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THE STATE'S OLDEST NEWSPAPER (Established 1873)

ONLY SOLUTION

Restricting the deliberations of the Jamestown convention to state issues was the only practical solution of a perplexing problem. The friends of Senator McCumber realized that any plan of fusion contemplated on state issues would result disastrously if the convention attempted to take in too much territory.

There seems to be no reason now why a united front cannot face the common foe in the fall. It all depends upon the grace with which some of the extremists accept the Jamestown decision.

As between Frazier, McCumber and Gronna with even P. D. Norton a possibility, there should be no question as to the state's decision. McCumber should be returned with a rousing majority to continue his work for the agricultural interests of the Northwest.

The same applies to the Nestos administration which faces a most difficult task in bringing order out of chaos. Resolutions adopted indicate that the independent republican leaders were ready for a general housecleaning as soon as possible to the end that the ruinous taxes may be reduced and the state reach bed rock again.

VANISHING ROMANCE

Gray-haired men, during springtime, are haunted by the fascinating memories of their departed youth.

They recall how, about this time of year, long ago, they dreamed of running away to sea.

Of all forms of romantic adventure, the sailor's life has been the top-notch since Marco Polo some six centuries ago brought the magnetic needle compass from Asia, thereby putting ocean exploration firmly on its feet. It was a great step forward from charting a ship's course by the stars.

In a few generations the world has seen romance steadily driven from the sailor's life.

The beautiful full-rigged schooner rotted at anchor, crowded out by the steamship. The slave trader passed. Pirates were driven from the high seas.

Seaman's unions regulate ocean life where once the cutlass, belayin'-pin and "walking the plank" reigned supreme.

One of the final nails has just been driven in the coffin of ocean romance in the Westinghouse electrical plant, Philadelphia.

The occasion was the first successful demonstration of a giant gyroscope which will prevent big ocean liners from rolling except during heavy storms. Similar "gyro-stabilizers" are already in use on some smaller ships, especially yachts.

The typical 1922 comment about this will be: "Thank goodness, seasickness finally is preventable."

There'll be very little thanks among men who, as boys, wanted to be "Treasure Island" pirates when they grew up.

Romance is disappearing from the land, as well as the ocean. It is one of the penalties of what man calls progress, or the conquest of the earth and the elements.

Scientists and inventors are making life dull, cut-and-dried, and romance exits with uncertainties.

The modern boy senses this. The briny deep has no such lure for him as it had for his father. And the 1922 youngster is losing a lot, even if he imagines that he is finding as much romance in wireless and airplanes as his pa found in the domain of shanghai sailors.

The day is not far off when romances will exist only in science. Boyhood probably has in store a flood of books of the scientific-romance sort, such as Jules Verne created.

SEEDS

The Department of Agriculture is distributing \$360,000 worth of free seeds, carrying on work started in 1839, by Henry L. Ellsworth, commissioner of patents.

Each congressman is entitled to 20,000 packages of vegetable seeds and same amount of flower seeds, to distribute among voters.

A government official points out that the \$360,000 worth of seeds will produce food worth millions. Undoubtedly true, and the logical first thought, since money is the standard of weights and measures in America.

More important, though, is the health that will come to the garden tillers who plant the seeds. The city man who doesn't have a garden is overlooking a good bet.

TIME INCREASES CHANCES TO MAKE STRIKE

Radio fans are spending \$5,000,000 a week on wireless equipment, according to some manufacturers' sales estimates.

Here is a gigantic new industry, springing up faster even than the automobile and moving pictures in their early days.

Our great-grandfathers, when they started shifting for themselves, had very few lines to choose from. Farming was the standby. Trades and professions were few.

Each year brings a greater number of big opportunities from which the young man can take his pick. A thousand big opportunities are open today for each in great-grandfather's time.

HONEY

The cave man had one source of living open to him—hunting. If he were puny he had small chance of surviving.

Later the weaker or less ferocious cave men added another way of making a living—cultivation of the soil.

