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THE STATE'S OLDEST NEWSPAPER (Established 1873)

HEAR O'CONNOR

Bismarck will have an opportunity to hear J. F. T. O'Connor at the Auditorium Monday evening and everyone who believes in restoring a representative form of government in this state should be there to hear the issues of the campaign discussed.

Those who have been inclined to favor Townley's utopia should also attend this rally and hear the other side of the argument. It is hoped that many farmers in Burleigh county can be present.

Mr. O'Connor is one of the best speakers of the state and he has been discussing the issues of the campaign in a vigorous fashion free from all personalities. He has served two sessions in the legislature under the league regime and is well qualified to discuss the kind of soviet government under which the state is operating.

Burleigh county should give O'Connor a rousing reception. This is the first political rally held in Bismarck since the women received the franchise.

Let's make it a real rally in celebration of that event!

The Burleigh county tax payers may decide to elect county commissioners who will keep the road machinery out of the fields and on the roads where it belongs.

BRASIL AND BRAZIL

My, but they had a terrible fuss in Brasil! No, not "Brazil," for it isn't Brazil; it is Brasil, according to the minister of finances of Brasil. He ought to know!

All this mess of trouble started in Brazil, Ind., U. S. A.

Brazil is a small North American city, while Brasil is a big South American country.

Recently a banknote issued by a national bank of Brazil, Ind., arrived in Brasil, South America. It occasioned more conversation in Rio de Janeiro than the latest coffee quotations.

It may be explained that all Brasil's paper money is printed in the United States. And these Brazilians jumped at the conclusion that the U. S. A. was trying to put something over on them.

"Making out as if Brasil was an American colony," yelled Deputy Ferras.

"No," explained Deputy Frontin, "this 'Ind.' on the banknote shows it was issued by one of the American states."

"Well," shrieked Deputy Ferras, "doesn't that prove that the United States is stealing our country's noble name for some banknote station on a branch line in Ind., wherever Ind. is?"

After hours of debate they got the matter ironed out smoothly, and voted a law making it illegal for Brazilians to spell the name of their country with a "z."

But you just wait until Brazil, Ind., hears about those South Americans calling that thriving Indiana community a tank-town station on a branch line!

Our nonpartisan league chairman of the board of county commissioners is not an ardent advocate of good roads when his crops are concerned. The league motto seems to be yourself first and the public afterwards. When you hit a bad bump in the road you can console yourself with the fact that somebody is using the road machinery to thresh.

I-BOOKS

The new library assistant was endeavoring to guide the youthful applicant into the paths of good literature.

She showed him "Robinson Crusoe," "David Copperfield" and "Treasure Island."

The child opened each haphazardly, gave one glance, and rejected it.

"But why?" asked the surprised assistant. "I don't like I-books," was the answer.

Then the assistant realized that these three masterpieces were all told in the first person.

Librarians report that this child is typical. Children reject, I-books as a rule, if left to their own volition.

Perhaps they have somewhat the same feeling toward them that Mr. Dooley had towards Theodore Roosevelt's book on the Spanish war, when that Hibernian philosopher re-entitled it "Alone in Cuby." It is pretty hard for the I-book to repress the over-accentuated ego.

Then there is another reason. Children love romance and adventure, danger and daring, even

unto death. Of course they want their heroes to triumph and survive, but they do not want to be assured of it in advance.

If the book begins "I am about to tell of my wonderful adventures in which I," etc., the child cries, "Shucks! here you are, sounds as a drum, sitting up and telling about it. Not a chance for you to be rended limb from limb anywhere in the book!"

So the child turns to some good, gory story, told in the third person, in which there is at least an outside chance that the author may not pull his hero safely through to the last chapter.

The music of the coal wagon unloading into the cellar this fall is like grand opera—it's expensive but wonderful.

THE GARAGE HOME

The garage home is one answer to the rent profiteer.

A small payment down gets a good building lot, often large enough for garden, berries and chickens.

The buyer builds a neat double garage at a cost of a few hundred dollars, divides it with temporary partitions into two or three rooms, puts in the plumbing fixtures he intends to use later in a house, moves in and laughs at landlords.

Having started thus on the road to home ownership, the garage-residence is an incentive to economies. The quicker the first little debt is paid off, the sooner will the desired modern residence on the front of the lot be a reality.

