ALASKA HAS GREAT FUTURE RESOURCES

Governor of North Territory Paints Bright Prospect for Yank Lands.

BY SCOTT C. BONE,
Governor of Alaska.

SEWARD, Alaska, Feb. 25.—Comparatively few people know Alaska. Fewer still comprehend it in all its greatness.

Alaskans themselves, in major number, have seen little of Alaska. Eight out of ten of them have glimpsed only small sections of the territory.

The average citizen of the populous communities along the coast thinks of Alaska in terms of Ketchikan, Juneau, Cordova, Valdez and Seward. To him—this average Alaska citizen—Alaska as a whole is almost as unknown as it is to the average citizen of the outside world.

The tourist who visits these shores is overwhelmed with the scenic beauties presented to the eye on every side, from Dixon's Entrance through the panoramic Inside Passage to Skagway at the head of Lynn Canal and, perchance, on over the White Pass, in the Yukon Territory, to Whitehorse. But, if his journey ends there, he does not know Alaska. He has seen only the beginning of Alaska.

Alaska lies beyond.

Of Great Magnitude.

The magnitude of Alaska—600,000 square miles or nearly one-fifth the dimensions of the American Union—precludes in the unopened stage of the Territory the possibility of a general and intimate knowledge of Alaska.

Illustrative of the prevailing misinformation is the instance of the fine young soldier, who, returning from overseas, visited a school friend in Boston and, at a social gathering, was pointed out as hailing from Alaska. "Does he speak English?" asked Miss Highbrow, adjusting her glasses and inspecting him interestedly.

Vilhdalmur Stefansson, college-bred, in an illuminating discussion of "The North That Never Was," gives approval to the idea of a Cambridge preacher that the country needs a National University of Polite Unlearning. Stefansson himself would fit into the Alaskan chair of the institution. Or, equally so, Dr. Alfred Brooks, the eminent geologist, or Major J. C. Gotwals, practical road builder, who has mushed the Territory and knows it from A to Z.

So profound a statesman as Daniel Webster, who visioned America's future greatness, could see nothing worthy of consideration west of the Rock Mountains. Therefore, we may be patient with a Twentieth Century denseness that still ignorantly visualizes Alaska as a country of ice and snow, its mountains and hills laden with precious metals and its glacial scenery unsurpassed, but really fitted for habitation only by polar bears.

Those Misconceptions.

Something more potential with the masses than a National University of Polite Unlearning is required to correct and dispel these ridiculous popular misconceptions about Alaska and force upon the public mind a fair and accurate knowledge of this great Northland.

Alaska is not a monumental iceberg or glacier. It is not snowbound and in the grip of bitter, biting elements. It is not cut off from the world. Its ports, save those in the region of the Arctic Circle, are open the year around. Its temperature in the interior, in mid-winter, is no more severe than in the northern and far western states. Its climate on the coast is generally mild and equable, with much rainfall, but comparable to the climate of Portland and Seattle. Blizzards such as rage in Minnesota, the Dakotas and Montana and occasionally in New York and the east, are sometimes experienced in the northernmost part of the territory, but are uncommon, if not unknown, to coastal Alaska and Alaska as a whole.

Millions of people live happily and thrive in Norway and Sweden and in sections of our own country under climatic conditions no more favorable, if not more severe, than the general climatic conditions of Alaska.

Alaska's summers are ideally pleasant and delightful on the coast and gloriously bright and beautiful, and often hot, in the interior. Temperature ranging from 80 to 90 degrees is frequently encountered in the Arctic Circle. Throughout the territory flowers and berries grow in profusion. Long days and warm sunshine give sturdy growth to plant life. Fairbanks is a veritable floral bower in June, July and August. The midnight sun on the Yukon is worth travelling thousands of miles to see, especially when it illuminates Mt. McKinley, the towering peak of the American continent.

Has Farming Lands.

Alaska possesses 100,000 square miles of agricultural lands and today numbers hundreds of occupied homesteads under successful cultivation. Farm products of the estimated value of $250,000 were grown and sold in the Tanana Valley alone the past season. Year after year there is increasing cultivation.

How are these and kindred truths about Alaska to be firmly planted in the popular mind and the untruths and the half-truths forever eradicated?

How is the real Alaska to be removed from the realm of fancy and established upon a fixed foundation of fact?