So the system expanded, until today even a paralyzed blind man can earn his own living, provided his brain is intact.

Some of the occupations most of us consider side-issues in our civilization are really gigantic industries. For instance, M. F. Bryant of Medina, Ohio, one of the kings of the honey industry, says 900,000 Americans are beekeepers, producing \$80,000,000 worth of honey a year. Some of them make \$25,000 a year apiece.

OVER-DEVELOPED

In the frantic competition to make a living the system sometimes is thrown out of balance by too many people grasping for the same ripe plum.

Soft coal mines, now being operated in our country, would produce from 700,000,000 to 900,000,000 tons of coal a year if kept going full time, according to the Russell Sage Foundation.

And the country normally can consume only 500,000,000 tons a year.

The average coal miner is out of work 100 days a year. One reason is seasonal buying. Another is over-development of the coal industry.

The girl who only got an ice cream soda for her first kiss has a daughter who wants a limousine.

The man who keeps his health at home never has to go somewhere for it.

It is cheaper to move than to keep up with the neighbors.

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.

THE NEW-FANGLED WATER-WAGON

Beattyville, Kentucky, must be a dry town! According to a news dispatch, a police judge ordered the dusty streets sprinkled with confiscated moonshine when the village water-cart failed to appear.—Marion Star.

Sprinkle, sprinkle, little cart! How I wonder what thou art! Rolling down the village street, Laying dust and smelling sweet!

When the blazing sun is set, And the street is good and wet— And the driver good and tight!— Sprinkle, sprinkle all the night!

Sprinkle, sprinkle, little cart! Much I wonder what thou art. Curiosity doth itch: Water-cart or booze-cart—which? —Chicago Journal of Commerce.

DISTRESSFUL IRELAND

Something worse than civil war is now afflicting the Irish people. The pitiless and savage assassinations reported from day to day indicate a deadly struggle, not between North and South, Belfast and Dublin, but between Protestant and Catholic. And religious war in Ireland has always been marked by barbaric atrocities. Men lying sick or wounded in a hospital are shot to death in their beds. A father and his sons are roused from sleep to be murdered without a dog's chance. It is a section of the Dark Ages suddenly bursting out in the midst of modern civilization.

The very horror and shame awakened by the recurring ferocities are having certain wholesome effects in Ireland. Protestant clergy are uniting with Catholic in denouncing the outrages and calling upon the authorities to run down and punish the bloody-handed criminals, no matter what church is disgraced by their membership. And there is a tendency toward appeasement and union in the South of Ireland. Even the intransigent De Valera has taken advantage of the awful deeds in Ulster to call upon Sinn Fein and the Free Staters to settle their quarrels. If they were now to fly at each other's throats, if the Republican army were to break into mutinous factions, so that Irish soldiers would be turning their weapons against Irish soldiers, the world would think of Ireland as having fallen into a hopeless welter of anarchy.

The fate of Ireland is at present in the hands of Irishmen. Every friend of hers abroad will anxiously scan the news to see if they are men equal to their task.—New York Times.

PA SWEARS BY THE BOOK



(Continued from our last issue.) "He said to me, 'Hapgood, the remedy of the old world, the old God. But it's more than that. It's Light, more light. The old revelation was good for the old world, and suited the old world, and told in terms of the old world's understanding. Mystical for ages steeped in the mystical; poetic for minds receptive of nothing beyond story and allegory and parable. We want a new revelation in terms of the new world's understanding. We want light, light!"

