

THE TRIBUNE

Entered at the Postoffice, Bismarck, N. D., as Second Class Matter. ISSUED EVERY DAY EXCEPT SUNDAY...

WEATHER REPORT for 24 hours ending at noon, April 14: Temperature at 7:00 a. m. 32, at noon 42, highest yesterday 39...

Table with 2 columns: Location and Temperature. Locations include Fargo, Williston, Grand Forks, Pierre, St. Paul, Winnipeg, Helena, Chicago, Swift Current, Kansas City, San Francisco.

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent 20 more to maintain that one.—Poet.

FORWARD, STILL FORWARD. Russia's provisional government frankly give up Constantinople as part of the peace price and publish Russia's foreign policy thus:

There can be no doubt that the pacifist activities of William J. Bryan during the past few months are somewhat responsible for the attitude of many congressmen who are now opposing the President's war plans.

This especially applies to the opposition to the raising of an army based on the basis of universal liability to service.

The day after Congress declared war Bryan wired the President that he was at his country's call; he offered to enlist as a private.

If Bryan is sincere in what he now says, why doesn't he take the first train for Washington and tell every member of Congress with whom he has any influence that his paramount duty in this hour is to "stand by the President," irrespective of what his own personal opinions may be?

He could render his country no greater service than by undoing, so far as he can, the harm that he has done by preaching non-resistant pacifism.

Teddy and Taft are on the job, doing their bit. Can Bryan do less and expect people to believe in the sincerity of his patriotic protestations?

Quartermaster General Sharpe estimates that he could get enough socks and underwear for our million-man army in the trenches, in six months, but it would take 12 months to get uniforms. That settles it. Count us out of the trenches for one year!

We're not going to tackle those steel clad Prussians in mere socks and underwear.

Is this robbery, or what? A Gloucester, Mass., man advertised that he would pay \$5 for the finest potato given him. Specimens poured in until he now has six barrels of them. A sucker is born every minute, some of 'em with potatoes.

Polish-American societies are ready with a regiment. We are going to discover much red, white and blue in the hyphen, before this war is over.

Government war bonds at 3 1/2 percent won't hurt private banks much, but may result in putting the postal banks on the blink.

While we're naming battle cruisers after historic American naval vessels, why not honor the Bon Homme Richard?

Russia is placing orders for cotton goods, soap and candles with Chinese factories. Queer stunts in this war.

According to late reports, some of the Germans are "retiring on orders" to the rear of the British lines.

If you can't get into army or navy, get into your back yard and raise potatoes!

Kansas boasts a cat that's 21 years old. Add nine times 21 are 189. This war emergency has leap year beaten a mile.

This "spring drive" may be a "drive home." It's never too early to enlist.

fring line in France would be the best guarantee that we could give our allies of the earnestness of our purpose to go through with them to the finish.

Three cheers and a tiger for Teddy and his division.

Everybody has overlooked recruiting a regiment of Daring Movie Heroes.

AMERICA NURSES. Mr. Labouchere has this comment on American nurses in the London Chronicle:

"I have a great weakness for the American girl; she puts her heart into what she is about. When she flirts she does it conscientiously, and when she nurses the most uninviting looking Zouave or Franc-tireur she does it equally conscientiously, and when there is nothing more to do for them sits patiently reading to them or playing cards with them."

A pig weighing about 165 lbs is worth \$25. It now stumps us whether to eat our corn or feed it to piggy.

THEY'LL COME TO. Hold not too cruel thoughts toward those Chicago and New York young men who are plunging into matrimony in order to avoid the draft.

Any young fellow who rushes into matrimony through cowardice will be almighty glad to enlist, before this war is over. Marriage for any other reason than love has more hell in it than any war ever gotten up, according to those who have been through both matrimony and war.

A bride can, ordinarily, stand most any discovery about her man better than that he has a yellow streak, and we wouldn't be at all surprised to hear those young Chicagoans and New Yorkers roaring for gun and knapsack within two months.

Chile declares she'll remain neutral "until her rights are ignored." If any of her rights are traveling abroad, she might as well get off the fence now.

BRYAN'S DUTY. There can be no doubt that the pacifist activities of William J. Bryan during the past few months are somewhat responsible for the attitude of many congressmen who are now opposing the President's war plans.

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DOINGS OF THE DUFFS. By Allman

ISN'T OLIVIA THE THOUGHTFUL LITTLE GIRL?



Tabloid History of the United States! CONQUESTS, ALLIANCES AND A MEASURE OF CIVILIZATION BEFORE THE FIRST EUROPEANS SAW THESE SHORES

FIRST CHAPTER You, as an American, call this the "New World." Why? It's as old as the old world; people lived here, and had wars and pestilences and conquests and a real civilization, before the Normans or Columbus ever touched its shores.



Indians formed leagues and alliances, just as European nations did. Two principal alliances in the Allegheny mountain and lower great lake country were Iroquois, which included several large tribes.

