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THE STATE'S OLDEST NEWSPAPER (Established 1873)

DANCING, HARD WORK

Can you walk 25 miles without getting fagged out? Probably not. Yet you cover that much distance in an ordinary evening of dancing.

A German scientist recently figured it out. Madalyn Lee, young Boston girl, checked the figure. She wore a pedometer, danced five hours, found she had traveled 25 miles. Not only that, she "finished fresh."

A Marathon runner, doing 25 miles at about the same speed as a modern fast dance, staggers down the home stretch and falls into his trainers' arms.

How do you explain it? On a 25-mile Marathon the runner moves steadily, without stopping.

The 25-mile dancer steps the light fantastic for a few minutes, then pauses to recuperate. It's like the intermission between rounds of a prize-fight.

The human body is a machine. It runs steadily just so long, then gets over-heated. A pause, to halt combustion of energy by the thyroid gland, also cools the brain, steadies the nerves and re-charges the batteries.

Rested, if only for a few minutes, the body is ready to go ahead again at top speed.

That's why, returning from a short vacation sensibly spent in rest, we find our energy doubled as we settle down again to work.

Brain workers, in particular, can increase their productive capacity by relaxing into absolute rest five minutes an hour. Some shrewd factory managers give their employees similar periods of rest as a matter of increasing efficiency.

Like all things, this 25-mile proposition has a psychic or mental-science side.

Getting it down to psychological fundamentals, it's like a Boy Scout who grows at chopping kindling at home, but whistles happily and gladly chops wood for hours in camp.

Whether a task is hard or easy, all depends on the mental attitude.

To enjoy life and make all tasks pleasant, select the line of work you want most. That is your real field. To get into it, fight and overcome all obstacles—"mountains, walls and towers."

If you have people working for you, you can "put their hearts in their work" by making the work pleasant and introducing into it the element of competition—sport, play.

Behind this is the explanation of why so many potentially successful boys have their life careers ruined by parents shoving them away from what they want to be, into occupations that they find stupid or only mildly interesting.

CORKS ON TIDE OF FINANCE

Judge Gary, American business man's oracle, is optimistic, thinks business will continue to increase, with better times ahead.

Same prediction comes from leaders of nearly every important industry. And production statistics back them up.

The country is running into a period of big physical volume of business. Profits may be low or non-existent for some time. But that doesn't matter much.

Get people buying heavily. That is the important thing. It starts money circulating. Given that, profits and prosperity will quickly adjust themselves to normal.

STRATEGY

Coal operators banked on big open-shop production to make the coal strike anemic. They are out-guessed by the strike leaders, who center their attack on the Connellsville coke district.

This is master strategy, because the blow fell where it was least expected. The union coal miners have been "laying for" the Connellsville coke crowd for 20 years.

Steel industry, a bystander, suffers as its coke supply is partly shut off. Judge Gary admits even United States Steel's coke supply is only 54 per cent normal. Without their big reserve stocks steel mills would have to lay off many men.

Talk about stopping war between nations. Why not experiment at home with fair-to-all methods for preventing industrial warfare?

LANTERN

Paul Revere began his famous ride, summoning our colonial ancestors to arms, when he saw a lantern flash as a signal in the tower of the Old North Church.

Boston has just celebrated the one hundred

and forty-seventh anniversary of that lantern-hanging, real birthday of our independence and republican form of government.

America develops traditions as it gets along in years. May be more fortunate and sensible in our selection of traditions than the Old World.

NEGROES

We could solve one of our "race problems" by sending our negroes to colonize Germany's former colonies in Africa. This suggestion is made seriously by Dr. Heinrich Schnee, who used to be governor of German East Africa.

American negroes, however, might make considerable rumpus before consenting to be restored to their lost provinces. World's supply of ships couldn't begin to handle the traffic.

In making his suggestion seriously, Doc Schnee discloses that Europe is informed on American conditions about as accurately as Americans are informed on Europe.

POLITICS

Queensland, Australia, gets tired of deadlocks between the two houses of its parliament, or congress. So it abolishes the upper house, corresponding to our Senate, and adopts the single-chamber system, as in western Canadian provinces.

England seriously considers eliminating its House of Lords.

