

THE BISMARCK TRIBUNE

Entered at the Postoffice, Bismarck, N. D., as Second Class Matter.

GEORGE D. MANN Editor

Foreign Representatives G. LOGAN PAYNE COMPANY CHICAGO Marquette Bldg. DETROIT Kresge Bldg. PAYNE, BURNS AND SMITH FIFTH AVE. BLDG. NEW YORK

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also the local news published herein.

All rights of publication of special dispatches herein are also reserved.

MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATION

SUBSCRIPTION RATES PAYABLE IN ADVANCE Daily by carrier, per year \$7.20 Daily by mail, per year (in Bismarck) 7.20 Daily by mail, per year (in state outside Bismarck) 5.00 Daily by mail, outside of North Dakota 6.00

THE STATE'S OLDEST NEWSPAPER (Established 1873)

BISMARCK 2000 YEARS HENCE

Wouldn't be interesting if you could return to earth and visit Bismarck 2,000 years hence!

You have watched Bismarck's growth, tried to guess which suburb would develop next or where the center of the shopping district would move in another 50 years.

You have heard old residents tell almost unbelievable stories of the old days in Bismarck and the changes that have been wrought by time.

Yet those changes are nothing to what the future will bring.

What will Bismarck be like in, say, the year 4000?

Hard to answer. But eventually our city will inevitably crumble into the dust. It may take thousands of years, but history repeats, and all cities, all civilizations, ultimately vanish.

Suppose you could turn back the clock and visit Babylon, Ninevah, Thebes or Tyre in the days before they were depopulated and turned into ruins with passing of the civilizations which they crowned.

You'd talk to the inhabitants and they'd give you a great laugh if you suggested that "even this may pass away."

In the "Arabian Nights" you read of the glories of ancient Bagdad. At the height of its power, Bagdad was as big as Chicago of today. Overnight came Chinese armies, beheaded the 800,000 inhabitants who had not fled, and built a pyramid of the heads. Bagdad crumbled into the desert sands—so desolate that it was never rebuilt, the new Bagdad rising across the river.

The men who are erecting the giant Bush building in London, England, believe that in a few thousand years London may be a deserted ruins, with archeologists excavating to learn the habits and customs of the people of 1921.

So, deep down in the concrete foundations of the Bush building, they are constructing a sealed chamber in which will be deposited articles typical of our present civilization.

Acting on the advice of H. G. Wells, the articles will include a safety razor, a cotton reel, a bottle of pickles, a mail-order catalog, some patent medicines, a typewriter, a sewing machine, a railroad time-table, a moving picture machine and film.

Archeologists of the year 4000 or later, digging under the Bush building, will scratch their heads bewilderedly and try to guess what these crude articles might have been used for by the barbarians of 1921.

LONG SKIRTS RETURN

M. Joseph Paquin, a dressmaker whose name all women recognize, says that the day of abbreviated dress has passed, and that a renaissance of modesty is at hand. That's in Paris. But changes of style there are soon reflected in the United States.

He says short skirts and low cut corsages are going, and that long and full skirts are a feature of spring models he has designed.

So, aspects of women's dress against which some men have been inveighing, are to disappear. Will that end criticism of women's dress? Probably not.

Magazines of bygone periods show that there never has been more criticism of fashions than in those periods when dresses were long, and the fashion was to look demure. Psychologists may be right who say that immodesty is less often in what is viewed than in the mind which complains of it.

AFTER NINETY YEARS

"Europe's tottering civilization" has become a stock phrase of current editorial discussion. But it's not the first time that it has seemed to be tipping over while the horrified spectators look on helplessly.

See what Thomas Carlyle wrote in 1831: "Sad to look upon in the highest stage of civilization, nine-tenths of mankind have to struggle in the lowest battle of savage or even animal man, the battle against Famine."