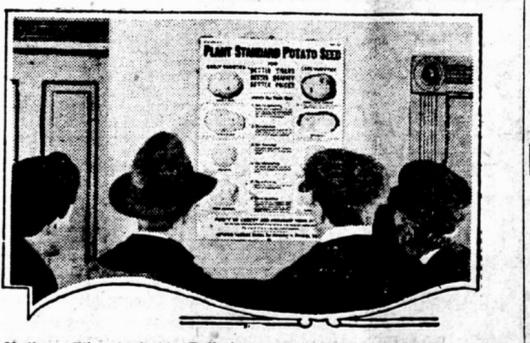
BARN BURNS; SAYS FOE THREATENED TO BURN HIS BUILDING

"My barn was set on fire. A fellow told me he would do it, and he did," said George Weible of Fifteenth street south today, in discussing the fire which last night destroyed his barn, consuming with it four horses, one heifer and three calves; two sets of harness; two wagon boxes and between 60 and 70 chickens.

CUTS NO ICE; ASKS SUPREME COURT FOR MONEY HE HAS LOST

Since Russell-Miller Milling Co. began discharging sewage from their mill into the Heart river at Dickinson, Iceman McDonough has cut no ice in the Stark county seat. Consequently his attorneys are asking the supreme court to award him in damages against the Russell-Miller people.

FOOD PRODUCTION IS FARM PATRIOTISM POSTERS ARE TELLING FARMERS



Madison, Wis., April 16.—Bulletins are being posted throughout Wisconsin urging farmers to do their "bit" for their country by growing more crops and maintaining higher efficiency on their farms.

High Cost of Living Hits Bismarck Baked Goods with Big Boost

Bismarck bakeries have at last succumbed to the advancing cost of everything that goes into pastry, notably flour, and this morning Hughes Bros., Runge & Everts the Sanitary Bakery announced a flat increase in prices for all baked goods.

Summons. State of North Dakota, County of Burleigh, ss. In District Court, Sixth Judicial District. Henry Tatley, Plaintiff, vs. W. P. Smith, Defendant.

THEODORE KOFFEL, Plaintiff's Attorney. Bismarck, North Dakota. (3-9, 12, 19, 26; 4-2, 9, 16)

A Close Shave

It lacked five minutes of the time for the departure of the 6:30 express, and the carriage was rapidly filling up.

Jared Stone, a well-dressed, meek-looking little gentleman, had just settled down in a corner of a first-class compartment, when he heard a familiar voice addressing him.

"Why, hello, Stone; how are you? I'm right in luck today. I was just looking for someone to take charge of Aunt Martha's bundles and assist her out of the train with them when she reaches Manchester. You're going through, of course?"

"Yes," answered Stone, faintly, as he glanced up and recognized his friend Raemond, with his arms full of bundles of all shapes and sizes and "Aunt Martha" grimly looking up behind him like one of Napoleon's grenadiers.

Now Jared Stone was of a decidedly shy and retiring disposition, besides being a fossil of an old bachelor (Stone was fifty, still single, and not only willing, but anxious to remain so), and if he could have had his choice he would sooner lead a bayonet charge, face a gang of mutineers or a midnight burglar, or encounter almost any other trifling in that line rather than take charge of a woman and her luggage during a railway journey.

"Thank you," said Raemond, as he began piling bundles on Stone's feet and into his lap, whichever came the handiest; "I knew you'd just as soon do me the favor to take charge of Aunt Martha as not, and I'm glad I happened to run across you. She is a trifle hard of hearing and—er—a little eccentric in some respects, but you'll find her first-rate company when you get acquainted with her. By the way, I came near forgetting to introduce you to each other. Mr. Stone, this is my aunt, Miss Martha Eakins. Then, raising his voice, he shouted: "Aunt Martha, allow me to present my bachelor friend, Mr. Stone, who will look after you and see you safely off the train with your luggage when you reach Manchester."

"So good of him, I'm sure. Happy to meet you, Mr. Stone," responded Miss Eakins, with what was meant to be a whimsical smile in Stone's direction.

At this moment the starter's bell rang, the train began slowly moving out of the station, and with a hurried "good-by," Raemond dashed out of the compartment, leaving Stone alone to face the responsibility of delivering Miss Eakins and her collection of luggage safely at Manchester station—a responsibility which even the bravest of Stone's sex might well have hesitated to face.

Now Stone, as I have previously intimated, was not cast in a heroic mold. He was a timid little gentleman, measuring probably five feet two in his patent leathers, and his great aim in life, so far as the so-called gentler sex was concerned, was to leave them severely alone and quietly flock by himself, as Lord Dunsyre used to express it.

Miss Martha Eakins, on the contrary, though she had chiefly flocked by herself through five-and-forty simmering summers and the same number of dreary winters, had done so unwillingly and under protest, as it were.

For a full quarter of a century the tall and stately Miss Eakins (who loomed nearly a foot above Stone, and looked every inch a grenadier, as I believe I have before hinted) had been on the matrimonial bargain counter—she had a snug little fortune in her own right—waiting patiently for some enterprising and appreciative gentleman to appear on the scene and take possession of her willing heart and other personal property. But, alas! Thus far her waiting had been in vain. Among her list of acquaintances other maidens, young and old, attractive or otherwise, some with fortunes and some without, had been taken, and she alone had been left to mourn over the perverseness of mankind.

