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THE STATE'S OLDEST NEWSPAPER
(Established 1873)

LOAFERS

Loafers die young. So says Lord Leverhulme, one of England's greatest manufacturers.

"Look at me," says Leverhulme. "I've always worked like a horse. That's why I'm 70 and still going strong."

There's food for thought for you, if you hope to get enough money ahead that you can retire when you are 50 or 60.

Many a retired man would have added 10 years to his life if he had never retired at all.

LOST?

That money we loaned to Europe—will we ever get it back?

If we do, it'll wipe out about half of our war debt.

Great Britain, for one, apparently is in better financial condition than most of us realize.

Although Great Britain has sold a lot of her foreign securities during the war, she still has \$15,000,000,000 invested abroad—\$3 for every \$1 it owes.

The British national income is about \$22,000,000,000 a year. That's 83 per cent more than in 1913.

The average banker would call that pretty good security.

SPEED

A Cincinnati woman has just received from Dayton a post-card that was en route 16 years.

And Charles Boston, of Lorain, O., has just received a card that started from Cumberland, O., July 15, 1910.

Some will say that Will Hays is stirring up the postal service. Others will pounce on these instances of late delivery and lambaste the whole postal system.

Yet for every letter that gets lost in the mails, think of the millions that are delivered promptly.

But that's the way it goes. The world often judges a man by his mistakes and overlooks his good points.

QUEER

Twenty-six inches of rain fell in South Africa during June. It was the wettest and coldest month ever known in that part of the world, says the Capetown weather bureau.

About halfway between Bismarck and the North Pole, this summer there has been an unusually hot belt running around the world. Trappers report that a temperature as high as 110 has been common as far north as the southern end of Hudson Bay.

Weather this year has been peculiar everywhere.

If Einstein can explain why, we'll believe he knows something worth while.

RECOGNIZE VALOR

The United States, alone among the nations that fought in the great war, has failed to recognize, officially, the great part that the officers and men of the merchant marine played in winning the war.

Every other nation, including little Siam, has given medals to its brave men who "went down to the sea in ships," heroically defying German mines and submarines.

The movement which has been started to have Congress repair this slight by authorizing the striking of a proper medal, ought to succeed.

The expense would be slight and it would be an act of simple justice to thousands of men.

NO DIVORCE

The agitation for more uniform and stringent laws to stop the rapid increase in divorce throughout the nation, has thrown South Carolina into bold relief as the only state which has no divorce "evil."

In this southern state a divorce cannot be obtained on any ground whatever. And re-marriage of persons getting divorce elsewhere is forbidden by law.

The bishop of the Episcopal diocese of the state, after studying the cause and effect of divorce as a national problem, is authority for the statement that no state has a purer home life than South Carolina.

WORTH WHILE

If the League of Nations had no other achievement to its credit, its work in restoring war prisoners to their homes would fully justify all of its

elaborate machinery and the five million a year expense which it involves.

Dr. Nansen of Norway, the famous arctic explorer, is the high commissioner of the league in this great humanitarian work.

Under his direction 400,000 prisoners of war have been rescued from frightful conditions in Russia and other countries and transported to their homes.

There are some hundred thousand prisoners yet to be repatriated and the Nansen organization will be continued until the job is finished.

COME ON, LET'S PLAY

George F. Baker, multimillionaire head of the First National Bank of New York, never smoked a cigar or played golf until his seventieth birthday.

"Now he is regarded as a nut on both," says a writer in the Boston News Bureau, a financial newspaper.

The big leaders of Wall Street all have hobbies—something at which they can play like boys. No matter how busy they are, they periodically thrust all work aside and relax in some favorite sport or fad.

That refreshes them—keeps their bodies young, their brains keen and alert.

It's said in Wall Street that the financial giant who refuses to give a part of his time to recreation doesn't last long. He can't stand the pace.

Something for you to think over. Have you a hobby—some way to play? If not, you're probably in the first stages of dry rot—mental and physical.

