

THE BISMARCK TRIBUNE
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CAPITAL: HERE'S YOUR CHANCE!
No city in the northwest offers such opportunities for investment as Bismarck. There is an exceptional demand for stores. Many businesses have been forced to give up projects because there is not an empty store room or building in the capital city.

If Bismarck is to grow and avail itself of the post-bellum prosperity, it must get out of the present stride, shift 'er into high and step on the gas. The need is most pressing. Building ceased when war commenced. The lost time must be made up or opportunity will vanish.

In addition to the demand for business blocks, there is a clamor for houses. Every real estate agent is bombarded with applications. There are a few houses for sale, but scarcely none for rent. The city cannot grow until the housing problem is settled.

ITALIAN SITUATION
President Wilson voices the sentiment of America in his attitude on the Fiume controversy. The pact of London as interpreted by him, is merely the construction every entente power places upon it—except Italy which through self interest approaches the issue hopelessly biased.

If the league of nations is going to be a basic factor in stabilizing conditions in Europe, Italy should prove her faith in the diplomatic arrangement by having it arbitrate her aspirations to Fiume. The price of a Jugo-Slav entity, friendly to Italy is surely more to be desired than the possession of Fiume, the demand for which is largely based upon sentiment.

Italy's actions may spell success or failure for the league of nations. The Italians' unyielding attitude may be the first important, international issue adjudicated by that new tribunal.

COLD COMFORT
A. C. Townley, ruler of Utopia to be, must find cold comfort in Postmaster Burleson's haste to return the telephone and telegraph lines to private operation. Mr. Burleson was so anxious to foist public ownership upon the nation that he used his war power arbitrarily to force the experiment.

This failure of the federal government to socialize two large industries comes at a time when North Dakota is to usher in—the voters permitting July 8th or thereabouts—an elaborate scheme of state socialism.

Poor service, dictatorial tactics and political piffle, militated against Mr. Burleson's success. The public was quick to sense the absolute failure of public operation. The American people have Mr. Burleson's measure through his management of the postoffice department.

The Tribune has an example in point. An insured package of merchandise was mailed out of St. Paul, April 19. It arrived in Bismarck, April 30. Eleven days in transit is a service that the public would not tolerate from a private corporation.

When this service became the rule in the department of telegraphs and telephones, public judgment as to Mr. Burleson's ability was doubly confirmed. With no spur of necessity for success behind it, public operation is bound to be a failure.

Before launching into the state utilities, Mr. Townley should get a tip or two from Burleson—he may be able to tell the Big Chief how to avoid failure in socializing industries.

Men everywhere have the inalienable right to any form of government that doesn't conflict with the Ten Points Moses brought down from Sinai.

A ROLLING STONE
A rolling stone gathers no moss—but who wants to be a mossback?
The trouble with a rolling stone isn't its lack of a mossy garment, but its lack of CONSCIOUS DIRECTION.

No rolling stone ever slides down the shimmering rainbow path plump into the creek of gold! In fact, no rolling stone ever gets anywhere! It only bumps aimlessly downward, the slave of an external force—gravitation. Don't be a rolling stone. There's plenty of room at the top. And the top is just where the rolling stone never arrives. YOU are wanted at the top.

Mr. Citizen, Mr. Worker, YOUR job is to stick to your job—to climb to the highest place in it you can fill. And the rungs of the ladder you must climb are HERE, in your HOME TOWN, in the organization of which you have long been a part, among the fellow workers with whom you have so long associated.

Don't fall for the lure of the SOMEWHERE ELSE. Don't chase some wild o' the wisp Eldorado in a far away promised land. There is no better pay in any other city than in our own city—YOUR city!

HERE—in your own home town—is your Eldorado. HERE and NOW is your rainbow gold. This is your city of opportunity. This is the town that has a thousand fortunes. Let it make yours! Life and work are much the same the country over. The only difference, so far as WE are concerned, between Bismarck and any other city, is that here is OUR home, and here are OUR friends.

Any man who can make good elsewhere can make good all the more surely here, among his life-long pals, where the foundations of his success have already been laid.

In his own home town any loyal, hard-working citizen is master of his future; his prosperity is certain.

But the victim of Wanderlust is ever the Serf of Uncertainty! He who follows at the beck and call of the Far Away, only winds up far and away from his own best interests. He is pulled—like the rolling stone—by a blind force outside himself. And he lands, in the end, like the rolling stone, in some forlorn hollow far lower down the slopes of Mt. Prosperity than the point from which he started!

Don't let even your thoughts be the slaves of Wanderlust. Keep them here at home, intent on your own city's welfare.

And stick in person to your city. Grow with your city. Prosper with Bismarck. BOOST BISMARCK!

