

THE BISMARCK TRIBUNE

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LITTLE SATISFACTION

When the Courier-News could find in the Kositzky-Liggett debate nothing to exploit in a seven-column front-page streamer more worth whole than the fact that for a brief time State Auditor Kositzky had his wife on the clerical staff in his office, there must, indeed, have been very little satisfaction in this encounter for the "Curious-Snooze" and the interests it represents.

Mr. Liggett's rear-guard action against Mrs. Kositzky reminds us of the tactics of a well-known American little animal more valued out of its skin than in. This varmint when cornered doesn't pause to argue, but executes an abrupt about face and succeeds in making matters temporarily unpleasant for those in its immediate vicinity.

Mr. Liggett had really been anxious to give his audience information on the subject of nepotism—and we might pause here to mention the fact that this heinous offense of Mr. Kositzky's was committed at a time when he was high in the graces of Mr. Townley and that it was known to Mr. Townley and that it did not prevent the latter from re-endorsing Mr. Kositzky for state auditor.

But, as a matter of fact, the 1,100 truth-seekers who flocked to the Auditorium last Saturday didn't go there to hear about nepotism. It's an evil not common to the present administration, nor peculiar to North Dakota. There has existed from the time of Adam and Eve this same inclination on the part of job-holders to keep the plums within the family.

Mr. Kositzky in his calm, deliberate discussion of the issues now before the people of North Dakota, strengthened himself and his cause. He aided a movement which may some day give North Dakota a real farmers' league, controlled by farmers, working for the good of the farmers, and not merely a machine for the exploitation of Townleys and Mills and Boxes and Hastings.

THREE SQUARE MEALS FOR 39 CENTS; IN FRANCE, NOT AMERICA

Dispatches from Paris tell of the opening by the French government of a chain of Paris restaurants which will serve to the public not less than 400,000 meals each day.

The food is to be scientifically prepared so that the calory content of the day's meals will be scientifically proportioned to the needs of the human body.

The price of the three meals is to be 39 cents. But, the most interesting and significant thing about the proposition is that practically all of the food to be used in these restaurants comes from America.

Now, the man or woman who would, under present conditions, try to live in an American restaurant on 39 cents a day would be—well, we don't like to characterize him.

The question that seems to propound itself insistently is this:

How can the French government get American food from America over to France paying all the freight bills and distribute it at the rate of three square meals a day for 39 cents?

cents, why should the same quantity of food over here cost so much more?

YOU CAN DO YOUR BIT TOWARD MAKING THIS A CITY BEAUTIFUL

A fellow feels better when he has a clean collar on, and even a boy is a more desirable citizen when he has his face washed. Of course, we never hope to convince the boy of this, but it's true nevertheless. Clothes don't "make" a man, and a scrubbed face doesn't make the map of one's soul, but the scenic effect of a summer holiday is more attractive because there are more clean collars and clean faces in the crowds.

What cleaning up and dressing up does for one's self, it will do for one's dwelling place, the house, the yard, the back alley and the front street. It will bring more brightness, happiness, and all the other material pleasures of life into the corner of the world you occupy. Also, it is sanitary, and therefore lengthens life as it shortens doctors' bills.

Yes, you may scatter parks throughout a city. You may build high sky-scrapers, mammoth city halls, imposing monuments, cooling fountains, and public buildings galore, but still be far from a city beautiful. Nor do any of those things make it a city healthful.

For a city is nothing more or less than a collection of homes. That city with comfortable, clean, sanitary, inviting homes is a city beautiful to human eyes. Such homes have flowers in the yard, as much lawn as the kiddies will permit, paint on the weather-boarding, and present much the same pleasing appearance you do when you put on your Sunday clothes and go out for a walk with the missus. You may identify such homes by the absence of tin cans in the back yard, the lack of rubbish in the alley, and the failure to find broken glass in the street.

One such dwelling place is a picture to gladden a man's soul. Block after block, street after street, of such homes, make a city beautiful. It doesn't matter whether they are rows of mansions, or of cottages, the general effect is the same—that of cleanliness, order, beauty, and comfort.

