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GEORGE D. MANN, Editor

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THE STATE'S OLDEST NEWSPAPER (Established 1873)

WILSON AND LANSING

The American public has a very dim understanding of the offense for which Robert Lansing was removed from Mr. Wilson's cabinet. We gather from President Wilson's letters to Mr. Lansing that the secretary of state, denied an audience with the President, and feeling that certain matters demanded the attention of the President's cabinet, called that body together for certain informal conferences.

Mr. Lansing assures Mr. Wilson that he (Mr. Lansing) never for a moment thought that he was acting unconstitutionally or contrary to the wishes of the President in presuming to function as he, in the capacity of ranking officer of the cabinet, had precedent for doing.

There may be something much deeper and more serious in the differences between President Wilson and Secretary Lansing than appears on the surface of their correspondence, but in any event President Wilson has once more proven himself handicapped by a single-track mind, and he has further strengthened the opinion of the public that he is a poor judge or a poor manager of men.

Of President Wilson's original cabinet we have left Postmaster General Burleson and Secretary of the Navy Daniels. There is a wide divergence of opinion as to the amount of honor these two members reflect on their chief.

The new nations have old sore spots. Those who live in glass houses shouldn't throw a fit even if Chicago window washers are demanding \$48 a week.

work he does; each, it may naturally be supposed, is anxious to make friends of the neighbors whose losses he adjusts, and each is inclined to be as liberal as the conditions will possibly warrant. As a result there have been instances where the same loss has been "adjusted" three separate and distinct times; other cases where 130 per cent indemnity has been paid on a 70 per cent loss; still others where a check for \$500 or more has been mailed a farmer who had not previously been apprised that he had suffered any loss from hail.

The flat hail tax of three cents per acre which must be paid whether a farmer has any crop to insure or not, and regardless of whether he chooses to buy state protection or to spend his money with some old line insurance company, is a direct injustice. So, too, is the provision in the North Dakota law requiring withdrawals to be made not later than June 15, at a season of the year when few farmers are in a position to know whether climatic conditions will leave them anything to buy protection for.

The fact that sections of the state where hail losses are comparatively rare must pay as much for hail protection as other districts in which hail damage is the rule rather than the exception certainly cannot be justified by any of the flowing-tongued, long-haired gentry who write editorials for Mr. Townley.

And, when we get down to facts, it must be remembered that the idea of state hail insurance did not originate with Mr. Townley; it must be admitted that North Dakota had experimented with the plan for many years, and that changes which Commissioner Olsness has sought were recommended in at least three annual reports by Walter C. Taylor, who preceded Mr. Olsness. Like air and sunlight and water, state hail insurance was not originated by Mr. Townley. In fact, he is as little responsible for North Dakota's adoption of this plan as he is for the state grain grading and inspection act, fathered and forced through an antagonistic Townley legislature by the late Senator Kirkeide of Benson county, a stalwart who never truckled to Bolshevism, and Senator Drown of Cass county, a man who at heart has as little respect for A. C. Townley as have other legislators who have been courageous enough to openly break with the dictator.

The league may be conceded Fred Cathro and Bob Blackmore and their two-thousand and five-hundred dollar jobs, but Mr. Townley cannot claim a monopoly of the hail insurance, grain grading and terminal elevator ideas, which are all that even Townleyites can point to in their program as real.

Part of the flu epidemic may be due to the fact that patients can persuade the physician to prescribe a pint.

WITH THE EDITORS

CANDIDATE OR VOTER?

Mr. Hoover's statement falls into two parts. The first deals briefly with the important matter of his Presidential candidacy. The second treats at length of the comparatively unimportant matter of his individual vote. Mr. Hoover says he is not a candidate. But this does not mean that he will refuse a nomination if it comes to him. There is an accepted formula for one who would take an unmistakable position. It is: "If nominated, I will not accept; and if elected, I will not serve."

What Mr. Hoover has to say about himself as a voter will not strengthen the sentiment for him as a candidate. A man who proposes to wait "until it more definitely appears what party managers stand for," instead of doing what one with his prestige can do to make party managers stand for the right things, does not strike the note of an inspiring leadership. In rejecting the idea of "more than two great parties" for this country, Mr. Hoover is in accord with the mass of his countrymen. He is also upon firm ground when he adds: "Nor can any one man dictate the issues of great parties." We have had too much of that spirit of dictatorship in the leaders of both parties in recent years. But Mr. Hoover carries diffidence too far. His candidacy has been welcomed as supplying a rallying point for public opinion; as compelling an alignment upon real issues; as injecting a breath of reality into a somewhat artificial party situation. His statement does not bring us nearer to that goal.

