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THE STATE'S OLDEST NEWSPAPER (Established 1878)

CAPT. FRANK EDWARDS.

Grant us more men of the type of Capt. Frank Edwards.

The Tribune believes in Capt. Edwards, and it believes in the cause he represents.

Had we never heard of the war nor the causes leading up to it nor the objects for which three-quarters of the civilized world is fighting, Capt. Frank Edwards would have converted us last night.

There is something about Edwards that recalls Forbes Robertson in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." Edwards seems to forget himself, his audience, everything, but the terrible death struggle from which he has so recently emerged in France. He does not revile the enemy; he is sparing of expellive and adjective. He tells his story with so much repression that he leaves behind him the conviction that there is much more that might be told, and his message is the more effective for this reason.

The Tribune wishes every man and woman and child in North Dakota could hear Capt. Frank Edwards. It wishes that the very limited percentage of our people who are yet luke-warm or a trifle worse; who still a bit grudgingly invest in Liberty bonds and War Savings Stamps, and who give to the Red Cross and the Y. M. C. A. and Knights of Columbus camp funds, not till it hurts, but as though any giving was painful, might hear Capt. Edwards. The Tribune wishes that every puling pacifist the length and breadth of our great land might hear him; it wishes that every mother and father and wife and daughter and sweetheart of the boys who have gone over there might hear Capt. Edwards and find new cause for rejoicing and pride in the glorious manhood of America.

"Hurry Up, America!" that is the message Capt. Edwards brings.

We have hardly begun to fight; we have not begun to sacrifice, here at home. Our tables, day after day, groan with an overload of food, while our allies, over there, torn by four years' ravages of war must fast. Our manpower has barely been touched, while over there is never a home which has not given some loved one who never will return and whose place must be taken by the devoted women of his family.

Lazy, luxury-loving, lethargic; basking in the thought that the war is 6,000 miles away; deceived into a conviction that we are doing our best, because we have done so much better than anyone believed possible a year ago, jealous of our ease and over-fond of our fortunes, America needs all the Capt. Edwards that can come to us. North Dakota, Montana, Iowa, Minnesota will be the better for having heard him. He should not be allowed to return until every state has had his message.

"Germans don't see victory ahead," writes a war correspondent. They never did; it was only a kaiser-made mirage they saw.

ARE YOU A YELLOW DOG?

Are you eligible for membership in the Yellow Dog society?

Are you one of those misguided persons who persist in repeating German propaganda, unconsciously aiding the kaiser?

Wake up! Examine your conscience!

A very worthy woman at a dinner party in Bismarck a few nights ago stated as a fact, obtained from her sister, a resident of Winnipeg, that the dominion had placed no restrictions on the consumption of wheat and sugar. They are laughing at us, she told us; they eat all the sugar and wheat they want, and then call on us for some of the store we have saved by depriving ourselves. Oh, there was no question about the truth of it—she had it from her own sister.

Of course, somebody lied. We had the good fortune a few days later to meet a Mr. Wilson of Winnipeg, American-born, but now prominent in the public and commercial life of Manitoba. We asked him about it.

"We are allowed a pound and a half of sugar per person a month and 25 pounds for canning," he told us, "and when I left Winnipeg they were talking of reducing this allowance. We have had the closest restrictions on wheat and sugar consumption for three and a half years now. We fasted

for three years, while America had plenty, but we did not complain."

Then there is a good citizen of Underwood. We had barely met him when he whisked from his pocket a collection of kodak pictures which he said he had taken in the public parks of Winnipeg. They showed maimed and crippled men in wheel chairs. "The parks everywhere are filled with them," said this man. "Winnipeg is simply a big hospital, filled with wounded and crippled soldiers. There is the same condition in every town in the dominion."

