



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 NEW YORK Fifth Ave. Bldg.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper and also the local news published herein.

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) 6.00 Daily by mail, outside of North Dakota 6.00

THE STATE'S OLDEST NEWSPAPER (Established 1873)

CEASE FIRING!

The last shot of the World War was fired three years ago today.

It was an inspiring tribute paid by the people of Bismarck. At the sound of 11 a. m. all faces turned to the west and for two minutes there was a most sincere tribute.

They revealed more potently than song or oratory could, that the unknown soldier was not un-honored. This Armistice Day but shortly removed from another great day of prayer and thanksgiving should usher in a feeling of greater tolerance to ameliorate at least class strife and prejudice in our fair state.

The third anniversary of Armistice Day is celebrated. The unknown American soldier, symbolic of a host of others, is buried in Arlington cemetery. A meeting of representatives of the great powers, called to limit armaments and head off a "next war," begins in Washington.

This conference is the really important thing. The war is gone—its physical and soul anguish passing into the mists of history, though its scars on the human race will not be effaced for centuries.

A peculiar defect of man's brain is that it is so easy to forget. Every person in the world should refresh his memory and write in his brain with indelible pencil these two facts:

FIRST: The most authoritative statistics on the World War show that about 10,000,000 were killed in battle. Countless millions perished through the indirect causes of the conflict.

SECOND: The war's actual cost to all participating nations, as compiled by Prof. Bogart of the University of Illinois, totaled \$186,000,000,000.

If this conference fails, the World War—as far as our generation and the next are concerned—was fought in vain.

It must not fail!

A WOMAN'S LOVE

The Mystery House stood at 90 Putnam avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. For six years no one was allowed to enter it.

Inside lived Mrs. Margaret Easton, widow of a rich insurance man. When he died in 1915, she drew down all the shades over the windows of the three-story frame dwelling.

Thereafter she never left the house, until the other day when pall-bearers carried her out.

Few had seen her during her self-imposed hermit's life. When food was delivered, she received it through a cautiously opened basement window.

Mrs. Easton stopped buying food. Neighbors became suspicious. Detectives broke in. They found everything in the house, even the rugs, thickly covered with dust. In a rocking chair, peaceful smile on her face, was the old woman of 80 years, gone to join her husband.

Searching the house, detectives found \$50,000 worth of gems and bank books showing deposits of \$300,000.

Charles Dickens could have built a great novel on this.

The Eastons were a very happy couple, pleasure-loving, contented and prosperous. The reaction on Mrs. Easton, caused by her husband's death, is one of the most interesting cases, in years, of the all-powerful control of the soul by that strongest of all emotions—love.

Nothing else really matters in life, to a couple happily mated. Prosperity, adversity, disappointment, success—all these are incidentals.

Cynics deny love much that is claimed for it. That is because they go through life loving none but themselves.

That love is the only thing in life that really counts is proved by the perpetual search for it by

all men and women, in all centuries, in all countries. Few find it.

What is love? No two people would give you the same answer. One calls it God, another beauty, a third happiness. Others say it is akin to hate. Still others call it the affinity of souls.

Ernst Haeckel, one of the greatest biologists, attempted to put love through a laboratory and prove that it is purely a chemical reaction. Some think he nearly succeeded.

The most interesting of the many peculiar theories about love was advanced by Socrates, wisest man who ever lived, through his reporter, Plato.

Socrates believed that a soul, coming into the world, is torn in two, one half a woman, the other half a man. The two parts, ever yearning for soul reunion, wander the earth, seeking each other. If you find the right half, you have love—supreme happiness. If you get the wrong half, the lonely road becomes inviting.

MASTERTON

Bat Masterson is dead. Years ago, in the days of pony express riders and Wells Fargo stage-coaches, Bat was sheriff of Dodge City, Kas., toughest frontier town and the end of the old Sante Fe cattle trail winding up from the Pan-handle.