In coming years there'll be similar talk about abolishing our national Senate. The Senate and the House, however, are designed to operate as checks on each other.

The United States Senate is a constant reminder that our country is a league of nations—states.

FINE!

Northern Pacific railway employees who entered military service during the war totaled 3977. Of these 2597 have returned and applied for their old jobs.

And every one of the applicants has been taken care of to date, says J. M. Rapelje, the road's vice president.

Some business men might tack this up in place of the "Do it now" and "Don't park here" signs over their desks.

Sometimes a man's wife is a nag because she is married to a jack-ass.

Carbolic acid has dropped but bootleg liquor is still up.

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.

"MY COUNTRY EVER RIGHT"

A newspaper sometimes has to say hard things about the policy of the government over it. There is a cult in America which believes that a newspaper should never criticize the government, should never, as they say, "try to tear down the government." As a matter of fact, much criticism of government is a sincere effort to make government better, or at the most to make a better government. The other day in England the Manchester Guardian criticized the British government bitterly. We reprint it herewith below:

Englishmen are placed in a position of incomparable humiliation by their government's refusal, as announced by Mr. Chamberlain in the house of commons, to find the trifling sum needed to save millions of men, women, and children from dying of hunger in Russia. To suggest a comparison between the Russian massacre, with tortures added, in all human history and our own present distress in England is a piece of shabby trifling. The two things do not belong to the same order. Perhaps a lower depth of meanness is reached in the suggestion that we might do well to embarrass the Russian government by refusing any such infinitesimal and indirect relief to its finances as might accrue from every 12s with which England saved some Russian woman's life—some women of the peasant class which has broken the back of the extreme Communist policy in Russia by its resistance. Meanwhile America, through her government, has done her duty and taken our country's place as the leader of the world in these national acts of human charity. We cannot even hope that our deposition from that place of honor will be forgotten in history. Just the contrary. When our anti-waste stunts and the moment's slump in our trade and the freaks of our Die-hards are far outside public memory, the greatest famine in European history may seem larger than ever in the backward perspective, and the fact that England stood aside in the hour of trial may stand out in the world's mind against us like the burning of Joan of Arc.

These are hard words to be said of a government by one of its subjects. Yet they are true and should be said. There is a duty higher than narrow patriotism; a duty that a man owes to humanity, which is the highest patriotism, and when a man's country is wrong, or when a man honestly and after sincere inquiry, feels that his country is wrong, he should say so.—Emporia Gazette.

HELLO, SPRING!

(By Berton Braley.)

Hello there, Spring, your scheduled arrival Is due—or overdue, I ought to say; Right now begins your annual revival Subject, of course, to natural delay. Your show is billed as pastoral and gentle And that is what we hope to gaze upon, But oftentimes when you are temperamental You put a four-act melodrama on. Instead of opening with scented breezes And lambs that gambol on the village green, You start with roaring storms and sleet that freezes And snow deep-drifted over all the scene. When that occurs we naturally grumble, Such wintry doze we audibly deplore, "This show," we groan, "is merely rough and tumble. It isn't what we paid our money for." But still we know, before your act is over— No matter how it starts—you'll change your style And romp before us, knee deep in the clover Beaming before us with your tender smile. We trust, this year, you'll start the way you finish, Blithesome and sweet in winsome loveliness, Making a winter weariness diminish— But we're prepared for rough-stuff more or less. However, you are here, distinctly present, No matter what the weather is you bring, We greet you, quite determined to be pleasant, Hello there, Spring! (Copyright, 1922, NEA Service.)