"In one country we have seen lava-torrents of fever-frenzy envelope all things; government succeeds government like the phantasma of a dying brain. In another country, we can even now see in maddest alternation, the peasant governed by such guidance as this: To labor earnestly one month in raising wheat, and the next month labor earnestly in burning it."

day, and the Europe he spoke of seemed no whit less hopeless than the Europe that seems tottering now.

"Society, were it not by nature immortal, and its death ever a new birth, might appear, as it does in the eyes of some, to be sick to dissolution, and even now writhing in its last agony."

The "dying" Europe of Carlyle's time got well and flowered into a civilization that made the nineteenth century the most progressive of the ages.

The lesson of history is the consolation of despair.

MAIL IT EARLY

Do you let your business letters pile up during the day and then dump them into the mail boxes around 5 in the afternoon? If so, you are helping delay the delivery of mails by 12 hours, according to postoffice officials.

In Chicago, for instance, more than 1,500,000 letters are mailed between 5 and 6 o'clock p. m. It's the same story in every town.

The postoffice "sorters" are bound to get behind schedule if a whole day's work floods them in one hour. Then, too, evening mail trains are overcrowded, while morning and afternoon trains carry little mail.

Make those early trains with your letters, by posting your mail throughout the day—and help the postoffice give you quick service.

BACK TO EARTH

We all had to speed up during the war. It didn't matter how much it cost to get a thing done, just so it was done fast. Hence it frequently was considered all right to pour money down the sewer, just so it produced speed.

"We've got to get that idea out of our heads," says the general manager of a big corporation. "Mark you, I don't mean that we can slow down. We've all got to buckle in and work harder than ever—to make business good again and to pay off our enormous national debt."

"During the war, my office went on a telegraph and long-distance-phone basis. I'm having an awful time getting that idea out of their heads. When they want a pencil, their first thought still is to wire for it."

"We've got to get rid of that idea—and go back to the old-time way of doing things on an economical basis, back to a postage-stamp instead of a telegram schedule. Expenses have to go pared to the core. The individual and business that economize are the only ones that can survive. The war-time spending drunk is over. This is the cold gray dawn of the morning after."

From the back end of a moving van, even the best of furniture looks like a collection of an old attic.

Danish national museum officials say that the petrified woman, found in a hollow tree in South Jutland, is 3000 years old. How old is the tree?

EDITORIAL REVIEW

Comments reproduced in this column may or may not express the opinion 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.

PUBLICITY FOR DIVORCE SCANDALS

Recent divorce cases which have had great publicity lead Rev. John Roach Straton of New York to say: Sickening as the details are, I am glad the newspapers are publishing them. Let those who are guilty of these infamies be brought to the bar of an enlightened and righteous public opinion." This is contrary to the rather widely-entertained view that the evil of immorality is minimized by hushing up the facts. It is a fair question for debate, and undoubtedly there is much to be said on both sides. Yet it should be observed that whereas the remedy of publicity which Rev. Mr. Straton favors has never been fully tested, it is a matter of historic record that the lack of newspaper publicity has never in the slightest degree checked social decadence.

The logical conclusion seems to be that publicity may do good provided it stirs society to defend itself from corruption, and that if society lacks the moral ideals and the moral courage to do that its case is too hopeless for the question of method in dealing with immorality to be of great consequence. Why, asked Mr. Straton, should not men of prominence who figured in divorce scandals be ousted from their business positions of responsibility, excluded from their clubs, and ostracised socially? Why not, in short, apply the treatment which President Hadley of Yale urged years ago for the curbing of those whom Theodore Roosevelt called "malefactors of great wealth"? Publicity can at least be said to put the responsibility squarely up to society.

If society shirks that responsibility and amiably condones the offenses of people of social prominence, nothing further can be done till a wave of reform clears the moral atmosphere. The actual conditions may not be so bad as Mr. Straton depicted them or as an occasional sensation case aired in the courts and the newspaper would suggest. But it is admitted that the moral tone which prevails is far from ideal, and it is rather generally felt that laxity is increasing. If this is the case the cure is quite certainly not to be found in suppression of the facts; it may perhaps be found in publicity but only if public opinion gives firm support to the cause of moral-

ADVENTURES OF THE TWINS

By Olive Barton Roberts



The monkeys gave a cry of joy when they saw the mirror.