Bat Masterson and Wild Bill Hickok were the fastest men with revolvers in the old-time west. They were kings in the days when sheriffs, cautioned by judges that it was illegal to shoot an outlaw before serving a warrant, occasionally rammed the warrant down a shotgun barrel so it would reach the victim ahead of the lead.

The west has changed. So have the old-timers. Masterson, when he died, was a New York editor. He found the pen mightier than the sword or the Colt's .45.

PRaise "CASEY"

Knights of Columbus, during the present school year, will train 150,000 war veterans in their schools. Also, they will start free mail-order courses for former service men and women living in remote parts of the country.

During the last 12 months, the K. of C. spent more than \$3,300,000 on free education for war veterans in America, including technical training in 130 K. of C. evening schools and courses at Yale, Georgetown, etc. This training, bought individually by those benefited, would have cost \$30,000,000.

That is fine public service.

Even more important: It is practical service. Courses given war vets by this organization range from automechanics to acetylene-welding to accounting and embalming.

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.

THOUGHTS ON A BATTLESHIP

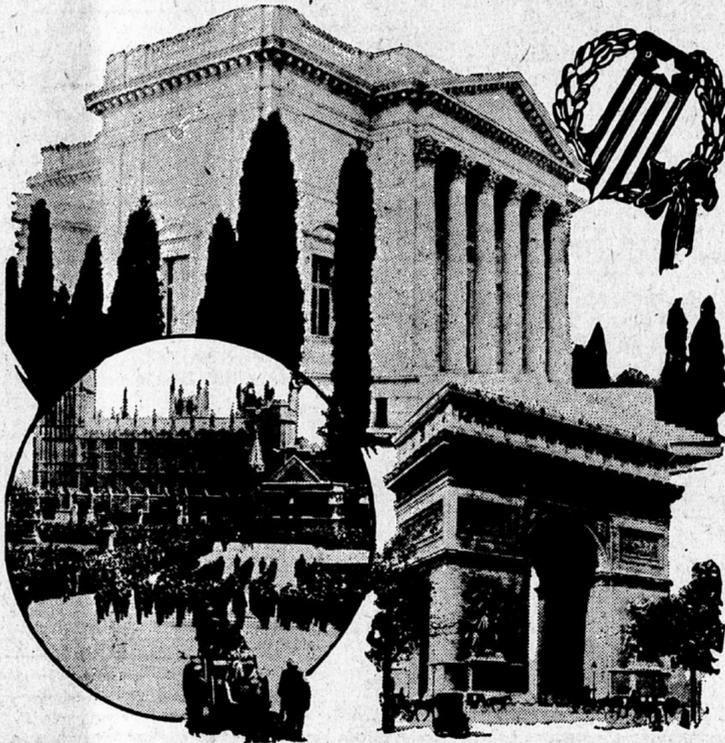
The most hopeful judgment with regard to the battleship Maryland is that it is \$42,000,000 worth of junk. If, in the course of the next ten years, it is gradually superseded by newer scientific perfections in naval design, and at the end of the next twenty years is towed out somewhere and sunk as a means of testing out the latest discoveries in ordnance, that is about the rosier future and most fortunate end that can be pictured for the Maryland, unless the conference soon to assemble at Washington can evolve disarmament in practical form. No matter what happens to the Maryland it represents \$42,000,000 worth of wasted material and energy with a vast amount yet to be poured into the same sink-hole as maintenance and upkeep.

If the Maryland were the Kioshizawa or something like that she wouldn't be a waste—she would be a threat. The Kioshizawa would be a menace to the peace of the Pacific, an evidence of the yellow man's hate for the white. The Kioshizawa would be monstrous, indefensible morally and a challenge to America to do almost anything from printing a jingo article about it to building another Maryland. By turning things around we may be able to see how it comes about that the bowed-down taxpayers of Japan have come to consent to the building of their Kioshizawas.

At best a waste, at worst a menace, and always a burden and a drain on the resources of America, the Maryland isn't good for anything, as E. S. Martin says in Life, except for use as argument. The Maryland is an argument against further waste in armament—\$42,000,000 worth of argument. This isn't pacifism. It's common sense.