All this is the result of a bucket of paint, grass and flower seeds, raking up, and repairing. It is doing to the outside of your home what the good wife does to the inside on her spring housecleaning rampage.

And there is material profit in owning such a home. And in having neighbors who clean up, paint up, and dress-up their dwelling places. For it increases the value of your property to do this. Thus it increases your wealth, not only what you do to your house and yard, but what your neighbors do to theirs.

Nature chooses spring for her annual housecleaning, dressing-up time, for it is the best time. Nature knows. Take a tip from her.

WITH THE EDITORS

MR. WILSON'S APPEAL FOR JUSTICE

President Wilson has now boldly taken the Fiume case into the court of world opinion. His public statement is admirable in the cogency of its logic, the calm firmness of its tone, the appeal for just dealing it makes to victorious Italy. Unanimously approved by the American delegation, it will also no doubt enlist the support of the American people, who desire their representatives in Paris to make a peace founded on justice.

The Pact of London, made before the United States entered the war, was designed to bind Italy to the cause of the allies. It was made on the assumption that, when the war ended, there would be an Austria-Hungary to deal with, a defeated enemy from whom certain spoils could be taken for destowal on the new ally. But even the Pact of London did not promise Fiume to Italy. The port was to remain Croatian. Italy now seeks, by giving up the parts of Dalmatia that were promised to her, to secure Fiume in exchange.

But, as Mr. Wilson shows, the Pact of London is a dead letter. It never did bind the United States, and in view of the completely altered circumstances it ought not to be held as binding the powers that signed it. Instead of a beaten but hostile Austria-Hungary, Italy has for neighbors new and friendly Slavic states—states that will be in the League of Nations and committed to the policies of peace, justice and prosperity. It would be monstrous to deny them their own port on the Mediterranean. The only real argument for making Fiume Italian and the Adriatic an Italian lake, was the naval menace of Austria-Hungary to Italy's safety. That menace has been removed by the results of the war. Italy no longer has anything to fear. She can afford to be just to Jugo-Slavia.

But the Italian delegation has withdrawn from the conference. This creates an admittedly grave situation. The present imperialistic regime in Italy may fall as a result of its intransigent stand at Paris. But the power of Italy to alter the results of the conference is dubious.

Italy needs the allies far more than they need her. Coal and food she must have, if her industries are to revive and her people be fed. It may be assumed that if Orlando and Sonnino do not yield, Italy will sooner or later choose other representatives who will do so. For though Great Britain and France stand ready to carry out the Pact of London, if held to its strict letter, they really uphold the American position and counsel Italy to award Fiume to Jugo-Slavia. —Minneapolis Journal

THE THOROUGHbred

Bu Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of "The Real Adventure," "The Painted Scene," Etc. (Copyright by the Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

So he went along, except for an occasional twinge, rather easily, until the night when his incautious reference to little Major March, and his equally incautious neglect to bring home a pay envelope, brought him up standing against a fact and on the threshold of a surprise. The fact was that his pretended willingness to tell Celia when the occasion should arise, was completely false. She's given him the occasion, and instead of taking it, he had, in a panic, deliberately lied to her—made up a hasty excuse about having had his salary raised, so obviously flimsy and extemporaneous, that it was a wonder she hadn't seen through it.

And the surmise was that Celia was not so happy—not, at least, so contented with their present way of living—as he'd supposed. The way her mind had played with the possibility that the inventor might make their fortune after all—as if, for some reason, a fortune were a desirable thing—had kept him awake for hours that night. And when at last, discovering that she was awake too, he had nerved himself to ask her, point-blank, if she was getting tired of the way they lived—of the hardships and deprivations of it all, and she had told him eagerly that she was not—she had begun to say something that would qualify her answer, and then stopped. "Only—"

It had taken all his resolution to ask her to go. "Only what?" And she'd said "Nothing—yet."

Chapter X INTERVENTION

Barring one bad moment just after she entered the store, when the floor-walker came up and asked, rather mechanically, what he could do for her, Celia found no difficulty in carrying out the first item of her program—namely, the sale of her jewels.