By opening Alaska to settlement; by inviting capital and people to come in and making it easy for them to gain a foothold; by unlocking its resources and freeing the territory from red tape rule; by unreserving millions of acres of lands senselessly reserved; by silencing and shunting aside the visionaries and theorists who succeeded in bottling up Alaska and whose ideas have been expensively tried and clearly found wanting; by proceeding with the development of Alaska as a big business proposition; by dismissing the foolish, demagogical fear that any so-called predatory interest ever can or ever will gobble up so huge a land as Alaska or a material section thereof, and finally, by tardily realizing that Alaska, unfettered and given an honest chance, will populate itself and go ahead and wax opulent and develop grandly and luxuriously, just as the western domain of the Union, in spite of Daniel Webster's obscure vision and dark foreboding, progressed and prospered and grew into states and added bright stars to Old Glory.

Then, and not until then, will Alaska become known to the world, and the truths about Alaska prevail undisputed and endure for all time.

As a first step toward all this Uncle Sam has just completed the construction of a railroad from the coast line into the interior, from Seward to Fairbanks, at a cost of 50-odd millions, and he has been spending additional millions in the building of roads and trails. This means the opening up of Alaska—that it is no longer to be hermetically sealed. Moreover, Uncle Sam is proposing, through congress, to substitute a workable system of administration in Alaska for the cumbersome, unworkable, hating, inefficient and utterly impossible system of bureaucratic government.

Love Isn't Known in "Cave Life" Of South Seas

BEAUTY OF SAMOA WHERE SOCIAL POSITION OF WOMEN IS

By JACK JUNGMEYER.
(Special to The News-Times.)

LOS ANGELES, Feb. 25.—After you've read about the fight for an "equal rights for women" amendment to the federal constitution—

And about American women serving on juries, as mayors, judges and members of congress—

Stop a minute and read about the lot of the Melanesian women who live on some of the islands in the South Pacific. They have fewer rights than any women on earth.

They're lowest of all races in the social scale.

Capt. Edward A. Salisbury, just back here from a cruise of the South Pacific where he took motion pictures of the "cave women," tells all about them.

These people, Salisbury says, don't know what love means, as we understand it. There's no connubial affection. Girls are never kissed or personally courted.

Marriage is nothing but a jungle bargain-counter trade. And the most desirable woman is worth less than a pig!

Widows are put to death or, on rare occasions, allowed to live as outcasts, forbidden to bathe, comb their hair or look at a man.

Men believe they lower themselves by showing any regard for a woman. Boys, when seven, are removed from the influence of female relatives.

Women do all the menial labor and a wife may be cast aside at the whim of her husband.

The women of Samoa and other islands where the position of women is higher, are more beautiful and less savage than the Melanesians, Salisbury says.

"But they bloom at 12 and fade at 25," he says.

"The American youth, fed up on the exotic literature of the Pacific isles, would best confide his adventures to the pages of romance and his devotions to the home-town flapper, if he would retain his illusions."

BANKROLL NEEDED FOR GAY PARTIES

Stage Door Johnnies Find Situation Different—Hootch Apartments.

NEW YORK, Feb. 25.—The stage door John of Harry Thaw's era, with his ridiculous opera cape falling from callow shoulders and his still more absurd bundle of American beauties held in a clutch of ardent tension, has gone the way of all flesh. But the purlieus of the Gay White Way literally teem by night with his legitimate successors, the rightful heirs to Broadway's eternal hoorah, an ever-changing tribe of all-wise but incurably stupid and gullible male moths. Broadway sometimes wonders where they all come from, but hardly ever gives a thought to what becomes of them when they disappear.

There was a time when a bunch of American beauties, with the stems wrapped in a twenty-dollar yellowback, followed by the proverbial "cold bottle and a hot bird," formed Broadway's conception of a wonderful party. But times do change. A "party" for two costing $50 was a party to be described in red ink in a show girl's diary. But without exaggeration, it is safe to say that an evening's entertainment for two in the most exclusive New York resorts of 1922 may easily cost $250, omitting flowers which seem to be omitted by tacit consent. At any rate you seldom see them any more.

Not only Broadway in the Forties and Fifties but the parallel and cross-streets, extending as far north as Columbia university, nowadays are lined with "flats" to which the initiate is welcomed with exuberence proportionate with his bankroll and his reputation for flipping the lapers from the same. These flats are conducted by nice, refined ladies, of maternal mien and manner, sometimes backed by sinister male characters whose connection, however, must be kept in the dark.

Entertaining via "Hootch."

If a nice matronly widow of apparently independent means chooses to lease a large apartment and furnish it with every known luxury, who is to criticise her.