The favorite sport of Wall Street operators is golf. Some millionaires have their private links. Others prefer the public grounds.

S. R. Guggenheim's hobby is hunting. He always shows up in Scotland during the grouse season.

Many Wall Street men, including J. P. Morgan, go in for yachting.

A. C. Bedford, chairman of the board of Standard Oil, gets his play in horseback riding. Harry Sinclair and J. S. Cosden, two other big oil men, have a string of race horses. Harry Davison, of the Morgan bank, is another horseman—and seems to enjoy horses as much as big business.

A. B. Hepburn, chairman of the Chase National Bank, gets his play in fishing and running a farm. Samuel Untermyer raises prize chrysanthemums, and his fancy dogs at his million-dollar home rival, in numbers, any small-town flock of mongrels you ever saw.

All very fine, you say, but I haven't a yacht or a stable of horses or money to get into a golf club. Shucks! The millionaire doesn't get any more fun out of his yacht than a backwoods settler gets out of his row-boat.

It doesn't matter what kind of tools you play with. A pole cut from the woods catches as good fish as a fancy rod of split bamboo.

Play is the thing that counts. It relaxes you, freshens you, makes you fit and eager for another tussel with work. Besides, if you don't find time to play, you're missing most of the real joy of life.

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.

TWO DAUGHTERS OF UNREST

Mary MacLane, you may remember, once sued Butte, Montana, for divorce—or words to that effect—on the grounds of incompatibility. And Carol Kennicott of "Main Street" had virtually the same kind of a falling out with Gopher Prairie. Neither of 'em—the lady of fact or the lady of fiction—could shake off the terrible unrest that seized them because they regarded the town as a hick town. Neither of 'em had vision for any good in life about her. Both yearned passionately for the city, for the hectic or the artistic life of greater centers, where they would be understood.

Funny, isn't it, that Mary MacLane came originally from Fergus Falls and Carol Kennicott, or her creator, from Sauk Centre? And though Mary dealt with Butte, not Fergus Falls, and though Sinclair Lewis has disclaimed writing Sauk Centre into Gopher Prairie, still, both these Minnesota towns should pause and reflect a bit, and look about them. There appears to be cause to wonder whether there isn't something lacking in the attitude of the people in both places—some failure to appraise those about them. May be if Fergus had done the right thing by Mary MacLane, or Sauk Centre had risen properly to higher things, neither Mary nor Sinclair would have gone out into the world and boiled that unrest over into the pages of books. It should be a lesson to all the other towns, and to all people. The shy, sensitive young souls about us may be brooding, nobody knows how bitterly, over the failure of the folks next door to understand what is irking their inmost spirits. They may even be misunderstanding themselves.

But here a serious doubt springs up. What if Fergus Falls, or Sauk Centre, had comprehended Mary and Sinclair? We might not have read "The Story of Mary MacLane," which pleaded for beauty some years before Carol Kennicott took up the noble work. And we might never have had a "Main Street." Like as not, we have both towns to thank for a real service, to say nothing of the renown for Minnesota.—Minneapolis Tribune.

CAPTURING GHOSTS WITH CAMERA



SCIENTISTS TRAP GHOSTS

European Investigators Photograph and Weigh Plasma, or Ghost Substance

By Newspaper Enterprise
New York, Aug. 19.—Ghosts at last have been "hog tied," taken into the laboratory and weighed and photographed. It's been done by three European scientists. Dr. G. Geley of Paris, Dr. A. von Schrenck-Notzing of Munich and the late Dr. W. J. Crawford of Belfast, Ireland.

Investigations by these three men have been in progress for twenty years, but the current issue of Popular Science Monthly only now throws real light on the importance of their discoveries. The scientists have found that phantoms faces DO appear in spiritistic seances, that tables CAN be lifted, that bells CAN be rung and that supernatural messages CAN be received.