The idea is a good one and allotment firms are likely to quickly take it up and put on the market whole subdivisions with garages erected, ready for occupancy until the day when the house can be built.

EDITORIAL REVIEW

Comments reproduced in this column may or may not express the opinions of The Tribune. They are presented here in order that our readers may have both sides of important issues which are being discussed in the press of the day.

LIKE SANITARIUM

Forty-eight prisoners at the state penitentiary went on a strike the other day. They refused to go to work at the going wages of 25c per day which is allowed them by the state and struck for \$1.00 per day. The warden very promptly put them in their cells and since that has been feeding them on a bread and water diet. We expect to see them continue this hunger-strike until they are guaranteed ham and eggs and fried chicken as a regular thing on the bill of fare. They do not have a bad time at the penitentiary at that. They maintain a baseball club in which the lifers and murderers form a big part, and during the baseball season they run around the country playing ball and having a better time than those of us who up to this time have been fortunate enough to keep out of that institution. A couple of weeks ago a couple of tough ones belonging to this institution stole the chief of police car at New Salem and beat it out of the country. Life at our state penal institution is not so bad after all.—Valley City Times Record.

MR. HANNAFORD'S RETIREMENT

The wires yesterday brought the news that Jule M. Hannaford, president of the Northern Pacific, will retire on his seventieth birthday. November 19. His hosts of friends throughout the Northwest heard it with mingled emotions—regret that he is to retire from active work in the career in which he has so signally distinguished himself, pleasure that he is to have the rest he has earned so richly, and crowding memories of the half century of history in the making of which he has had so large a part.

Mr. Hannaford is a pioneer in the Northwest ern railroad service. He has been with the Northern Pacific nearly fifty years, beginning at the bottom and working steadily up, step by step, to the presidency. He has been one of the great builders of the Northwest who laid the strong and sound foundation of its present prosperity. As a man, Jule Hannaford's relations with his workers, with his patrons, and with all who knew him, have been those of warm affection. He has been a friend at court for Duluth and Northern Minnesota through all his career.

That he may be spared long and enjoy the rest which has come to crown a long and busy life of hard, constructive work, will be the wish of thousands through the Northwest.—Duluth Herald.

WILL ROGERS (HIMSELF)

Jokes by ROGERS



IT'S HIGH TIME



JUST JOKING

A Skeptic. Oil Promoter—Do you know what would happen if we struck oil in this well? Friend—You'd be the most surprised man in the world.—Judge.

On the Rhine. Sentry—Who goes there? Voice—Arbeiter. Sentry—Come again! You're the tenth man I've stopped with that name in 20 minutes.—Stars and Stripes.

Sort of a Chauffeur. "What sort of a man is her husband?" "I've never met him. He must be very nice though for I notice that he always takes her to all her afternoon card parties and calls for her when they're over."—Detroit Free Press.

Those Pencil Marks. "Who was it saw the handwriting on the wall, Bobby?" asked the teacher. "The landlord," replied the boy who lives in a flat.—Boston Transcript.

Positive Proof. "How did you contrive to convince your wife that you could not afford to own an automobile?" "Pure luck on my part. She wanted to clean an old dress and bought a gallon of gasoline."—Automobile Journal.

Comparisons. "You know," said the woman whose motor car had run down a man, "you must have been walking very carefully. I am a very careful driver. I have been driving a car for seven years." "Lady, you've got nothing on me. I've been walking for 54 years."—Detroit News.

The Difference. "Esther," questioned the teacher of a member of the juvenile class, "what is the difference between electricity and lightning?" "You don't have to pay nothing for lightning," came the prompt reply.—Everybody's Magazine.

Some Memory. "And do you remember the faces of all your customers?" remarked the boy to the assistant in the shoe store. "I never forget anybody's face that I ever fitted with a pair of shoes."—Boys' Life.

Aw, Gwan! "How much mileage you gettin' out of your tires, Bill?" "How much you gettin'?" "Aw, come on, I ast you first."—Motor Life.

Too Anxious. Mary Ellen had just arrived at grandmother's house and announced herself as being thirsty. "Don't drink water, honey," said grandmother.

THE COUNTRY SCHOOL TEACHER ARE WE USING HER FAIR? BY A FARMER'S WIFE

It has always been a task to keep a school teacher in our neighborhood, and I have been wondering if the fault lies with the teacher or with us. Are we not too insistent that she concur with what we think is right, and leave her own opinions entirely out of the matter?

