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THE STATE'S OLDEST NEWSPAPER (Established 1873)

WHY WASTE BASKETS BULGE

It always has been a mystery to overworked newspaper men why organizations which are seeking free publicity do not employ news writers of at least average ability and with some practical knowledge of the craft to prepare their copy.

As a rule some layman, quite often, we are led to believe, a man who has never prepared copy for publication and whose knowledge of publicity methods is entirely academic, is engaged to prepare the mass of impossible matter which newspapers are asked to print.

This is the principal reason for bulging baskets and misspent publicity appropriations. The average editor has not time to wade through a scholarly, scientific screed which violates every known rule of newspaper writing. Rather than attempt to edit such matter for "style," punctuation, capitalization and even grammatical construction, to say nothing of attempting to inject into it the kick or the punch which makes a newspaper story, the hard-working editor dumps the contribution into the waste basket. And in all probability the name of this particular movement is so unfavorably impressed upon his mind that future communications from this source are not even opened.

As a result many a good movement loses publicity to which it is properly entitled, and many a good news story is lost to newspapers which would be glad to give the article space were it presented in the form which warranted publication.

These comments are prompted by the fact that The Tribune has just waded through a three-page contribution which is typical of the publicity matter to which we refer. Upon one page of the copy 39 alterations in capitalization, punctuation and construction were necessary. The real news nub of the story was found in the last paragraph, instead of in the first or the second, where it should have been. Fortunately, in this instance, the scissors remedied this defect. Ordinarily it would have been necessary to rewrite the whole story. As it was, fifteen valuable minutes were spent in correcting a story which would have been ready for publication in the form in which it was presented had a newspaper man of average skill been engaged to prepare it.

This story dealt with a very important state meeting. It did not tell where this meeting was to be held or when until one had ploughed through a waste of misplaced capitals and a forest of prodigally planted commas and semi-colons and had reached the last paragraph, at the end of the third page. It chanced to be a story whose importance overcame its inapplicability in a news sense, and time was taken to doctor it. But this story was a fortunate exception, and the world-wide organization which probably is paying someone good money for the preparation of such matter is not getting what it is paying for.

MALE AND FEMALE

It costs a single girl just \$83 more a year to live when she works and supports herself in Washington, D. C., than it does her brother.

Such is the result of Uncle Sam's investigation of the annual budget necessary to maintain a single man and a single woman in the clerical service of the government in Washington, D. C., at a level of health and decency.

The man and the woman pay the same for the following items per year:

Room, \$180; board, \$12; lunches, \$88.25; other food, \$18; religion, \$5.00; dues, \$5; newspapers, \$7.50; fare, \$88.20.

When it comes to clothing—ah, that's a different matter! The poor male person is allowed \$113.36; but his sister worker must have \$240.15 per annum. And laundry—there's the rub! The man gets along with \$52.00 worth of cleaning per annum, but the woman must have \$65.00. Brother is assumed to be a buskier, too, for his medical and oculist charges are put at only \$32.00 a year, while his compatriot must have \$100.00 to contribute to the medical profession. The male animal requires more amusing, though. He must

have \$39.00 worth per annum, while the woman can get along on \$20.00 worth of amusements. One suspects that the unmarried male is expected to pay for the theater seats when he takes the unmarried female worker out in the evening! "Other incidentals," presumably including such luxuries as the filthy weed, net the male creature \$26.00 per annum, while the lady gets along on \$20.00.

THE TREND OF THOUGHT

In a very material period, when such problems as reconstruction, labor disputes, business difficulties, high prices, trade expansion, social readjustment and many others, are so much before mankind, the bodily side of life seems all-important.

And yet on every hand there are indications of a spiritual longing, so deep an interest in exploration and study of those things beyond this human life and outside this bodily existence that they cannot but cause consideration and speculation.

The most apparent indication of this trend of thought is the sudden popularity and prominence of spiritualism. The librarian of a leading reference library declared the other day that the demand for books on spiritualism exceeds that for works on any other subject. Newspapers and magazines bristle with stories on the topic.

Nor is the spiritualist religion the only field of mental, spiritual and metaphysical study which is winning investigators and converts.