Much brooding on the subject, coupled with her infirmity of hearing, had at last resulted in the harmless delusion that every man who treated her at all politely was desperately in love with her, and as Stone had not been warned of this fact, it can readily be surmised that his present position was one of extreme peril—that is, so far as his peace of mind was concerned, at least.

After several tunnels had been passed and the train had emerged once more into daylight, Stone transferred most of the bundles from his lap to the rack overhead, and presently ventured upon the remark that it was a fine day.

"Beg pardon, sir!" said the female grenadier, suddenly straightened up and glancing inquiringly at Stone.

"I said it's a fine day," explained Stone, raising his voice to a shout.

"Gay? Oh, well I try to be, but it's rather hard sometimes for a lonely female to keep her spr—"

A clammy perspiration broke out on Stone. "Excuse me," he interrupted hastily, "I said a fine day; not gay, but day; d-a-y!"

"Say? Let them say what they've a mind to. I fancy Martha Eakins has got money enough, so she doesn't ask any odds of anybody—present company excepted. Of course it is different with you. The minute my nephew introduced us to each other I felt that we were going to be friends—intimate friends, as I may say."

Stone's face was now the color of an Italian sunset, and he was earnestly longing for the bottom to drop out of the carriage and let him through, or for some other catastrophe to come to his rescue, but as usual in such cases his longings were in vain.

"Yes, Mr. Stone, the very instant I set my eyes on you I said to myself, here is a congenial soul, a man that I can trust; and I hope we shall have no secrets from each other. I am rich, but wealth is not all that is worth living for. You may be poor, Mr. Stone—"

"My name is Stone, madam, not Stone," shouted the embarrassed bachelor, "and if you will change the subject to something less personal I shall be greatly obliged to you."

"Obliged to me? Not at all, Mr. Stone. No obligation whatever. I am only too happy—"

"Great heavens!" groaned Stone; "what on earth is the old lady driving at, I wonder?" And then raising his voice, he fairly howled: "Madam, your nephew expects me to see you safely out of the train at Manchester, and I'll do it, but in the meantime I propose—"

"To read my paper in quiet until we reach your station," Stone was about to say, but Miss Eakins was too quick for him. Her ear caught the word propose, and that was enough for her. The supreme moment of her life had arrived and last—or at least she thought it had—and with a cry of joy she flopped over on Stone's shoulder, knocking his hat off and sending it spinning on the floor, and nearly smashing in his ribs against the side of the car.

"Oh, you dear, good man, I felt sure right from the start that you were going to propose! I knew the symptoms well, and— What's the matter, lover? Haven't been taken ill all of a sudden, have you?"

But Stone had wriggled out of her embrace, leaped to the other side of the compartment, and, fortunately for him, the train was just slowing up at the first stop. He tore open the door, and slammed it to. Then dashed down the platform to the conductor's compartment. The stop was brief, and the conductor signaled the driver to go ahead and turned to enter the train, he noticed Stone for the first time. There was no time for explanations, and both leaped into the car.

"Great Scott!" cried Stone, puffing hard to get his breath. "That was a narrow escape. If I hadn't got away when I did I should have found myself a married man before we arrived at our destination. Do you want to earn a ten-dollar bill?"

The conductor was not quite sure of the man's sanity, but keeping a sharp eye on him, he intimated that a banknote of that denomination had its charms.

Then Stone told his story. "If you'll go to about the fifth car when we make another stop, you'll find in one of the compartments a six-foot female, all alone. You might tell her that I am dead, and that the remains would like their hat."

"Yes, sir."

"And then, when you have done that, if you will see that she doesn't find me, and help her out at Manchester with all her goods and chattels, and get her away from the station so that I may go on my way in safety, I'll put another bill on top of the first one."

"All right, sir; leave it to me," responded the conductor with a smile. And all the rest of that journey Jared Stone rode in the conductor's compartment. And fearfully he peered from the window and watched every movement of the dangerous—and gigantic female when at last the station was reached and the passengers poured out upon the platform.

Not until he saw the cab into which her baggage disappeared out of the station, did he emerge from the train, and then only to leap into a closed carriage, which the conductor had secured for him.

He vowed to himself that that \$20 was the best investment he had ever made in his life.

Ethical Editor.

Dr. Talcott Williams said in one of his lectures before the Columbia School of Journalism: "If a paper copies from another paper, it should always give the other paper credit. That is journalistic ethics. The editor of the Cincinnati Schmitz has a firm grip on journalistic ethics. He copied the other day a poem beginning 'A thing of beauty is a joy forever,' and at the poem's end he gave credit like this: "—John Keats, in the Los Angeles Argus."

STENOGRAPHS ARE ELEVATED. The corps of able stenographers who serve as private secretaries to the justices of the supreme court have received an important elevation. A new room has been constructed in the law reference library messan-

ine floor, which gives the supreme court secretaries a higher position than that enjoyed by any other department at the capitol except the tax commission. Chief Custodian William Laist and his handy crew are responsible for the good work on the new apartment.