Mr. Hoover must make up his mind. Either he is a candidate, active or receptive, or he isn't. The one thing that he cannot afford to do for the sake of his reputation as a man of decision is to sit on the bank and watch the current.—New York Evening Post.

KEEP 'EM IN BALANCE



NEWS ITEM—The new Middle Class Union, formed in Brooklyn, aims to see that neither capital nor labor unbalances the scales of justice to the detriment of the middle class, which composes 80 per cent of our population.

LEO CARILLO'S LATIN BLOOD MAKES ROLE OF TIO LOMBARDI EASY WORK

Oliver Morosco will present at the Auditorium tomorrow evening Leo Carrillo in his New York latest comedy success "Lombardi, Ltd."

There are five generations of Castilian gentility back of Leo Carrillo's sturdy Americanism. He was born in this country and so were his fathers back into the fifth generation. He comes from Santa Monica, home of many illustrious Spanish families, and his people were here before the Gringo came. If there be such a thing as an Americanism, rooted to the soil, nurtured in tradition and native in affection, that Americanism is Carrillo's.

For the sake of those who have marvelled at Carrillo's Italian presentations of character, it ought to be said that a great grandfather of his, on his paternal side, was Admiral Bandini of the Italian navy; but Carrillo's ancestry otherwise, and entirely on his maternal side, is Spanish.

Perhaps a portion of the personal esteem Mr. Carrillo inspires in a newspaper writer on things theatrical grows normally out of his former addiction to journalism. Carrillo, in the not distant past, was a newspaper man—a cartoonist on the San Francisco Examiner, and he was a good cartoonist, too, though he studied the art in his Santa Monica home, via the correspondence school. In his escape from journalism to the stage, Carrillo was aided by that fickle goddess chance, and a newspaper man, Thomas Nunan, dramatic critic, who wrote Carrillo's monologue.

He had studied civil engineering in Southern California, and during summer vacations had spent his time profitably in railroad camps with construction crews. He found ample opportunity to study types from Chinese cooks to rough laborers just from the old country. His gifts of taste, eye for color and sense for form and proportion were not without value in this type study, and he soon acquired a repertoire of imitations—characterizations rather—in which his genius for caricature was a great asset. In San Francisco he became a Press Club entertainer, and the cause of much rejoicing on infrequent quiet nights in the local and art rooms of his daily paper. The Orpheum was

"shy" an act, and with the combined encouragement of his newspaper friends and the insistence of the local Orpheum management, Carrillo stepped forth one Sunday afternoon and made his bow on the professional stage.

AT THE THEATRES

THE BISMARCK Appearing to signal advantage in "Miss" Bret Harte's play of the golden West, of 40, Mary Pickford scored another triumph at the Bismarck theatre yesterday. The legion of admirers of this popular screen star turned out in force and they emphasized in no uncertain way the popularity of the star and the superiority of her latest Artcraft picture vehicle.

As "Miss" Mary Pickford had abundant opportunities for the display of her vocal genius. She was at her best as the laconic, scornful child of the mines, the daughter of a drunken father, to whom she paid the most devoted care. The object of ridicule wherever she went, the sport of the boys and girls of Red Gulch, she had learned to take her own part and in numerous scenes with these children, and to the delight of her audience.

she demonstrated beyond question her fighting qualities. One day a school teacher, Charles Gray, is brought to Red Gulch by Yuba Bill, the stage driver and "Miss" resolves to be "learned," and to become the pupil of Gray. Subsequently Jim Peterson, accompanied by Clara Parker, with whom he had served with Jonathan Smith, the deceased brother of "Bummer," arrives in Red Gulch. Smith had left a will devising his large estate to his brother, the father of "Miss," and Peterson hopes, with the aid of his accomplice, to become possessed of this fortune.

Peterson has Smith murdered by Mexican Joe, and when the body is found, suspicion rests upon Gray, who had been seen by Parson Bean to leave the cabin a few minutes previous to the murder. When "Miss" is informed of the suspicion that Gray is the murderer, she hastens to Red Gulch with the design of saving the teacher in whose innocence she has absolute confidence, from harm.

Meanwhile, Gray is placed on trial with Peterson as foreman of the jury. Clara Parker testifies at the trial that she is "Bummer" Smith's wife, and she is publicly repudiated by "Miss". The jury, dominated by Peterson, renders a verdict of "Guilty," and Judge McSnagley sentences him to twenty years imprisonment. Peterson is dissatisfied with his verdict and plots to have Gray lynched. Yuba Bill, on

discovering the conspiracy, informs "Miss" and the two succeed in effecting Gray's escape.