No one can say today what belief is correct and what is wrong, whether there is any basis of fact to popular theories or whether the world has gone off on a tangent. But there is evidence of a sincere, world-wide longing to know the truth.

The belief in a soul or other-being, the hope of a life-eternal and a conviction that there exists a Supreme Power, are natural attributes of many, found in the lowest stages as well as the highest. Since early times men have puzzled over these questions.

BUSINESS PROFITS

Reduce your profits now and you'll assure yourself future permanent and substantial profit.

This is the advice given business by John Skelton Williams, comptroller of the currency.

He believes business profits must now be cut, or soon there'll be none. He suggests the "thinnest reasonable margin of profit" as the best assurance of future profit. This, too, he points out, will reduce the cost of living. Bankers are asked to help in restraining speculation in commodities as well as securities. This, also, will help the cost of living.

But if profits continue abnormally high, and Williams insists that this is what they now are, there'll surely come a slump, and present profits—and more!—will be swallowed up in that profitless era. Business can avoid that by reducing profits now.

SPREADING

The wealth of the United States is no longer concentrated in the east. Twenty years ago the banking power of the country was mainly concentrated in the national banks in New England and eastern states. Comprising only 6 per cent of the territory of continental United States, these states nevertheless held about 60 per cent of the total resources of all the national banks in the country.

Today, though the banking resources in these states have increased over seven billions, banks in these states only hold 46.88 per cent of the total, instead of 60 per cent.

Since 1899, the growth of bank resources in the middle western states has been 363 per cent; in the 14 southern states the growth has been 889 per cent; in the eight western states the growth has been 500 per cent; and in the Pacific states the growth has been 134 per cent.

Wealth is spreading all over the United States, instead of remaining concentrated in the east.

The allies demand the extradition of Germans in bulk, but will try them von at a time.

People in Petrograd are consuming food not meant for humans. They are also using theories not meant for humans.

Paris fashion experts are showing silver and gold trousers for ladies. Time somebody was finding a cheap substitute for wool.

Austria is preparing to declare her permanent neutrality. This will be a great relief to nations that feared resumption of hostilities.

You see, prices are not really high. They seem high because a dollar is so cheap. And the English pound is not really cheap over here. It merely seems cheap because prices are so high.

FAR FROM THE STORM AND STRIFE



SATURDAY EVENING LETTER

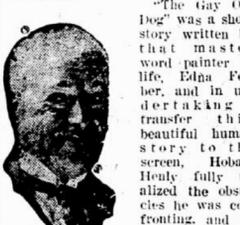
By Justice J. E. Robinson

Now, for the first time in twenty years, our court is right up with their work. The last case has been finally decided. The state is clear and suitors may get justice while they wait. In politics this is a promising year. The first may be best, and the last may be first. For many are called, but few are chosen. This week at Bismarck, there was a nameless ceremony of old party leaders. They were sadly in need of a Moses to lead them to the promised land, the pie counter and the state payroll. Treadwell Twichell acted as their chieftain, but he is no Moses and they were irony to call him a progressive. Four years ago he lost all his pull and prestige when he had to surrender his magic wand to William Lemke as the duly elected Bishop of the Republican Party. The Good Bishop has held a firm grip on the wand and on the office. Indeed he seems to have and to hold an Aladdin's magic lamp and to use it as occasion requires. The convention was most remarkable for what it failed to do. It did not resolve on a single progressive measure, but in expressions of dislike for Mr. Towley and the farmers' league, it was quite unanimous and emphatic. While it courted and flattered the Democrats and offered to amalgamate with them, it did not do a thing to help any good Democratic measure. During the past two years the flu has been the great curse of the country. Its harvest of death has been appalling, because good liquor medicine—the best of all flu remedies—has been denied the people. Now the drastic state laws have been superseded by the Eighteenth Amendment and a drastic act of Congress. By the amendment and the act we have national prohibition. The amendment is not drastic or unfair. It merely forbids the manufacture, sale, purchase or transportation of liquor for BEVERAGE PURPOSES. That is all right. The act of congress goes far beyond the amendment; it forbids any sale or purchase without a permit from the commissioner or some director of prohibition, and the commissioner and directors do either deny or ignore any application for a permit, even for the most urgent medical purposes. Thus the constitution is set at defiance and made odious by those who administer the law. Recently on a sleeping car from New York, a thing in the form of a woman fell down in the aisle as if in a faint. She gaspingly begged for a flask of liquor. A gallant man responded when he was arrested, and his flask confiscated. (Lawyer Miller, of Bismarck, and Judge Hanley of Mandan were on the car but were not the gallant party.) Now that nefarious and treacherous act was a plain violation of the constitution. Every man has a right to travel and to take with him such

