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 THE STATE'S OLDEST NEWSPAPER
 (Established 1878)

FOCH'S VISIT

Bismarck is especially honored as the appointed city for the state wide reception to Gen. Foch, probably the greatest military leader of the age. There is every evidence that Sunday will be one of Bismarck's greatest days. Her citizens who heeded the call at home and abroad when war gripped the nation are anxious tomorrow to pay reverence to a great patriot under whose command many American doughboys faced fire and gave that full measure of devotion in defense of a world cause.

America can never forget France. Many of her brave sons, attracted by the spirit of democracy that inspired America nearly 200 years ago, gave their lives that this nation might become the great Republic she is today.

Gen. Foch, facing the sinister hosts of a cruel autocracy in those dark years when war spread its wide desolation, was as much a defender of all that the United States holds dear as the gallant Lafayette whose name is written big in the annals of our Republic.

Pay tribute tomorrow not only to the man Foch but to the spirit of France which he typifies. His visit arouses a fresh feeling of national amity toward our sister Republic who fought the great fight for the preservation of those ideals without which life itself would not be worth living.

Marshal Foch will see a different America than Lafayette did on his memorable visit in 1824. It was nearly fifty years later that the first steam railroad arrived and the struggling republic which that distinguished leader assisted to its feet had been in existence slightly more than fifty years.

It is fitting that his route is through the great wheat producing states that fed the hosts of democracy during the world war. He has expressed a desire to see those other fields where sacrifices too were made to preserve the integrity of a world.

Let Bismarck and the people from every corner of the state gathered here to do honor to a great man, show their appreciation anew for the historic sacrifices made. Let every color as it is carried by be properly honored. If you do not know the tribute you owe to the Tri-color and the Stars and Stripes, watch others. There should surge up the breast of everyone who witnesses tomorrow's ceremony proud thanksgivings that he is an American citizen or enjoying the bounty of a great republic linked inseparably with another nation whose ideals square with ours. Let no one overlook the deep significance of Foch's visit. Just remember that the war was a common sacrifice for a common purpose and that Gen. Foch typifies the great leadership that brought about a great peace, and let us hope a lasting peace.

GONE

The crowned head passes as Germany's symbol. New postage stamps, printed in Berlin, bear images of farmer, miner and blacksmith, instead of an imperialistic design.

This shows a strengthening of the democratic sentiment in Germany. In the long run, that is more important to the world than payment of indemnity.

MOTHERS

Mortality of expectant mothers has increased in recent years, says Dr. Ralph W. Lobenstein of New York, expert on child hygiene.

To explain the reason, sociologists advance many theories. The correct one is that women, like men, are paying the penalty for not living the natural life.

WEAPON

Three submarines, with a cruising radius of 10,000 miles, are being built for the American navy. Each will carry a crew of 54 men and will be able to cruise a month without taking on supplies. These submarines will please militarists. They also should please peace advocates. Developed as a war device, the submarine's greatest use will be exploration of the ocean depths. War thus is a path to peacetime progress. Another instance is the airplane.

YUKON

Far up north, in the frozen Yukon, a political campaign is being waged. Candidates are traveling hundreds of miles on dog sleds, rounding up votes.

It is only a few years since the Yukon was

ruled by the man with the quickest trigger finger. Klondike gold-rushers, who paid tribute to the Sooty Smith gang at Skagway, know that.

White man's civilization brings the ballot in place of the bullet. Like the bullet, the ballot often is a blank cartridge.

STUFFY

In an area of 25 miles from the city hall in New York, there are more people than in seven of the western states. That is figured out by Joseph K. Hart, educational authority.

Too many in the dining room, not enough in the garden.

The solution of city problems is to get out of the city.

LUNATICS

Inventor Edison suggests that scientists of all countries spend five years' work perfecting the most frightful war devices. The idea is, that the world would become so terrified at its destructive power that it would gladly disarm.

That is a wrong idea, for this reason: War is a form of mob insanity.

The insane do not reason from cause to effect. They cannot. Bad policy, to leave razors and pistols around a lunatic asylum.

HEALTH

Dr. Stephen Smith, who will be 99 years old next February, attracts attention at a health exposition. He founded the American Public Health Association.

