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THE STATE'S OLDEST NEWSPAPER. (Established 1873)

SEW ON, LITTLE GIRL, SEW ON, FOR THIS IS YOUR HOME SUPREME

Little girl, stitching happily at your trousseau, God made the spring for you. It is your Supreme Hour. Stroll under the stars and breathe your perfect joy—the bliss of drifting down the great current of natural law.

Sew on, little girl. All the romance of the human race centers on you. Mothers of the future, thank God for your function in life—greater than organizing trusts or winning wars.

Consider your sisters of the engagement ring. Elaine's romance began at a thousand-dollar ball. Mary, a Red Cross nurse, whispered "Yes" in France. Possibly your own first true lover's-kiss followed a movie. You are all the same—sisters who have woman's faith in man.

Uncle Sam—your Uncle Sam in Washington—has a message for you: Very recent figures show that one out of every nine American marriages is a complete failure—ends in divorce.

Let this fact not weaken your resolve nor cloud your hopes. Be sure that you have the right man. Be sure that you and he really know each other—that there is no pretense, no masquerading.

Ahead of you lies a greater adventure than befalls a soldier crossing the seas. All is not sunshine in married life. Nor all clouds. Think not of the one woman in nine whose romance ends in a divorce court. Eight women of the nine find marriage a success. With you and with your mate rests the choice.

Both of you! Believe in life. Believe in humans, with allowance for their handicaps as human beings. That is the most priceless of life's gifts. Let no cynicism, no blue-vitriol philosophy—eat like acid into your heart and soul. Married happiness—the love, is a state of mind. Strive that that state not slip away.

Sew on, little girl, working with your trousseau. Yours is the happiness of the butterfly and the mother bird—you have faith in life, faith in man.

Senator Hitchcock cabled Wilson that the entire country now favors the league. We think so,

too, and we know as little about it as Hitchcock does.

Slaughter of the Jews by Ukrainians doesn't indicate so much hatred of the Jews as love for what the Jews have in their shops.

WITH THE EDITORS

CHEAPER TO KEEP CLEAN

Spring is here. It calls for putting everything in apple pie order. Swing into line and heed its call. Take a tip from old Mother Nature. We do not want Mother Nature to outdo us in dressing up. Clean Up and Paint Up.

Look around the premises and see where a bit of carpentry work not only will make things look better, but will add years to their wear. You will possibly also want to make things last a little longer by doing a little painting here and there.

Cleanliness, sanitation, beautification, conservation and safety are all synonyms. They symbolize good citizenship, and good citizenship is good business. These things reduce fire insurance rates and fire losses, increase property values, remove unsafe buildings, make cleaner alleys, yards and homes, develop more attractive and safer homes and places of business, and produce a community spirit that permanently assures a cleaner, safer, healthier and more attractive city. Such a spirit, when once well started, is contagious. It practically refurnishes the entire town.

As a matter of fact, from the standpoint of economy, it is cheaper to keep things in repair and looking well than to allow them to go to waste. Also, it is cheaper to keep well than to submit to conditions which spell sickness. Cleaning up and keeping clean is the practical solution of community sanitary problems. It can be done.

Spring calls for painting. The annual loss through lack of painting is greater than the annual loss by fire. Cleaning up and painting is a long step toward fire prevention. This rids homes and business houses of accumulations of rubbish that are liable to start fires and are menaces to a community. Remember that all fires are the same size at the start. At the same time, the alleys should be cleaned; fences and sheds should be repaired; vacant lots should be cleaned and tin cans, paper and dead weeds removed.

Hartford, Conn., instituted a clean up campaign and then stayed clean. The following year the fire loss was reduced \$86,000 and the death rate was reduced 5 per cent. The result in Boston was that the following year there were 1,003 less fire alarms, and from a health standpoint, it was declared to be the best year in the history of the city.

This work also can be carried on inside of the house. Painting or varnishing scratched furniture makes the wood last longer. It also fills the cracks and holes where germs lurk, and makes it sanitary. It is cheaper to paint than not.—Dallas (Texas) News.

"THE THOROUGHbred"

Bu Henry Kitchell Webster

Author of

"The Real Adventure," "The Painted Scene," Etc.

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If she could have said that she'd have saved herself some bitterly unhappy weeks; could have said it aloud, that is. She did say it to herself all most word for word as I have reported it. But she couldn't say it to Alfred. And why? Well, she knew why. Because she believed he wasn't telling his true dreams and hopes to her.

