

TIMES EDITORIALS

Let the Truth Prevail!

Our Great America

In The Times of Tuesday and Wednesday there appeared an article of national importance setting forth by what various ways America has now come to actual world domination in respect to (1) effective population, (2) wealth and (3) political influence.

This article was largely in the nature of mere statement of amazing facts not appreciably realized as yet by us as a people; today we present an article culled from the new report of Franklin K. Lane, secretary of the interior in the president's cabinet.

This article, which is an actual report of our abundant and increasing resources, human and material, is a fascinating and illuminating commentary on the distinctive pronouncement printed here yesterday.—Editor.

BY FRANKLIN K. LANE

Secretary of the Department of the Interior of United States.

Some months ago I sought to learn what I could of the assets of this country as they might be revealed by this department; where we were in point of development, and what we had with which to meet the world.

With the exception of one or two minor minerals, the United States produces every mineral that is needed in industry, and this can be said of no other country.

We produce 66 per cent of the world's output of petroleum, 60 per cent of its copper, 40 per cent of its coal and iron, and 32 per cent of its lead and zinc.

We can build a battleship, or an automobile (excepting the tires), a railroad or a factory, entirely from the products of American mines and forests.

To replenish the soil we have phosphorus in abundance, potash is known to exist in the deposits of Searles Lake, Cal., which, however, is not yet commercially available, and in alunite where it is combined with aluminum and deposits of which are found in several states; and nitrogen can be extracted from the air by cheap hydro-electric power as is now done in Germany, Norway, and elsewhere. So that we can feed the earth and keep it sustained. Our soil and climate are so varied that we can produce all the grains, fruits, vegetables and fibers known to temperate zone, and some found in the semi-tropics.

And to crown all these we have water power that can be made to generate perhaps as much as 60,000,000 horsepower!

The public domain is rapidly growing less, which means that it is being occupied and used. Of the two hundred and odd million acres left, 12,000,000 acres have already been classified as coal bearing, over 4,000,000 as probably carrying oil, and 2,600,000 as phosphate lands.

The most valuable discovery made in recent years as affecting the public domain is that the semiarid regions may become abundantly productive under dry-farming methods.

The territory of Alaska, containing perhaps 400,000,000 acres, is now the great body of public domain. It is heavily mineralized and is a land of unknown possibilities. One gold mine there has recently erected a mill of 6,000 tons daily capacity, with ore in sight to run this mill for 50 years.

During the past 50 years the people of the United States have uttered two-thirds of all the revolutionary epoch-making inventions of the world, ranging from the telephone and the incandescent lamp to Wright's aeroplane and high speed steel.

There are also 20,000,000 public school children in the United States. What has been our policy with respect to all these? How may they be the more highly put to use? These questions are seen to be more vital than ever before. And at the outset let me say that I find no need for a change of policy, but only for its expansion.

There is an evolution in a new nation's life quite as interesting as that in the life of a man. We pass through stages of development from the simple and earlier period when food is the one thing desired into the more elaborated and complex stages where first we began to deal with the easily handled things and later reach the point where mind has a controlling part in all that is done.

The gay recklessness of other days gives way to constant thought. So has it been with this country. For a long time we lived off the country's obvious supplies.

Later we were producers of raw materials—grains and minerals, lumber and cotton. When manufacturing began it was of the larger, coarser things, which perhaps in their turn went abroad for a higher fabricating. Now, however, we have come into the full tide of modern life when we seek for greater and more varied industries, wider markets, more economical methods of production and exchange. And in such a new time direction is needed, mutual and co-ordinated effort must be set up and the more elaborate machinery of organization put into service. Thought becomes the basis of the new life—hard, close, insistent, constructive thought, illuminated by knowledge and made practical by imagination.

An intense nationalization has been the marking note of the past year. Each American has realized with keener consciousness the meaning of this land to him, and has sought for a larger view of it in its many aspects, and if possible, to gain a glimpse at its future. To each has come his dream.