We asked the Winnipeg man about this. "Yes," he said, "it is true we have many wounded and crippled men in Winnipeg. You know, we have one of the biggest reconstruction hospitals in the dominion there. Returning soldiers from all parts of the provinces come to Winnipeg to this hospital. The hospital is near one of our public parks, and on a bright sunny day you will see scores of these brave fellows in this park. It is not a condition that is general, however, even though Winnipeg has sent over more than 25,000 of its own men."

Only yesterday a minister of the Slope country told of a parishioner of his, a loyal mother whose boy is in France, to whom had come some skulking agent of the kaiser with his slimy lies. This woman had been told that America was using a gun on the Marne front which claimed the life of one of its battery every time it was fired. The Yellow Dog had gone into much detail, telling how the men drew lots to determine the victim, and he left this mother almost convinced that Uncle Sam was practicing such barbarity. Of course, there is no such gun in use by any of the allies nor by the enemy; under no conceivable condition could such a sacrifice be necessary. Even in the firing of the great 75-mile guns with which the Boche for a time dropped shells on Paris no loss of life, not even great discomfort, was necessary. But this story, had it not promptly come to the ears of a man who was sane and whose denial carried weight, would have sped from one well-intentioned tongue to another, and it would have done the kaiser's work for him.

Don't be a yellow dog. When you hear a weird tale do not repeat it. Seek confirmation first, and you will save yourself ignomy and your country injustice and injury.

You've got to hand it to Kitchin for one thing—he has the stubbornness of his confliotions.

BAD MEN WANTED.

Officials of the Tank Service are just now combing the country for tough citizens.

The western bad man, the southern feudist, the tough, rough timber pack and the leather necked miner and teamster and town brave are requested to climb into the nearest tank and be as ornery as they please.

The bad men, the daring men, the rough and tough and always ready for a fuss or frolic men, are wanted; 15,000 of them, and if they haven't all gone on ahead to Flanders doubtless the tank folks will get a full quota.

The logger, the white water men, the cowmen, the prospectors, the gun fighters, the indian fighters, the sons of the golden west, and the sons of the Arctic circle.

By the tens of thousands men were made, and a lot of them are still with us.

And their sons and their sons' sons will be with us, praise be, for generations.

Over in France the stolid HUN wakes from a sound sleep six miles back of his line to discover his neat little hut filled with Yank scouts who have ambushed and dodged all entanglements.

Over in Flanders they marvel that the Yank troops calmly wait until each rifleman has picked his advancing HUN, and then drill him neatly and pass on to the next.

Over there they are even now marveling at the skill and nerve and zeal displayed by the Yanks in their nightly forays in No Man's Land; not knowing that every American boy stalked Indians from his youth up in every play hour.

But when that 15,000 load of real tough men arrive, and take those big tanks and those baby tanks, and those betwixt and between tanks out to call on Heine there will be a real astonishment.

Some of these days the halls at Potsdam will resound to the walls of Me and Got Bill, as he is borne swiftly down stairs under the arm of some husky who spans as he strides.

And ten to one that husky will be some durn tough cuss from Hell's Gulch, who 20 years ago tied his guns to his pants legs, and sharpened his belt knife on the tough old heel of his hand.

And if it isn't Willy Eye Bill of Skunk Canyon it will probably be Willie de Reinskiller from Upper Fifth-av, who before the war met adventure in a sea-going cab, and took a sporting chance with six traffic cops any time he stepped on the throttle.

Between Willie and Wild Eye there is no real difference, except in early environment.

Tough men! Why, call the roll of any private military school between the coasts and they'll answer "all present."

It is treason to waste food.

Thrifty Stamps will help the Hun on the run.

We should travel even faster when the HUN'S on the run.

Evidently the British are in as large a hurry to get to Berlin as we are.

BLIND-MAN'S-BUFF



NORTH DAKOTA SOLDIER BOY IN FRANCE WRITES OF THE LEAGUE

FROM FLOYD P. SARQUIST.

With the A. E. F. Somewhere in France, July 30, 1918.