Upon hearing a strange voice say that the moon was leaning against an old stump on the ground, the two circus monkeys slid down the cocoanut tree like firemen down a greased pole. If the moon was anywhere round, they didn't want to miss it.

"Where is it?" answered the mysterious voice. "Down your feet!"

Now Flippety-Flap had been very busy, and so had Nancy and Nick, upon their arrival at the place where the circus monkeys lived.

First, the fairman took out the large round mirror he had brought in one of his great shoes, and out of the other shoe he took the rice they had brought from China. After that he made a small hole in the ends of two cocoanuts and filled them with the rice.

Next, the three travelers hid themselves behind the mirror and had just got settled when the monkeys came sliding down the tree.

"Here's the moon," called Flippety-Flap.

Mr. and Mrs. Monkey, particularly Mrs. Monkey, gave a cry of joy when they saw it. "Oh, you dear moon!" she cried. "I always knew you were a looking-glass. I can see myself perfectly now. Just as I thought I'm the most beautiful creature on earth."

But Mr. Monkey was interested in other things. He was hungry. "Can you tell me, O Moon, where I can find some nice white rice?" he asked.

Flippety-Flap behind the mirror, winked at Nick and answered loudly. "Yea, Mr. Monkey, that I can. Look under the bolo-bush for two cocoanuts. And then look inside the cocoanuts."

Mr. Monkey skedaddled over to the bolo-bush and Mrs. Monkey left her primping and followed.

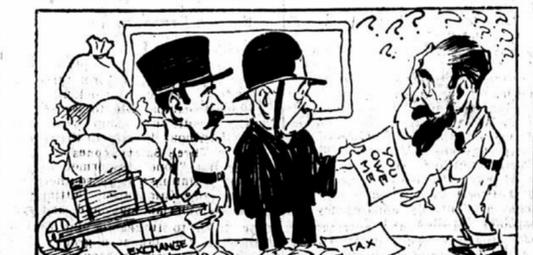
There on the ground were the two large cocoanuts, and in the end of each was a hole. Mr. Monkey picked one up, curiously, and stuck in his hand.

(To Be Continued.) (Copyright, 1921, N. E. A.)

SHAW'S TRIUMPH ON CONTINENT NETS 15 SHILLINGS

By Newspaper Enterprise. London, April 19.—George Bernard Shaw's plays are being revived with wonderful success in German, Austrian and Hungarian capitals.

What will remain of my 1,083 kronen after it has paid Hungarian taxation I do not know, probably your government will take 1,083 kronen out of the bank and send me a bill for the balance.



has written to his attorney in these cities asking them to try to prevent further showing of the successes.

He says he "can't afford such triumphs."

That's best explained in the letter Shaw wrote to his lawyer in Budapest:

"The success of my plays in Budapest is naturally gratifying to me as an artist. I have to thank you for having lodged to my credit in the Anglo-Austrian bank the princely but piteous sum of 1,083 kronen for a few performances of my shortest play; a trifle in one act.

"Consulting the current rate of exchange I find that this amounts to exactly 15 shillings, on which I shall have to pay 5 shillings income tax and super-tax to the British government."

Main Street Monotony

By Dr. William E. Barton. Mr. Lewis has set the literary critics discussing his book "Main Street." Those of us who were born, as I was, on Main Street in an American town, know that life there is not quite so sordid and uninviting as he describes it, but there is no denying the photographic accuracy of many of his descriptions. He says:

"Nine-tenths of the American towns are so much alike that it is the completest boredom to wander from one to another. There is the same lumber yard, the same railroad station, the same garage, the same creamery, the same box-like houses and two-story shops. Such a society functions admirably in the large production of cheap automobiles, dollar watches, and safety razors. But it is not satisfied till the entire world also admits that the end and joyous purpose of living is to ride in flivvers, to make advertising pictures of dollar watches, and in the twilight to sit talking out of love and courage but of the convenience of safety razors."