To live long, says he, work hard; keep out of the easy life, get plenty of sleep, drink lots of milk and do not eat too much meat.

Dr. Smith knows what he is talking about. He was sickly until he reached 60. Lived on crackers, toast and thickened milk. Then he became robust by the rules he recommended.

FORTUNE

Thirty years ago, four Chinese were prospecting for gold in the Tulameen district, British Columbia, Canada. They had \$48 worth of platinum. Not wanting to be bothered with it, they buried it in a saki bottle under a rock.

Time went on and the platinum was forgotten. Last spring, the four Chinese met in China, got talking about old times, remembered the saki bottle. Apparently not being any too sure of each other's honesty, all four crossed the Pacific, found the platinum under the rock—and sold it for \$7100.

You never can tell what time will do to values, up or down.

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.

ONLY ONE KIND OF ALLIANCE FOR AMERICA

For the first time in his recorded addresses President Harding has clearly set down the only terms on which the United States can enter an alliance of nations. Speaking at the opening of the armament conference, he said:

"The world demands a sober contemplation of the existing order and the realization that there can be no cure without sacrifice, not by one of us, but by all of us."

This, we assume, means that any alliance which the United States may enter must be a world alliance open to all the nations of mankind on an absolutely equal basis. No partial alliance limited to a group of powers banded together for this or that purpose, however innocent that purpose may seem, will do. All our national traditions are against any such entanglements in the politics of Europe. Any administration attempting to commit this country to such a hamstringing of its powers for universal service to all mankind would be repudiated by the people.

France has come to this conference palpably desirous of an arrangement with this country by which we shall go to her rescue if she is again attacked by Germany. Mr. Wilson arranged such a treaty, but was wise enough not to submit it to the senate. France should know, from the words of President Harding, the only terms on which her safety can be guaranteed. If the whole world is in a league to forbid any nation making an unprovoked attack against any other nation France need not fear Germany, nor Germany fear France. On the other hand, an alliance, say, between France, the United States and Great Britain, aimed at Germany, only would provoke another and counterbalancing defensive alliance, once Germany gets on her feet.

Partial alliances are the matches that explode the powder magazine of war. The Triple Entente gave birth to the Triple Alliance. The two together spawned this world conflict. Better far, and far more effective, is an agreement among the nations, big and little, to hold in check its unruly and aggressive members everywhere. Nothing less meets American national traditions and American national aspirations.

Not one of us, not any one group of us, can kill war. All of us, working honestly and sincerely together can. But first we, all of us, the whole world of us, must want to, want to so badly that we will make generous sacrifices of national selfishness for the nobler, finer ideal of world brotherhood and world peace.—Detroit News.

AN INTERVIEW WITH—MRS. WOODROW WILSON

BY RUTH AGNES ABELING
 (Copyright, 1921, by NEA Service)

Washington, Nov. 26.—This is the first interview Mrs. Woodrow Wilson has given since the failure of her husband's health.

"I have just come from Mr. Wilson's—her hand extended, she crossed the long room. "At this time in the morning there are usually a few things I do for him." Her smile was radiant.

"Will Mr. Wilson ever be really well?" I asked. The whole world is asking the same question.

Mrs. Wilson shook her head slowly—who knows that?

The line of her mouth straightened slightly, but lost none of its softness. There was nothing of hopelessness in her attitude.

"I'm reading a great deal. I find one scarcely misses the impossible." Still smiling, she was facing the window, a window overlooking the hill and drive leading straight to the city's heart, a place a-thrill with life relative to the arms limitation conference. Calls and teas, while the daylight lasts; dinners, beautiful women, gorgeous gowns and well-groomed men as the dark comes.

"As we get along a little," she laughed lightly as if gently amused at the reference to the speeding of her own years, "time to think isn't had, you know."

The burden of an invalid husband seems to sit lightly on this beautiful woman, only a short time ago the social triumph of America and Europe.

"There are a great many beautiful things in life," a shade more seriously, "that we miss in the whirl which seems to carry us on in youth. We miss much in books, art, flowers, and even in the people we have known well—we find this when we have time to think."

"There is much of sweetness in life that one doesn't find when one is too busy," she finished with a slight laugh.