Continued From Our Last Issue

Sabre said the letter was the most frightfully pathetic document he could ever have imagined. Smudged, he said, and stained and badly expressed as if the writer—this little girl—was crying and incoherent with distress when she wrote it. He said she'd got into terrible trouble. She'd got a little baby. Sabre said it was awful to him the way she kept on in every sentence calling it a little baby, never a child, or just a baby, but always "a little baby, my little baby." He said it was awful. She said it was born in December—you remember, old man, it was the previous March she'd got the sack from them—and that she'd been living in lodgings with a man that row had she was well enough to move, and had come to the absolute end of her money, she was being turned out and was at her wit's end with despair and nearly out of her mind to know what to do and all that kind of thing. She said her father wouldn't have anything to do with her, and she would have anything to do with her—so long as she kept her little baby. That was her plight; not one would have anything to do with her while she had the baby. Her father was willing to take her home, and some kind people had offered to take her into service, but only, all of them, if she would give up the baby and put it out to nurse somewhere; and she said, and underlined it about fourteen times, Sabre said, and cried over it so you could hardly read it, she said: "And, oh, Mrs. Sabre, I can't, I can't, I simply cannot give up my little baby. . . . He's mine," she said. "He looks at me, and knows me, and stretches out his tiny little hands to me, and I can't give him up. I can't feed my little baby. . . . Whatever I've got, I'm his mother and he's my little baby and I can't let him go." "Sabre said it was awful. I can believe it was. I'd seen the girl, and I'd seen her stooping over her baby and I can well believe awful was the word for it. Poor soul. "And then she said—I can remember this bit—then she said, 'And so, in my terrible distress, dear Mrs. Sabre, I am throwing myself on your mercy, and begging you, imploring you, for the love of God to take in me and my little baby and let me work for you and do anything for you and bless you and ask God's blessing forever upon you and teach my little baby to pray for you as—something or other, I forget. And then she said a lot of hysterical things about working her fingers to the bone for Mrs. Sabre, and knowing she was a wicked girl, and not fit to be spoken to by anyone, and was willing to sleep in a shed in the garden and never to open her mouth, and all that sort of thing; and all the way through 'my little baby,' 'my little baby.' Also she said, and Sabre told me this bit deliberately, also she said that she didn't want to pretend she was more sinned against than sinning, but that if Mrs. Sabre knew the truth she might judge less harshly and be more willing to help her. Yes, Sabre told me that. "All right. Well, there was the appeal, 'there was this piteous appeal,' as Sabre said, and there was Sabre profoundly touched by it, and there was his wife bridling over it—once up against her husband who'd always stuck up for the girl, 'you see, and about two million up in justification of her own opinion of her. There they were; and then Sabre said, 'Well, what are you going to do about it?' "You can imagine his wife's tone. 'Do about it! Do about it! What on earth do you think I'm going to do about it?' "She was furious. Absolutely white and speechless with fury; but not speechless long, Sabre said, and I dare bet she wasn't. Sabre said she worked herself up in the most awful way and used language about the girl that cut him like a knife—language like speaking of the baby as 'that brat.' It made him wince. It would—the sort of chap he is. And he said that the more she ranted, the more frightfully he realized the girl's position, up against that sort of thing everywhere she turned. "He described all that to me and then, so to speak, he stated his case. 'Well, what I say to you, Hapgood, is just precisely what I said to my wife. I felt that the girl had a claim on us. In the first place, she'd turned

baby. She must stop! "His wife went off to the kitchen. "In about two hours his wife came back dressed to go. She said, 'There's only one more thing I want to say to you. You say this woman—(This woman, you know) old Sabre said who'd been talking me.' "You say this woman has a claim on us?" "He began, 'Mabel, I do. I—' "She said, "Do you want my answer to that? My answer is that perhaps she has a claim on you!" "And she went."