liquor and other medicine as he may deem necessary for the use of himself and his family. The constitution is that: Every person shall be secure in his person, papers, effects and property against unreasonable searches and seizures. A year ago I wrote the U. S. attorney general concerning the seizure of liquor carried by travelers for their own use, and he answered that it was strictly contrary to the regulations of the Department of Justice. In every age of the world the overzeal of narrow minded reformers has been a fearful handicap in the mad rush for wealth and power, there has been a continuous encroachment on and flouting of the constitutional right to life, liberty and property by those who administer the law. Citizens have been wantonly arrested and their property seized, confiscated and destroyed—and this without even a rum of indignation, much less resistance and contempt punishment. The lesson to be learned is that the laws and the constitution are not, and never have been, self-enforcing. If people would live and enjoy the constitutional rights of life, liberty and property they must secure and maintain the same by a nationwide organization. They must organize with force sufficient to make and unmake legislators and judges. Eternal vigilance with a powerful organization is the price of civil liberty. JAMES E. ROBINSON, Judge.

AT THE THEATRES

THE REX Hobart Henley, the actor-director, enters the ranks of producer as well when he presents "The Gay Old Dog," the Pathé picture coming to the Rex theatre for two days commencing Wednesday.



"The Gay Old Dog" was a short story written by that master word painter of life, Edna Ferber, and in undertaking to transfer this beautiful human story to the screen, Hobart Henley fully realized the obstacles he was confronting, and no higher praise can be rendered him than to say that "The Gay Old Dog" is real. In him you can recognize people you know—perhaps you, yourself, are a Jimmy Dodd, for the world is full of such as the self-sacrificing and unthankful and unappreciated. John Cumberland, quite new to the screen but a familiar figure in such popular farces as "Twin Beds," "Fair and Warmer," "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," and "Up in Mabel's Room," plays the title role so skillfully and understandingly one suspects him of being a Jimmy Dodd himself. Ger-

trude Robinson returns to the screen in the role of his sweetheart, Emily, and others in the cast are Nell Trice; Mary Chambers, Emily Lorraine, Ine-Marcel, and Frances Neilson. Mr. Henley directed the picture and Mrs. Sidney Drew wrote the scenario.

Today's program at the Rex theatre features Sylvia Breamer and Robert Gordon in "Respectable by Proxy," a J. Stuart Blackton-Pathé production. Said to be a spicy, romantic comedy, the action revolves around a young southern aristocrat who repents his hasty marriage to a cheap actress. He leaves home and when he returns it is to find a perfectly strange young woman—another actress—in his mother's home posing as his wife! Then began their career of respectability by proxy!

The heaviest vaudeville bill that has so far been booked at the popular play house is on today and Tuesday. "Go-A-Head," a miniature seven people musical comedy with five pretty girls are the top liners, also a three people musical act, called "Barnum Was Right," and Mable and Graham, a polka singing and dancing act in addition to a big five reel comedy drama, "Respectable by Proxy," "Topics of the Day from the Literary Digest" and a one reel comedy, "Order in the Court," make a big show for the moment.

MARGUERITE Clark introduces a novel addition to her long list of charming screen heroines in her latest Paramount-Arteract picture, "Widow by Proxy," which will be the attraction at the Bismarck tonight and tomorrow. The story is from the Broadway stage success of the same name, written by Catherine Chisholm. Miss Clark had the role of a vivacious bachelor girl who pretends to be the widow of a soldier missing in action, so that her dearest chum may collect an inheritance which is due her, but which she is too proud to accept. Complications ensue thick and fast, and the climax is reached when the "late" husband walks in, very much in the flesh.