Dear Friend:

I received your letter about a week ago and I haven't had time to answer it until today. I am certainly glad to hear you and your family are so well and that business is good on the road out there. I received a letter from that young lady in Max which I am going to answer today, too. That newspaper bulletin about the Nonpartisan League was very interesting, and several other fellows from North Dakota were glad to read it, too. I am very well posted on politics out there but the few North Dakota newspapers that have come within my reach didn't seem to think much of the organization. I think that the people out there are patriotic enough to see that justice and loyalty to the main issue prevail. I've read a lot about the pro-German activities of the Nonpartisan League and from what I can learn they will never amount to much out there any more. How is it that they have never changed the name of Bismarck. All other towns throughout the United States that have German names have changed to good American names. Bismarck was the man who really thought out the plans for a German world and he was the one who (not denying he was a great statesman in one way) first taught the "Fatherland above honor" and that "might was right." Everybody I meet from other parts of the country and get to talking with always express their wonderment of good Americans who will live in a town named after him. Anybody who has been there knows that the people are all right and that the town is all right, but that name does not do good. I got a letter from a friendly letter and also a service letter stating that I was on indefinite leave of absence. I would like to study up on airplane and machinery a little bit, but I haven't any text. I am going to write to my laudatory there and see if she can't find by book on air, and send it to me. If you would scout around among the boys and see if they have any old papers on triple valves, compound engines, valve gears, lubricators or any old air or machinery subjects, I would appreciate it. I don't expect anyone to send me books, etc., that they have used for themselves, but I think maybe they might have some of these Westinghouse circulars laying around. I think I will drop the Westinghouse people a letter on the subject. I don't know for sure yet, but I am pretty likely to go back on the railroad for a year or two anyway. I would rather spend my spare moments over here studying than just idle reading.

When you speak of having a green Russian fireman, reminds me of some experiences we went through out there together. It certainly sounds good to hear you are going to have a big crop out there and I only wish I was back there to help haul it. I met "Boomer" Reid once in Texas and a couple of times since I have been in France. He still keeps the same nick name and was declared heavyweight champion at Kelly Field. When I last saw him he had his head shaved and he sure was a rough looking soldier. When he took his hat off you could almost see him in stripes. Is Faisy still foreman at Wishek, or is he back at Bismarck? Did they make 250-54-55-51 mixed account of the war? There was a lad in our outfit from Plaza that knew nearly everybody up there. Be sure and give my best wishes to everybody out there I know. You don't happen to know what outfit the Wolf boys are in, do you? Don't inconvenience yourself in the matters of those air or machinery texts. I know that most of that stuff one likes to keep for reference. With best wishes and hoping that Mrs. McKee and the Misses McKee are in good health, I remain, Your old frebby, Floyd P. Sarquist.

N. E.—Am enclosing clipping that may interest you.

The clipping referred to is from the

Walla-Walla Bulletin, and is as follows:

"CROOKED NONPARTISAN PLANS ARE LAID BARE AT WINLOCK."

On the night of Thursday, April 26, 1918, Alfred Knutson, state manager of the Nonpartisan league of North Dakota, and Roy W. Edwards, an organizer for the league, held a two-hour conference in Knutson's room at the Winlock hotel, at Winlock, Wash. The entire conversation was heard by four witnesses, whose affidavits appear below. Knutson's purpose throughout the conversation seemed to be to give Edwards who has worked for the league only a few weeks, inside information as to its workings and real object. The gist of the conference is herewith given. Sluister Objects.

"The object of our organization is to gain control of the politics of the country—that is, the state's offices and those of the government. We do not wish to meddle with county affairs, they are of no consequence. We find most of the farmers so provincial, however, that we have difficulty in keeping them from messing up matters with their petty politics. What we want, of all things, is control of the supreme bench, the attorney general and the governor. We have already succeeded in subjugating North Dakota, and if a revolution were called tomorrow, fully 90 per cent of the people of that state would respond to the call."