All this done, they say, through the agency of a mysterious lacelike material thrown out from the medium's body which they call plasma. It's ghost substance.

What Plasma Is
Plasma, they say their experiments show, is a material substance, highly sensitive to light but which can be felt and photographed, although it is normally invisible.

It is a substance that can assume the shape of a hand or face or even an entire figure; a substance that can move an object. And it is thrust from the bodies of mediums.

Dr. Von Schrenck-Notzing is quoted as describing one seance with the Polish medium Stanislaw. "She would keep her hands about six inches apart, fingers extended, and wrists on the table. She would

wait for a prickling sensation to occur as a forerunner to the plasma emanation. She would then make a few passes over a small aluminum box placed in front of her. This, she explained, was to make a connection. Her fingers still kept three-quarters of an inch from the box, moving along parallel with the table, when suddenly the box turned, tried to rise on one side and then fell back.

"At another time a celluloid ball was rolled away from the medium, a handbell was shaken, a teaspoon in a tumbler rattled about and finally the tumbler was upset."

Mechanical Test
Dr. Crawford, an engineer, tested plasma mechanically. He even weighed it. Dr. Von Schrenck-Notzing photographed it, and says he found it curiously like the human skin in cellular structure.

The fact that these three scientists, working apart, have found that from mediums entirely unknown to each other this substance they call plasma emanates, opens up a marvelous new field of scientific research.

Upper picture shows plasma—or ghost substance—photographed. The lacelike substance, ordinarily invisible, stretches between the hands of the medium. The lower picture shows another medium lifting a test tube out of a tumbler without touching it. This is done, scientists say, by means of the plasma between her hands. Photos from Popular Science Monthly.

RECALL CAULDRON

BY THE POT BOILER

This week "The Pot Boiler" had a very interesting visit with R. A. Nestos, recall candidate for governor. The writer has known the Minot politician for thirteen years. Nestos got most of his schooling in Wisconsin and absorbed in his early career the Wisconsin idea as expounded by Senator La Follette and the late McCarthy. Doubtless he has discarded many of his collegiate theories of government. The rough and ready school of politics usually squeezes out of him the theory.

The Wisconsin idea has been largely discounted in recent years because of the expense of its maintenance. It was built largely around the University of Wisconsin until that institution began to look like a political laboratory for the propagation of governmental theories. Recently the state government has been divorced from the university to some extent.

It was in this atmosphere then that Mr. Nestos received his education and he came as a young lawyer to Minot. He plunged into welfare work there and interested himself intensely in church affairs and was always a strong advocate of advanced ideas in government, reflecting to a great extent his Wisconsin training. His legislative record indicated the same trend.

During the visit with "The Pot Boiler" the Wisconsin days were referred to. Mr. Nestos gives the impression of a very earnest man who like Hamlet feels that the political world of this state is out of joint but he does not curse the fate that selected him to set it right, and is willing to accept the job and move down to Bismarck next December and set up bachelor quarters in the executive mansion. No, fair voters, Mr. Nestos is not married. He is a good looking, unassuming unmarried man. Whether this is a political asset, now that equal suffrage has arrived, can be reflected best in the returns.

Mr. Nestos intimated that he will not enter the campaign actively until after September 19 when the petitions are filed. The publicity department of some of the I. V. A. papers announced the date for filing the petitions as August 19 "The Pot Boiler" took this date from the Jamestown Alert in an earlier discussion of the recall. So the date now set is September 19 and the election must be called not less than 40 and not more than 45 days after the names are filed.

So the earliest date the election could be held would be about October 26 and the latest about Nov. 1. The successful candidate takes office as

soon as the vote is canvassed and the certificate of election is issued.

Persons signing the petitions cannot withdraw their names. It has been held that there can be no withdrawals so those who sign have pledged their names permanently.

