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THE STATE'S OLDEST NEWSPAPER (Established 1873)

A COMMUNITY CHORUS

Bismarck should support loyally the efforts of the Business and Professional Women's club to build up a strong community chorus. The Bismarck community chorus will give its premier concert this week and a crowded house should greet the chorus.

JEALOUSY

A man, accused of bigamy, strolls into the prosecutor's office in Kansas City, a wife on each arm. Contrary to the age-old rule, there was no antagonism between the wives.

CHAPLIN

Charley Chaplin, back from Europe, says: "The foreign pictures are wonderful in many ways. There is a vast difference between them and the American pictures, but that is due to the difference in standards. While they lack the technique we have here, they have much better stories.

FAT

A squad of fat women trains in New York to reduce weight. Dieting makes two of them fatter. No wonder! The "diet" includes, for dinner: Chicken broth, baked chicken, stewed tomatoes, two rusks, two slices bread, dish of fruit, half an orange, half an apple, dozen grapes, cup of tea or coffee.

BEER ON PRESCRIPTION IN ONLY NINE STATES

Two quarts of wine and 10 courts of real beer with a kick in it. That's what the new ruling in Washington permits a doctor to prescribe, at any one time and as frequently as necessary, for patients who need "medicine" in large quantities.

JOHN BOYD DUNLOP

Dublin cables the death of John Boyd Dunlop, 81 years old. His name is not familiar. But you would get a lot of bumps in life, had it not been for Dunlop.

the first man to apply the device to bicycles. Also makers copied the idea.

Dunlop did the world a great service. Yet he died almost unknown. Fame is reserved for movie stars, artists, arch-criminals and military destroyers.

Who invented the button? The safety-pin? The knife and fork? The door lock? The pencil? The shoe lace? All these, you use daily, with much comfort. Like Dunlop, little attention is paid to the creators of useful, every-day devices.

PENALTY

Many envied Ponzi, admired his cunning. Now Ponzi's in jail. His wife is broke and says she will become a private secretary. Ponzi's palace-home and all its costly furnishings go under the auctioneer's hammer.

Hell is not as pleasant as the road to it.

BETTING

Lloyd's, insurance company of London, offers 19 to 1 against war between Japan and the United States on or before Dec. 31, 1922.

That tells you more truth about our relations with Japan than you will find in 100,000 diplomatic notes or speeches by international politicians.

SMOKE

Business is better says the H. C. Frick Coal Co., branch of the U. S. Steel Corporation. It starts up 1250 coke ovens, knowing that it soon will have market for lots of fuel.

When steel industry begins to prick up its ears, general business is ready to climb out of bed.

Farmers often pray for rain. City people should pray for smoke—the sure and only sign of industrial prosperity.

PIES

Twenty-seven pies served on Thanksgiving, all baked from one squash grown by Serope Beldoin of Roxbury, Mass. Note that this squash, 27 inches long, was grown in a city man's backyard garden. Not bad, for an amateur.

Squashes of this size will be the rule, not the exception, a few generations hence when congestion compels production of larger food units. Your descendants will eat potatoes as big as watermelons, other foods of corresponding big size. Future Luther Burbanks will find the way.

SYMBOL

Road makers in West Africa dig up the famous golden stool of Ashanti. Native chieftains used it as a throne until the white man chased them with his repeating rifles.

Workers who dug up the golden stool stripped it of its gold. That started a young rebellion. White military authorities had a hard time spiriting the culprits away.

Foolish, you say? Primitive superstition? Yet there would be similar trouble if invaders stole our Declaration of Independence. All races, civilized or barbarous, have sacred symbols.

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.

MISUNDERSTANDING

Who is filling the air with vague hints of war? Conditional insinuations and answerless questions always have been the favorite instruments of the military propagandists.

Ever since the armistice the nerves of the people of Japan and the United States have been kept on edge by subtle rumors of indefinite source. The sole purpose of such a propaganda is to arouse fear, with the ultimate end of inciting to war. Nobody for a moment believes that the American people have any desire or purpose to make war upon Japan.

The best explanation of what is going on was given lately by a member of the Japanese house of representatives, Kotaro Mochizuki. "In consequence of the lack of thorough understanding between the two countries on the question of Korea, Manchuria and Mongolia, China, Siberia, California, Mexico and Yap," said he, "the naval rivalry of the two countries has remarkably intensified of late the mutual distrust of Japanese and Americans, and military men dreaming of brilliant exploits, politicians athirst for fame, scholars given to thoughtless windy rhetoric, and shipbuilders and other capitalists having vast interests in industrial enterprises, have taken advantage of this deplorable situation. All these directly or indirectly exert themselves to increase the international strain with no other ulterior object but that of bringing about war between the two countries. Thus it can be asserted beyond contradiction that, instead of the traditional relationship of amity and friendliness, suspicion and enmity are being fomented in the minds of the two peoples in general."