We know now that there is more to national feeling than pride in the possession of a land that is rare and valuable or the splendid memory of a history of struggle for those things of the spirit which men call principles. The highest sense of nationality comes with a sense of purpose—sense of common purpose.

In what direction are we conscientiously going? What are we determined that this land shall be? This, I take it, is the accepted test of a real national sense; and if it is, the obligations we must carry are certainly serious.

For the United States is not yet ours in the proudest sense, and can not be until we are doing all that can be done to give to all its people and to the world the full expression of its highest intelligence applied alike to its resources and to the life of the people.

In a day or so there will appear in The Times a second installment of this article by Secretary Lane. It will set forth in figures the amazing pre-eminence of America in national assets of all sorts.

C. G. R.

It was a brand new red box-car, with 4-by-4's running up and down and cross-crossed on the sides, and 1½-inch iron bars running from end to doors.

In big bold, white letters were the initials: C. G. R.

"C. G. R.," we mused. "Chicago Great—no, that isn't it."

We looked again.

Under the big initials, in small lettering were the words:

"Canadian Government Railways."

Nothing very startling in itself.

We hope, though, that the Mellens and the Goulds and the Moores and the rest of the men responsible for much railway mismanagement will look out their private car windows some fine day and notice those brand new big red box cars.

Maybe the sight will remind them that Canada, unlike these United States, doesn't stand for rotten railway management—that Canada goes in and builds or buys railways of its own whenever it is necessary to do so in order to insure the Canadians proper service.

The United Press even now reports the Canadian government is thinking of taking over the Grand Trunk Pacific, from Winnipeg to the coast.

Will the gods of the switchyards kindly shunt those C. G. R. box cars on tracks where the American rail magnates will see, and note?

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

A GREAT SURPRISE
My mail this morning, little book, is the most interesting thing that has happened to me in a long while.

First I saw by the postmarks there were letters from Mollie, who is in Rome, and Mary, who is in Paris, and then I picked up a queer little package which I could not place.

With the usual curious manner of people with letters whose superscription is unfamiliar, I turned that little box over and over, for it looked foreign and 'old worldy' but still it had a city postmark on it.

At last I tore off the outer wrapping and found my name again on another package, the seal broken, beside this a note, saying:

My dear Mrs. Waverly— I hope you will pardon me this unceremonious way of delivering a package sent to you in my care, but I had only a few minutes in town and Uncle Sam seemed to me a more reliable messenger than anyone else.

The enclosed package was sent to me that I might bring it safely through the custom house, and deliver it into your hands with as little trouble to you as possible. I am very sorry that I could not deliver it in person, but you will perhaps allow me to say that I am sorry to learn of your misfortune, and to extend the hope that you will soon recover.

John Worthington Smith, Hotel Shoreham, Washington, D. C.

I picked up the box again and examined it curiously, for I had never heard of John Worthington Smith before in my life. Then all at once a kind of warm glow came over me. I seemed to hear the soft persuasive tones of Malcolm Stuart as he whispered "Almost thou persuadest me!"

Quickly I opened the box, which was curiously beautiful of carved red lacquer, and found a tiny little leather god cut from jade.

Although he was only about three inches long, yet in his face shone the soul of good humor—his hands were partly outstretched as though he would give me not only peace, but pleasure. Strange as it seems, little book,

I clasped my hands tightly over that tiny heathen deity and it seemed to me I felt a new spring of health and happiness start from my heart.

Of course, you know, little book, it was only because I knew that Malcolm Stuart had remembered that I felt this glow, but, woman-like, I lied to myself and said "it is the beauty of the moment that pleases me." For a long time I did not open the note in the box. I was afraid the spell would be broken.

At last I read:—

Dear Mrs. Waverly: I have heard in my wanderings of your lamentable accident and I am taking the liberty to send you this little bit of jade which represents in the oriental mind The God of Good Luck.

Even if you are not superstitious I still hope you will keep the bauble near you, for I would like some night while sailing about on those foreign shores to send my thoughts flying to the home land, and there find that you were enjoying all the health that mortals can obtain, all the happiness that mortals can know—all the good luck that you deserve.

