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MEMBER OF MONTANA STATE PRESS ASSOCIATION

SUNDAY, JUNE 22, 1913.

Where wealth and freedom reign
contentment fails.
And honor sinks where commerce
long prevails.
—Goldsmith.

PASSING EVENTS

Not even the tariff discussion or the continued craze over political pie can divert Montana's interest from the discussion of the work of the reclamation service. As far as this state is concerned, there was no news item of last week which was of greater importance than the official announcement that Secretary Lane of the interior department will visit Montana next month, to see for himself the conditions attendant upon the work which the reclamation service has done in this state and to look over the plans for future operations. It is not our purpose this morning to talk about the political aspect of this situation. This is Sunday morning and it is well, we believe, to rest from political discussion upon this one day, at least. But there are questions involved in this reclamation-service talk which are not in any sense political. In fact, the whole question is one which has no place in politics. But that is another story. The discussion of the reclamation service has brought up questions which are broader even than the splendid plans of the service, magnificent as they are and fraught with benefit to so many thousands of people. The talk has involved questions which have to do with the very essence of citizenship—questions which involve the duty of every man to his state and to his country. This aspect of the question has place, certainly in any Sunday-morning talk and, for that matter, in any pulpit sermon.

LOYAL SERVICE—It is—and we believe there will be no question in any man's mind upon this point—the bounden duty of every man to give the best there is in him to his state. In whatever capacity he serves—whether as humble private citizen or as prominent public officer—it is his duty to give to his state all that he has to give. In the first place, it is his part to hold high the banner of his state—to speak a good word for it whenever he can truthfully do so, to misrepresent it never, to maintain its honor and its fame always. This thought is not new; it is not original here; it is not an innovation. But it is true and it is something which we should ever bear in mind. This thought is suggested now by some of the talk regarding Montana, Montana climate, Montana soil and Montana people which has been reported from Washington in connection with the reclamation inquiry. And much of it does not reflect credit upon the state. It is unworthy of any good citizen of this or any other commonwealth. Some of the people who appeared before the secretary of the interior in the early stages of the discussion made assertions regarding Montana which were false and which have been uniformly condemned by the people and the press here at home. The Missoulian and its people are of one mind concerning the reclamation service and its work; we are strong for the service and we believe that the people who are engaged in the reclamation work are rendering patriotic service to their country. Lest our partisanship should carry us to extremes in this affair, we printed during last week, some of the comment which other newspapers have made upon this subject. Almost without exception, wholly without regard to political attitude, these Montana newspapers have condemned the men who went to Washington and there traduced their state and misrepresented the service which the reclamation men are giving to Montana. And we hold it to be the duty of every citizen of Montana to correct the wrong impression which has been given and to speak in reproof of the position assumed by the men who, for personal gain or for revenge, so cruelly assailed the honor of their state.

"PATRIOTS"—In an earlier discussion of this matter, The Missoulian spoke of the men engaged in the reclamation service as "patriots." For this reference, we have been taken to task by some of our contemporaries—notably by that particular contemporary which calls the sugar-beet industry of Montana a "fake." But upon this proposition we stand—that these men are patriots and that they are sacrificing much in order to carry out the work in which they are engaged and in which they have deep personal interest and concern. There are men engaged in this service who have refused higher salaries to engage in private enterprises; men who receive much less remuneration than is given to lawyers and engineers who are rendering similar service to private corporations. It is not easy to talk about this matter without being personal and it is just as well, we believe, to be personal. There is no use beating about the bush. Take the case, then, of Henry N. Savage, who is at the head of the reclamation work in Montana. Engineer Savage is working for a salary which would be sneered at by engineers carrying much less responsibility than he bears, but who receive their pay from private corporations. There are few engineers who are his peers. But Mr. Savage steadfastly remains in the reclamation work, the target for unjust criticism and unwarranted attacks, because he has his heart in the work and because, we are sure, he has a desire to see that work completed in the best manner possible. Take another instance with which the people of Montana are familiar—the case of Judge Witten of the land department, who has had charge of the legal phases of reservation openings, among them the Flathead reserve. Judge Witten might be drawing a large salary as general counsel of any one of several great corporations and he would merit it by the quality of the service which he would render. He ranks, unless we are wrong in our recollection, as a clerk—think of it, just as a clerk—in the land bureau of the interior department. He is a great lawyer; his talents could command a high fee in the open market; but he stays with the work in which he is engaged because his heart is in it. These are but two personal instances. The list might be lengthened until it filled more space than there is upon this page. But these two cases are familiar to the readers of The Missoulian. There are other men in these government enterprises just as loyal, just as capable, just as devoted as these. And we contend that it is right to speak of them as "patriots" and the service which they render as patriotic service. They are giving the government the best there is in them—and that best ranks with the best that anybody could give. They draw pay from the government, but it is pay which is wholly incommensurate with the service which they render, as measured by the standard of wage paid to men who perform similar service for our great corporations.