What she did say, with the kind of yawn one makes when he finds his teeth inclined to chatter, was: "Oh, what's the use, Fred? You asked me that just the other night. You don't need to worry about me. It won't do any good in the first place, and there's no need of it, in the second. Of course, if this summer keeps very hot it won't be easy. This place gets like an oven about three in the afternoon, but I can go out in the park where it's as cool as anywhere. You're the one to worry about really. You've looked awfully tired and pulled down the last week or two. Is it dreadfully hot in your office?"

He said, rather gruffly, that he was all right, and she waited a good long while, lying very still, to see if he'd say any more. But he didn't. Well, then, the thing Celia had regarded, when she first saw his sprouts appear, as a noxious weed of suspicion, grew straight and tall and hard in fiber, until it was a great tree—a veritable oak of conviction. The conviction was that her husband, by means unknown, had recovered his former prosperity, or at least a good part of it; and that his reason for concealing the fact from her was a failure to trust her—a fear that, given the chance, she would go straight back to the hard, artificial, pretentious life he had hated so.

The conviction was fed and watered by nothing tangible enough to be called evidence. Indeed, when bits of evidence or opportunity to collect bits of evidence came her way she deliberately shut her eyes to them. The fact of prosperity was legibly stamped on him, that was all; the way he said things, his tricks of speech, the color of his ideas.

If she had been fanatically logical, as many women are, the life would have been impossible to her. Because the logical implication of his fear was that he had never believed her—didn't believe in the new Celia at all; regarded her merely as the old one in masquerade, waiting only for the chance to turn back to her true color. All her guarantees of good faith, the finding and furnishing of the flat, the joyous acceptance of his poverty, the passionate renunciation of her old self, had availed nothing.

She did ride out to that logical terminus sometimes when she was alone, but the sound of his step on the stairs always brought her back to two quite simple facts: that she was in love with him and that he was in love with her. No asbestos fabric of mere ideas could withstand the white heat which those two facts together generated. So, though she was indignant—tormented—humiliated, she was able, in some mysterious way, to snatch some hours out of the twenty-four of pure happiness with him.

She punished him in various ways; rubbed the drudgery of her domestic routine into him in subtle ways that coaxed the intent behind them. For example, one hot night when he came home he found she hadn't cooked any supper.

"The stove before and the dish water after," she said, "was too much." If he didn't mind, they'd go round to Larry Doyle's and get something. "Out to a restaurant for dinner!" she mocked. "What shall we have? Let's see. Sweet-breads, sous cloche, and hearts of lettuce with thousand island dressing, and a peach Melba. Doesn't that sound good?"

He winced at that, then said: "All right. Come along. We'll go to the Blackstone instead of to Larry's, and we'll have exactly that."

"The Blackstone!" she flashed at him. "Do you think I'd be seen there in any of the clothes I've got?" Then, over the acute misery in his face, she repented. She hadn't meant it. She'd been edgy all day, waiting for somebody to dig her claws into, and it happened to be her.

She'd love to go to the Blackstone. She thought a lark that they fragrantly couldn't afford was exactly what they both needed. As for clothes, of course hers were all right.

So they went and had a thoroughly good time. And when Alfred paid the bill Celia pretended to be looking another way. The entertainment cut no

figure in their weekly accounts, and where the money it cost had come from was neither asked nor explained. Celia went on keeping accounts, it may be said, but she no longer balanced them.

The thing that made it possible, of course, to go on like this from day to day was that a crisis was clearly coming. When Major March had completed his tests, and driven his bargain, and informed her of the result of it, something would have to happen. If the tests were successful, and the bargain a good one, and Alfred didn't tell her that—

THE ELEVENTH HOUR
Just six weeks after Celia took her two thousand dollars to Major March—six weeks and one day, to be precise, bringing it upon a Tuesday, along about eleven o'clock in the morning, right in the midst of her week's ironing—she got the letter he had promised her.

Her husband's manner for the past three or four days led her to believe it was about due. It had been enigmatic—portentous of something—anyhow, a manner of visibly suppressed excitement, during the brief periods when she had seen him awake. He had been staying down town evenings, and even on Sunday he had gone off about nine o'clock, to clean up some extra work, he'd said.

She tore open the envelope in a tangle of contradictory emotions, feeling that good news would have so much bad in it, and bad news so much good, that she hardly knew what to hope for. It contained news at all events.