Old Colonel Forsythe, the senior partner of the firm, had known her father for years, and her since she was a little girl, and from the moment she was shown into his office, everything was easy for her. He probably, at that moment of his own inner surety, told him her errand, which she held complete, in one sentence, as she held out her parcel to him.

"I want to sell these things for two thousand dollars," she said. She added, over the look of acute unhappiness she saw come into his face, "mean these things are worth that much."

He explained, while he was cutting the string and opening the package, why it was that the amount things had cost was not a trustworthy guide to what they might be worth when one wanted to sell them. "We can't sell second-hand jewelry, you know, and all we can pay for is the base stone at the bullion value of the setting."

His face cleared instantly, though, when he saw the contents of her treasure-box. Alfred's taste, luckily, had been primitive. It hadn't run to encrusted butterflies and things like that—had confined itself to what a gambler or a professional baseball player would speak of as rocks.

"These things are worth considerably more than two thousand dollars," said the jeweler.

"Oh, that's nice," said Celia comfortably. "But it's just two thousand that I want. So if you'll pick out what comes to that, I'll take the rest back."

The thing could be done on that basis, but not, if he had so instantly as Celia had supposed. To his offer to mail her a check during the day, and send the remainder back to her by special messenger, she demurred. She'd like to wait for the money, if she might, and take it away in cash.

To her surprise, he hesitated over this request, frowned, drummed his fingers on the table, rather, on the point of making some sort of protest, and then instead, said something that struck her, for a moment, as utterly irrelevant, about the wild uncertainties of the stock market.

The course she and Alfred had been taking in the movies during the past three months, supplied her suddenly with an explanation, and she laughed. "Oh, I'm not going to speculate with it," she told him, and his face cleared at once.

"If only you knew how many of them do that behind their husband's backs—women who ought to know better—and put me in a position of having to choose between being an official mediator, and a participant criminal!"

"Do they, really?" she asked, properly scandalized. "But how silly of me!"

"Eczema broke out all over my body, especially my face, in red, inflamed blisters. It itched so that I could hardly stand it, and I could not wear any colored clothes next to me. I searched night and day, and I could not work much. I could not rest. I had this trouble ten or eleven years. Then I used Cuticura, and I used eight cakes of Soap with five boxes of Ointment, and I was healed." (Signed) Miss Lolo Converse, 120 N. Mission St., Mt. Pleasant, Mich.

Cuticura Toilet Trio—Consisting of Soap, Ointment and Talcum, promotes skin health often when all else fails. The Soap to cleanse and purify, the Ointment to soothe and heal, the Talcum to powder and perfume. Having obtained a clear, healthy skin by the use of Cuticura, I can recommend the Soap for all toilet purposes, assisted by touches of Ointment as needed. Cuticura Soap is ideal for the complexion, it is so delicate and creamy.

them! They always lose, don't they?" The movies, as I say, had made this perfectly clear to her. She was quite honest about this. The word speculation had a definite meaning to her. It consisted in taking your money to a room with a ticker in it, giving it to a man, who immediately rushed out to the floor of the stock exchange with it, and made wild gestures, while his victim stayed by the ticker and watched the tape: at first with exultation—because you always won at first—and later with despair. Because, inevitably, you lost in the end. That the word speculation could be applied to the act she contemplated, namely, giving her money, practically—

to an inventor, for the purpose of financing the tests of his invention, didn't occur to her.

His doubts removed by the unquestionable candor of Celia's attitude, Colonel Forsythe promptly thought of a way to avoid keeping her waiting.

"I can give you two thousand dollars now," he said, "and then, when these things are precisely valued, which involves examining and weighing them very closely, you can come in and see to what whatever will leave us the two thousand dollars' worth we have bought." He also persuaded her to take a check instead of the twenty 100-dollar bills she wanted. She hadn't thought of pickpockets.

Major March's address—ascertained from the telephone book, down in the lower twenties somewhere, just off Washburn avenue, involving a ride in a crowded street car—made the colonel's suggestion seem worth taking.

