lessen the wide divergence, now apparent between heaven and earth.

homesick man or woman that ever lived.

There is an oft told story of a regiment of troops, with pay overdue four months, that was overtaken by the paymaster just as it reached a camp near a large city, in which everything was "wide open." Many of the men, with their pockets full of money, "broke guard" and returned to camp in a condition prejudicial to good order and military discipline.

The guard themselves became untrustworthy, good men though they had been on the march and in battle. The sober members of the regiment strove unsuccessfully to restrain the uncontrollable, and the colonel gravitated between slaughter and suicide, when suddenly the leader of the band asked permission to try his hand on the disturbing element. Grouping his musicians in the center of the camp, he

started "Old Folks at Home" and played unceasingly for half an hour, when the officer of the guard reported that the camp was entirely quiet, even the most uproarious having wept themselves to sleep.

The name "Swanee River" is given to Foster's "Old Folks at Home" about as frequently as its proper title. Very few people, except those living in the vicinity, had ever heard of the "Swanee river" before Foster published his song. In fact, he himself had never heard of it until his song was practically finished. He carried the words with him from New York to Pittsburgh, where he had gone on a visit, and one day in 1851 he entered the office of his brother and asked for the name of a southern river in two syllables, to be used in a new song. An atlas was taken from a shelf and was opened at a map of the United States. Foster's fingers traced

STEINWAY
AND OTHER
PIANOS

Sherman Clay & Co.

VICTOR
TALKING
MACHINES

SIXTH AND MORRISON

OPPOSITE POSTOFFICE

A Good Piano Will Encourage Your
Child to Make the Greatest Effort

Nothing will discourage your child, in the study of music as quickly as a poor piano. It may sound all right at first, but it will soon reach the tin-pan stage. Think what it would mean to have to listen to constant practice on an instrument of this kind.

It is not necessary to pay a big price for a piano—Sherman, Clay & Co. will sell you an honest musical piano at a very low price.

We cordially invite you to call at our store. Whether you pay \$200 or \$1500, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that the piano you buy is the best piano that can be bought for the price.

A fact worth considering is that no other person can buy here for less than you. Every piano is marked in plain figures and every price tag means just what it says.

Of course, we should like to sell you the greatest of all—THE STEINWAY. If you are not prepared to go that high, we would recommend the Ludwig, the most popular medium-priced piano sold in the Pacific Northwest.

One reason why

The Ludwig

Is so good is because the foreman of each department is a stockholder in the company, therefore he is interested in reputation building as well as in piano building.

We sell on easy payments if desired and every piano we sell makes us better known, as—

The Reliable Piano Dealers



along the streams, and one name after another was pronounced. Finally Foster exclaimed: "That's it! That's it! 'Why down upon the Swanee river.' He had thus accidentally discovered one of the most melodious and flowing names entirely suitable for his purpose.

Unlike many of the song writers, Foster's compositions brought him a handsome profit, and it was only his irregular method of living which found him poverty stricken at the end. It is said that Christy, the famous negro minstrel, paid him \$500 for the "Old Folks at Home," and this explains why Christy's name appears on the title page of the first edition of the song.

The following story was recently related of the effect this song had upon the emotions. A large party were descending the Potomac on an excursion steamer. Every one was good natured and happy, and there were people from all sections of the country. The person who relates the story says:

"On the return trip I sat with a friend, a native of New Hampshire. After we had ridden a little time some young people began singing. They sang in the old time favorites, 'Old Black Joe,' 'Dixie,' 'Maryland,' and each one caused a few to chime in, but there was no special enthusiasm.

"At last the singers struck up 'Way Down Upon the Swanee River.' The effect was magical. In an instant it seemed that that everybody on the boat, including my reserved companion, had joined in.

"The plaintive air floated over the water to the Maryland and Virginia shores, and was wafted upward in the starlight. When it was finished there

was complete silence for a little time. I am not an emotional man, but I felt my breath catch and the tears come into my eyes.

"My friend put his hand on my knee. 'I always feel a truer patriot when I hear that song,' was all he said."

DESERTED CATS ARE
KILLED BY HUNDREDS

Homeless Pets Gathered in
by Societies and Given
"Sleeping" Gas.

Philadelphia, Aug. 28.—Can you imagine your grandmother locking up the house, going away for the summer vacation and leaving behind the poor old kitchen-loving cat either to starve or become dependent upon the good graces of her forbearing neighbors? Most certainly not; grandmothers don't do these things!

Evidently not every one in the city has been so mindful of the purring household pets as the good grandmothers were. For more than 500 cats have been picked up by the anti-cruelty societies and have "passed out" by the

chloroform route within the last six weeks.

At the Morris Refuge there has been a constant flood of cats and kittens ever since July 1, sent there to be killed.

An ambulance, two wagons and a bicycle are kept busy answering calls, most of which are prompted by the oversight of summer sojourners who have not made any provision for the house cat. As many as 500 animals have been killed by gas at this refuge in a day, and for six weeks the "kill" as it is known, has been working overtime because of the influx of the deserted members of Philadelphia's extensive cat family.