The difference between the soviet system and Bolshevism is the difference between good Democrat and a drunken anarchist.

Marshal Poch has been asked to tell the conference what to do in case the Huns refuse to sign. We can tell 'em. Encore the marines.

What we can't understand is how the Huns overthrew the Letts at Libau without let or hindrance of the British warships in the harbor.

WITH THE EDITORS

NONPARTISAN LEAGUE

Opponents of the Nonpartisan League who are not personally concerned about the financial future of North Dakota might wait in content for the inevitable isolation and bankruptcy which they predict for North Dakota. But they cannot forget Townley and Townley's ambition, which reaches far beyond political control of one state.

As for the fear that the Dakota experiment is the beginning of "American bolshevism," the expression itself seems to us to contain a contradiction of terms. The experience of Russia has sickened and horrified even men of radical opinions. They now see what the consequences may be of "the sudden leap" and understand how closely the safety of human life and the protection of the family are bound up with the orderly development of civilized government.

What presently dried her tears and flushed her cheeks with a new fury of exasperation was the dazzling perception that the thing would not come out that way at all. The picture she had been making up as false as any movie she had ever looked at. Alfred wouldn't be her in that whole-cloth sort of way. He wouldn't be silly enough to try to get away with that. He'd tell her the truth, or as much of it as he thought expedient, and use it as a blanket for his past deception. He'd flaunt his check very likely before her eyes with a "Here we are, old lady. We can get a fresh start with this—set ourselves up in business. Cautiously, of course, perhaps not making any very great change in our way of living just yet."

HELP!!



THE THOROUGHbred
By Henry Kitchell Webster
Author of "The Real Adventure," "The Painted Scene," Etc.
(Copyright by the Bobbs Merrill Co.)

"We get fifty thousand dollars in cash—to be divided equally, of course, between Alfred and me—forty-eight per cent of the stock in the company to be formed, and a royalty of five per cent."
I realized yesterday afternoon, for the first time, that between you and me no bargain had been struck. I shall, of course, return to you, as soon as I receive my check—tomorrow, I hope—the two thousand dollars on which the whole transaction pivoted. As to the further share which is rightfully yours, I suggest that, since you are probably a worse bargainer than I, we refer the matter to Alfred. And I only wait your release from the seal of confidence which you imposed upon me to take it up with him.

"I am, with a deeper and more whole-souled gratitude than it is possible for me to express,
Yours most sincerely,
"MAJOR MARCH."
The main purport of this extremely explicit letter went by Celia almost uncomprehended. What her mind fastened upon were two or three phrases near the beginning that dealt with Alfred's already attained prosperity. His "broad mahogany board" in a private office, where they'd all been rooted for the past three or four days; the important people outside clamoring for audience with him and not getting it; obsequious secretaries and stenographers hovering about. He was sitting, there, like that now—while she ironed his shirts. He'd been there yesterday—while she had washed them. It had been a streaming hot day yesterday. For how many weeks—months—had the farce been going on? Had it ever been anything but a farce?

Well, yes, it had. She recalled with a hot fierce relish the night of their talk after her dinner-party. The agony there had been in his voice when he told her he couldn't stand the hell he'd been living in any longer. It was she who had pulled him out of Paradise instead. It had been a Paradise. There could be no doubt about that, either.

And this was how he had repaid her! With distrust, deceit—oh, downright lies. Making a fool of her with his precious thirty dollars a week in an envelope!
Well, she had him now, as the saying is, to rights. She'd wait a little longer until she was sure he had received his \$25,000. And then she'd ask him, casually, how the great invention was coming along. And when he said it wasn't coming, or that those things took a long while, and one couldn't expect anything yet, she'd show him Major March's check for her two thousand and ask him how about that.

She went on embroidering this lugubrious fancy for a while in the half-hearted belief that she found a sort of satisfaction in it. But she gave up the attempt at last and whole-heartedly wept.
What presently dried her tears and flushed her cheeks with a new fury of exasperation was the dazzling perception that the thing would not come out that way at all.

The picture she had been making up as false as any movie she had ever looked at. Alfred wouldn't be her in that whole-cloth sort of way. He wouldn't be silly enough to try to get away with that. He'd tell her the truth, or as much of it as he thought expedient, and use it as a blanket for his past deception. He'd flaunt his check very likely before her eyes with a "Here we are, old lady. We can get a fresh start with this—set ourselves up in business. Cautiously, of course, perhaps not making any very great change in our way of living just yet."