228 BANK OFFICERS FROM ONE SCHOOL

The election of L. I. Walden as cashier of the First National Bank of Leeds, marks the 228th case in which a graduate of Dakota Business College, Fargo, N. D., has become a bank officer. Eight officials are in Fargo banks alone.

D. B. C. pupils are preferred in banks all over the state. "Send another as good as the last," wired Linwell's State Bank of Ray, recently. E. G. Braaten was sent. "Follow the Successful." Enroll now for the Spring term. Write for information to F. J. Watkins, Pres., 202 Grand St., Fargo, N. D.

stuff of life? For these are not the things on which men can live. The kingdom of heaven must be within us; and Main Street must be surveyed straight through the New Jerusalem.

HEALTH By Uncle Sam, M. D.

Send health questions to Information Editor, U. S. Public Health Service, Washington, D. C. Give name and address and you'll receive a personal reply.

Goitre. My daughter, nearly 16, has a goitre. My doctor tells me this is very common in girls her age, and he prescribed some drops, 15, three times a day, and he does not seem to think anything very serious. She has been taking drops for some time now, and I can't see any improvement. It looks swollen from one side to the other, but more noticeable in front.

Moderate enlargement of the thyroid gland (simple goitre) is, as your physician has told you, not at all uncommon. It is found mostly in girls, and usually those of the nervous type. Your daughter should have plenty of rest, and lead simple, quiet life, free from excitement. Tea and coffee should not be allowed. Improvement will probably require several months.

My baby takes the breast and after he has nursed about five minutes he gets a stomachache. The baby is five months old, and he weighs 12 pounds.

It is possible that your baby is nursing too fast. Or it may be that he swallows considerable air while nursing, and the gas in his stomach causes discomfort. Hold him upright a few minutes and pat him gently to help expel the gas. He is a little underweight for his age.

Discharging Ear. My boy, 7, has had a running ear ever since he had the measles at 2 years old. I have been to every ear physician in town. They have given him all kinds of medicine to syringe it with, but do not help. One doctor says he ought to have an operation, but I hate to have it done. I had his tonsils and adenoids removed last summer. His ear runs much blood at night. He is getting dizzy headaches so much lately.

A discharging ear is often a serious matter, requiring careful daily treatment for a long time. You cannot hope that a "good tonic" will effect a cure. As long as the ear is in the condition you describe, there is always the dangerous possibility of the infection spreading to the surrounding bone and necessitating a serious operation. I can only suggest that you have him re-examined by the best ear specialist you can reach and abide by his decision.

Adenoids. I have a little baby brother who has adenoids so bad he can scarcely breathe. He is three months old. Can anything be done to a child that young? He scarcely breathes through his nose at all. If nothing can be done for him now, how old will he have to be to have them taken out? Is there any way of removing adenoids without cutting them out? He is very poor. Is this due to adenoids? Should I give him condensed milk?

Unless the symptoms are very marked, it is usually advisable to wait until a child is two years old before operating for the removal of adenoids.

If the baby's nourishment is being interfered with through his inability to nurse, you cannot afford to wait till his strength is exhausted. It is wise to keep him on the breast, but it may be advisable to give him additional food. Though condensed milk is of value as a temporary food, its prolonged use is not advisable, and it would be better to use modified pasteurized cow's milk if you can secure good milk.

There is no satisfactory way to remove adenoids except by means of an operation.

JUST JOKING

Boston announces the arrival of a transport with whisky and wool. Who ordered the wool?—Detroit Free Press.

A Close-Up Would Tell. Flicker, flicker, little star. Whom I worship from afar. Would I think you still a queen. Did I know you off the screen?—Cartoons Magazine.