Forgive me if I have been too forward in intruding upon you and believe me always

Your sincerest Well wisher, Malcolm Stuart,

Somewhere in the Orient. And here is something, little book, that I don't understand about myself. I have not shown that 'little god' nor spoken of that letter to a soul—not even Dick. (Continued Tomorrow.)

IT BELONGS TO HUMAN NATURE TO HATE THOSE YOU HAVE INJURED. —Tactius

OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE



gabird gab



In some towns only a guy with a good thick forearm can wear a wrist watch with safety—and he won't!

NEW YORK, Feb. 23.—A patient who leaped from the third story window of Bellevue hospital landed on a mesh of telephone wires which saved his life. All 'phones in the vicinity were put out of commission.

END TO END



"And then she buttons her shoes with a hair pin!"

A GOOD BEGINNING
"Making any progress toward getting acquainted with those fashionable people next door?"
"Just a little. Their cat in-

vited our cat over to a musicale last night."—About Town.

With a clear, sweet voice, every word intoning as distinctly as the tone of a midnight chime, and re-echoing as softly as the fall of a pearl in a golden cup, just so sweetly and sympathetically did Miss Wolfe recite the sad, sweet poem, while Miss Viola Palmer at the piano told the same plaintive story in soft, low tones of Enoch's sorrow and Philip's patient waiting.—The Tabor, Ohio, Eagle.

THE DIGNITY OF SLEEP

Since that Brooklyn physician got the "sleeping sickness" a whole lot of folks in this neck of the woods who used to be considered just plumb lazy are now subjects of sympathetic curiosity.

DO YOU FEEL HEADACHY? LOOK TO YOUR STOMACH

It is an unusual thing for a druggist to sell medicine under a guarantee to refund the money if it does not cure. Yet this is the way Crown Drug Co., the popular druggist, are selling Mi-o-na, the standard dyspepsia remedy.

Never before have they had so large a number of customers tell them that a medicine has been successful as with Mi-o-na. People who a few months ago looked like walking skeletons have put on flesh and today are ruddy and vigorous with perfect digestion and good health.

There is no longer any need for anyone suffering or making their friends suffer on account of dyspepsia. Mi-o-na can always be relied upon. The percentage of cures is so great that there is little risk to them in guaranteeing to return the money if the medicine does not relieve. And they stand ready to do so without any questions.

Headaches, all forms of indigestion, specks before the eyes, dizzy feelings, poor sleep, ringing in the ears and all forms of liver trouble are helped by Mi-o-na. A few days' treatment should show considerable gain in health while a complete cure often follows rapidly.

These days are the best in the whole year for the enjoyment of good health, and Mi-o-na will put you in such perfect condition that you can enjoy every minute of them.

An attorney and a railroad man went to a theater the other night. The railroad man saw a flashily dressed red-faced, sporty-looking individual sitting in one of the boxes.

"Who is that rough person sitting in the box?" the railroad man asked pleasantly. "He looks like a drunken burglar."

"That," said the attorney, "is my cousin."

The railroad man gasped a couple of times before he could get a grip on himself. Then a smile spread over his face as he remarked:

"Well, I went straight to headquarters for information didn't I?"

ANSWERS

By CYNTHIA GREY

Dear Miss Grey: I read with great interest the letter of Florida McGinnis regarding Alaska missions, knowing every word she spoke was the absolute TRUTH. This is not only true of Alaska, but is general.

I have traveled extensively in Japan, Korea, China, India, Philippines, the South Sea Islands—in fact, I spent years there—and with very few exceptions it's mockery the way missionaries live over there, upon the fat of the land, surrounded by servants, living in the best of homes, with every possible luxury, travel, etc., and as a rule bother little about whether the "heathen" wear bright and stately crowns, or are eternally damned.