And if she has a large social acquaintance and is pleased to entertain the ladies and gentlemen of her set every night in the week, surely no one has the right to criticise. Certainly not. And, really, the liquor problem has become such a humorous matter in New York that of the neighbors have any feeling at all over the lady's continuous supply of whiskey, wine and gin, it is probably a feeling of envy rather than of outraged regard for the constitution.

The prices one pays for liquor in these resorts are beyond all imagination and have absolutely no relation whatever to the original legitimate quotations of the distiller or vintner. The usual understanding between "guests" is that right names shall neither be given or expected and that acquaintances struck up in the necessarily informal association of an evening's drinking, dancing and dining shall be forgotten upon the morrow.

Then there are also the somewhat more open "night clubs" of Broadway and the Forties, all of which, except perhaps two, are open to the public. The most exclusive of these is now becoming fairly well known and, strange to say, the proprietors blush to find it famous, for they wish to allot their few tables to persons recognized in the Social Register, with a scattering of the more bizarre feminine characters of Broadway to convince the society flappers of both sexes and all ages that they are seeing the real night life of New York.

Blackmailers Present.

An old, gray-haired doctor, the personification of respectability, was recently observed in this tiny room "throwing a party" for three fascinating bold and handsome young women whom he certainly had not met in his wife's social set. The women were accompanied by two male parasites of elegant manner and shifty eye, whom an old and skeptical police reporter, sitting in the shadows, recognized as a pair of internatonal blackmailers and "tub-workers," meaning card-sharps who frequent the ocean liners or Trans-Atlantic tubs.

When the bill came for the evening's entertainment—about 4:30 a. m.—the two young elegants strangely chanced to be on the floor, dancing, and the doctor scrawled a check for nearly $500. The cigarette girl had no change for a $10 bill tendered in payment for a package of cigarettes worth 35 cents and was told to keep it all.

And, as she passed the headwaiter on her way out, clinging to the old man's arm, the brunette charmer, who had been his particular "company" for the evening, confided that he was about to divorce his wife and marry her. She, by the way, is a seamstress for a very fashionable Fifth avenue couterier and is 40 years old, with a son of 20 living among the night clubs of London. She has been an international vampire for 20 years, but somehow has managed to look not more than 28.

The All-Night Club.

There are a dozen night clubs which are not clubs at all but merely cafes, operating seven nights a week in New York and frequented by visitors from out of town, by vaudeville and review actors and actresses, prominent criminal lawyers addicted to a certain clientele and casual native celebrants.

In the ordinary night club of New York there is dancing until dawn and there is liquor aplenty at $35 a quart, and good liquor, too. The $35 price may seem exorbitant at first, but considering the abundance of grafters who must have their "bit" for adding in or conniving at the traffic, the profit is not so large for the promoters. At any rate, not so large as they would desire.

So there is night life in New York yet. The old main stem of Broadway may seem to be making forced motions on the flaccid inspiration of strawberry soda when first observed by the visitor from west of the Jersey shore. But when one has been up and down the line for a time and sees what goes on behind heavily curtained windows and camouflaged fronts of respectability, one begins to appreciate the depth of Broadway's great guile. Broadway isn't dead. Broadway is just playing 'possum for the crusaders. Whisper the pass-word and Broadway will frolic with you till your money runs out, then call you a stupid old dear and invite you to come back when you've refurnished the check-book.

MOVE TO BUILD UP NEW INDUSTRIES

War Time Trades Dying Out, So Government Aims to Create Others.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 25.—Facing the loss of various industries which sprang up during the war, and are now dying out in this country, various government agencies are at work in an effort to build up the more valuable ones.

Among these defunct activities is the manufacture of optical glass in the United States. Most of this material came from foreign sources, especially Germany, prior to the war. When war interrupted the sources of supply an impetus was given manufacturing genius in the United States, which has since gradually disappeared.

The optical industry is of value to the country not only for economic reasons, it is pointed out today by a naval official, but also for war purposes, without which supply our military and naval manufactories would be greatly hampered.

Accordingly, the navy particularly, is engaged in stimulating as much as possible the manufacture of optical glass in this country, in an endeavor to keep it alive.

The same applies to aircraft factories of private control. In an effort to encourage this invaluable source of defensive power the navy, as well as the army and other agencies, is lending every possible aid. The navy itself has refrained from building its own planes in a desire to furnish occupation for an infant industry which has suffered seriously since the war robbed it of its market.