IN OTHER FIELDS—Of the state and the city there might be something said along this same line. It is the duty of the citizen to be ever ready to render whatever service he can give, to do it willingly and to do it in the very best fashion he knows how and can do it. The officers in the city government are paid as well as the city can afford to pay them. In return, the city has reason to expect the best service which these officers can give. The acceptance of a city office—or of any public office, as far as that is concerned—carries with it the obligation to sink self and to eliminate personal consideration from the performance of official duty. Public office is the means which affords us the opportunity to judge well of the quality of a man's citizenship. If he works for himself at the expense of the public, he is of the class which was denominated "coffee coolers" when the country was in the midst of its cruel civil war. If he gives his whole self to his public duty, he is doing what his citizenship demands of him and no more. The man who holds an office in nation, state, county or city, that man has no right to devote his time to aught but the service for which he is named. If he does any less than this, he is false to his trust. And the discussion of the work of the reclamation service, which has started the current inquiry, will develop the fact that there are in the service enough patriotic men to renew our faith in the citizenship of this country—enough good men to make us forget for a moment, the petty, grabbing, selfish horde which seeks public office for the possibility of "graft" which it affords.

THE LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE

Last Sunday morning we were talking about the unconscious process of education through which a child passes who has the advantages of country life. We thought, did we not, that the reason the old district school produced such noteworthy results was because of the opportunity it afforded the youngster to learn more than is contained in books?

The district school has been, perhaps, the most powerful factor for good in the development of our country. From it have come some of our greatest men and women. Its educational influence has extended farther than the ranks of the children; it has made itself felt among the children's parents; it has been a leaven, working through the whole community.

Nobody who has not had the personal experience of attending a district school can realize the wonderful influence which it has exerted and which it is exerting. And, by the same token, there is nobody who has attended one of these schools who does not become homesick when he thinks of it and of what it meant and of what it yet means.

It was something of a coincidence that while we in Missoula, last Sunday morning, were talking together about the influence of the district school upon the child, one of the great editors of the east wrote for his splendid clientele a discussion of the influence of the Little Red Schoolhouse upon the community. The Philadelphia North American of last Sunday contains an article by its editor upon this subject. It is interesting, not altogether as a coincidence, but because Mr. Van Valkenberg has presented so impressively a subject which should reach the heart of every earnest citizen. His pen picture of the old district school is delightful. Here it is:

> And one of the most vivid recollections of every country-bred town dweller is the district school of his childhood. You city folks who came from the farm or the rural village all remember it. And you city folks who did not come from the country have an interest in knowing what is meant to the countryside. The "little red schoolhouse" was something more than a schoolhouse, something more than a place where the children of the district learned the rudiments of the "three r's" of pedagogy, "readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic."
>
> The country schoolhouse in your day, O, Wistful Exile in the dusty town, was the center of the country's social life. It was the common meeting place for all the folks in the district. It was there that the debating society discussed the question whether the hen that laid the egg or the hen that hatched it was the mother of the chick. It was there that the mock trials were held, so that the budding young law student could display his eloquence. It was there that the farmers met to organize a protest against the new tariff on binder twine. It was there that the resolutions of shocked indignation were drawn up when Garfield was shot, and it was there that the sturdy yeomen expressed their sorrow when their old commander, Grant, surrendered to all-conquering death.
>
> And there were held the spelling bees and the singing classes and the Demarest competitions in temperance elocution. And if you were a young fellow of about 16 when you attended the last competition, you remember how your heart beat when a certain girl—all in white except her pink sash—advanced to the teacher's little dais to declaim "The Gambler's Wife," and how miserable you were all that night because after she had won the silver medal that conceited Will Decker, who treated you as a kid, had driven her home in his buggy. You have hated Decker ever since, although the silver medal is now one of your family treasures and the pride of your little ones—and hers.

As one reads those lines, the whole thing comes back to him. When he stops to think of it, he must conclude that the old school had more influence than he had realized. Its educational influence never ceased. It was not only a social center for the country people; it was a powerful and permanent factor in the education of the grown-ups of the state. Nor were its powers as circumscribed as one would think, first off.

As the one-time country boy or girl recalls the old schoolhouse, he wonders that the city school, where his and her boys and girls now attend daily, has not the same broad influence which that little, old, red building at the crossroads possessed. We talked about that last Sunday. Let us say a word about it again this morning.