There does not seem to be any unanimity in Nonpartisan League circles over their officials attacked by the recall. More concern is felt over the passage of proposed laws. In the past it has been much easier for the I. V. A. to initiate their laws than to elect their candidates. This feature has been

a peculiar political paradox, but merely reflects the vicious tendencies of the initiative, referendum and recall as systems of government. At former elections, the voters have elected Frazier but they repudiated the program and reversed themselves by upholding I. V. A. laws. Explain it as you will, it seems evident that the voters are confused and generally speaking often reverse themselves at the same election. The "Yes" and "No" of an initiative or referendum election is like longitude and time in grade arithmetic, you never are quite sure whether you add or subtract the degree. The voter takes his pencil, enters the ballot box, reads the law hastily and crosses the yes or no as the spirit moves him. Many times he has not understood the phraseology of the law but votes as a negative or a positive happens to appeal to him.

North Dakota voters have reversed themselves so many times in recent elections as to throw a serious doubt upon the efficacy of direct mass balloting on laws as an expression of the popular will. The election returns in North Dakota convince "The Pot Boiler" that these instruments in the hands of the voters serve no good end and can never bring about stable conditions. Persisted in, and the whole machinery of representative government must perish.

But the political ball is about to be tossed in the air and we will see what we will see.

Mr. Nestos defends his optimism in regard to an I. V. A. victory on the theory that had it not been for a political landslide for Harding that O'Connor would have defeated Frazier. You can take this kind of political postmortem for what it is worth. It is not original with Mr. Nestos and doubtless the Harding landslide helped every man on the Republican ticket. That is one of the "jokers" in politics. The League happened to benefit by this break in the great game of politics. Doubtless there are many who feel the same way as Nestos. A Republican National Victory such as Harding's was, was bound to help every man on the Republican ticket.

ADVENTURE OF THE TWINS

By Olive Barton Roberts

Mr. Woodchuck said to Mrs. Woodchuck: "We may start at once on our vacation, my dear, for Mr. Sprinkle-Blow has promised to keep the weather dry. We shall go in the direction of blue mountain, and I may as well tell you that you were right about it being cake, as he says the white top that we see is frosting."

"My! My!" exclaimed Mrs. Woody. "Let's be off at once. I have the satchel all packed."

So they started. Sprinkle-Blow kept his word and made the weather fine. Not a Nuisance Fairy around anywhere—nobody but kind Mr. Sun and some little winds and a few beautiful fluffy white clouds in a very blue sky.

"This is certainly great!" Wally said every now and then as they went along, mostly in gutters by the roadside where the high weeds threw a shade. "We must be nearly half way there."

But when they stopped and looked, the mountain seemed to be as far away as ever. But Wally was not easily discouraged and he wasn't going to let a little thing like distance spoil his vacation. And he'd say, "Oh, well, our trip will last all the longer. But I do hope it doesn't rain!" Speaking of rain reminds me that I'm thirsty, Mrs. Woodchuck. Let's hunt a spring."

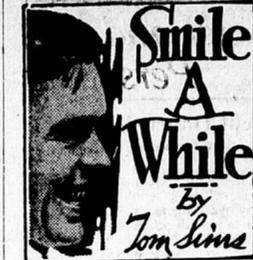
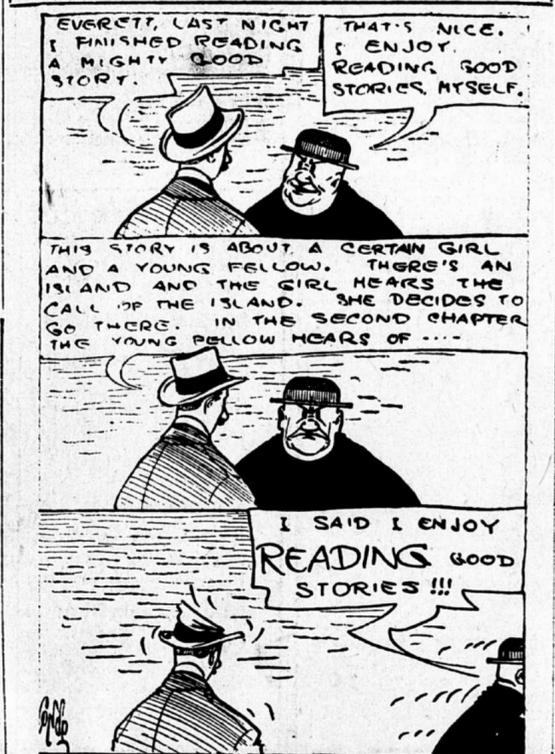
Mrs. Woody said that she was thirsty, too, so they hunted one. They found it, back a little way from the road, trickling out of a hillside. "Um, yum!" exclaimed Wally, drinking his fill. "That's awfully good!" Mrs. Woody thought it was, too, and drank HER fill. They were great drinkers. Then back to the road they went again and picked up their satchel. "I hope it doesn't rain," said Wally again. "I hope Sprinkle-Blow does not forget his promise." (To be Continued.)