The Japanese statesman has hit upon the explanation of what is in progress. It is sincerely to be hoped that the coming conference may help to clear up the misunderstanding and make this sinister propaganda powerless for evil.—Detroit News.

Not The Least Important Of The Disarmament Conference Visitors



WHAT THAT RED CROSS DOLLAR CAN DO TO HELP THE NEEDY

A dollar rolled into the office recently, sat down on the edge of the desk and rubbed his silver face.

"Well," he said wearily, "I've had a busy year. Gosh, but I'm glad you didn't put me in the bank or pay me out on your car."

"You'd better be glad you didn't go to pay the income tax," I responded coldly. "Where have you been all this time? Sit down and give an account of yourself."

"I've been spending most of my time among the ex-service men," he admitted. "Do you know that in this country there are at present 26,000 ex-service men in the U. S. H. S. hospitals served by the Red Cross? I have been visiting these institutions where there are hundreds of men dying of tuberculosis contracted through the war, and where other men lie year after year in plaster casts because of a bit of shrapnel in their spines as well as the Psychiatric hospitals where the boys we sent away in 1917 scream and rave and have to be behind bars till they die. Ten million of my dollar friends went to help the ex-service men last year and through the Federal Board of Vocational Training we have helped 80,000 ex-soldiers thrown out of work because of disability back into normal life. And these 80,000 men represent at least 250,000 women and children dependent on them. Ah, no, the war isn't over by any means. In the hospitals and sanatoriums it is still being fought."

He paused a moment and stroked the E Pluribus Numm on his brow, then continued pensively, "Ah, yes, I've seen some strange things since you sent me away last year. I've been in seventy disasters in the United States alone—calamities like the San Antonio and the Pueblo floods. I have stood with the doctor and the Red Cross nurse alone in cities laid waste by wind or earthquake and have heard the cries of the dying mingle with those of the living for the dead. I have been with the public health nurse in little mountain towns and in far remote places where she did everything from bathing the new-born baby to burying the dead. And I've been in Europe, too, among Mr. Hoover's babies—and seen 3,500,000 little children saved to civilization through the European Relief Council."

"You have certainly earned a vacation," I assured him. "Do you want to spend a quiet life time in the Safe Deposit Vault or how about a few months in the baby's bank? Either one is guaranteed to be restful."

"The Dollar hesitated so long that I could see the eagle's feathers quiver. "If it's all the same to you I would rather keep on working," he explained thoughtfully. "I can't do a whole lot of good as a gentleman of leisure. Helping soldiers and feeding dying babies is much more in my line."

"I wish they all felt the same way about it," I said as I put him back on the Red Cross Roll Call.

mile long to read to him about the error of his ways. I'm going to keep law and order in Wigglein Land or I'm a Dutchman. There, now, run along, Kiddies. Do your best."

Off started the Twins on another errand.

(To Be Continued)

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ADVENTURE OF THE TWINS

By Olive Barton Roberts

One day Nancy and Nick went out to hunt Mr. Hermit Crab for Cap'n Pennywinkle. Not that the fairy shell he can find and crawl in and go to sleep until his dinner is digested. At supper time he wakes up, sneaks out, finds another whelk family, and repeats the performance. Really, there was danger of the whelks being ex-ter-mi-na-ted. And that is what worried Cap'n Pennywinkle.

"You'll have to find Mr. Crab and bring him to me," he said to the Twins. "If he didn't hide so well, I could send Cutty Cuttlefish after him, for Cutty likes crabs, just as crabs like whelks, but he can't find him. You can ask your Green Shoes to take you 'round to all the big shells, and you can peep inside, or, if necessary, go inside, as you can become as little as you like. Then when you discover Mr. Hermit, show him your badge and tell him to follow you. He'll come meekly enough, for he knows he must do as I say. Then when I see him, I've got a lecture a

NOURISHMENT

is Nature's first aid to the body in times of weakness.

Scott's Emulsion

unsurpassed in purity and goodness, is nourishment in a form that seldom fails.

POETS' CORNER

THE TRUANT Through the meadow lane he goes, With his rod and can of bait, Trudging to the river's side. Where he knows the fishes wait.

Asking why he's not in school, He replies: "It ain't no fun, Settlin' studiy' 'em books. When th' fishin' time has come."

Bronzed and tanned his little face, With its blue eyes all aglow, As he says in pleading voice: "You won't tell on me, I know."

Half a question, half demand, As his saucy eyes grow dim; Does he know I lost a lad, Just about the size of him.

—FLORENCE BORNER.