A momentary fright she had on the way down would have been a good deal more serious if she had had those twenty 100-dollar bills in her wrist-bag. The adventure began just a block after she had taken the street car, when a man got on and sat down beside her. The car wasn't empty enough to make his action of his really marked. He'd have had to sit down beside somebody. Still there were plenty of other places where he might have sat, and he had chosen her seat rather abruptly—plunged down in it without that customary moment of hesitation to give her a chance to move over a little, and quite involuntarily she glanced round at him.

The glance reassured her. He seemed completely preoccupied—unaware of her as anything but a lump that took up so much space in the seat. He held a big manila envelope in his hands; which were pale and nervously precise in their movements.

The moment he was settled in his seat, he put on a pair of tortoise-shell spectacles, and the patent fastener of the envelope, and drew out a quantity of typewritten sheets, whose pristine freshness proclaimed that they were just out of the machine—a manuscript, evidently, that he was just fetching away from the typist who'd copied it for him. An author, probably. That would account for the vague oddity there was about everything he did. His sheets were spread out so candidly under her eye, that she had definitely to turn away and look out the window in order to avoid reading them.

Just before they reached the street where she was to get off, she pressed the motorman's signal and stood up. The action seemed to startle her companion, rather unnecessarily, for he snatched off his spectacles, crammed his pages together anyhow, and himself rose to let her go by.

She said: "Oh, I'm sorry!" and "Thank you," in a tone which her faint amusement over him made a little less mechanically impersonal than the one she'd ordinarily have used.

She was so one would hardly have thought he heard anything more than common civility in it, and she was a good deal surprised when, obviously without premeditation, he followed her down the aisle and got off the car just behind her. It was still more disconcerting when she'd crossed the street and turned east, to observe that he was coming along the way, too.

She was not really alarmed about him, of course, and but for the forlornness of the neighborhood, with its negro tenements, boarded-up residences, and rusty little stores with windows long unwashed, she'd hardly have given him two thoughts. As it was, when she saw the number she wanted, pausing only on a transient, she had an impulse to keep right on going as briskly as possible to the nearest car line. She conquered it, of course, and went up the three rickety steps to the door above which the number was painted. It was an unkept little wooden building one story high, that had once been a retail shop. But its show window—not large but common panes—had been painted white, as also the light in the door had been, to baffle the curiosity of the passer-by.

She tried the door and found it locked; knocked smartly on it, and got no answer, and was turning away, baffled, when she saw that her pursuer from the street car had halted at the foot of the steps and seemed, indecisively, to be waiting for her to come down. That was when she got her momentary fright.

"She turned back to the door and rattled it. Whereupon the young man came up the steps. At that she rounded upon him.

"What do you want?" she demanded fiercely.

"I wanted to get in," he said, and then she saw he had a key in his hand.

She stared at him a second, then understood. The explanation was so simple that nothing but the extraordinary nature of the coincidence had kept her from seeing it sooner. In his absorption over his papers, he'd have ridden by his corner, if her getting up hadn't aroused him. She said: "Oh, then you're Major March?" Then she realized that she'd called this total stranger by his first name. To cover this slip, she hurried on: "I'm Celia Blair—Alfred Blair's wife." And, in the next breath, before he'd at all got his, she added, "I've come to bring you that two thousand dollars."

At that he stared back at her. The look in his eyes wasn't far from panic. Vaguely he put his key back in his pocket, crumpled his carefully chosen

very white, beaded out all over his forehead with sweat, and sat down limply on the top step. She rescued his envelope and said: "If you'll give me your key, I'll go in and get you a drink of water."

He said, "Just a minute," and before the expiration of that time, got to his feet again, unlocked the door, and with a ceremony pathetically out of place in the circumstances, ushered her in ahead of him.

The little shop was pretty well filled up with bulky objects which she classified loosely as machinery, but there were two chairs—one with a cushion in it, in front of an old black walnut table. In order to get him to sit down she promptly took the other one.

"This is made out to me," she said, taking the check from her wrist-bag, "so I'll have to endorse it." She reached over and handed herself to a pen. "Shall I say, 'Pay to the order of Major March'?"

"Yes," he said blankly, "that's all right."