"Well, there you are, old man. That's the story. That's the end. There he is, and there's the girl, and there's the baby; and he's what he says he is—what I told you: a social outcast, beyond the pale, ostracized, excommunicated. No one will have anything to do with him. They've cleared him out of the office, or as Twynning worked that. The man Twynning—that Judas Iscariot chap, is very thick with old Bright, the girls' father. Old Bright pretty naturally thinks his daughter has gone back to the man who is responsible for her ruin, and this Twynning person—wrote to Sabre and told him that, although he personally didn't believe it—for a moment, old man," he wrote—Still Sabre would appreciate the horrible scandal that had arisen, and would appreciate the fact that such a scandal could not be committed in a firm like theirs with its high and holy Church connections. "He said he and Fortune had given the position their most earnest and sympathetic thought, and prayers—and prayers, mark you—and that he'd come to the conclusion that the best thing to be done was for Sabre to resign. Sabre says he was knocked pretty well silly by this step. He says it was his first realization of the attitude that everybody was going to take against him. "Well, I said to him, 'Yes, that's all right, Sabre. Where's this going to end? Where's it going to land you? It's landed you pretty fiercely as it is. What are you doing about it?' "He said he was writing round, writing to advertisers and to societies and places, to find a place where the girl would be taken in to work and allowed to have her baby with her. He said there must be hundreds of kind-hearted people about the place who would do it; it was only a question of finding them. Well, as to that, kind hearts are more than corsets and all that kind of thing, but it strikes me they're a jolly little harder than coronets to find when it comes to a question of an unmarried mother and her baby. Got her into the sink seats, being found come to make inquiries and find that the person making application on the girl's behalf is the man she's apparently living with, and the man with Sabre's extraordinary record in regard to the girl. I didn't say that to poor old Sabre. All that chain of circumstances, eh? Went out of his way to get her her first job. Got her into his house. In a way responsible for her getting the sack. Child born just about when it must have been born after she'd been sacked. Girl coming to him for help. Writing to his wife. If only you knew the truth! Wife leaving him. Eh? It's pretty fierce, isn't it? I don't believe he realizes for a moment what an extraordinary thing it all is. God help him if he ever does. He'll want it. "No, I didn't say a word like that to him. I said, 'What do you suppose your wife's thinking all this time?' "He said his wife would be absolutely all right once he'd found a home for the girl and sent her away. "I said, 'H'm. Heard from her?' " (Continued in Our Next Issue)

Learn a Word Every Day

Today's word is EXTORT. It's pronounced—eks-tawrt, with accent on the last syllable. It means—to wrest from, to take from, exact, take away from—especially by illegal or forceful means. It comes from Latin "ex" from, and "torquere" to twist about. Companion word—extortion. It's used like this—"The unprincipled loan shark extorts big sums from the poor."

ADVENTURE OF THE TWINS

By Olive Barton Roberts

The dove again flew ahead of the Twins and soon they came to the fourth one of the Seven Valleys, the Valley of Puppy-Dogs. "All I can say is—come as soon as you can," said the dove. "You have a long journey ahead and Twelve Toes and his wicked relatives have put everything they can in your path to delay you." This sounded very alarming—not that the Twins were afraid of dogs—they loved them—but what could the bird mean by his words? "Away flew the dove to wait for them on the other side of the valley. Nancy's quick ears caught a faint crying. 'It's under the basket!' she said, pointing to an old bushy measure. "Nick lifted it carefully, and there were six of the loveliest little brown puppies that any little girl or boy could wish to see. "You darling!" cried Nancy, cuddling them all at once. "Oh, Nick, aren't they dear! Don't you wish we could take them along?" "Yes," answered Nick. "I wonder where the mother is and if she'd care. I'll go and look for her." In a moment he called back, "Nancy, come here! Quick!" "Away flew Nancy only to discover that Nick had found another basket of little white fluffy puppies no bigger than mice, which came in for their turn of petting, you may be sure. After that they discovered baskets of puppy-dogs everywhere—hundreds of them, each more interesting than the last—black dogs with short hair, white dogs with long hair, brown dogs with no hair, Bulldog puppies, alreata puppies, collie puppies and greyhound puppies; pom dogs, peke dogs, chow dogs, Boston dogs. Dogs of every kind and description. You may imagine that a little boy and girl sent on an errand, wouldn't get very far. "Mrs. Meena, the old maecian, saw them from his star, and telephoned the news to Halloo Halloo. Halloo Halloo telephoned it to Tricky Trix and Tricky Trix telephoned it to Twelve Toes, the Sorcerer. Twelve Toes was tickled most to death. 'They'll never get to the Kingdom of Korsknotts,' he cackled. "Those Twins will stay with those pups forever." (To Be Continued) (Copyright, 1922, NEA Service.)

A Thought For Today

Is there not a fool according to his folly, lest thou also be like him.—Proverbs 26:4. These clumsy feet, still in the mire Go crushing blossoms without end; These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust Among the heartstrings of a friend. Earth holds no balsam for mistakes: Men crown the knave, and scourge the fool. That did his will; but Thou, O Lord, Be merciful to me, a fool. —Edward Rowland Sill.

EVERETT TRUE BY CONDO