BETTY R. CLARK IS STARRING IN INCE PICTURE

Betty Ross Clarke, formerly of Langdon, North Dakota, who rose to fame in the motion picture world in a short time, will appear in Bismarck tonight in her greatest success. The actress whom North Dakota claims as her own takes a leading role in the Thomas H. Ince production "Mother O' Mine" at the Rex tonight and tomorrow night.

The picture, one of the greatest Ince productions, was adapted by C. Gardner Sullivan, formerly a St. Paul newspaper man, from "The Octopus," by Charles Belmont Davis. The cast includes Lloyd Hughes, Betty Ross Clark, Betty Blythe, Joseph Kilgour, Claire McDowell, Andrew Hobson and Andrew Arbuckle.

The picture is called a "Drama of Today," and involves the question of capital punishment. The whole gamut of human emotions is run in the production. In many cities "Mother O' Mine" is the talk of the town.

EVERETT TRUE

BY CONDO

YESTERDAY I SAW YOU RIDING THROUGH THE THICK TRAFFIC WITH YOUR TWO-YEAR-OLD KID STRAPPED TO THE HANDLE-BARS OF YOUR BICYCLE. IS HE ALIVE TODAY?



THAT'S GOOD! YOU DON'T KNOW HOW RELIEVED I FEEL!



MRS. KILBOUN GOES OUT FIRST TIME IN MONTHS

Minneapolis Woman Gains Nine-teen Pounds In Five Weeks—Time By Taking Tanlac

"When I began taking Tanlac I was so weak I could hardly walk across the room; but after finishing my first bottle I walked down town and got me another, the first time I had been out of the house in three months," said Mrs. Ed. Kilboun, 1610 Clinton Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

"For three years I could hardly eat or sleep, and felt so run down all the time life seemed hardly worth living. Everything I ate made me sick and seemed to form a lump right in the pit of my stomach, and kept me in awful pain for hours and I never could get a good night's sleep on account of nervousness."

"But in five weeks after I started taking Tanlac I had gained 19 pounds in weight, was doing all my housework and could get about like I could when a girl. My appetite is simply fine now, and I feel well and strong in every way. The way Tanlac has restored my health and built me up is the talk of our neighborhood."

"Tanlac is sold by leading druggists everywhere." Adv.

Mine" has shown at regular theater prices. This big picture feature is in addition to the Rainbow Girls Vaudeville show.



Report says a centenarian has a new tooth, but it may be false.

The ship of state isn't as bad as the state of shipping.

A Pittsburger had two wives living in the same house. This house shortage is terrible.

A little liquor now and then seems to get the best of men.

They claim a day on the moon is 24 hours long; it is probably the one before payday.

Now that Germany admits she lost the war, let the thing stay lost.

The postcard, delivered after 41 years, shows Hays succeeds where other postmasters failed.

The greatest modern lady killer is bluebeard Landru.

A rushing business is always headed by a man who does the same.

The weather man says he is eighty per cent correct, reserving twenty per cent for holidays.

Miners ought to dig in for the winter.

Foch will double our French debt by taking some cob pipes home.

Only way to get the entire congregation to church is burn the church.

Michigan partridges reported diseased may only be putting out safety first propaganda.

It often looks like talk is the best policy and honesty is cheap.

The biggest autos don't always stop at the happiest homes.

Someone complains that a baby costs almost as much as an auto. Well, the baby lasts longer, anyway.

Bankers predict seven years of prosperity. Seven come eleven.

A New York woman says her husband slaps her every day. This is entirely too often.

Congressman Fordney has gone deer hunting and tariff payers may follow him.

About 750,000,000 pencils are sold in America yearly, but we can't learn who buys them.

Some people say, "Give us this day our daily bread," and then sit down to wait for it.

URIC ACID TRY THE WILLIAMS TREATMENT

85 Cent Bottle (32) Doses FREE

Just because you start the day worried and tired, stiff legs and arms and muscles, an aching head, burning and bearing down pains in the back—worn out before the day begins—do not think you have to stay in that condition.

Be strong, we'll, with no stiff joints, sore muscles, rheumatic pains, aching back or kidney trouble caused by body made acids. If you suffer from bladder weakness, with burning, scalding pains, or if you are in and out of bed half a dozen times a night, you will appreciate the rest, comfort and strength this treatment should give.

To prove The Williams Treatment conquers kidney and bladder diseases, rheumatism and all ailments when due to excessive uric acid, no matter how chronic or stubborn if you have never tried The Williams Treatment, we will give one 85c bottle (32 doses) free if you will cut out this notice and send it with your name and address. Please send 10 cents to help pay postage, packing, etc., to The Dr. D. A. Williams Company, Dept. V-1493, P. O. Building, East Hampton, Conn. Send at once and you will receive by parcel post a regular 85c bottle, without charge and without incurring any obligation. Only one bottle to the same address or family. Adv.