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THE STATE'S OLDEST NEWSPAPER (Established 1873)

LETTING GO

It was easy enough for the hunter to catch hold of the bear's tail, and chase the "critter" round the tree, but—letting go was another, and more difficult matter.

So, too, with the allies' demand for the trial and punishment of William of Hohenzollern and some 800 other German war criminals. It was a simple thing to insert into the peace treaty (Part VIII, Articles 227-230) a declaration of the allies' right to try those accused of having committed "acts in violation of the laws and customs of war," and it was comparatively easy persuading Germany to recognize this right, as that country did by her acceptance of the treaty.

Fifteen months have gone by since the armistice, and still those German war lords are untried. This despite the evident British and French popular desire for war trials of their war foes. There's a reason. Both British and French governments, desirous of popular support at home, would appease popular clamor by bringing the former kaiser and other German chiefs to their just dues, and have indicated this by repeated declarations to that effect. But both governments have come to believe there is no surer method of uniting the German peoples, of placing the war chiefs back in the German saddle, than by insisting that Germany shall surrender these men.

While the allies do not want for some years to come is a cemented German nationalism of the Prussian "fatherland" type. On the other hand, British and French people demand the trials as per peace treaty. And, furthermore, British and French governments have made formal demands (when the allies speak it is the combined British-French voice) for the accused Germans. If they get them, they get a solidified and powerful neighbor beyond the Rhine. If they don't get them, they can no longer use the war trials as campaign arguments for home consumption.

If Japan doesn't stop grabbing territory other nations desire, they will soon find it necessary to make the world safe for democracy again.

FINE THREADS

It was Tolstoy who told the story of the man who went to a spinner to buy some fine threads. But the threads the spinner showed him were not fine enough for him.

"The spinner said: 'If these are not fine enough for you, then here are some others that will suit you.'"

"And she pointed to a bare spot. The man declared he could not see them."

"The spinner replied: 'The fact that you can not see them proves that they are very fine; I can't see them myself.'"

"The fool was rejoiced, and ordered some more of the same thread, and paid down the money for it."

The story might be a satire on the extravagance of the present times. Flush folks demand the finest of everything. They scorn cotton and call for silk. The moderate-priced article is rejected with suspicion because it doesn't cost enough.

The unnecessary things they buy are as futile in their uselessness as the invisible threads which, very likely, the vain and foolish man attempted to spin into something equivalent to a \$20 silk shirt.

Those who think that England is about on the rocks because the pound is worth less and less should reflect that the dollar is in the same fix.

ANT AND MAN

Watch the ant at work. He has his world, his work, his problems as we have.

How far does this world extend? How far into his environment does his power of perception penetrate? He doesn't know you are near. Your immensity is beyond his comprehension.

On the other side of the hill, a stone's throw away, is another ant hill. The creature under your observation does not know it exists. He will complete the span of his brief life without ever learning what is beyond the little sphere of his activities.

How like the ant are humans! What wonderfully immense things there may be in the universe

of which humans cannot conceive any more than the ant can conceive of the human sphere. There may be even a race of beings as high above man as man is above the ant.

FROM TOAD TO STAR

If everything created, from a star to a toad, has certain pitch, at a fixed key in the great orchestra of the universe, and if light, sound, color are merely varying pictures of this one rhythm, then the philosopher can have a lot of quiet entertainment playing the game of supposing.

Does this seem erudite, complicated, hardly worth saying?

It isn't at all, if you get the right angle on it. Suppose that big 20-story structure, swaying and swinging in the morning breeze, is pitched to a certain key-note; and suppose a master musician on bassoon or violin, with trumpet or with viol, struck this note and sustained it, and prolonged it to the breaking pitch; certainly the crash of the huge structure would follow.

Demolishing a monument with a fiddle note! Silly? Maybe not so silly; perhaps those walls of Jericho tumbled, totered and fell prone because the trumpets of Israel struck the brazen note that held them together.

But whatever might be the influence of rhythm on things material humans are discovering that it has a power for good or evil over men's hearts and minds, and are finding a scientific reason for a lot of things that before were taken on faith.

The drum, the reiteration of its deep booming notes, is an instrument of war, and its rumble is savage, and it stirs to savagery.

The blast of the bugle, clear pitched, cleaving through inertia, urging man to the charge, doubtless only a bugle note would stir him that way.

An orchestra of strings and wood winds brings the lit of the dance, the melancholy of a rainy autumn day, or the sobbing of a mother mourning her first born, and certain potent symphonic passages of the masters touch the human heart universally.

Rhythm in everything, all throbbing to the same key-note of the Eternal Master; all disconnected by the same discords in the divine harmony, all surging to the boom of the bass drum, and shrieking to the shrill of the fife. Molecules tied together, and yet eternally set spinning away from each other; swayed by unknown impulses; scratching and wooing, and clawing and loving as the organ notes of infinity call.