Peterson, who fears that his complicity in the murder may become known, seeks to escape and is pursued by the sheriff's posse in the belief that he is the escaping prisoner. In a gun battle which ensues, he is mortally wounded and he reveals the secret of the murder, his confession being supported by the admission of guilt by Mexican Joe, "Miss" and Gray are thereupon united and all ends happily.

In this unique role, Mary Pickford was, as usual, charming. The play is one of exceptional merit and the photography was excellent. Theodore Roberts as "Bummer" Smith afforded a characteristically fine portrayal, and Thomas McElhan, as the school teacher, was many an impressive. The cast is unusually large, but each portrayal was artistic. Tully Marshall, as Judge McSnagley, is deserving of mention, as well as the impersonations of Helen Kelly, Winifred Greenwood, Charles Ogle and Monte Blue. Directed by Marshall Neilan, "Miss" is a photoplay far above the average and may be seen not once but many times.

THE ELTINGE

Of extraordinary interest, not only to lovers of the motion picture, but likewise to all who appreciate the highest in art in its various manifestations, is the announcement of the Eltinge theatre that it has secured David Wark Griffith's superb screen creation, "Broken Blossoms," to be shown Wednesday and Thursday.

Never has a motion picture been accorded a reception comparable to the triumph that has followed every showing of this production. Newspapers have devoted column after column to its beauties and wonders. Everywhere its success has been instantaneous and it is safe to say that in bringing "Broken Blossoms" to our city the management of the Eltinge has to its credit the biggest accomplishment in artistic entertainment that we have yet enjoyed.

Mr. Griffith, it will be remembered, together with Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks early in 1919 organized United Artists Corporation—popularly known as "The Big Four"—for the making and marketing of their own productions. It is through this organization that "Broken Blossoms" is being placed in the theatres of the country.

The story of "Broken Blossoms" Mr. Griffith adapted from a tale by Thomas Burke called "The Child and the Child" (which is part of that author's famous volume "Limelight Nights"). "Around this story, and we speak from the opinion of dramatic critics the country over, Mr. Griffith has built the most alluring, yet pitiful, beautiful, yet tragic love story ever filmed. It has become habit, almost, to look upon a film with production as something more than a motion picture, yet even the most ardent admirers of the art of this master of the films did not dream of the wonders that he would reveal in "Broken Blossoms."

And of acting let a word be added. Lillian Gish as "The Girl" has reached a height of dramatic interpretation the like of which has never been seen on the screen before. This little artist has labored faithfully, steadily, with an understanding marvelous in one so young, and now she comes into her full glory in "Broken Blossoms." "The Child" is played by Richard Barthelmess and in his work the critics have paid high tributes likewise. To the telling of the love story of "Broken Blossoms," it is said that both Miss Gish and Mr. Barthelmess have brought a never-to-be-forgotten artistry. Donald Crisp plays the part of "Battling Burrows," the brute on whom fatherhood casts a cruel, forestal, and his portrayal of a difficult role with rare talent and strength, completes the triangle of chief characters in the story.

"Broken Blossoms" should prove the crowning achievement in the splendid gallery of film presentations that we have enjoyed at the Eltinge. A special program has been prepared, including the music which Mr. Griffith personally arranged and some of which he composed. All in all, we look forward with keen anticipation to the Eltinge's presentation of the Griffith masterpiece, for a film that has been so sensationally successful elsewhere is assured of more than a hearty welcome in Bismarck.

Tells How to Stop a Bad Cough

Surprising results from this famous old home-remedy easily prepared and costs little.

If you have a severe cough or chest cold accompanied with soreness, throat tickle, hoarseness, or difficult breathing, or if your child wakes up during the night with croup and you want quick relief, try this reliable old home-made cough remedy. Any druggist can supply you with 2½ ounces of Pinex. Pour this into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. Or you can use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup, if desired. This recipe makes a pint of really remarkable cough remedy. It tastes good, and in spite of its low cost, it can be depended upon to give quick and lasting relief. You can feel this take hold of a cough in a way that means business. It loosens and raises the phlegm, stops throat tickle and soothes and heals the irritated membranes that line the throat and bronchial tubes with such promptness, ease and certainty that it is really astonishing. Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract and is probably the best known means of overcoming severe coughs, throat and chest colds. There are many worthless imitations of this mixture. To avoid disappointment, ask for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with full directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

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