Do we expect her to manage our children or do we intend for our children to manage her? If she corrects them should we put in our oar in favor of the child.

We know that we must correct our children when they are home, then how can we expect a teacher to get along with ours and about a dozen other children without using the same methods? The school teacher is neither an angel nor the opposite; she is a very human being, and wants to do what is right, and she appreciates constructive criticism, as well as praise; but for us to find fault indiscriminately is neither fair nor just.

When your child comes home with a long tale of woe, do not "fly all to pieces" and condemn the teacher without a hearing.

Remember, children are prone to exaggerate, and what to them seems to be a mountain may prove to be a mole hill, and a small one at that.

I have always pitied the little coun-

try school teacher from the bottom of my heart.

In many cases she is among strangers, far from home and mother, and in a neighborhood which she fears may prove hostile to her. From the woman who writes her a letter of complaint every day, to the mother who says: "It must be so, for Johnnie wouldn't lie," she has a hard life indeed, and when to this is added a salary which a scrub-woman would refuse with scorn, surely there is but little inducement held out to the teachers of our country schools, and I wonder that so many are willing to undertake the task.

But in many cases it is a labor of love, with no thought of the hardships to be endured, nor the sacrifices to be made. I shall never forget the words of one of these dear girls when I asked her why she had not sought a better paid vocation than teaching is at present:

"I love my work, and I want to see each and every one of my boys and girls grow into a noble young man and womanhood. "I feel that in this way I may partly repay the debt I owe to those noble women who once made the path of knowledge less thorny for my feet to tread."

corn matred unusually fast and the bulk of the crop is past frost danger in most sections.

There is sufficient soil moisture for crop needs and for fall plowing and seeding, except that rain is needed over the western lake region, the southwestern Great Plains and some far western localities.

Pastures, ranges and meadows are holding up well in most sections, livestock continue in good condition generally, but are losing weight in California. The weather was mostly favorable for the harvest of forage crops.

CONGREGATIONALISTS CONVENE AT FORKS

Grand Forks, N. D., Oct. 2.—With Rev. E. E. Keedy of Minot, presiding as moderator, the 39th annual conference of the Congregational churches of North Dakota opened here today. The conference sermon will be delivered tonight by Rev. J. G. Duling of Dickinson. Addresses by Rev. R. A. Board of Fargo and A. W. Vernon of Carlton college will be given Wednesday evening at the special pilgrim tercentenary program.

There are now about 1,000,000 birds on the ostrich farms of Africa and the value of the exported feathers is about \$15,000,000.

CROP SUMMARY

Washington, D. C., Oct. 2.—Warm weather over central and eastern sections was very favorable for rapid maturing of crops, but the weather was cool over the western Rocky Mountain region and there was some frost injury in the Rocky Mountain Plateau states, but the damage was not exten-

AS IT LOOKS TO ME THE INSPECTOR

Washington, D. C., Oct. 2.—The hardest-worked man in Washington is John Kramer, prohibition enforcement commissioner. His friends have observed that there are more lines in his face than there were when he took his present job.

He has been working almost night and day trying to put John Barleycorn's shoulders to the mat since the inception of prohibition.

Then he has had upon him the great burden of constructing the Volstead act, in determining who could have permits to obtain rum for lawful purposes, and it is telling upon him.

The fellows he has to deal with are always worried, and he may have contracted his worries from them.

Still, Kramer has not lost his good disposition and he smiles through it all.

Two newsboys staged a fight in front of the White House on the sidewalk. They put on a real bout. One of the White House cops was just on the inside of the tall iron fence and couldn't get to them to part them.

A tall, red-faced Irishman, with rather a distinguished appearance, happened along and stopped to watch the scrap.

"Separate them," the policeman yelled at the spectator. "Bejabbers, let 'em go," replied the Irishman. "Bejabbers, every time I see two boys fighting, I feel a patriotic desire to hit somebody in the nose myself."

When the boys decided nobody separate them, they became peeved at the crowd that was gathering and shook hands.

Of the land-under-cultivation in England, six-sevenths is devoted to fodder for horses and other live-stock.

Now is the time to fill your basement with Monarch Coal.—C. A. Finch Lumber Co.

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WHAT'S NEWS TODAY?

Drawings by GROVE