The missionaries are ten times better off than if they had remained in this country. Sacrifice—privations—they do not know these words. In the summertime they all go to their cool villas in the mountains for the three months of hot weather, with their retinue of servants. A regular colony of them go to Kuruzawa (a resort near Fuji-Yama, the sacred mountain of Japan), 1,000 strong, every summer; they come from India, the islands of the Sea, China, etc., not to mention the many who go to other resorts in China, the Himalaya mountains in India, all their traveling expenses paid; while the great mass of people who gave this money are sweltering in offices, etc.

Think of the thousands of ladies and societies in this country who work hard to give their mite to this cause, thinking it so worthy—some of the rural ones making rag carpets to be sold, each member contributing their carpet ball, and imagine, "while my lady-of-the-carpet-ball" does her own work, sweltering over a hot cook stove in the summer time, these "missionaries" are lolling in their villas in some cool resort, with their servants attending to every wish. Yes, I will say that the Americans are the biggest fools, and give the greatest amount to this cause. Just think, they contributed over twenty million last year, and what becomes of this huge "melon"? Take a trip to the Orient and my question is answered. There is a continual stream of them continually on the "wing." Every boat I have traveled on is half full (that is, when on my trips in the Orient).

Now I sincerely hope my brother who signs himself "Alaskan" (although I confess I too come from the sunny south, where venomous reptiles, according to his interpretation, "lurk" in the tropical foliage, and I fall to see where this has anything to do with the TRUTH about the missionaries) will not class me as evil-minded, un-Christian, etc. I think it is time the truth was known about these people. It is true that inspectors are sent out to inspect these people's work, but they are in the same class as the people over there, so this mockery goes on. I think, too, that the Gospel should be sent to every land—but in my travels after seeing conditions such as exist over there, and which I know exist in Alaska, I can but lose some of my faith in humanity. I will never give another cent to foreign missions. Of course, when I am ever there and see where I can help the "heathen" (?) I gladly do so.

I hope you will print this, Miss Grey, for all I speak is the TRUTH, THE ABSOLUTE TRUTH, and NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH—also I would not bother in the matter. I think it's time the American people investigated this matter, and hope this feeble little effort will help a little anyway.

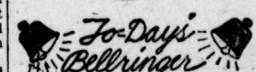
Miss Seidmore, the author of "Jinricksha Days in Japan," gives them a few mild digs. A. C. T.

Q.—I am a decent boy 17 years of age; do not smoke or have any bad habits to speak of; attend church regularly every Sunday, and I always strive to do what is good. Heretofore I have always held everyone my friend, going with different girls at different times, but just a short while ago, at a concert one night, I saw a pretty young girl with whom I immediately fell in love at sight. The only thing I know about her is her address. Now, just how am I to proceed to gain the girl's acquaintance? Remember, I don't even know her name.

Thanking you, I shall look for your ready reply. EARNEST.

A.—If you are the sensible boy that your letter indicates, you will not be sidetracked by a pretty face. While this experience to you may seem most extraordinary and wonderful, it is nothing unusual. In fact, it is very ordinary for a boy or girl of 17 to imagine that they have met their "ideal." It is the natural outlet of post-adolescent romanticism. They are like the young bird when it first discovers that it has wings and sets out to explore the big, wide world beyond the home of sticks and straw and mud.

Beware of the "love-at-first-sight" germ, sonny. It too often proves to be the first drop of poison in a clear cup. You are not in love with this girl or any other in particular; you are simply in love with life. Continue to live up to the best that is in you, and if it is best for you to make the acquaintance of this girl, a way will be provided in the natural course of events.



ALKALI MAKES SOAP BAD FOR WASHING HAIR

Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali which is very injurious as it dries the scalp and makes the hair brittle.

The best thing to use is just plain mulsified cocoanut oil, for this is pure and entirely greaseless. It's very cheap, and beats the most expensive soaps or anything else all to pieces. You can get this at any drug store, and a few ounces will last the whole family for months.

Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in, about a teaspoon is all that is required. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, cleanses thoroughly, and rinses out easily. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and is soft, fresh looking, bright, fluffy, wavy and easy to handle. Besides, it loosens and takes out every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



(We Guess Slim's Turtle Won't Change Masters!)

BY BLOSSER

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