—Dallas News.

WHERE ALLIES' "UNKNOWN SOLDIERS" ARE BURIED



Above: In Arlington Cemetery at Washington where "the unknown American soldier" is being buried today with the entire nation paying homage. Below, left: Westminster Abbey in London where the "unknown Tommy" is buried, and right: the Arch of Triumph in Paris under which is buried the "unknown Poilu."

Washington, Nov. 11.—High on a wooded ridge beside the Potomac, America's nameless hero will sleep brookaded with the brave of many wars.

Everywhere about his simple tomb, over the swelling slopes or in the shaded canyons of Arlington National Cemetery, stand monuments and headstones on which are graven names that also are written imperishably in the pages of glory that make the nation's history. There, too, are stones, amid the long rows, to mark other unknown dead of other wars, and the bulk of the monument above the single grave where rest the unknowns from many battle fields.

But for the newcomer from France among this fellowship of valor, a special place of honor has been made. He will sleep in a narrow crypt, hewn out of the live stone that forms the terrace of the memorial amphitheater erected to consecrate the memory of men everywhere who died for the flag. Above his casket a massive block of stone, carved with the brief legend of a nation's tribute to all those others who sleep unknown in France, will be placed. On it also will go the long list of honors the nation and the great powers of the world have lavished on the soldiers who gave their identity as well as their lives on French battle-fields.

Above the great stone towers the marble pillared facade of the amphitheater, crowing the ridge and looking down over a sweeping vista of quite hills and peaceful countryside to the wide waters of the river. Beyond stands Washington city in the haze of distance. Over it, dimly visible, looms the great figure of Freedom on the dome of the capitol; farther down Washington Monument thrusts a slender gray finger to challenge attention of every sky to the deeds of peace and war it commemorates; closer still looms the square white bulk of Lincoln Memorial at the river's brink, sealing a people's tribute to a martyred leader.

Fold on fold, the calm hills drop away from the terrace where the sleeper from France lies honored but unknown. At his feet a sculptured marble balustrade sweeps out on either side, marking the wide, graceful curve of the footway that drops down to the grass grown slopes where day by day, many a gallant comrade from France is finding his last resting place. Down there the new headstones gleam in countless variety. There is hardly an hour of any day when crowding relatives are not moving slowly among the new graves giving loving care to flowers on the low mounds. On the headstones are cut the names, the dates of birth and death of the dead, and his death of whence he came or of what he was, save that he died in France, at the nation's call. The American people are his next of kin. He alone may sleep there within the great monument to all the nation's honored dead.

Everywhere about the amphitheater are monuments cut with names that touch memory to life, that bring echoes of the thunder of guns from old, far off battle scenes. There lies Sheridan; there lies Porter and

Crook and Doubleday and yonder lies Dewey. Over the peaceful slope, row on row, march the headstones of hundreds of humble servers in the ranks like the sleeper up there on the terrace, or again, dimly seen through the trees goes another long column of soldier headstones, graying with time, but officers and men, generals, admirals, privates or the last blue-jacket to join the ship before the pact, they are all sleeping here in honored graves. Gathered they are from Mexico, from all the far plains where emigrant trains fought their way westward, from storied fields of the Civil War, from Cuba and the Philippines, from Haiti and from France.

Just beyond the amphitheater rises the slender mast of the old Maine, brought from Havana to mark the resting place of her dead soldiers and sailors and marines. It is their last muster and for them all has been raised the great marble pile wherein the unknown sleeper from France keeps his vigil.

The pure white outline of the structure as yet unstained by time and the shifting winds that sweep unchecked through its stately colonnade or its vast roofless gathering place, rises amid a setting that nature paints with new beauty as the seasons come and go. It stands atop the ridge, footed among the evergreens and the native Virginia woods that set it off in changing shades in summer, deck it out with the myriad tints of autumn as the year wanes and wrap

it about with the delicate tracery of snow laden, leafless branches in winter.