It is not because the city does not need the broadening influence for itself and for its children, which was furnished a generation ago by the district school. It is not that, certainly. The city needs, more than did the rural district then, the very influence which the red schoolhouse furnished. For it is harder for the people in the city to get acquainted with each other than it was back in that old district where you went to school. The man with whom you rub elbows in the street car today is more of a stranger to you than was the man who lived miles away in the region which was your country home as a boy.

This lack of opportunity to know your neighbors in the city, this lack of understanding of their motives and their plans, this lack of the chance to compare notes with them on the problems in which you both are interested, this lack of the social gathering—these are what make the city the danger point of American democracy.

The city does need the wholesome influence of the schoolhouse as a social center and the city school needs the beneficial influence of the closer relationship with parents, just as much as the child needs the influence of the closer acquaintance with Nature..

It is possible to make the city school building serve its community, just as the little, red schoolhouse served its rural district. The red schoolhouse taught us much in its time and it was a power for good in its community. But we must make the city schools a real part of the city's life instead of merely an incident to it. The city school must be woven into the municipal fabric—not merely patterns stamped upon its surface.

This is the first day of summer, according to the calendar. The season began at one minute past 10 o'clock last night, Missoula time. But the weather man has been in his summer stride for some time.

It is an old axiom, but truer than ever, that every boy should learn to swim.

The man who attends church today furnishes lead-pipe testimony that his religion is sincere.

With practice, the new weather man will be able to give us an old-fashioned Bitter Root summer.

However, the mosquito makes our blessings appear, by comparison, all the greater.

Being a socialist in Butte is altogether too exciting for summer amusement.

The mosquito is the thorn upon the rose of summer.

Worse than the mosquito, is the man who rocks the boat.

We wonder who will play Barrill to Archdeacon Stuck's Dr. Cook.

You'll Use No Other

TRY *Missoula* flour. Test it on its merits. That is all we ask. We are sure you will be satisfied. Those who have given *Missoula* flour a test continue using it. That is a good recommendation. We have a splendid lot of fine testimonials from cooks who use *Missoula* flour, but the best and strongest indorsement we have is the constantly increasing use of the flour in this community. That is what counts most. Get *Missoula* flour into your home. Get it there once and you'll always have it there. Order a sack the next time you buy flour.

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Western Montana Flouring Co.

The Philippines

X.—PRODUCTS OF THE ISLANDS.

By Frederic J. Haskin.

Copra, hemp, sugar and tobacco are the principal products of the Philippines. The islands also possess tremendous timber and mineral resources but lack of transportation continues to hamper the development of the lumber and mineral industries. Rice is a leading product but, for a great many years the people have not raised enough for their own consumption. The camote, a tropical sweet potato, is found in every poor man's garden, which is true of corn, potatoes, small vegetables and grains. Coffee once was an important article of export, but bugs so devastated this crop a decade before American occupation that it never has regained its former status. Many tropical fruits, including the mango, the taste of which is as near heaven as the average human being will get, the orange, banana, chico, papaya and lansone are found everywhere.

The soil of the islands consists mainly of volcanic rocks enriched with organic matter. A little irrigation induces luxuriant tropical or sub-tropical growths, either indigenous or exotic. The range of products is very wide, including those previously mentioned and about 300 fiber plants of either commercial or local value. A variety of nuts is grown, the most important of which are the cocoanut and the betelnut. The dried kernels of the cocoanut make copra. The betelnut is the common man's and woman's "chaw of tobaccer." Spices, such as pepper, cinnamon and cloves, grow in parts of the islands, and with proper cultivation and knowledge of marketing is bound to form a valuable industry. Pineapples do well in the islands, even in the wild state. The Hawaiian pineapple is famous the world over but the Philippine variety could easily rival it in both quality and quantity. Efforts to commercialize the product were begun less than two years ago, when a company was formed in Manila to produce pineapples on a large scale.

The cocoanut palm constitutes a highly important factor in the domestice economy and welfare of the islands. There is scarcely a part of the archipelago in which it does not thrive. Although the greater part of the cocoanut trees are religiously neglected, they insist upon giving their owners a steady profit year after year. Whenever a cocoanut plantation is given proper care it yields a large and sure income. One of the prettiest parts of the islands is the cocoanut region around San Pablo, Laguna province, within a few hours of Manila. The cocoanut palm has many uses. The milk of the cocoanut is a refreshing drink and the meat makes good eating. The sap of the tree is the basis of a native wine called tuba. Copra, which became the leading export of the islands in 1912, is the meat of the cocoanut which has been dried by sun or fire. Oil is also extracted and this is exceedingly profitable. Only a few years ago the meat of the cocoanut was supposed to be useful only to soap-boilers and confectioners, but it is now known that it produces many food products. A cocoanut oil factory is being built in Manila, but the bulk of the product goes to Marseilles, where it is drawn into dietetic compounds.