"All organizations of this nature heretofore have not been efficient. Why? Because they were built on the principle of democracy. While we wish the people to think that they have control of their own organization, we will give them an oligarchical rule, control in the hands of the few. You see, the league has taken a lesson from Big Business and we have founded our organization on the same principles. That's why we are so successful. With all her sins—Big Business has taught us this valuable lesson. Control of the banks, the products of labor and the government in general. There will be no middlemen, for in reality they are only the clerks of Big Business."

Some Secrets.

"We are not giving out these facts," he said to a subordinate, "as we organize. This must be fed to the farmer a little at a time." At this point Governor Alexander of Idaho was mentioned and his chain of stores. "We are merely following in the footsteps of Big Business, perfecting a scientific organization to control the world for the people. But the control must be in the hands of a few."

"Will it be necessary to resort to forceful means?" was asked by the local organizer, who is comparatively new to the game. "The time is not yet ripe," was the reply. "Why, if we were not for North Dakota today, Minnesota could not stand. We must secretly build our machine—then strike. We have 14 states fairly organized now. We have in Washington 6,000 members, that is, we so report, although the actual figures are something over 4,000. We have gained momentum and they cannot stop us now. 'TIS TOO LATE.'"

"IF THE GOVERNMENT HAD INSTITUTED THE MILITARY FIRING SQUAD IT WOULD HAVE PUT THE FEAR OF GOD INTO US. BUT NOW IT IS TOO LATE."

There was about two hours of this stuff and adjectives were mostly of an unprintable nature. The farmers were spoken of as tools to attain the ultimate purpose. In speaking of organizing solicitors he said, "What we want is a man of physical strength, and one who can sign them up by forceful means, browbeating talk. We want a man who has endurance to work nights, if the fishing is good. One who is not too honest. Tell them anything to get them in."

His subaltern then put the following question: "Does a man's past act as a hindrance?" Men with a past are, as a rule, the most desirable, but take them away from where they are known. County of Lewis, ss: We, R. S. Rees, W. W. Webb, Lacy

MARINE TELLS OF FIRST FIGHT

Had Empty Feeling Inside When He Went Over the Top.

BOCHE IS COWARDLY FIGHTER

"Afraid to Take His Own Medicine," Says Marine—Describes Work of Devil Dogs in Battle at Chateau Thierry.

Paris.—He was a United States Marine. He hailed from Chicago, and I judged his age to be twenty-two or twenty-three. I did not learn his name, but during the short hour we spent together he poured out to me his personal impressions of the fighting, in which he had taken a share, at Chateau Thierry.

He naively apologized when he learned I was an American, saying: "Of course, when I've been in and out of the trenches a few times I expect it will all grow stale, and I shan't want to talk about it."

He was just a normal boy, and he related his experiences and impressions without pose or boastfulness.

"When we took over that part of the line we were told it was a quiet sector," he said, "but it didn't remain long quiet. We learned afterwards that at first the Germans thought we were British, our uniforms being somewhat alike, but when they discovered that we were Yanks they began to get curious about us. They were sure satisfied pretty quick."

Had Empty Feeling.

"What were your own personal feelings the first time you went over the top?" I asked.

"Well," I slowly, "I suppose I was frightened. I had a sickening, empty feeling somewhere inside me. Just before we were to start our captain said: 'Now, boys, there's no need to feel bad about it. These men over the other side are feeling just as bad, in fact a mighty sight worse,' I remember his words distinctly, because they were the last he said, except to give the command to start. We had to advance through a field of green wheat, sopping with dew, so that we got wet through and could hardly keep our feet on the slippery ground. Our captain and lieutenant were killed right at the start, and also the first sergeant."

"We had only the gunner sergeant left, and all around the men were falling, and the air was filled with the noise from bursting shells, cries of dying men, the groans of the wounded, the singing of bullets, and the clatter of the machine guns."

"It's a funny thing, but I can remember all the different sounds as clearly and distinctly as if each one had been separate instead of all going on at once."