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TRIBUNE WANTS—FOR RESULTS

EVERETT TRUE

BY CONDO



Business also needs a little rein.

Business looks better after its rest cure.

Caruso's successor is the phonograph.

Crooked landlords make straitened circumstances.

Some people find prosperity by advertising for it.

The burning question will soon be the price of coal.

The black sheep of the family is good at wool gathering.

When a girl gets a new dress she visits some girl she doesn't like.

President Harding found matrimonial bonds were not below pa.

But no one will notice their ears until they lengthen their skirts.

Now the auto question is how many miles can you go on credit?

One way to reduce rents in your neighborhood is take singing lessons.

A friend indeed is one who keeps your dog while you take a vacation.

In some restaurants you can read the menu on the waiter's coat front.

Homesickness makes some people return home and others stay away.

An autoist must have a good look-out; a pedestrian a good look-out.

A Toledo man lost his wife in a poker game. But won his freedom.

In reply to "How could we do without jazz?" we would say "Better."

International trade shows Germany is making her marks in the world.

The "heavy" question soon will be "To wear them or not to wear them."

When this divorce wave subsides someone should put out a "Who's Whose."

Bachelors are like automobiles—girls don't want one that has been run 10,000 miles.

You're wrong—the New York Save-a-Life League is not an anti-prohibition organization.

The British may lack sense of humor, but they have complete sense of trouble.

A Frenchman predicts beards for women. Then hubby can trim corns with his wife's razor.

TWO SISTERS GET HELP

Praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for what it did for Them

Hagerstown, Md.—"I was overworked and my monthly periods stopped. My body was swollen and I often had pains so I had to lie down. I was treated by a physician, but he did not seem to help me at all. My sister had taken your medicine with great results so I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and now I am able to work and feel like working. I have been recommending your medicine to my friends, and you are welcome to use my testimonial for I can never praise your medicine enough for what it has done for me."—RHOEA E. CARBAUGH, R. R. 1, Hagerstown, Md.

Women will tax their powers of endurance to the limit before giving up, and it is then some womanly ailment develops and they have to give up entirely. When a woman suffers from such symptoms as irregularities, headaches, backaches, bearing-down pains, inflammation, nervousness and "the blues," it is well for her to profit by Mrs. Carbaugh's experience and try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has restored multitudes of women suffering from just such ailments.



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COLLEGES EMPLOY BUSINESS WOMEN

Many of the Northwestern educational institutions employ stenographers and clerks trained at Dakota Business College, Fargo, N. D. These young women are preferred because their college course has made them exact and dependable.

Marguerite Timlin, a graduate of Dakota Business College, recently took a position in the extension department of the N. D. Agricultural College. This institution alone has employed 11 D. B. C. girls.

"Follow the Successful" to a worth-while position. Ask F. L. Watkins, Pres., 806 Front St., Fargo, N. D., about Fall courses.