"Widow by Proxy" is crowded with wholesome comedy and avoids just the sort of part that has raised Miss Clark to her present pinnacle of popularity. A capable cast supports the little star, including Nigel Barrie as leading man, Walter Edwards as the villain. This is the second picture made by Miss Clark since arriving in California from New York and is expected to prove one of her most attractive vehicles.

ELTINGE The newest fad in bathing costumes is one that you can put in your vanity box. This is the style that Constance Talmadge sets in "Two Weeks." It is not for the beach in broad daylight. Goodness gracious, No!

Miss Talmadge, spending a fortnight in the house of three bachelors, slips out at night to take a plunge in the lake. She doesn't hang her clothes on a hickory limb, for she hasn't any, a hang. She just folds them up in her vanity box and eld in moonbeams and firefly glow she plunges into the lake.

But horrors, she isn't the only one that bathes by moonlight and she is discovered. And the three bachelors are put to rout. "Two Weeks," Miss Talmadge's latest comedy drama, taken from the play "At the Barn," by Anthony Warton, will be shown at the Eltinge tonight and tomorrow.

It is the story of the rise of a chorus girl to stardom. She is insulted by her escort at a country place, flees on a truck and finds herself at the home of three crass bachelors. She vanishes from the finish and all three fall in love with her. Now what could a poor girl do with three men in love with her?

WILL YOU?

BY GEORGE C. MEYERS, Humist. When the months of time are ended and love is satisfied, And you turn your face and footsteps to the practical outside, Can you say you've learned the lesson that the silence tried to teach? If you can you'll be a winner—Yes, indeed, you'll be a peach.

When you've shaken these environs and are numbered with the free And you face the rocky going in the land of liberty, Will you clear the decks for action with a vow to battle square? If you do, you'll be a wonder—honest son, you'll bear a bear.

Will you meet old opportunity with keen, appraising glance? Will you think of ways to hustle when you have another chance? Will you start upon the level with the horny handed herd? If you do you'll be a marvel—say, you'll surely be a bird.

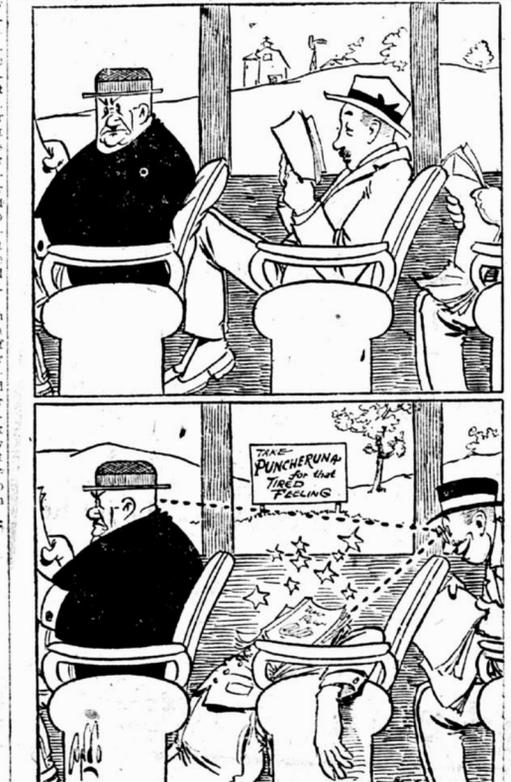
When the portals close behind you, and you run to catch a car, Will you soon across the river to a gilded palace bar? Will you count on dodging labor and imagine life a dream? If you do, you'll keep existing, but you'll never be a scream.

But when you start to land a "toehold" on a ladder of success, Never think of quitting, kiddo—if you're beaten don't confess. If you can't do any better, you at least, will be no slob. If you stick with that position your employer calls a job.

The latest report on total casualties to date: Killed in action, including 382 at sea, 34,837; died of wounds, 13,959; died of disease, 23,738; died from accident and other causes, 5101.

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