When she pushed it over to him, he picked it up, but almost instantly laid it down again and drew a trembling hand across his forehead. Then, with an astonishing intensity, he seizes fairly burning into her, he demanded, "There's nothing funny about this, is there? This is no joke? That's a good check? I can get the money?"

"Joke!" she gasped. Then, very simply, "It's a good check. They're the biggest firm of jewelers in the city. It's quite all right."

He offered no apology for his questions; just sat there drawing in one long breath after another. After a moment he pulled the papers out of the envelope he'd brought in with him, and once more, unconsciously, began crumpling them.

"Oh, please don't do that!" Celia cried, and would have rescued them from him. But he checked them bodily into a wastepaper basket.

"They're no good now," he said. "That check's the answer to them. It was a fool appeal I was going to send out—hopeless, I knew, all the while."

Then he got up and said, "I suppose you'd like to see about the place a little," and taking her assent for granted, began to point things out to her—hydrogen generator, and electrical furnace—other things whose names

HEARTBURN or heaviness after meals are most annoying manifestations of acid-dyspepsia. KI-MOIDS pleasant to take, neutralize acidity and help restore normal digestion. MADE BY SCOTT & BOWNE MAKERS OF SCOTT'S EMULSION

and of these he selected Mayapple leaves of Aloe, root of Jalap, and from them made little white sugar-coated pills, that he called Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. You must understand that when your intestines are stopped up, poisons and decayed matter are imprisoned in our system and these are carried by the blood through your body. Thus does your head ache, you get dizzy, you can't sleep, your skin may break out, your appetite declines you get tired and despondent. As a matter of fact, you may get sick all over. Don't you see how useless all this suffering is? All that is often needed is a dose of castor oil, or something which is more pleasant, a few of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, which he has placed in all drug stores for your convenience and health. Try them by all means. They are probably the very thing you need,—right now.

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Broken-out, aggravated itching skin is a condition demanding the best soothing, healing, antiseptic treatment for its speedy correction. This Poslam supplies working quickly, readily, reliably; attacking stubborn troubles like eczema with a concentrated healing energy that soon brings improvement. So little does so much and makes short work of pimples, rashes, scalp-ache, clearing inflamed complexions overnight.

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were too unfamiliar to stick in her mind. But suddenly he stopped in full career, and said, as if it were what he had been talking about all the while, "You see, when a man really doubts himself, that's about the end of him. That's why my talk with Alfred Blair Saturday just about finished me. He's a man of imagination—a big man. And he believed in me once. He was the only person who did. It's been as much as anything else, the feeling that I've got to justify that belief that's kept me going. I have kept going, and I've got the things right that were wrong before."

(To Be Continued.) WANTED—Chamber maid at Grand Pacific Hotel. 4-18-ft

BIG LAND BARGAIN 160 Acres—\$600. Another 160 acres adjoining \$1600; and 600 acres adjoining this 320 acres that can be rented for pasture. This will make an ideal stock and grain farm. \$1200 cash.

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In the Springtime

It's just at this time of the year that we need something taken from Nature to restore the vital forces. People get sick because they go away from Nature, and the only way to get well is to go back. Something grows out of the ground in the form of vegetation to cure almost every ill. Some of these vegetable growths are understood by man, and some are not. Animals, it would seem, know what to do when they are sick better than men and women. Observers have noted that a sick horse, dog or cat will stop eating food and seek out some vegetable growth in the field or yard, which, when found and eaten, often restores appetite and health. Haven't you seen these animals do this very thing yourself?

Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., long since found herbs and roots provided by Nature to overcome constipation, and of these he selected Mayapple leaves of Aloe, root of Jalap, and from them made little white sugar-coated pills, that he called Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. You must understand that when your intestines are stopped up, poisons and decayed matter are imprisoned in our system and these are carried by the blood through your body. Thus does your head ache, you get dizzy, you can't sleep, your skin may break out, your appetite declines you get tired and despondent. As a matter of fact, you may get sick all over. Don't you see how useless all this suffering is? All that is often needed is a dose of castor oil, or something which is more pleasant, a few of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, which he has placed in all drug stores for your convenience and health. Try them by all means. They are probably the very thing you need,—right now.

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