"Mrs. Wilson, ma'am." It was the old colored servant standing in the door.

"Yes." She was on her feet, hand extended, ready to go back to the side of her invalid husband, to sit as comfortably in the silence of that almost closed house—the house of mystery as Washington has come to call it because its doors are so rarely open to visitors and its occupants are seen so rarely.

"Good-bye." Her voice was lustrous. She was standing at the edge of the little flight of stairs, her back to the windows which looked toward the city and its whirls of brilliant life.

Time has dealt gently with Mrs. Wilson. Her gown, black figured with chenille, cut away at the throat and girdled in old green metal hung to the lines of her figure with something of a regal air.

Her hair, done with the suggestion of a part in the middle and a flat, wide coil at the top, is touched only lightly with gray about the face. Her large eyes are keenly alight.

There is dignity about the tilt of her chin; the lines of her figure, her poise.

The drawing room of the Woodrow Wilson home is a glowing place, sun streaming in from the back windows looking down across the hill.

On the walls—Ryder paintings, those thrilling soft symphonies of unforgettable greens, blues and yellows. About the sun-kissed place, here and there, a single yellow chrysanthemum, gloriously accenting the golden browns and dull roses of cushions and upholstery.

Books—one whole side of the wall from floor to ceiling given to books. A writing table—leather appointments with bits of Oriental inscriptions. All bespeak culture, life's greatest attainment.

PEOPLES' FORUM

ON BOND SALES

Bismarck, N. Dak., Nov. 24.

Editor Tribune:
 Dear Sir: It is a fact that the out going Industrial Commission contracted to sell one million dollars worth of Home Building bonds, there can be but one thing done with that money and that is build houses with it.

The building trade is the backbone of all our towns in this state. If there is no building going on there is no business for the real estate dealers, lumber yards and all classes of building trades labor, and when the laboring class is out of work the storekeeper gets no trade. So if men are out of employment, business men are without business. And that is the case in our city today and everywhere else as well; and it will continue as long as people are out of work.

There are a great many more houses needed in this city as well as every other city in the state. If the new state administration would take that Home Building bond money and proceed to build houses in the several cities of the state, prosperity would soon return to everybody in this state.

I believe the new Industrial Commission should start and build twenty or twenty-five houses in all the larger cities of the state, and begin at once by having a competent architect get out plans of a good modern bungalow, and then advertise for bids on them to be submitted by local contractors and material men, and then let the contract to the lowest bidder. The architect could see that the state got what it contracted for.

After the houses are completed the state could proceed to sell the houses under the Home Building association law, or it could at least rent them. But there is no danger but what there would be plenty of buyers.

Winter is here, but houses can be built any way by putting in the basements. There is no reason why work could not be carried on in spite of cold weather.

There have been houses built in this city by the state that according to reports are costing a great deal more than was expected. But their high cost was caused by unnecessary office expense that there is no reason for under the contract plan.

There are those that believe the Home Building program should be



AS MRS. WILSON LOOKS TODAY

TO THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

(Florence Borner.)

We know not who you were, brave lad,
 Nor even whence you came,
 Nor if you were of humble birth,
 Or of illustrious name;
 But when our country needed men,
 To bravely go and dare,
 And help preserve our glorious flag,
 We know that you were there.

We know not whether you were born,
 Upon some foreign strand,
 Or if you first saw light of day
 In this, our own fair land;
 But when dark clouds of war arose,
 To send us to despair,
 When our brave soldiers marched away
 We know that you were there.

We know not who you were, brave lad,
 Nor what your mode of life;
 But we know this; you yielded all
 Upon the field of strife;
 We know you bravely met your fate,
 To save our flag, so dear,
 You offered up your noble life,
 And knowing, we revere.

Sleep, noble lad, in sweet repose,
 In peaceful Arlington;
 No more for you the bugle calls,
 No more the sound of gun,
 Will break upon your slumbers now
 To call you to the sacrifice.
 For you have reached, far far from here,
 A grand, eternal Armistice.

done away with, and I believe it should be if it can't be made a success, but I see no reason why it can't be made a success, and it will help real estate dealers sell their lots, lumber yard men sell their lumber and labor put to work and business in general revived.

laws of our state by building houses for people, and put our state in the front rank of prosperity for all.
 THOMAS JENNINGS.