CHAPTER II I Continued Hapgood: "All right. That was two months ago. Last week I was down at Tidborough again. Some sort of a clerk was in the shop as I went in. 'Mr. Sabre upstairs, eh?' I asked. 'No, No, Mr. Sabre's not—not here,' says my gentleman, with rather an odd look at me. "What the devil did he mean? Just then I caught sight of an old bird I knew slightly coming down the stairs with a book under his arm. Old chap called Bright. Looked rather like Moses coming down the mountain with the Tables of Stone in his fist. I said in my cheery way, 'Hallo, Mr. Bright. Good morning. I was just inquiring for Mr. Sabre.' "By Jove, I thought for a minute the old patriarch was going to heave the tables of stone at my head. He caught up the book in both his hands and gave a sort of choke and blazed at me out of his eyes. "Let me tell you, sir, this is no place to inquire after Mr. Sabre," said he. "Let me tell you— "Well, I'd ha' let him tell me any old thing. That was what I was there for. But he shut himself up with a kind of gasp and cannoned himself into his tabernacle under the stairs. I thought I'd push out to Penny Green and see old Sabre myself. "You can imagine me, old man, tripping up the path of Sabre's house. House had rather a neglected appearance. I thought. Door knob not polished, or blind still down somewhere or something. I don't know. Something. And what made me conscious of it was that I was kept a long time waiting after I'd rung the bell. In fact, I had to ring twice. Well, I suppose I'd been expecting to see one of Sabre's 'couple of Jinkses' as he calls them, and 'pon my soul I was quite startled when the door opened and it wasn't one of them at all, but a very different pair of shoes. "It was a young woman; ladylike, dressed just in some ordinary sort of clothes; I don't know; uncommonly pretty, or might have been if she hadn't looked so uncommonly sad; and—this was what knocked me— carrying a baby. "I don't know why I should have imagined she was the kid's mother, but I did. I don't know why I should have looked at her hands, but I did. I don't know why I should have expected a wedding ring, but I did. And there wasn't one. "She was looking at me decidedly as if she were frightened. 'No, no, Mr. Sabre's not gone away. He's here. Are you a friend of his?' "I smiled at her. 'Well, I used to be,' I said. She didn't smile. What the dickens was up? 'My name's Hapgood.' "Perhaps you'd better come in.' "You know, it was perfectly extraordinary. Her voice was as sad as her face. I stepped in. 'Pon my soul, I began to feel creepy. Scalp began to prick. Then suddenly there was old Sabre at the head of the stairs. "Well, he wasn't dead, anyway; that was something to go on with. I took his hand and said, 'Hallo, Sabre,

girl. And the girl with the baby in her arms. Sabre said in his ordinary, easy voice—'This is a very retiring young person, Hapgood. Had to be dragged in. Miss Bright. Her father's at the office. Perhaps you've met him, have you?' "Well, I don't know what I said, old man. I know what I thought. I thought just precisely what you're thinking. Yes, I had a furiously vivid shot of recollection of old Bright as I'd seen him a couple of hours before, of his blazing look, of his gesture of wanting to hurl the Table of Stone at me, and of his extraordinary remark about Sabre—I had that and I did what you're doing: I put two and two together and found the obvious answer (same as you) and I jolly near fell down dead. I did. Jolly near. "But Sabre was going on, pleasant and natural as you please. 'Miss Bright was here as companion to my wife while I was in France. Now she's staying here a bit. Put the baby in the sofa, Effie, and let's get to work. I'd like you two to be friends.' "The meal wasn't precisely a banquet. We helped ourselves and stacked up the soiled plates as we used them. No servants, d'you see? That was pretty clear by now. No wife, no servants, no wedding ring; nothing but old Bright's daughter and old Bright's daughter's baby—and—and—Sabre. "Once the baby whimpered, and she got up and went to it and stooped over it the other side of the sofa from me, so I could see her face. By gad, if you could have seen her eyes then! Motherhood! Lucky you weren't ever painting a picture called Motherhood, you'd ha' gone straight out and cut your throat on the mat in despair. "Well, anyway, the banquet got more and more awkward to endure as it dragged on, and mighty glad I was when at last the girl got up—without a word—and picked up the baby and left us. We were no more chatty for being alone. I can promise you. "Then all of a sudden he began. He fished out some cigarettes and chucked me one and we smoked like a couple of exhaust valves for about

two minutes and then he said, 'Hapgood, why on earth should I have to explain all this to you? Why should I?'

"I said, a tiny bit sharply—I was getting a bit on edge, you know—I said, 'Well, I haven't asked any questions, have I?'