Some men play upon the human heart as though it were an organ with pipes; play upon it certainly, with exact response, with definite understanding. Such men, knowingly or unknowingly, have mastered the hidden rhythmic laws, and are but little lower than the angels; or, mayhap, but little higher than the devils.

For great knowledge is not always beneficent, and Satan was never accused of being either lazy or dumb.

Rhythm is nothing.

Bryan doesn't own the Democratic party. He merely has a sort of mandatory control.

There might have been a different story to tell if the Allies had backed the Letts instead of Kolchak.

The Czechs have provided for a standing army of 200,000 as a delicate way of showing their faith in the League.

Politicians don't much care what Hoover stands for now; but they wonder how much he would stand for if elected.

In short, the Treaty of London said: "If you will help me lick Smith, I'll shut my eyes while you steal his boy's dog."

Bank robbers in Germany get by with the claim that they represent the allies. A guilty conscience makes an easy victim.

Mexico is suffering from a shortage of small change. We might give her some of ours. It isn't worth anything in this country.

WITH THE EDITORS

BRIGHTNESS AND BLESSINGS

It cost the farmers of North Dakota \$16 a head to join the Nonpartisan league. A. C. Townley, grand sachem of the league, promised them brightness and blessings, the strangulation of "Big Biz" and taxation with 100 per cent farmer representation. Now Townley has delivered both representation and taxation, with the emphasis on taxation. Last year the farmers of North Dakota paid \$1,688,355 in taxes. This year they will pay \$4,540,826 in taxes—an increase of only 169 per cent. Minnesota is invited to follow North Dakota's lead and establish a Townley soviet government. It will cost only \$16 a membership to listen to the big noise and then have your taxes jabbed up 169 per cent. "Big Biz" in its most rapacious days couldn't have contrived a gaudier gold brick to bounce on the skull of a gullible public.—Country Gentleman.

MAKES SOAP OUT OF CLAY



Making soap out of clay is the newest step of progress. An English chemical expert, E. F. Weston, shown in photograph above, has discovered a process of manufacturing soap by substituting colloidal clay for the fatty acids ordinarily used.

ELLEN KEY GLORIFIES DESTROYERS OF CHRISTIANITY AND REFERS TO MOTHERHOOD MERELY AS INCIDENT

Replying to the attack which Miss Carlson, librarian at Mayville normal, made in the Bismarck Tribune, Editor H. E. Mielke, in his issue of Feb. 12, 1920, has discovered a process of manufacturing soap by substituting colloidal clay for the fatty acids ordinarily used.

There are many new underlying thoughts on the home which the author does not openly express but which are insinuations. There are also citations on motherhood which I could not include in a letter for publication but which certainly would lower my estimation of motherhood and womanhood if they were true. The book contains many good and advanced ideas, especially in the last chapter, but the fundamental thoughts lead away from Christianity and the present form of home. The book is like a sugared pill. The sweet exterior or good things in it tend to hide the detrimental thoughts and it may appear innocent unless thoroughly read and perused.

Books of this sort dealing with extreme sociological views are to be found in every state library but they should be kept on reference shelves for use only by students of sociology and not for circulation.

Respectfully yours, MRS. H. E. MIELKE.

AT THE THEATRES

THE AUDITORIUM

It will amaze people who have seen Mr. Carrillo in the part of the Italian dressmaker in "Lombardi, Ltd." to hear that he is not of that race. Even in his certain calls he maintains the characterization. But Mr. Carrillo is American, of Spanish descent, and the family has been in California for five generations.

As he sat in his dressing room after the show the other night and fiddled about his work while his Japanese dresser waited with the inextinguishable patience of the East, Mr. Carrillo did not even look Italian. He talked vividly, enthusiastically; but where were the half closed eyes, the quaint twisted smile, the expressively quirked right

eyebrow that in the play seem so natural? Like the third act costume, they had been laid aside—part of the role. Yet on the stage the race characteristics appear almost essentially part of the man to be assumed. "What I really want to do," said Mr. Carrillo, leaning forward with a confidential gesture and a most engaging eagerness, "is to create a series of race types. So far I have done the Italian principal; but some day I hope to play a French-Canadian role. Then, too, I should like to create a Mexican part, not the comic, villainous type, which is the only Mexican I have ever seen on the stage, but a Mexican of the better class. I have studied Italian types for years. It is an amazingly interesting type to work with."