There was something subtly infuriating in the thought that she would tell him that she had seen the old woman telephoning him. But Celia said this wasn't necessary. She would wait. She didn't mind waiting, as a matter of fact. She could afford to wait. Because when she did see him, at all events when he saw her, her vengeance would be instantaneous and terrible. He'd stand there before her red-handed, as it were.
It was with a startling suddenness that the telephone girl finally spoke to her. "There's Mr. Blair coming out of his office now," she said. "He seems to be going out. But you can speak to him if you like. He'll come this way."

out now! You will forgive me, won't you? Oh, I know you will!"
He turned and looked at her then, and fairly cried out, she had gone so white. Naturally enough—only he couldn't understand with the sense of the dreadful nervous of the peril she had escaped. But she came straight into his arms and he attributed the whiteness to the heat.
"We've got to get out of this," he said, "that's clear enough. But where we go, and how we live, that's in your hands." He kissed her both, and his voice broke. "In your hands, my dear."

Then, to get her quiet, he told her about the car he'd bought. They'd promised it for today and he was furious because they'd failed him. But tomorrow, they said, was sure. He'd abandon the affair for a week, and they'd take a little trip. Where would she like to go?
"Any place around," suggested Celia, "and look at places where we could live—not too far away from town for you to come in, but far enough so there'd be room—two or three acres—where things could grow in—flowers, and vegetables, and chickens, and a cow. And a lake."

"That was why," she told him after a while, "I sold the jewelry and gave the two thousand dollars to Major March. He amazed her by taking this announcement with a grin, rather than a gasp.
"Oh, Major didn't give you away!" he assured her. "But, of course, when the tests came out the way they did and I saw what we had, I asked him where he'd got the money. How much he'd had to pay for it. Because, of course, what he had had to pay ought to come out of our share as well as out of his. His way of refusing to tell me was so impressive—religions, you might almost call it—that it would have given almost anybody a hunch. And then, when he swore that the person who had given him the money hadn't driven any bargain for it at all, it struck me that there wasn't anybody else—couldn't be anybody else—who'd be—"

"Fool enough," Celia put in contentedly.
"Och, well," he said, "I don't care what name you call it by."
He found out about her visit to the office, too. No later than next day. "That stenographer of mine," he said, "has got a queer bee in her bonnet. She swears that you were in my office yesterday morning and that you waited there for an hour to see me, and then went away."

"It must have been a lady, then, I suppose," mused Major March, who all dressed up, probably, and terribly excited because they wouldn't let her in. But what made her think it was me? She's never seen me."
"Well, of course," said Alfred, "there are three pictures of you on my desk." And then, meeting her eyes, he cried out, "It was you!"

Well, the new-car had arrived by then, and what with the excitement of getting ready for their trip and preparing the feast that Major March had been invited to for that night, and the delicious bliss of just dropping everything now and then and looking at each other, I suppose it is no wonder that they failed to treat that potential and so narrowly averted tragedy as solemnly as it deserved. Indeed, beyond a guilty laugh from Celia, and a very grim and an exclamation from Alfred, they didn't treat it at all. Two or three nights later, though, in the count-down under a very fine yellow moon, in the course of talking over the whole adventure, he asked her why she let him off like that.

She said, with more meaning in her voice than there was in the words, "Och, what would be the use? You may find me some time where you could smash me flat, or I find you. But I don't believe in anything humorous about not paying off an errand, do you? There's something in the Bible about that. And don't you think we're both much richer this way than we would be—crushed?"

He couldn't take it as lightly as that, but his feelings wouldn't go into adequate words.
"You little thoroughbred," he said, "THE END."

IT'S WEAR LIKE THIS THAT CUTS YOUR SHOE EXPENSE
Stepping on small pieces of hot metal, walking on sharp chips of steel, standing in hot sand—these, and other harsh conditions of walking surfaces, in a steel plant, have no apparent effect on Neolin Soles.

Neolin Soles
The best oak tanned leather soles last about three weeks under the abuse given them in the foundry, while I have been wearing a pair of Neolin Soles for more than three months. And to all appearances, they are as stout as when first put on my shoes," says Mr. Doty.
Only Neolin Soles can resist wear and abuse like this. They are created by Science to be very tough and durable—flexible and waterproof, too. To reduce your shoe expense, and to cut the family shoe bills, buy Neolin-soled shoes. You can get them in many styles for men, women, and children.
And have your worn shoes re-hot-tomed with Neolin Soles. These long-wearing soles are manufactured by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio, who also make Wingfoot Heels—guaranteed to outlast all other heels.

OVER-ACIDITY
of the stomach has upset many a night's rest. If your stomach is acid-disturbed, dissolve two or three KI-MOIDS on the tongue before retiring and enjoy refreshing sleep. The purity and goodness of Ki-moids guaranteed by SCOTT & BOWNE MAKERS OF SCOTT'S EMULSION.