"Sabre said, 'No, I know you haven't asked any, and I'm infernally grateful to you. But I know you're thinking them—hard. And I know I've got to answer them. And I want to. I want to most frightfully. But what beats me is this infernal feeling that I must explain to you, to you and to everybody, whether I want to or not. Why should I? It's my own house. I can do what I like in it. I'm not, anyway, doing anything wrong. I'm doing something more right than I've ever done in my life, and yet everybody's got the right to question me and everybody's got the right to be answered and—Hapgood, it's the most bewildering state-of-affairs that can possibly be imagined. I'm up against a code of social conventions, and by Jove I'm absolutely down and out.'

"Do you know what I am, Hapgood?" and he gave a laugh, as I've said. 'I'm what they call a social out-cast. A social outcast. Beyond the pale. Unspeakable. Ostracized. Backbilled. Excommunicated.' He got up and began to stomp about the room, hands in his pockets, chin on his collar, wrestling with it—and wrestling, mind you, just in profound interested bafflement. "Then he settled down and told me. And this is what he told me."

II "When he was out to France this girl I'd seen—this Effie, as he called her, Effie Bright—had come to live as companion to his wife. It appears he more or less got her the job. Anyway, she came. She came somewhere about October, '15, and she left early in March following, just over a year ago. His wife got fed up with her and got rid of her—that's what Sabre says—got fed up with her and got rid of her. And Sabre was at home at the time. Mark that, old man, because it's important. "Very well. The girl got the sack and he went back to France. She got another job somewhere as companion again. Well, he got wounded and discharged from the army, as you know, and in February he was living at home again with his wife in the conditions I described to you when I began.

"The very week after I'd been down there, his wife, reading a letter at breakfast one morning, gave a kind of a snort (as I can imagine it) and checked the letter over to him and said, 'Ha! There's your wonderful Miss Bright for you! What did I tell you? What do you think of that? Ha!'

(Continued in our next issue.)



The hold-up business isn't as big a crime as the business hold-up.

April seems to come in like a duck and go out like a fish.

Suppose the man who committed 350 burglaries for his wife had been this man with 13 wives?

The "itch" in Tchitcherlin's name is like the itching palm.

The day may come when there are no boot-leggers, but it doesn't look like the night ever will.

Great thing about the new trackless street cars is they can dodge autos.

He who wets his start at the race track is often finished there.

A movie kiss lasts 50 seconds. Their marriages, however, often last much longer than this.

Rivers and creeks are having their ups and downs.

Proposed airplane line will make it possible to be robbed in Chicago one morning and shot in New York that afternoon.

The early bird doesn't get the sleep.

Business is business.

Money can't do everything; but it gives you time to do everything yourself.

College will eventually learn that studies are preventing them from getting more students.

A hitch in time saves a breach of promise suit.

Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall never be out of work.

"Some day we will have grand opera for a dime," says Edison. Things are coming down right along.

New York had 91 murders in 93 days, the other two days, no doubt, being holidays.

Man sent to the pen for stealing his neighbor's cornet will get to sleep soon, anyway.

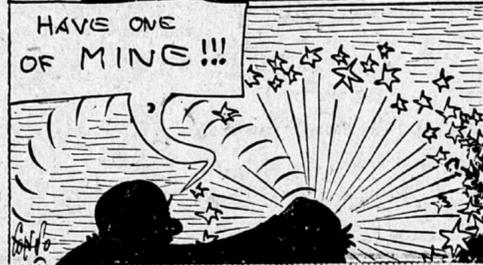
They are arguing over why most wars started in April. Perhaps house cleaning had something to do with it.

Kilbane is asking 700,000 francs to fight in Europe. He wants to come back a dough boy.

You may think your luck is bad, but consider the plight of a blind man at a bathing beach.

EVERETT TRUE

BY CONDO



BRUISES-SPRAINS Alternate applications hot and cold cloths—then apply— VICKS VAPORUB Over 17 Million Jars Used Yearly