A woman's head was put on the dollar because money talks.—Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.

In the Sanctum. Editor—No, I can't take it. I'd like to trample such verse under my feet. Poet—Alas! No poetry in his soul.—Pittsburg Press.

From His Heart. A young woman of a rather serious turn of mind endeavored to involve her professor in a theological discussion.

UNSPOKEN

By Alfred Arnold

Had you but spoken, yours were words To set to song or frame in gold; I saw it shining in your eyes, That rapture, never to be told; I've waited, longing, through the years, And now we both are growing old.

Had you but spoken, your sweet speech Would match all beauty that could be, I saw it glowing on your lips, The love you never breathed to me; I've suffered all, yet did not dare, To help you: what must be, must be.

Had you but spoken, what you said Would equal all time's happy lore; I saw it beating in your heart, The truth you could not tell before; And cannot now—because, my dear, There is no future any more.

Had you but spoken, life had been, For all its sorrows, half divine; I saw it in your secret soul, The will that burned, yet made no sign; It must be hidden to the end.

When Grandmother Was a Girl

Hoop skirts were worn by those who first asked the druggists for, and insisted on having, the genuine Favorite Prescription. For over fifty years this Favorite Prescription of Dr. Pierce's has sold more largely throughout the United States than any other tonic. It's the testimony of thousands of women that it has benefited or entirely eradicated such distressing ailments as women are prone to. After suffering pain, feeling nervous, dizzy, weak and dragged-down by weaknesses of her sex—with eyes sunken, black circles and pale cheeks—such a woman is quickly restored to health by the Favorite Prescription of Dr. Pierce. Changed, too, in looks, for after taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription the skin becomes clear, the eyes brighter, the cheeks plump. It is purely vegetable and contains no alcohol or narcotic.



Druggists sell the Prescription in tablets or liquid, or send Dr. Pierce, at Invalids' Hotel in Buffalo, N. Y., 10c for trial package of tablets.

"Professor," she asked, "do you not believe in infant damnation?" "I believe in it," said the professor, "only at night."—Ladies' Home Journal.

He Dodged 'Em. An Oklahoma negro was trying to saddle a fractious mule when a bystander asked: "Does that mule ever kick you, Sam?" "No, sah," replied Sam, "but he sometimes kicks who I es' been.—Judge.

Time Enough. "Am I right in surmising that you have something of serious import to say to my daughter?" "Oh, no, sir, I'm merely going to propose to her. I'll talk over the serious details with you after the wedding."—Detroit Times.

The only successful effort to dodge death and taxes was made by John Barleycorn.—Detroit Free Press.

The Main Difficulty. "There is only one trouble with a 6-horsepower motor." "What is that?" "Every horse balks at the same time."—Los Angeles Record.

Jack Dempsey announces he will never marry again. Jack doesn't propose to do any fighting except that he is paid to do.—Burlington (Vt.) News.

A Mystery. Customer—Waiter, I don't understand this trouser button in my soup. Waiter—I don't either, sir. We employ only women in our kitchen.—Tit-Bits (London).

Will a man have to have two diseases to be entitled to bock beer?—Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.

INGROWN NAIL

Toughen Skin and Toe Nail Turns Out Itself

A few drops of "Outgro" upon the skin surrounding the ingrowing nail reduces inflammation and pain and so toughens the tender, sensitive skin underneath the toe nail, that it can not penetrate the flesh, and the nail turns naturally outward almost overnight. "Outgro" is a harmless, antiseptic manufactured for chiropodists. However, anyone can buy from the drug store a tiny bottle containing directions.



WHY WORRY

Are you fully protected against loss by fire by good sound insurance? If not, you may well worry! The only way to feel secure is to be insured.

A good Fire Insurance Company sells you insurance that will stand any test of reliability. Insure today. Use the telephone.

MURPHY "The Man Who Knows Insurance" Bismarck, N. D.