To form the colonnade, a double row of the great marble pillars march around the circle where in the marble benches are set. Facing the benches and with its back to the terrace where stands the tomb, is the sculptured hollow of the apse where the solemn rites for burial take place. The structure has the lines of an ancient Greek temple, a fitting resting place for the honored, unknown soldier who is its only occupant.

Over the ridge beyond the amphitheater are seen the grass grown ramparts of old Fort Meyer with the dead clustering about them. Farther along, the pillared portico of the old Lee mansion thrusts out through the crowding woods to look down over the vista of hill and river to Washington. And just over the road stands the army post of Fort Meyer, its garrison flag a fluttering glimpse of color over the quiet scene, the roar of its sun-rise and sun-set guns waking the echoes among the graves of the dead; the faint, far call of its bugles singing also for these sleeping warriors, resting in their last encampment.

OWNER

will sell modern six-room dwelling, 223 TWELFTH STREET, on easy terms. Immediate occupancy. Apply 822 Main Street, Bismarck. 11-8-1f

EVERETT TRUE

BY CONDO



LET ME SAVE YOU THE TROUBLE OF READING IT! IT SAYS: "IF YOU HAVE ANY MANNERS, DON'T LEAVE THEM AT HOME!!!"



Beer isn't a drug on the market.

A man who stands on his feet isn't told where to get off.

You can't beat a good wife.

The nation to start disarming will be explanation.

"Use more water," said Dr. Bishop—and the milkman saw it.

Mexico is as quiet as a successful man.

Men laugh and women cry at a wedding because both know what is ahead of the groom.

Chaplin has given up his humorous idea of being serious and will seriously be humorous.

If there is a bootlegger upon it, never strikes.

Mary Garden announces she has 150 pairs of shoes and spoils her marriage expectations.

Isn't it strange what some people put auto licenses on?

Some wise men are letting their whiskers grow as preparation for Christmas neckties.

Women once drove men to drink, but in Chicago policemen do it.

There is a destiny that shapes our ends, tight shoe them as we may.

A former governor of Idaho has proven governors can be honest by dying in the poorhouse.

The cranberry crop is about 422,000 barrels and now all we need is the turkeys.

"Yap in Arms Parley," says a headline. Yap, Yap, Yap is the way dogs of war bark.

Edison says only two persons out of a hundred are intelligent. That is about the number of neighbors without phonographs.

ADVENTURE OF THE TWINS

By Olive Barton Roberts

Well, Nick and Nancy started off to find out where the new island was. They rode Curly, the sea-horse, as Capt. Pennwinkle said he could spare him, beside he was afraid something might happen to their Green Shoes.

They started north, and the first persons they met were Puffy Porpoise and his wife, whistling for joy. Why, I don't know, but of all the joyful people you ever saw, porpoises are the most joyful. They leaped and bounded for quite a while before they would stay still enough to listen to what the Twins were saying, or rather what they were asking. "Island!" exclaimed Puffy Porpoise. "I haven't seen an island for a blue moon, and what's more, I don't want to see one—not for a green moon, nor a red moon, nor yet a yellow one."

"Why?" asked Nick. Puffy spouted some water out of the top of his head before he answered. "The last island I saw turned out to be a grampus. I was just going ashore when it opened its mouth and offered to take me in. Said it had eaten fourteen seals and thirteen porpoise that day, and it just had room for one more."

"Oh, my!" said Nancy, "what did you do?" "Beat it," wheezed Puffy, turning a somersault. "I mean I swam away as hard as ever. I could not. No more islands for me. You might ask some of the seals."

So off to some rocks rode the Twins on Curly—some rocks where several seals lay warming themselves in the sun.

"Have we seen an island?" repeated an old seal, thoughtfully. "Hundreds, but no new ones, that I can remember, my friends. Why don't you ask the sea-gulls! They fly everywhere."

So the Twins asked the gulls, and what do you think—one old fellow knew!

(To Be Continued)

(Copyright, 1921 NEA Service)

Men's fur collared overcoats \$15 at Bergeson's.

Advertisement for 'INVENTED IRON' with text describing its benefits for health and strength.