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When you say cigars—say Dutch Masters. 45-tf

FRANCE, ITALY AND SPAIN WAGE WAR TO SECURE TRADE

High Tariffs, Surtaxes and New Charges Are Weapons Being Used.

PARIS, Feb. 25.—Commercial wars have succeeded the World war and France, Italy and Spain are engaged, so to speak, in a merry little game of trying to cut each other's economic throats. Independent of each other, for they are great competitors, Italy and Spain are waging a commercial war against France.

The weapons of this post-war are high duties, surtaxes and new charges to make good the differences in the depreciated currencies of the various countries. Against these weapons France is raising an armament in the claim that she must have the position in her commercial dealings of "the most favored country."

The Franco-Spanish commercial wrangle has become so acute that Italy is beginning to ask if it wouldn't be wise for her to bury the hatchet and take advantage of Spain's being temporarily out of the French markets to enable the Italian exporters to get firm hold on the French buyers.

Would Flood Markets.

Spain and Italy are competitors in France in the sale of southern fruits and southern wines. A campaign is being waged in the Rome newspapers to arrange an immediate economic truce with France and flood the French markets with Italian goods, so that when Spain and France ultimately come to a settlement Italy will have a prefential position.

The French-Italian trade treaty has been in operation on a year-to-year basis for the last 23 years. Before the war Italy imported more from France than she sent her; but since the armistice this relation has been reversed. Italy feels that the old agreement is now a burden.

Under the trade treaty Italy was permitted to charge France whatever general duties she levied against all countries, but was forbidden to levy any special tariffs. Last July Italy raised the general tariffs on goods, the majority of which come from France to about 10 times their pre-war rates.

France's Position Explained.

While this increase in the Italian customs was within the letter of the treaty France asserts that she is now in a position no better than Germany in her commerce with Italy. Paris took advantage of the cancellation clause in the agreement and notified Rome that the treaty would cease the end of January.

There is already an almost impassable economic Chinese wall along the Pyrenees which prevents the exchange of goods between France and Spain. At the end of January the condition will blockade the Italian-French frontier if Rome and Paris do not come to an agreement before.

The orange and wine exporting interests in Italy are bringing pressure to bear to force the Italian government to come to an early settlement. They hope that if peace can be maintained Italy will be in a position to dominate the French market for years with these particular imports.

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If your stomach is in a continuous revolt—if you can't get it regulated, please, for your sake, try Diapepsin. It's so needless to have a bad stomach—make your next meal a favorite food meal, then take a little Diapepsin. There will not be any distress—eat without fear. It's because Pape's Daipepsin "really does" regulate weak, out-of-order stomachs that gives it its millions of sales annually.

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Follow Rules of Self Protection—Keep The Nose and Throat Antiseptic

Guard yourself and others against influenza. Avoid crowds. Sleep with your bedroom window open. At the first sign of a cold, fever, sore throat or that grip feeling consult your doctor.

But, above all, try to keep your nose and throat protected day and night by an antiseptic cream. Flu germs are literally breathed into your system. An antiseptic cream is used to keep the germs from lodging in your nose or throat.

For this purpose get from your druggist at once a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm. Insert a little into the nostrils and draw it through all of the air passages so it reaches the throat.

Do this as often as may be required to keep nose and throat antiseptic. Do it the last thing at night and first thing in the morning until the flu epidemic has passed.

Head colds and catarrh yield like magic to this astiseptic, healing cream that soothes swollen, inflamed membranes of nose and throat. Your clogged nostrils open right up and you can breathe freely. Don't stay stuffed up and miserable. —Advt

Dollar-A-Year Wizards in Washington Form Last Line

WASHINGTON, Feb. 25.—Epidermatologists form the last lone army of dollar-a-year wizards.

The old medical inspection system broke down and the public health service maintained "morale" by keeping on its records doctors—or "scientists," if you choose—to keep the government health service informed about communicable diseases.

This brigade of dollar-a-year men, Surgeon Gen. Cumming said, constitutes the nation's first line of social defense.

Thousands of them are being enlisted in the dollar-a-year jobs, merely to keep the government advised accurately of the need of larger activity in social welfare work. More than 1,000 clinics are run by the government in leading centers to keep this end of the service on an even keel.

When you say cigars—say Dutch Masters. 45-tf

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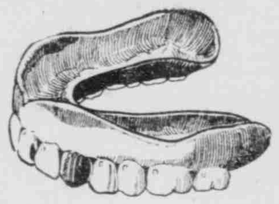

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