Philippine tobacco produces the famous Manila cigars which are becoming so popular in the United States. They have been the steady smoke of the races of the Orient for several decades. The tobacco plant in the Philippines is of American origin. It originally was introduced in the islands from Mexico by Spanish missionaries in the latter part of the 16th century, and it is believed that certain varieties from the United States were introduced about two decades ago. From the time of its introduction until 1781 the Spanish government did not pay much attention to it, but in that year tobacco was made a state monopoly on the island of Luzon. But this did not prevent independent growers of the Visayans from disposing of their products. The government monopoly expired in 1882. In that year it supplied 50 per cet of the annual budget, but its many evils, including certain forms of slavery, resulted in bringing the monopoly to an end. This led to the growth of flourishing companies, particularly La Tabacalera, in northern Luzon.

The establishment of free trade between the United States and the Philippines in 1909 gave the tobacco industry another tremendous boost. The islands export from 80,000,000 to 90,000,000 cigars a year to the United States and are permitted by law to ship in as many as 150,000,000 cigars per annum free of duty. The big factories of Manila turn out millions of cigarettes a day, the best grades selling in packages of 20 for 5 cents, American money. The cigarette is one of the necessities of life in the Philippines and even the government allots each prisoner a certain number each day.

The great Philippine monopoly is hemp fiber. It is extracted from a species of the plantain family, which, in growing, closely resembles the banana plant. There are many varieties of hemp, Calcutta, bowstring and Bombay hemp, but none of these compare with the famous Manila hemp. None other in the world compares with it either in tensile strength, lightness or length. Only in the Philippines does it grow luxuriantly in the wild state and attempts to introduce it for purposes of cultivation in places where closely related species thrive, have met with little or no success. Up to 1825 practically no hemp was exported. About that time primitive, but more or less systematic efforts to cultivate it, were made and its production rapidly expanded. By 1837 the value of raw and manufactured hemp exceeded that of any other exported product. It continued its pre-eminence excepting in 1892 and 1893, when sugar took the first place, and in 1912, when it was eclipsed by a small margin by copra.

Sugar has been cultivated in the island for centuries. According to a version accepted in some parts of Luzon and the Visayans, the Chinese introduced sugar and legend hath it that they brought it from Formosa. It is also said that Batavia supplied the proper cane to the Visayas, and that the sugar of Luzon springs from Tahiti stock. The fact that the old-time methods of sugar cultivation are the same as those employed in Formosa and that the same Chinese names of influence are still used strongly corroborates this theory. Five varieties of sugar cane are grown in the islands proper, white, red, green, striped and the black with white rings at the joints.

Sugar always has been one of the three leading products of the islands and the recent introduction of American capital and American methods indicates a marvelous growth of the industry. The most antiquated of machinery has been in use and the product always has been coarse. There are no sugar refineries worthy of the name in the islands although one or two are found in the sugar centers of the Visayas. A company of big American sugar capitalists operating under the name of the Poole Syndicate own 55,000 acres on the small island of Mindoro, about five hours from Manila, and are spending $2,000,000 on a refinery and other necessary agencies of the sugar trade. In 1911 the company of Welch, Fairchild, and Havemeyer secured control of 23,000 acres of the old Calamba friar estate, just above Manila, and are already doing work which will call for the expenditure of over a million dollars. Philippine sugar when refined will be as good as any in the world. Under the Payne-Aldrich bill the islands are permitted to send into this country 300,000 tons per annum free of duty and it will not be many years before they reach their limit. At present such of the Philippine sugar as is exported goes to China, with the exception of a few thousand tons sent to New York.

Until five years ago it was hard to excite much interest among the Filipinos in regard to modern agricultural implements. Not over 100 plows, possibly 100 five-tooth and 100 twelve-tooth cultivators were in use in the islands. The great majority of Filipino farmers did not interest themselves or appreciate the difference between the low landslide plow, the subsoil plow, the breaking and middle breaking plows, etc. Of late years, however, the big farmers have taken to the steam plow in the breaking up of large areas. One of the first landed proprietors to use the modern American steam plow was General Emilio Aquinaldo. The bureau of agriculture is now meeting with considerable success in its long-standing campaign to induce the natives to use small agricultural instruments such as light plows and cultivators and the College of Agriculture near Los Banos (The Baths) is beginning to turn out agricultural experts who will return to the people with the new methods.