"I think there has always been too much tendency to make foreign parts ludicrous by accent and exaggerated pronunciation. The real comedy lies in the mutual misunderstanding due to difference of ideas and conflicting ideas as much as to language. "In order to play a foreign type," Mr. Carrillo emphasized, "you must understand how the mind of the man works. You must not only know how he does a thing, but why. Then you won't go waving your arms in meaningless gestures. You'll use your hands as an Italian, or a Frenchman, or any other foreigner really would."

THE REX

"I guess I want a good time and swell thing—I'm a woman!" declared Wanda Hubbard to her lover, "Red" Smith, a crook who was finding it tough work to reform. And because Wanda wanted a good time and beautiful clothes she did not hesitate to put herself in her cousin Lucille's place when fate dealt all the cards for a daring game of deceit in Wanda's hands, cheating Lucille out of her rightful inheritance. Dolores Cassinelli, displaying remarkable versatility, portrays the dual role of Wanda and Lucille Hubbard in "The Web of Deceit." The Pathé feature announced for two days commencing Wednesday at the Rex theatre.

Elwin Carewe enters the ranks of directors heading their own producing companies with "The Web of Deceit." With every detail of the production under his personal supervision, Mr. Carewe has spared neither time, thought or money in making this picture high class. Miss Fox wrote the story of "The Web of Deceit" in which Miss Cassinelli is supported by Mitchell Harris, Hugh Cameron, Franklin Hanna and Letty Ford.

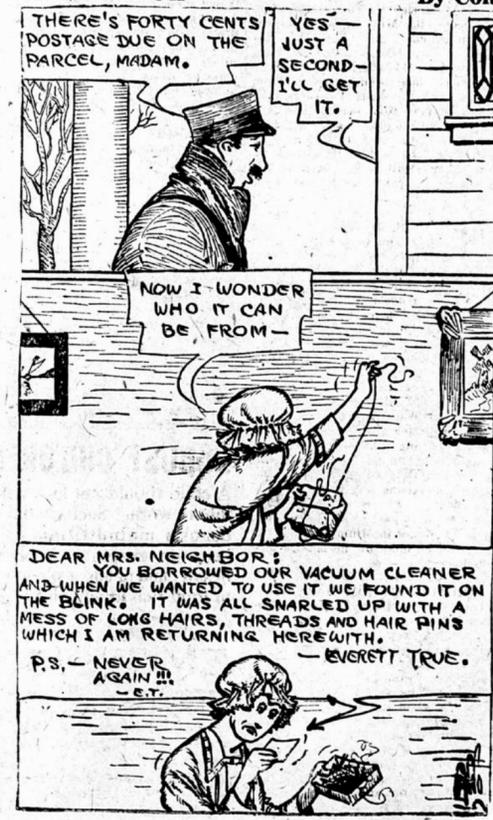
ORPHEUM

Alice Joyce, who is starred in "The Cambric Mask," the Alice Joyce picture which will be seen in the Orpheum theatre tonight and tomorrow is one of the most popular and beautiful players on the screen, and a dramatic actress of rare ability. She won screen fame with Vitagraph, having come to that Company after brief engagements with other organizations. Many movie fans will be delighted to see that popular star of a few years ago back on the screen again and that Maurice Costello, Mr. Costello being the honor of the first male star in movies to have his name in electric lights on Broadway and following those days he was, and would have been today the most popular star on the screen had he not left the silent drama. To those that remember him and they are many he should prove just as popular as he was in the good old days. Costello will be seen with Alice Joyce tonight at the Orpheum theatre in "The Cambric Mask" from the famous novel of the same title by Robert W. Chambers.

THE ELTINGE

Elsie Ferguson is admirably supported in her splendid new Paramount-Artcraft picture "The Witness for the Defense" which will be shown at the Eltinge theatre for two days, beginning tonight. Playing opposite to Miss Ferguson is Vernon Steel, the talented young actor who has been seen in numerous pictures.

EVERETT TRUE



By Condo

Because the Market Bureau of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, with the aid of county agricultural agents, has organized and is organizing hundreds of other co-operative marketing systems, as the dairymen, fruit growers, gardeners, etc., in all parts of the U. S. and all after the co-operative self-sustaining and self-managing plan of the Citrus Growers Association of the Western Coast. THEREFORE: "Be it resolved by the U. S. of N. D. that we call on the said Bureau of Markets to AT ONCE organize the Spring Wheat Growers' Association so that a committee—say one from each state—representing the farmers shall meet once a month or as much oftener as may be needed, and set the price of Spring wheat on that fundamental principle, Cost to produce or obtain. Expense of handling, and a Reasonable profit. "The expense to farmers for investigating, committee meetings, etc., need not exceed one cent per acre per annum. "Let the elevator man obtain the price from the Farmers' commission and thus save the necessity of 'Hoarding for higher prices.' "NO privileges for farmers, are ask for; NO enjoyed by others in the circuit of exchange."

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