"I haven't a doubt," March wrote (evidently he could lie better on paper than viva voce), "that my tidings, as tidings, are superfluous. But as congratulations, you will accept them. The thing has come out beyond my hopes. Not the tests, which your faith made possible. They showed precisely what I knew they would. But the bargain we were able to drive on the strength of them."

"That was all your husband's doing, of course. The eagles would have made a meal of me and left little but bones. But in Blair's office, seated about his broad mahogany board, where we have been rooted for the past four days, with important people clamoring for audience with him on other affairs, it has been easy to sign an Olympian indifference as to whether our capitalists accepted our terms or left the opportunity to other

KEEP LOOKING YOUNG

It's Easy—If You Know Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets

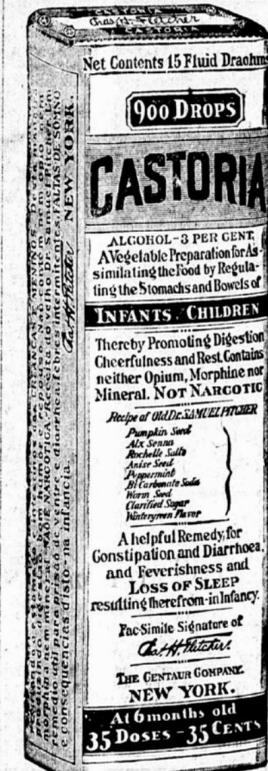
The secret of keeping young is to feed young — to do this you must watch your liver and bowels — there's no need of having a sallow complexion — dark rings under your eyes — pimples — a bilious look in your face — dull eyes with no sparkle. Your doctor will tell you ninety per cent of all sickness comes from inactive bowels and liver.

Dr. Edwards, a well-known physician in Ohio, perfected a vegetable compound mixed with olive oil to act on the liver and bowels, which he gave to his patients for years.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, the substitute for calomel, are gentle in their action yet always effective. They bring about that exuberance of spirit, that natural buoyancy which should be enjoyed by everyone, by toning up the liver and clearing the system of impurities.

You will know Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets by their olive color. 10c and 25c per box. All druggists.

and wiser men. Even I managed not to grasp, at least not so that it showed, when Alfred announced the minimum which we would accept as a trading basis. There are still a few details to be ironed out, but the essentials are all agreed upon. (To Be Continued.)



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AUDITORIUM TONIGHT

Clara Kimball Young

In a Thrilling Tale of Love and Adventure

"The Road Through the Dark"

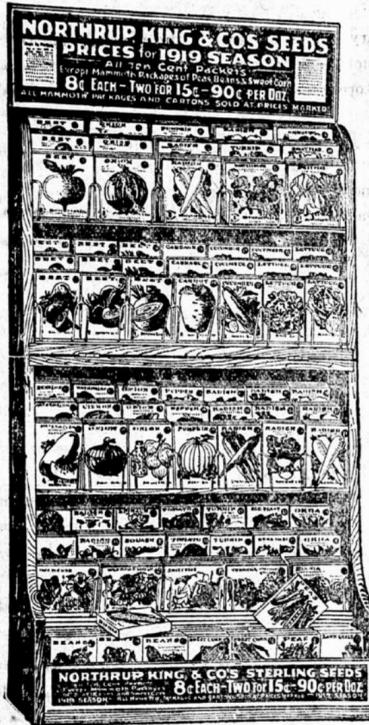
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FOR SALE—New modern 5-room bungalow with water, sewer, hot-air furnace, full cemented basement, hard-wood floors, electric fixtures, on 50 foot lot facing east, in east part of the city. Price \$3100.00. Terms reasonable.

FOR SALE—Several good modern bungalows in east part of city ranging in price from \$2700.00 to \$3500.00 to be sold on reasonable terms within the next thirty days. All good investments which are bound to increase in value with the street car line extending up 10th St.

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See Clearly

A strained vision is many times responsible for other ailments—nervousness, headaches—and accidents. And yet it is more easily remedied than almost any other disorder of the human system if given prompt attention. Do not neglect your eyes—they're important.

If your child is nervous, backward in school or complains of headaches, have the eyes examined at once. Bookkeepers, school teachers, needle workers, students or others who use their eyes on confining work should have their eyes examined often. Examination and consultation here free. Glasses accurately fitted to your needs at most reasonable prices. Large variety of all styles to choose from. We do our own grinding.

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