HUSBAND AND WIFE WRITE.

Mr. and Mrs. James Carson, Columbus, N. M., sign a letter saying, "We have both concluded we shall never be without Foley Cathartic Tablets and we believe them to be essential to good health." They keep the stomach sweet, liver active and bowels regular. They banish constipation, indigestion, biliousness, sick headache, bloating, sour stomach, gas on stomach, bad breath, coated tongue. No habit forming.

TRIBUNE WANTS—FOR RESULTS

EVERETT TRUE

BY CONDO

THE SUMMER IS OVER, AND I WANT YOU TO TAKE DOWN THE RY SCREENS THIS MORNING AND PUT THEM AWAY FOR THE WINTER.

LISTEN, MY DEAR—I HAVE A SUGGESTION TO MAKE. WHY NOT LEAVE THEM UP TILL SPRING? THEN WHEN THE FLIES COME BACK THE SCREENS WILL BE IN PLACE AT THE EXACT PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT.

YOU ALWAYS HAVE A "SUGGESTION" TO MAKE WHENEVER THERE'S ANYTHING FOR YOU TO DO AROUND THE HOUSE EXCEPT ANSWERING THE CALLS TO THE DINING TABLE!!! YOU'RE ALWAYS TALKING ABOUT THE "PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT"—I HAVE PRODUCED ONE!!!

MILE WHILE With TOM SIMS

Honesty is the best foreign policy.
 Marriages have decreased, so skirts will be lengthened.
 We favor open winters openly arrived at.
 A bird in the hand is worth several dollars.
 Nothing hinders digestion like worrying over Japan.
 Briand strengthened the world's friendship for France. Other heroes are Woodfill and York.
 The road to peace is paved with good preventions.
 Marry in haste and lose half the wedding presents.
 Jazz music will not stop until boiler making pays better.
 When a girl sees a movie kiss she wants to second the motion.
 Fortune smiles at some people and laughs out loud at others.
 About 15,000 are killed each year at railroad crossings. How would undertakers for flagmen do?
 A happy medium was jalled the other day.
 Ireland's national dance is the jig and it isn't up yet.
 Nations will find there is no wrest in peace.
 Lots of men, who think they were fools when they married, haven't changed much.
 China's open door seems to have let the cat out.
 Reports say thousands of knickerbockers are being made for spring; but there may be nothing in them.
 From the way they tussle about the floor "dance hall" is correct.
 Lives of great men oft remind us that their lot was not sublime.
 Washington married a widow—that's one reason he was not able to tell a lie.

ADVENTURE OF THE TWINS
 By Olive Barton Roberts

Pim Pim led Nancy and Nick through the glittering, shining chambers of the Land of Underneath, explaining things to them as they went. There was a queer little doorway through which Brownies were passing and carrying great sacks on their little bent shoulders. Pim Pim said that was the underground way to all the gardens in the world, and that the Brownies were packing the roots of the rose bushes with warm moss to keep them from freezing through the winter.

Then they went on a distance further, looking this way and that at all the wonderful things they saw. The Twins had never seen so many glow worms or fire flies or glimmering beetles in their lives, each one of them doing his best to light up the crystal caverns of the Brownies.

After a while they passed another door, and through this one too, Brownies were hurrying and carrying strange burdens. "That," pointed Pim Pim, "is our secret passage to Dreamland, where many of the animals go in winter. Of course the creatures never suspect it, but Brownies put blankets and warm coverlets over themselves while they're snoozing away in their holes. Mr. Ground Hog hasn't the least idea of it, of course; thinks he's fattened up on corn and has grown enough fuzzy wool all over him to keep him warm all winter, but he couldn't keep warm enough on nights when the thermometer is 40 degrees below zero, if my Brownies didn't tuck him in and tound about with their nice little blankets. They are storing away a lot of new blankets in underground cupboards now. That is what they are carrying—every size, from those for wee Mr. Meadow Mouse to the big ones for the bears."

The Twins thought it very interesting. They had never known before how very useful Brownies were.
 (To Be Continued)
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