He paused in his talk a moment and I could see his frame stiffen at the mere recollection. Then he added, slowly and with emphasis:

"I've never been what you'd call a praying chap, but I prayed hard then, and many times since."

I nodded in agreement, for the war has taught many people how to pray. After a moment I said: "Yes, and then?"

"Well, we saw pretty soon that if we didn't hurry up and get to the wood there wouldn't be any of us left to take it—so we just hiked like—as if it was an express train that we just had to catch or bust. And when we got there it didn't take us long to clear the Boche out. He would go on firing until we were right on top of him with the bayonet and then he'd yell out 'Kamerad,' and hold up his hands. The Boche ain't a sportsman; he's afraid to take his own medicine."

"To H— With 'Kamerad.'"

"Even in the midst of the fight I couldn't help laughing out at the man alongside of me. He had seen his rhum fall and came on just wild, and when he was going for one German the Boche yelled: 'Kamerad, I've a wife and ten children in Berlin,' and the marine said: 'If you went back to Berlin there'd be ten more children—to h— with you,' and rammed him with his bayonet."

"What happened after you cleared out the Hun?" I asked.

"By that time we were reduced to about half our company, and were ordered to dig ourselves in. You should have seen me dig! Some of us had lost our picks and we dug with our hands, our cups, or anything we could make use of. What in an ordinary way I should have considered a good half day's work I did in half an hour. They were not proper trenches, just shallow ditches, deepened shell holes.

"Men were falling all around and two bullets went through my pack as I crouched as near the ground as possible digging like h— . So I took my pack off and put it on the parapet to the side of me, and the Germans kept on popping at it. While I was digging every time I looked up to throw the dirt out I could see a flower moving to and fro in the wind just in front of me, and then once I glanced up just in time to see that flower tipped off as if by an invisible hand and lie on the ground. Somehow that made me realize almost more than anything how near death was."

Making Guncotton Safe.

Guncotton, properly used and completely purified from "free" or uncombined acid, is not liable to spontaneous combustion. Such guncotton kept for many years, shows no tendency to chemical change, however gradual.

PEOPLE'S FORUM

THE NAME OF OUR CITY.

Editor Bismarck Tribune, Bismarck, North Dakota.

While the question of changing the name of our city is in the minds of the people I would suggest we get busy and do it. Why not get out a petition and let the citizens decide as to whether it will be changed or not. I would suggest as a name one that is easily spelled, spoken and remembered and only one other of the same in the United States that I have heard of. That is, Boston. Boston, N. D. wouldn't sound so bad. Think it over. Very truly yours, PIONEER.

Marvelous Grand Canyon.

Those who have lived with, rather than glanced at, the Grand Canyon become increasingly moved by its glories. It has inspired more literature and art than all the other scenic places of America combined. It is the center of a steadily increasing pilgrimage of painters. It perhaps may be said that the Grand Canyon and the region of which it is the climax inspire the highest as well as certainly the most extensive expression of landscape art in America today.

The First "Will."

Four eastern slaves and the right to dwell in his house "without allowing her to be put forth on the ground by any person" was the legacy of Utah, the Egyptian, to his wife, Shefu, the woman of Gesab, who is called Teta, the daughter of Sat Sepdu. It was drawn 1,000 years ago, and is regarded by authorities as the first will ever made.

Dizziness Causes Fall—Head Injured

A year ago my stomach bloated so badly with gas that I fell unconscious and cut my head badly on corner of door. I had suffered from stomach trouble for several years and no medicine helped me to speak of. A druggist patched up my head and advised me to use Mayr's Wonderful Remedy for my stomach trouble. The results have been really wonderful. I have never had any sign of my former symptoms since. It is a simple, harmless preparation that removes the catarrhal mucus from the intestinal tract and allays the inflammation which causes practically all stomach, liver and intestinal ailments, including appendicitis. One dose will convince or money refunded.