In the rules of the Morris Refuge is this clause: "Both dogs and cats can be received as boarders, except such as have mange, distemper or any other contagious disease." At present, there are about 50 "boarders" in the institution.

Two rates of board are charged—one, 50 cents a week, and the other, \$1. The difficulty is in the bill of fare, the care and the sort of company the cat is thrown in with. The \$1-a-week cats may enjoy the privileges of the roof garden, a place where pussy can bask in the summer sun. Also, the rooms for the \$1-a-week "boarders" are on the second floor, while the "50-centers" must be content upon the third floor. Mrs. Ramsey said they have cared for as many as 200 and 300 during the summer.

In Roseburg, on a single limb two feet in length clustered 50 full grown silver prunes.

Behnke Walker

The Leading Business College

Elks' Building, Seventh and Stark

Every graduate and hundreds of our students who have not finished the course have been placed in profitable positions. We can place you as soon as we find you are competent.

We do not do cheap work, but good work. To those desiring EXPERT TRAINING for business, we offer our services.

Portland and Oregon banks employing from one to five Behnke-Walker bookkeepers and stenographers:

Ladd & Tilton.....Portland, Or.
U. S. National.....Portland, Or.
First National.....Portland, Or.
Merchants National.....Portland, Or.
Lumbermens National.....Portland, Or.
Security Trust & Savings....Portland, Or.
German-American.....Portland, Or.
Merchants Savings & Trust..Portland, Or.
Equitable Loan & Savings...Portland, Or.
Portland Trust & Savings...Portland, Or.
Bank of California.....Portland, Or.
Hartman, Thompson & Pow-
ers.....Portland, Or.
Ashley & Rumelin.....Portland, Or.

First National.....Albany, Or.
Cusick's Bank.....Albany, Or.
Bank of Woodburn.....Woodburn, Or.
First National.....Eugene, Or.
First National.....Roseburg, Or.
Forest Grove National...Forest Grove, Or.
Bank of Milton.....Milton, Or.
E. G. Young & Co.....Oakland, Or.
Polk County Bank.....Monmouth, Or.
Bank of Independence...Independence, Or.
Bank of Hillsboro.....Hillsboro, Or.
Bank of Hood River.....Hood River, Or.
First National.....Corvallis, Or.
Ladd & Tilton.....Salem, Or.
Prairie City Bank.....Prairie City, Or.



No. 8.
"OLD FOLKS AT HOME."
Way down upon the Swanee river,
Far, far away,
Dere's wha de old folks stay.
All de darlies, dere de whole creation,
Sady I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.

CHORUS.
All de world am sad and dreary,
Ebery where I roam;
Oh! darlies, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de old folks at home.

All round de little farm I wander'd,
When I was young,
Den many happy days I squander'd,
Many de songs I sung;
When I was playing wid my brudder,
Happy was I,
Oh! take me to my kind old mudder,
Dere let me live and die.

One little hut among de bushes,
One dat I love,
Stil, sadly to my mem'ry rushes,
No matter where I rove,
When will I see de bees a-humming,
All round de comb?
When will I hear de banjo trumming,
Down in my good old home?
—Stephens Collins Foster.

(Copyright, 1899, "The Press" Company)

IN THE winter of 1880, on a pleasant afternoon, a New York newspaper man was strolling out Greenwich street in that city. He was attracted by the sound of a piano in a saloon, and entered in conversation with the proprietor he was informed that the player was a man who made songs for a living—when he was sober. The newspaper man glanced

at the little bent up figure at the piano, and to his surprise recognized him as Stephens Collins Foster, the most famous song writer of the day. His clothes were ragged and dirty and his general appearance most pitiable. When the visitor spoke to him, Foster began to cry, saying that he was penniless and without a drink had brought him to his present condition. The newspaper man had known him in his more prosperous days, and besides giving him money tried to cheer him up. Frequently after that they met, but Foster was prospering no better. One day in January, 1884, his friend, having missed him for several weeks, with much difficulty traced Foster to his lodging place in one of the crowded tenement districts. The landlady told him that the song writer had attempted suicide a day or two before, and had been taken to Bellevue hospital. Thence his friend followed him only to find his remains among the unrecognized dead in the ghastly death house in the hospital.

Thus miserably ended the life of the sweetest of American song writers, whose upwards of 150 songs were in the homes of almost every American family, and had been translated into nearly all European and several Asiatic languages.

Foster was a born singer, and any experience that touched him was certain to bear fruit in a song or ballad which found an echo in the hearts of the people. The homesickness which followed his removal from Pittsburgh to New York produced his "Old Folks at Home," the song in which he always took the greatest delight, and which he has done many another—ways considered his happiest effort. The lines of "Old Folks at Home" are poetic only in the sense of suggestion; they are so simple and artless that it would seem that any school child could pen them and improve them, but they express the sentiment of every



TEN OF OUR BANKERS, SIXTY-ONE IN BANKS ALONE, DURING THE PAST THREE YEARS

A Good Time to Begin Work, Monday, September 6th
YOU WILL HAVE THE ASSISTANCE OF TEN TEACHERS BOTH DAY AND EVENING. IF YOU ARE INTERESTED, CALL OR SEND FOR CATALOGUE